



# *New Outlook*

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*Saturday, May 4, 1907*

## THE NEW YORK POLICE

BY L. B. STOWE

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# The Outlook

*A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER*

VOLUME LXXXVI.

MAY - AUGUST, 1907

FOUR MONTHS

THE OUTLOOK COMPANY  
NEW YORK

100992

# The Outlook

Volume 86  
Number 1

NEW YORK, MAY 4, 1907

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

President Roosevelt and the Moyer-Haywood Trial.....	1	A Railway that Goes to Sea.....	11
What Honoré Jaxon Represents.....	2	André Theuriot.....	12
The Standard Oil Company and Secret Rates.....	2	Calvin's Quadri-Centennial.....	12
The American Society of International Law.....	3	Flower-Beds and Telephone Service.....	13
Mr. Root on Japan.....	4	The Jamestown Celebration.....	13
A Curious Strike.....	5	Two Radical Remedies.....	15
Nourishment at the Root Shall We Discourage Manliness in the Schools.....	6	A Proven Failure.....	17
A Tale of Modern Buckaneering.....	7	The Practice of Immortality.....	19
The British Collopid Conference.....	8	The Spectator.....	20
Imperial Organization.....	9	The New York Police. By L. B. Stowe.....	21
The New Movement in Persia.....	9	More Things Japanese. By an Observer.....	29
A Crisis in Belgium.....	10	The West at Home.—I. In the Country. By C. M. Hanger.....	32
The Hudson Bay Route.....	10	Comment on Current Books.....	36
		Letters to The Outlook.....	39

The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.25 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.

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## THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

### President Roosevelt and the Moyer-Haywood Trial

A recently published letter of President Roosevelt has again directed the attention of the whole Nation to the approaching trial of William D. Haywood, charged with the assassination of former Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho. The trial, the various aspects of which were described at length by Mr. Luke Grant, of Chicago, in *The Outlook* for April 6, is set for May 9 at Boise, Idaho. Many labor organizations of the country have interested themselves in Haywood's defense, which is an entirely proper thing to do if this interest is kept within the bounds of law, order, and decency. But some of the revolutionary and demagogic self-appointed labor leaders have surpassed all limits of public morals in their attempts to prejudice the case. In a Socialistic paper called *The Appeal to Reason*, which is

published in Kansas, and which we are informed has a large circulation, Eugene Debs prints a hysterical and outrageous attack upon President Roosevelt, called out by the recent publication of a private communication to Congressman Sherman in which the President characterized Messrs. Moyer, Haywood, and Debs along with Mr. Harriman as "undesirable citizens." In his attack Debs uses such language as this:

He [the President] uttered a lie as black and damnable, a calumny as foul and atrocious, as ever issued from a human throat. The men he thus traduced and vilified, sitting in their prison cells for having dutifully served their fellow-workers and having spurned the bribes of their masters, transcend immeasurably the man in the White House, who with the cruel malevolence of a barbarian has pronounced their doom. . . . There is not a bloated plutocrat in the land who would not hail with joy the election of William H. Taft as President; he would be almost as acceptable to these vultures as Roosevelt himself. . . . Such is Theodore Roosevelt, the President, who condemns workmen as murderers when they are objectionable to the trusts that control his administration.

Of course the President has never condemned Moyer and Haywood as murderers. He has not even used the word. But demagogues like Debs, who happily do not represent the law-abiding workmen of the country, never let facts interfere with their endeavor to excite envy and class hatred. The genuine advocate of popular rights, like the President, combats government by the mob as earnestly as government by the plutocrats.

*The President's Real Attitude* At first the President ignored critics of the Debs class, but finally, on receiving a letter from Honoré Jaxon, of Chicago, Chairman of the "Cook County Moyer-Haywood-Pettibone Conference," he has made a dignified reply. This "Conference" recently formed is composed largely of revolutionary Social-

ists, but represents comparatively few trades unions. On its official stationery the words are printed: "Death cannot, will not, and shall not claim our brother." President Roosevelt turned the shafts of criticism leveled at himself against his critics. Referring to the above phrase, he said: "This shows that you and your associates are not demanding a fair trial, but are announcing in advance that the verdict shall only be one way, and that you will not tolerate any other verdict. Such action is flagrant in its impropriety, and I join heartily in condemning it." The President, while declaring that his characterization of the accused men could not in any sense be interpreted as an opinion of their guilt in connection with the murder of Steunenberg, did not mince words in repeating his private opinion of them. "Messrs. Moyer, Haywood, and Debs," he said, "stand as representatives of those men who have done as much to discredit the labor movement as the worst speculative financiers or most unscrupulous employers of labor and debauchers of legislatures have done to discredit honest capitalists and fair-dealing business men. They stand as the representatives of those men who by their public utterances and manifestoes, by the utterances of the papers they control or inspire, and by the words and deeds of those associated with or subordinated to them, habitually appear as guilty of incitement to or apology for bloodshed and violence. If that does not constitute undesirable citizenship, then there can never be any undesirable citizens." This letter of the President is written at a time when his political enemies are doing all they can to turn the "labor vote" against him and his policies. Its courage and practical effectiveness as a reply will be widely recognized by all good citizens.

*What Honor Jaxon Represents*

Who is Honor Jaxon, the man who wrote the letter which drew forth the denunciation of the President? Jaxon cannot be considered a representative of organized labor, although at various times in his career in the United States he has been

connected with labor unions. Jaxon is a Canadian with a strong streak of Indian blood in his veins. He acted as "secretary of state" to Louis Riel in the Northwest Rebellion, escaped from a Canadian prison after the rebellion was put down, and reached Chicago during a strike of carpenters in 1886. He sought admission to the union, and because of his ability to speak and write he soon was in charge of the strike. With a map of the city before him, he marked off the buildings where non-union men were employed, and is credited with being the first man to introduce "slugging" tactics on a systematic basis into Chicago's industrial disputes. Since then he has worked at various occupations. He has engaged in contracting and building, he has studied law, he has worked as a canvasser and solicitor, and three years ago attained some notoriety as the first disciple of Jacob Behlhart, the founder and leader of the Spirit Fruit cult. Jaxon is now a strong advocate of the doctrine of "non-resistance." His claim to recognition as a labor representative rests on the fact that he is a member of the Canvassers' and Solicitors' Union. This is a local organization not recognized by the American Federation of Labor, and its membership is composed of Jaxon and one other man, also an agitator. Between them they pay the small per capita tax necessary to entitle them to representation in the Chicago Federation of Labor for the privilege of airing their theories on the floor and writing resolutions. Jaxon courts notoriety, and in getting recognition from the President of the United States he has reached the height of his ambition.

*The Standard Oil Company and Secret Rates*

The Standard Oil Company of Indiana has been found guilty in the Federal District Court in Chicago of accepting secret freight rates in violation of the Elkins Inter-State Commerce Law. The indictment, which contained 1,903 counts (each of which represented a single shipment of oil), charged that the Standard

had accepted a rate of six cents a hundred pounds on oil shipped from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois, when the published tariffs fixed the legal rate at eighteen cents, and a rate of seven and a half cents a hundred pounds on oil shipped from Chapell, Illinois, to St. Louis, the legal rate being nineteen and a half cents. In defense the Company contended that the rates were not solicited or accepted knowingly or with an intent to violate the law; that the Chicago and Alton Railroad is not now nor ever has been engaged in inter-State commerce; that the tariffs on which the Government based much of its case had not been posted in accordance with the governing statute; and that rates equivalent to the concessions alleged to have been accepted were available over the Burlington and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railways. It is said that during the six weeks' duration of the trial more than three tons of documentary evidence were submitted to the jury. Way bills, shipping orders, receipts, pages from account books, and transcripts of records to the number of more than fifteen thousand were put in evidence. After only two hours' deliberation the jury returned a verdict of guilty on 1,462 counts, the other counts in the indictment having been stricken out by the presiding judge in his charge to the jury. A motion for a new trial was entered by the defense, and it is almost certain that the case will be carried on appeal to the United States Supreme Court. The penalty for the offenses of which the Standard is convicted would be fines amounting to \$1,462,000, if the minimum penalty of \$1,000 prescribed by the Elkins Law were imposed. The maximum penalty of \$20,000 for each offense, which it is, of course, inconceivable that the judge would inflict, would make an aggregate fine of nearly thirty million dollars. The conviction of the Standard in such full measure is an ample justification of the statement made by Mr. Garfield, Commissioner of Corporations (now Secretary of the Interior), in submitting last May his report on the transportation of petroleum, that "the Standard Oil Company has habitually received from the railroads, and is now receiving, secret rates and

other unjust and illegal discriminations. . . . Many of these discriminations were clearly in violation of the inter-State commerce law." It will be remembered that the truth of this statement was strenuously and half-contemptuously denied by the officials of the Company. Mr. Rogers and Mr. Archbold, two vice-presidents of the Standard, in commenting on Mr. Garfield's report, declared: "We say flatly that any assertion that the Standard Oil Company has been or is now knowingly engaged in practices which are unlawful is alike untruthful and unjust. . . . There have been no secret rates nor unlawful discrimination in the interest of the Standard Oil Company."



*The American Society  
of International Law*

The first annual meeting of the American Society of International Law closely and appropriately followed the first annual Peace and Arbitration Congress. The meeting was held at Washington, and was really a continuation of the sessions of the Peace Congress. The subjects for discussion included the development of international law; the second Hague Conference; rights of foreigners in the United States in case of conflict between Federal treaties and State laws; immunity from capture during war of non-offending private property upon the high seas; contraband of war; the transference of prize cases from municipal courts to an international court; and the forcible collection of contract debts. In the discussions the Secretary of State and two ex-Secretaries of State participated. Mr. Olney was characteristically caustic in his interpretation of the Government's policy regarding Santo Domingan debts and the acquirement of the Panama Canal Zone without compensation to Colombia. In this connection he paid his vigorous respects to the corollaries now derived from the Monroe Doctrine; for instance, if a South American State does not behave itself well (good behavior according to our own standards, of course) it may be coerced by the United States into doing the right thing; if necessary, may have its revenues sequestered and



collected by the United States. Mr. Olney declared that that Doctrine cannot be invoked in support of such pretensions; the United States must not make itself "an international American boss." He did not add, however, that when he was Secretary of State under the Cleveland administration precisely this charge was brought against his commitment of the Government to what seemed even to many Americans a startlingly high-handed policy regarding Venezuela. Mr. Olney might have followed his destructive criticisms by detailed suggestion as to what should have been done with regard to Panama and Santo Domingo to produce the same result by methods in his estimation less objectionable than those pursued. In discussing the Drago Doctrine regarding the forcible collection of debt, ex-Secretary of State Foster properly declared the doctrine to have been originated by Alexander Hamilton more than a century ago. Mr. Straus, Secretary of Commerce, declared, as did Mr. Bryan at the Peace Congress, that any neutral nation supplying a warring nation with money should be adjudged guilty of a hostile act. Another of Mr. Bryan's proposals at the Congress was echoed by Professor Woolsey, that a "cooling" time of thirty or sixty days should intervene between the proclamation of war and the actual hostilities. Such an arrangement, as many think, might have obviated both the South African and Russo-Japanese wars. Admiral Stockton, Professor Hyde, Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, and Dr. Samuel J. Barrows discussed the subject of protecting private property at sea, an issue perhaps more realizable in favorable action at The Hague than any other.



*Mr. Root on Japan* But, as at the Peace Congress, so at the International Law meeting, the most noteworthy address was that of the President of the Society, the Hon. Elihu Root, Secretary of State. The determination of questions of National policy, he justly declared, has now shifted from a few rulers in each country to the people, yet the education of public opinion has really only just begun. The Society, he felt, should give to our countrymen a clearer view

of their international rights and responsibilities. To illustrate this kind of service, Mr. Root then attempted to clear away a popular misapprehension concerning a particular problem—the Japanese school dispute. The treaty of 1894 between the United States and Japan provides for equality of treatment "in whatever relates to rights of residence and travel." Under the California laws, however, the San Francisco School Board excluded Japanese children from the primary public schools. The Japanese Government "made representations"—that is, protested—but, fortunately, "never for a moment was there the slightest departure from perfect good temper, mutual confidence, and kindly consideration between the two Governments." Three questions were raised: (1) Is the right to attend the primary schools a right of residence? (2) If so, is the exclusion of Japanese children a deprivation of that right? (3) Has the American Government the Constitutional power to make a treaty agreement with a foreign nation which should be superior to a State law? Popular misapprehension arose from the supposition that in its assertion of the validity of the treaty the American Government was asserting its right to compel California to admit Japanese children to its schools. The treaty did not assert the American Government's authority to compel any State to maintain public schools, or to extend the privileges of its public schools to children of any alien residents. But the treaty did assert, declared Mr. Root, the right of the United States, by treaty, to assure to the citizens of a foreign nation residing in American territory equality of treatment with the citizens of other foreign nations. Hence, as regards education, the effect of such a treaty is not positive and compulsory, but negative and prohibitory. There was and is no question of States' rights involved, says Mr. Root. The Constitution vests the treaty-making power exclusively in the National Government. While there are certain implied limitations arising from other provisions of the Constitution, those limitations do not touch the making of treaty provisions relating to the treatment of aliens within

our territory. Mr. Root quotes decisions of the United States courts confirmatory of this power of treaty-making. "It has been settled for more than a century that the fact that a treaty provision would interfere with or annul the laws of a State as to the aliens concerning whom the treaty is made is no impeachment of the treaty's authority." Moreover,

Since the rights . . . to be accorded to foreigners in our country . . . are a proper subject for treaty provision . . . and since such rights . . . may be given by treaty in contravention of the laws of any State, it follows of necessity that the treaty-making power alone has authority to determine what those rights . . . shall be.

Hence, concludes Mr. Root, there was no real question of power and no question of State rights arising under the Japanese treaty. But there was one serious question underlying the whole subject: What was to be the effect upon a proud, sensitive, highly civilized people of the imputations of inferiority and abuse received here?

People now, not governments, make friendship or dislike, sympathy or discord, peace or war . . . and . . . people who permit themselves to treat the people of other countries with discourtesy and insult are surely sowing the wind to reap the whirlwind.



#### *A Curious Strike*

A strike of street lamp-lighters, amusing in some of its aspects but really serious and significant when properly considered, was declared in New York City last week, and is still in progress at this writing. The Consolidated Gas Company has a monopoly in lighting both the streets and the buildings of the city, as it controls all the gas plants and all the public electric light service. The citizens therefore depend on this corporation to make the city streets safe to the passer-by in the darkness of the night. The main avenues and public squares are lighted by electric lamps, which, of course, are illuminated at nightfall and extinguished at daybreak from central stations. But whole districts and many miles of streets are lighted solely by gas lamps. Many of these lamps have special incandescent burners, to light which requires a certain amount of technical knowledge and skill. Several hundred

men are employed to ignite and extinguish these lights, each man being responsible for from one hundred to one hundred and fifty lamps. They have recently been organized into a labor union. On behalf of the union, it is said the men are paid only about a dollar a day for their work, which consists, not only in lighting at night and putting out in the morning, but in keeping each lamp in good condition. The lamplighter has to provide the oil for his torch, to buy his own matches, to supply his rags for cleaning globes, to put new chimneys in when there are breaks, and to keep the mechanical apparatus of the lamp in good condition. He has to be up very early in the morning, and make his rounds in all weathers; and it is quite apparent to the writer of this paragraph—who, during the strike, with the aid of a kitchen chair from his own house, a wax taper, and a private night watchman, laboriously lighted seven lamps on his own city block, in order to make it safe and passable for his family and his neighbors—that the job is not an easy one. Whatever the rights may be in the controversy between the lamplighters and the Gas Company, the company cannot evade the fact that it is responsible, by its contract with the city and its duty to the citizens, for keeping the streets lighted. Efficient management would have foreseen the strike and would have provided men to light the lamps. The company has made no public statement of any kind, so far as we know, in its own defense or in excuse of its dereliction of duty. Thousands of citizens found themselves suddenly suffering from the danger and inconvenience of unlighted streets. Police Commissioner Bingham telephoned instructions to every precinct police captain to exercise special vigilance in patrolling and protecting the darkened streets, and to have the police officers light as many of the lamps as possible. But in numerous instances the officers did not understand and could not manipulate the mechanism of the lamps. Hundreds of lamps were, as in the instance above referred to, lighted by private citizens, and in many cases lamps thus lighted burned continuously day and night, because the Gas Com-

pany either could not or would not provide men to attend to them. The strike has been regarded with some amusement by the daily newspapers. It has even been suggested that a police officer should be detailed to compel each director of the Gas Company to take one of his kitchen chairs and one of his wax tapers and light each lamp within a certain radius of his own house. It is very likely that the Lamplighters' Union is arrogant and irritating in demanding what it believes to be its just rights, but it is equally apparent that the Gas Company has proved inefficient in dealing with a crisis, throwing the burden on the police department—that is to say, upon the city government. The episode indicates very clearly the need of some intimate and authoritative relation between the municipality and those corporations which have so important a monopoly as that of lighting city streets.

#### *Nourishment at the Root*

Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, has established "The Fund for Rudimentary Schools for Southern Negroes," by a gift of one million dollars. She has intrusted the administration of the fund to Dr. Hollis Burke Frissell, Principal of Hampton Institute, and Dr. Booker T. Washington, Principal of Tuskegee Institute. According to the statement transferring the sum to the trustees and their successors, Miss Jeanes intends this bequest to benefit rural schools. The South is essentially a rural section; and the great majority of Southern negroes dwell in rural communities. Moreover, of these all but a very small number never have the chance for any but elementary instruction. No one who has ever visited a little district school for negroes can fail to understand the need for such a gift as this. It is in small school-houses, with their irregular attendance and their ill-paid and often incompetent teachers, that the negro race must receive its first and most important lessons, not only in the three R's, but in morality, thrift, and good order. To those who complain that the education of the negro masses has failed, the same answer as that which was given to the

criticism that Christianity was a failure is applicable—it has never been tried. The burden which the Southern white people have laid upon themselves to educate black children as well as white children they have bravely borne; but it is not one which they ought to bear alone. The causes which have at the same time brought to them a dependent race and visited them with poverty were National. Such a gift as the Jeanes bequest is therefore altogether appropriate. Of the trustees this bequest will require the utmost tact and delicacy. Happily, the two men selected are exactly fitted for this benevolent work. Dr. Frissell is not only the foremost leader in the newest development of education in this country, but is that rare kind of man—a practical idealist. Although a Northerner in origin, he has the confidence of the best Virginians, and his influence is extended far beyond the limits of the State and of Hampton's constituency. Dr. Washington every one knows as the leader of his race, not only by virtue of his insight and his energy, but also by virtue of his unflinching sanity and judgment. Under the administration of these two men—one from each race—this fund can do much to vitalize the little district colored schools. The right kind of education for the lowliest negroes is essential to the improvement of the relations between the races in this land.

#### *Shall We Discourage Manliness in the Schools*

While the New York Legislature has been dawdling over measures demanded by public opinion throughout the State, it has found time to pass a bill demanded only by a class—the women teachers in the public schools of New York City. The bill orders that the "schedules of salaries shall provide that, where men and women are both employed under any particular schedule, there shall be no discrimination in salary on account of the sex of the incumbent of the position." This bill is passed, not in the interest of the schools or of the children, but in the interest of the women teachers. As *The Outlook* has pointed out, women cannot, as teachers, perform

just the same service as men. At certain ages particularly, boys need the guidance, direction, and example of men. It is only from men that they will learn manliness; and for their exemplars in manliness they should not be forced to seek outside their schools. Even as conditions are now, under which men are paid higher salaries than women, the supply of women teachers is much larger than of male teachers. If this bill becomes law, it will be more difficult than ever to avoid the necessity of keeping boys throughout their entire school life under the control of women exclusively. The Board of Education should be left free to pay such salaries as will secure in right proportion the masculine element in the teaching force. The Outlook believes and has urged that better payment than the teachers receive at present is their right, but it should not be secured in this way. We hope this bill will receive the veto of the Mayor of New York City, and, if it comes to him, of the Governor of the State.

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#### *A Tale of Modern Buccaneering*

How great is the need for control, not only of the operation, but also of the financial transactions of public service utilities is somewhat startlingly illustrated by a letter, addressed to Governor Hughes, from Mr. R. R. Bowker, formerly the responsible executive official of the Edison Company of New York. He reveals in the frankest fashion the method by which the Edison Company was captured by another company, its capital inflated from fifteen to ninety million dollars, and the resultant organization brought under the control of the great gas monopoly known as the Consolidated Gas Company. He tells of one or two incidents in which politicians of a certain type figured as traders of political influence for money from the Company's treasury. He then gives an account of the transformation of the Company, which in brief is as follows: Instead of buying up competing companies, he succeeded in establishing a policy of applying the earnings above a six per cent. dividend partly to reducing rates and "partly to offsetting prelimi-

nary expenses of the Company, and squeezing what little water there was out of the stock." Already there was the prospect of a condition under which the Company could reduce the rate to one-half of what it formerly had been and yet could pay a ten per cent. dividend. In the meantime, by semi-political movements, Mr. Anthony N. Brady, with ex-Mayor Grant and a well-known trust company, had organized a company, bought the franchises of a petty lighting organization, and made a deal "with the late W. C. Whitney, then in control of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company, for the supply of its 'surplus electricity,'" though the Metropolitan Company had need for all its electricity. Thereupon the hint came from a director common to both the Metropolitan and Edison Companies that the sale of the Edison Company would be wise. Deterred from opposition by the fear of the political power of Mr. Whitney and others, the directors acceded. Mr. Bowker had to choose between opposing the deal and getting the best possible price for the stockholders. He himself sacrificed the opportunity to dispose of his own stock at a high price. The Company was greatly overcapitalized by an excessive issue of bonds, which were marketed, if not illegally, at least by a palpable evasion of the law. The order reducing the rates was rescinded. In the midst of these transactions there was a "Wall Street whirl," and a financial battle between the various interests contending for the lighting monopoly and its vast profits. Finally peace was made by consolidation; the Brady-Whitney interests were absorbed and were represented on the gas board. The final result has been that the Consolidated Gas Company is now entire master of the gas and electric lighting of New York City, both public and private. Mr. Bowker says that since the consolidation he believes that the management has dealt fairly with the public. "But the facts remain," he adds, "that it was, and is still, possible to juggle with great properties in the most unscrupulous manner, and that the consumer is required to pay a price that will produce earnings on three times the capitaliza-

tion needed by the industry." Mr. Bowker sent this open letter to the Governor to express his approval of the Public Service Commissions Bill now pending before the Legislature. According to this bill, most of our readers will remember, the public utilities of the State will be put under the control of two administrative commissions, one for the city of New York, the other for the rest of the State. Against this measure are united the hack politicians, the Hearst radicals, and many so-called conservative business interests. But the people of the State as a whole, who have no political axes to grind, no pet doctrines to defend, and no big financial projects to steer, are, as Mr. Bowker says, in no mood to have patience with those who are attempting to obstruct Governor Hughes's policy or margle his measures.



*The  
British Colonial  
Conference*

While the Peace Congress was bringing together representatives of all the great nations in New York City two weeks ago, a Conference of the British Colonial Premiers with a number of the members of their various Cabinets was convened at Whitehall in London, and the world-wide extent of the British Empire was strikingly presented to the eye. This is the fourth of these Conferences, which were inaugurated on the occasion of the first jubilee of Queen Victoria, repeated at the Diamond Jubilee in 1897, and again at the coronation of King Edward, five years ago. In his introductory speech Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the English Premier, declared that it was not a Conference between Premiers and the Colonial Secretary, but between the Premiers and the members of the Imperial Government. The Conference has no power to make binding decisions; that lies with the country, as voiced in Parliament; but there are matters of great moment which can be arranged, and, above all, there can be free expression of opinion of all the interests of the Empire. The venerable Guildhall has rarely witnessed a more interesting spectacle or a more significant one than that which took

place when the Colonial Premiers were presented with the freedom of the city and afterwards entertained at a luncheon by the Lord Mayor. The Premiers drove in procession through the city, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, representing the Dominion of Canada, riding with General Louis Botha, representing the Transvaal. Dr. Jameson represented Cape Colony; Mr. Frederick R. Moor, Natal; Sir Robert Bond, Newfoundland; Mr. Alfred Deakin, Australia; and Sir Joseph Ward, New Zealand. In 1897 Sir Wilfrid Laurier was the central figure, not only because of his charming personality, but because he was the first French-Canadian Premier of Canada. In 1902 the central figure was Mr. Richard Seddon, of New Zealand, sometimes called the John Burns of New Zealand, a leader in the radical legislation of that colony, who had gone, a poor boy, from a glass factory in Lancashire as an emigrant. At this Conference South Africa is at the forefront in popular interest, and General Botha, who made such a stubborn and gallant fight against the British in South Africa, is the foremost man in popular attention. The sturdy Dutch fighter and Lord Roberts, the British Commander-in-Chief, whose military skill had been taxed to the utmost by General Botha's commanding abilities as a strategist, sat side by side, on the friendliest possible terms—a visible sign of the cordial and equable relations between Great Britain and South Africa. Two resolutions, presented by Australians, have been considered at length; the first inviting the Colonial Secretary to form a plan for acquiring a more intimate knowledge of the colonies, and the second urging that the colonies be represented on the Imperial Council of Defense for advice in regard to local questions on which expert assistance may be desirable. At a great dinner, attended by more than sixteen hundred people, a demonstration was made in favor of preferential treatment for the colonies; and Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the course of an address, declared that Canada was on better terms with the United States than ever before, but that, in time of distress, she would stand by the mother country.

### *Imperial Organization*

In spite of hospitalities so numerous and so exhausting that several Premiers were compelled temporarily to seek retirement, the Conference has organized the movement of which it is an expression, so as to consolidate and perpetuate it. The general trend of the organization is perhaps indicated by the change of title from the Colonial to the Imperial Conference. The meeting of the Prime Ministers of the Colonies with the Prime Minister of the Home Government is to be held every four years; it is to be presided over by the British Prime Minister, who is to be ex-officio President of the Conference; the Premiers of self-governing colonies and the British Colonial Secretary are to be ex-officio members; and other members are to be appointed by the respective Governments. Each Government is to have one vote, and every discussion is to be conducted by not more than two representatives of each Government. In order to keep the various Governments well informed of one another's movements during the intervals of the Conferences, a permanent secretarial staff is to be established under the direction of the Colonial Secretary, the duty of which shall be to obtain information for the use of the Conference, conduct its correspondence, and attend to the carrying out of its resolutions. Subsidiary conferences are to be held between the representatives of the different Governments when matters of importance cannot be postponed until the next general Conference. This is a long step toward binding the colonies in closer relations with the Home Government, and bringing into co-operation the different parts of the British Empire.



### *The New Movement in Persia*

The outside world is not yet as conscious as it should be of the profound change which has taken place in Persia. It is not that a new Shah is ruling, for the most important changes took place before the death of his predecessor and had already resulted in the calling of an anjuman, or Parliament, representative

of the people. The significant fact is that the new Parliament is vigorously at work. It has indefinitely postponed the proposed loan from England guaranteed by Russia—a proposition regarded as the first fruit of the new understanding between those two Powers—and has substituted the establishment of its own native bank, which will issue an internal loan. The present Shah has been fairly well educated in the ideas of representative government. While heir apparent he resided in Tabriz, the second city of Persia, where the people forced him to grant a local anjuman or provincial council. Even before the death of his father he was forced to sign the new national Constitution and to guarantee the rights of a national Parliament. It is not surprising, then, to learn that the influence of the Tabriz council and of the national anjuman has now caused a local council to be formed in almost every Persian province. Thus a new patriotism has taken the place of the old cynicism. While criticism of existing customs is sharper than ever, the motive is different. This is seen in the establishment of new schools and the strengthening of the existing mosque schools (in which the rudiments of reading and writing are taught), and the increase of Mohammedan pupils in the missionary schools. It is especially seen in the sudden increase in the number and quality of newspapers; free publication of papers and books being, for the first time, allowed. It is interesting to note the confidence of the leaders of the new movement in the authority to govern given to them by the law of Mohammedanism itself. It comprises civil and criminal law as well as religious, and these leaders include many of the clergy. This seems at first surprising, for the fiercest extreme of fanaticism is found in that class; but, contrary to the general supposition, so is the extreme of liberalism. The Mohammedan clergy in Persia do not constitute an organized body; they are a large body of men of every shade and opinion, coming directly from the people and never out of touch with them. Thus the liberal clergy become the natural leaders of any popular movement. In this Persian democratization of old governmental forms, as

also in certain movements in India, we detect the influence of the example of Japan. If the Japanese now lead the Far East, so the Persians may in time lead the Near East.



*A Crisis in  
Belgium*

King Leopold, of whom it has been said that he has the best manners and the worst morals of any European ruler, has been under a heavy fire from a large part of the civilized world for months past, and has probably been very indifferent to it. The things he has done or permitted to be done in the Congo, with his general attitude in face of an outraged world, seem to indicate that he would have flourished in Italy in the days of the Renaissance, when the strong man often succeeded by virtue of a powerful intellect, a resolute will, and an entire absence of moral scruples. But the King of the Belgians is now getting a kind of criticism which may bring him to terms; it has brought him home from his vacation on the Mediterranean to face a growing discontent in Belgium and an acute Cabinet crisis. The Smet de Nayer Ministry, which went into power in August, 1899, has been compelled to resign. It was defeated on the question of the law fixing the hours of labor in mines, which was adopted by a vote of 94 to 32. The Government party has been divided for some time on questions of labor legislation; some of its members taking a liberal stand in these matters, and others favoring liberal legislation as the only way of keeping in touch with the Socialists and the laboring classes. But the Government would probably not have fallen on this issue alone. It was the occasion rather than the cause of its defeat. The cause was the failure to deal radically with the situation in the Congo. M. Smet de Nayer found himself in the position of having to choose between two masters, the King and the people, with no compromise possible; and he chose the easiest way out of the dilemma. The outrages committed, or permitted to be committed, in the Congo by the King of the Belgians have at last come to the knowledge of the Belgian people, and they are rising in protest

against this modern infamy. The debate has become very outspoken. At a general council of the Workmen's party speeches were made urging the establishment of a republic, and the King was denounced as the chief obstacle to the bettering of the condition of the working classes. A general strike may be one of the weapons used if the King proves obdurate; but the possibilities of the situation are manifold.



*The Hudson Bay  
Route*

While American farmers in the West are complaining of car shortage, and railway companies are studying how to solve the problem of transportation in such a way that facilities may always be equal to an ever-growing demand, it is interesting to note that Canada likewise is confronted with a similar problem. As regards its Northwest probably an even more urgent situation presents itself than that which confronts shippers in the United States. In many cases the wheat-growers of Manitoba and Canada's new provinces find themselves unable to ship one crop of wheat before another is harvested. As settlers are usually not prepared to hold their crops a year before marketing, the lack of railway transportation not only works a hardship upon the farmer, but acts directly as a stay upon the development of the new lands now awaiting settlement. It is not surprising, therefore, in view of such a situation, that the Dominion Parliament has discussed the need for an early realization of the long-talked-of and long-planned railway to Hudson Bay to provide an outlet for the new provinces which are settling up so rapidly. The contingency now presented has long been foreseen. As a matter of fact, as Premier Laurier said in his speech upon the subject, there has been upon the statute-book for the last twenty or twenty-five years a subsidy provision proposing to give in aid of the construction of such a railway 12,000 acres of land per mile. This offer, so liberal in its provisions, has not, however, tempted any railway company to enter upon the work of construction. In the natural sequence of the settlement of new lands railways fol-

low rather than precede populations, and it requires extraordinary inducements, such as Canada has always shown herself willing to offer, to induce railway companies to depart from this rule. The time now is ripe, even from the view of railway promoters, for this venture northward, as there is now a considerable population in part of the region to be traversed and the tide of migration is setting that way. There are, moreover, no special engineering difficulties in the way, though the climate is hard upon the roadbed and rails. It is true that the value of the sea route by way of Hudson Bay, open for only a few months in the year, is another factor that cannot be said to be definitely ascertained. The Hudson's Bay Company for hundreds of years brought in its supplies by that route, but the dimensions of this trade would bear but an insignificant ratio to that for which Canada is now seeking an outlet by rail and water. The feasibility of the sea route via Hudson Bay for at least three or four months of the year has been settled by recent Government surveys, and the tone of the discussion in Parliament, and especially of the utterances of Premier Laurier, shows that unless the railway companies soon decide to accept the long-offered subsidy, the Government may come forward and construct the road itself. Canada is no longer, as it was formerly regarded, merely a narrow strip of territory along the American border. Prospering provinces have been organized in the far Northwest, and Manitoba is no longer seen to be the limit of Canadian progress. The country north of the Laurentian Mountains is now being opened up; excellent wheat, barley, and potatoes have been grown in the valley of the Yukon, and the time is evidently at hand when the new great transcontinental railway now in process of construction should be supplemented, as originally planned, by a railway route to Hudson Bay.

*A Railway that Goes to Sea*

The running of the first train from the Florida mainland to Key Largo marked the beginning of the operation of what may fairly be designated as a novelty

among railways. We have become accustomed to roads that climb mountains, dive under rivers, and span chasms of abysmal depth, but it has remained for Mr. Henry M. Flagler to construct the first sea-going railway in extending his Florida East Coast system. The line runs from Miami on the mainland to Key West, a distance of approximately one hundred and fifty miles, and on account of the difficulties of construction it is estimated that its cost will be about \$15,000,000, or upward of \$100,000 a mile. Less than half the new road will be built on natural foundation. Skirting along the curve of the eastern coast of the State for twenty-eight miles below Miami, it then crosses to Key Largo, the longest of the small coral islands that are strung out in a curved line off the Florida shore, terminating with Key West. In its course between these two points the road touches nearly thirty of these diminutive islets. Between these specks of land rock embankments will be built wherever the water is sufficiently shallow to permit. Across the deeper portions and those exposed to storms the line will be carried by concrete arch viaducts. These viaducts vary from one to two miles in length, and in places the traveler on the new road will have the unusual sensation of voyaging over ocean waves in a luxurious railway coach. The construction of the road presents many unusual engineering problems, though none, it is declared, that have not been solved successfully. The materials of construction, including not only the rails, but also the timbers for ties and piling, the concrete and rock for filling, and even the drinking-water consumed by the laborers who are building the road, are transported long distances. Although the water along the line of the road is in few places more than thirty feet in depth, a vast quantity of piling is used on account of the exposure of the line to violent storms, and the concrete piers of the foundation will be firmly anchored to the bed rock. One of the minor problems to be met has been that of feeding and housing the laborers. This has been solved by the establishment of camps on several of the keys, and by the construction of numerous house-boats or floating dormitories,



in which the men live and which are moved forward along with the dredges, pile-drivers, and other machinery, keeping pace with the progress of the road to the southward. In connection with the construction of the new road extensive docks and terminals are being built at Key West. Although this is to be the end of the rail line, the real terminus of the road is to be Havana, for huge car-ferries are to be built to convey trains direct to the Cuban capital. It is expected that the road will be completed within three years, and at the end of that time it will be possible to enter a through train in New York, Chicago, or other Northern cities, and to proceed without change direct to Cuba. The economic importance of the road, in addition to extending the territory which Mr. Flagler's operations have opened heretofore to sportsmen and pleasure-seekers for their winter holidays, will be considerable. By uniting Key West to the mainland it will relieve the isolation of that island city, and upon the completion of the Panama Canal will probably result in making it a port of considerable importance. The line will provide quick passenger and express-freight service to Cuba.

*André Theuriet* The poems, novels, and dramas of André Theuriet, who died last week, belong to the mildly romantic order. While this Frenchman was notable in these three literary fields, he has been probably most widely known as a novelist. He was simple and straightforward both in conception of life and in grasp of character. His records of the *bourgeoisie* and of provincial existence are thus uncommonplace. But they are so in a special sense. The subject of illicit love seems almost commonplace in French literature; one is grateful to that writer whose main work is not to elaborate and over-emphasize this feature of life. Not every Theuriet romance, it is true, is to be recommended for general reading, but, as a whole, they are distinguished in being distasteful to those naturalists who would have in all novels the crass and ugly virility of a Zola. Ten years ago

Theuriet defeated Zola at an Academy election. To Theuriet life was no sea of corruption with but one or two strong swimmers able to withstand the maelstrom. While his emotionalism, it must be owned, is rarely intense, it is patently sincere. His note, never shrill, seldom thrilling, rings true, for it suggests the autobiographic. Theuriet wrote many novels, but his characteristic aspects are perhaps best revealed in "Le Mariage de Gérard," "Sous Bois," "L'Abbé Daniel," "Raymonde." In developing the plots and characters of these romances, such contemporaries as MM. Coppée, Bourget, Anatole France, all happily still living, would have been at once more realistic and more minutely psychological. But in matter they would very likely have been less wholesome and in manner less gentle, graceful, harmonious, light in touch, unaffected, yet sensitive to the "mood of words." These qualities, too, are all evident in what to some constitutes Theuriet's chief claim to fame, his exquisite descriptions of nature, faithful, not flamboyant.



*Calvin's Quadri-Centennial*

It is proposed to mark the four hundredth year since Calvin's birth in

1509 by erecting at Geneva a memorial to the Reformation. It is an international undertaking to commemorate the wide influence of the Reformation as seen in a broad historical view. Not only the great Genevan, but the great men of other lands who have carried on his liberating and uplifting work, will have place in the proposed memorial. A strong committee in Geneva, representing all varieties of opinion, has already raised a subscription averaging a franc from every Protestant in the city. Co-operative efforts are being made in France, Germany, Great Britain, and Holland. America will do her share. This was evinced by a meeting recently at Union Theological Seminary. Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, Princeton, were represented there, and stirring addresses in advocacy of the enterprise were made both by Calvinists and anti-Calvinists, as those terms are popularly understood. Presi-

dent Patton emphasized Calvin's "Institutes of Theology." President Eliot laid stress on the fact that democracy and liberty were "by-products" of Calvinism. Mr. Edwin D. Mead, another well-known and honored Unitarian, honored Calvin's insistence on the sovereignty of God. "The modern world," said he, "damns weakness, Calvin damned sin, and sin is the best thing to be damned." A committee of seven was appointed to secure generous co-operation with the Genevan Monument Association, which hopes to raise not less than \$200,000. The fact that the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance is to meet in New York in 1909 gives assurance that the great anniversary will be adequately commemorated in this country, with an accentuation of that emphasis which Calvin laid so strongly on social righteousness.



#### *Flower-Beds and Telephone Service*

Flower gardens are a novel means which the Chicago Telephone Company has tried for increasing the efficiency of its operators. In such exchanges as had a plot of ground the young women were offered individual patches of ground for flower-beds, and rivalry helped to make the experiment a success. One planted mignonette and vied with another who chose verbena seeds; a third kept a clump of sweet-peas as weedless as her neighbors who had geraniums. The company furnished the seeds and the ground all spaded and ready for planting. A real garden was new to many of the girls. At first they made many mistakes, pulling up plants and carefully leaving sturdy weeds instead. They got down on their knees and dug in the dirt until they grew to be quite proficient gardeners, enjoying it all meanwhile more than had been expected. Some of the operators, of a thrifty bent, grew lettuce, radishes, and strawberries. Their crops more than once were proudly picked by their owners to be served with the noon luncheon which the company furnishes free to its operators at all the exchanges. Roof gardens are said to be a possibility of the future at exchanges where no ground is available. In the downtown district

of Chicago it is obviously impossible to use any ground for growing flowers, although at the downtown as well as outlying exchanges window-boxes of flowers are numerous and are solicitously watched by young women employees. They have had help for all the heavy work, but the inherent love of women for flowers has now an opportunity to grow and to strengthen. The improved equipment and the various comforts the company has furnished to make the operators more alert and cheerful have resulted in reducing the average time of handling calls to four seconds. This began in furnishing rest rooms at exchanges—comfortable rooms full of easy chairs and couches for the rest periods of operators. Later bookshelves were furnished, and books from the Chicago Public Library. It was found that the young women were in better condition to work because of these provisions for their hours of leisure. Then came the lunches, pictures for the rest room walls, and lastly the flower gardens. The expenditure of money in this direction is an interesting recognition of the tangible value to the public of a telephone operator's contentment.



## *The Jamestown Celebration*

President Roosevelt opened the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition on Friday of last week amid the roar of guns, the music of bands, and tumultuous cheers from a vast gathering of people. Off shore could be seen the fleets of Germany, England, France, Austria, and the United States; and the President in his voyage across Hampton Roads moved in a cloud of smoke and amid the thunder of salutes. The Presidential party was met at the Government pier by Mr. Harry St. George Tucker, President of the Exposition, accompanied by the Directors, and the President's carriage was followed by the carriages of the representatives of Congress and diplomatic corps in their most brilliant uniforms and robes. At the opening exercises the pressure of the crowd became so great

as to menace the lives of women and children immediately in front of the speakers' stand, and the President, with his usual tact and quickness of action, sprang to his feet and appealed to the men in front of him to protect the women in good Virginia fashion. At the close of the address, through a lane in the crowd, the President walked to the Administration Building, where luncheon was served. It was noted that some of the foreign attachés who were not accustomed to American lunches did not know how to avail themselves of their opportunities and went without food. There was a review of troops on the Lee Parade immediately after the luncheon, after which the President took his stand at the door of the Administration Building and shook hands with about six hundred people. In the evening the entire fleet in the Roadstead was brilliantly illuminated. The grounds and buildings are not yet completely finished, and it will probably be several weeks before everything is in order, but the general effects are impressive, and, barring the delays which always attend the inauguration of such great enterprises, the Jamestown Exposition promises to be one of the most successful, as it certainly must be in some ways the most interesting, of the great national fairs.

The President's speech rose fully to the occasion; there is probably no man in the Nation who could, with greater insight and sympathy, describe and appraise at their true value the work of the discoverers, explorers, and settlers of the continent. After a cordial and fraternal greeting to the representatives of the foreign Powers, and especially to those of Great Britain, from whence there came to this country both the Cavalier and the Puritan type, our language, our law, our literature, and a great fund of common thought and experience, the President emphasized the great change in relations between the nations, and declared that all true patriots now earnestly wish that the nations may advance hand in hand, "united only in a generous rivalry to see which can best do its allotted work in the world." He described rapidly and picturesquely the character of the men

who settled Jamestown, bringing out the fact that, while the English colonial stock has left a deeper mark on our National life, both the environment and the presence of other stocks have differentiated the American people, almost from the beginning, from European peoples. The story of the conquest of the country and the land, of the growth of the early settlements, was briefly and vividly told. Touching on the task of achieving independence accomplished by the men of the Revolutionary period, the President said: "To Virginia was reserved the honor of producing the hero of both movements, the hero of the war and of the peace that made good the results of the war—George Washington; while the two great political tendencies of the time can be symbolized by the names of two other great Virginians—Jefferson and Marshall—from one of whom we inherit the abiding trust in the people which is the foundation stone of democracy, and from the other the power to develop on behalf of the people a coherent and powerful government, a genuine and representative nationality."

The President's characterization of the second great crisis, the Civil War, ought to be posted in every school-room in the country as the view of a broad-minded and devoted patriot, who is able, as was Lincoln, to rise above the mists of misunderstanding and to grasp the essential truth out of the confusion and distortions of the passion of the hour:

Oh, my hearers, my fellow-countrymen, great indeed has been our good fortune: for as time clears away the mists that once shrouded brother from brother and made each look "as through a glass darkly" at the other, we can all feel the same pride in the valor, the devotion, the fealty toward the right as it was given to each to see the right. Shown alike by the men who wore the blue and by the men who wore the gray. Rich and prosperous though we are as a people, the proudest heritage that each of us has, no matter where he may dwell, North or South, East or West, is the immaterial heritage of feeling, the right to claim as his own all the valor and all the steadfast devotion to duty shown by the men of both the great armies, of the soldiers whose leader was Grant and the soldiers whose leader was Lee. The men and the women of the Civil War did their duty bravely and well in the days that were dark and terrible and splendid. We, their descendants, who pay proud hom-

age to their memories and glory in the feats of might of one side no less than of the other, need to keep steadily in mind that the homage which counts is the homage of heart and of hand, and not of the lips; the homage of deeds and not of words only. We, too, in our turn, must prove our truth by our endeavor. We must show ourselves worthy sons of the men of the mighty days by the way in which we meet the problems of our own time.

The President spoke frankly of present-day dangers, declaring that the work of this generation is social and industrial; that it behooves us to remember that men can never escape being governed—either they must govern themselves or they must submit to being governed by others. We are called upon to deal with an industrial situation in which combination, alike in the world of capital and the world of labor, is the chief factor. In a few passages the President summed up the spirit of his endeavor to secure rigid enforcement of law, the supremacy of the Government, the proper regulation both of capital and labor in the interests of the people, preserving at once the integrity of popular rule and the sacredness of private rights:

At the moment the greatest problem before us is how to exercise such control over the business use of vast wealth, individual, but especially corporate, as will insure its not being used against the interest of the public, while yet permitting such ample legitimate profits as will encourage individual initiative.

It is our business to put a stop to abuses and to prevent their recurrence, without showing a spirit of mere vindictiveness for what has been done in the past.

Burke combined unshakable resolution in pressing the reform, with a profound temperateness of spirit which made him, while bent on the extirpation of the evil system, refuse to cherish an unreasoning and vindictive ill will toward the men who had benefited by it. Said Burke, "If I cannot reform with equity, I will not reform at all. . . . [There is] a State to preserve as well as a State to reform."

We are unalterably determined to prevent wrongdoing in the future; we have no intention of trying to wreak such an indiscriminate vengeance for wrongs done in the past as would confound the innocent with the guilty.

Our purpose is to build up rather than to tear down. We show ourselves the truest friends of property when we make it evident

that we will not tolerate the abuses of property.

In closing, the President declared that the Republic shall never become a government of plutocracy, or the government of a mob; that it shall remain what the fathers meant it to be: a government in which each man stands on his worth as a man, where each can have the largest personal liberty consistent with securing the well-being of the whole, and where the effort is consistently made to secure for each man such equality of opportunity that he may have a fair chance to show the stuff that is in him.



## *Two Radical Remedies*

The article on another page on "The New York Police" has been carefully verified by the editors of *The Outlook*. Its accuracy may be trusted by our readers. The evils which our contributor describes are due primarily to a thoroughly bad organization. The policemen are neither better nor worse than their fellow-citizens. They are average men. If they have more than average courage, it is because their profession develops courage. If as a class they have less than average honesty, it is because the organization develops dishonesty. Radical evils call for radical remedies. The evils which our contributor describes—and in his description he exaggerates nothing and sets down naught in malice—are radical; we here suggest certain radical remedies.

I. The head of the police force has a temporary tenure of office; his subordinates have a permanent tenure. He may be turned out of office at any election and is likely to be; his subordinates cannot be discharged for even inefficiency and incompetency without legal evidence sufficient to satisfy a court of justice of their offense. The inevitable result is that the permanent force look down upon their temporary commander. To win his approval is no object; to suffer his disapproval is no disadvantage. Discipline under such a system is impossible.

The conditions should be reversed. The office of Police Commissioner should be non-political; its tenure should be

measurably permanent. There is as good reason for making it both non-political and permanent as for so making the office of judge. The Police Commissioner should be selected for his executive abilities as the judge is selected for his judicial abilities; and, being selected, he should hold his office for at least half a score of years. Twice that term would be better. Nor should he be removable except as a judge is removable—upon charges and after trial.

On the other hand, the tenure of the policeman should not be permanent. The policeman is a private soldier. He might be enlisted as the soldier is, for a brief term. But if he were enlisted for good behavior, the question whether his behavior is good or not ought not to be left to the civil courts. It ought not to be assumed that he has a *right* to his office and can be deprived of it only by legal evidence of illegal conduct. The police is essentially a military force; it should be organized on military principles. The Police Commissioner should have power over the force analogous to that exercised by the Commander-in-Chief over an army. The absolute power of dismissal ought not to be lodged in his hands. The private policeman should have the same right to a court martial that is enjoyed by the officers in the army. But the court martial should be no more subject to review by the civil courts in the one case than in the other. A court martial is as competent to administer justice as a civil court. For the purpose of maintaining an efficient police or military organization it is far more competent. Injustice might sometimes be done to individual policemen by a court martial, as injustice is sometimes done to individual citizens by the civil courts. The risk would be no greater in the one case than in the other. But even if it were greater, it would be better to hazard an occasional injustice to an individual than to inflict, as now, a chronic and continuing injustice on the whole community.

Mr. William McAdoo, recently Police Commissioner, has proposed a definite plan to secure this result. He says:

I am convinced that the Legislature will not give to a single Commissioner the power

which courts martial have in the army and navy. If any change is to be made, therefore, it seems to me it would be best to have a judge something akin to a judge-advocate in the army appointed by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court, who should be a lawyer of good standing and a man of the highest integrity, who should be given a salary somewhat near to that of the Commissioner himself. Before him all the trials should be held in all parts of the Greater New York, and before him the Third Deputy Commissioner could act as prosecutor.

Mr. McAdoo would have no appeal to the courts from this Judge-Advocate's decision except in cases where it was disapproved by the Commissioner. Whether this specific plan is adopted or not—and there are some manifest advantages in this plan—the essential principle is that the discipline of the police force should not be dependent upon the judgment of the civil courts. That is fatal to all discipline. When a man enters the army, he does so knowing that his rights as a soldier are dependent upon a military tribunal. When a man enters the police force, he should understand that his rights as a policeman are dependent upon a police tribunal.

II. In a democratic community it is very difficult to enforce a law which directly affects the entire community, if the public opinion of the community is opposed to its enforcement. The excise laws, which it is the duty of the police in New York to enforce, are enacted by the public sentiment of the rural community and are opposed to the public sentiment of the municipality. To a large proportion of the citizens of New York City it appears to be no more wicked to drink beer and wine than to drink tea and coffee, and no more wicked to drink them on Sundays than on week days. The policemen are chosen from this community, share its opinions, and have no inclination to earn its ill will by a rigid enforcement of liquor laws which they do not believe in. But a lax enforcement of these laws furnishes great opportunities and therefore great temptations to corruption. There is but one radical remedy: it is to extend over the cities the local option law which is now confined to the rural communities, and to extend over Sunday the local option principle which is now applied only to the week days.

The Legislature should allow the cities to vote, either as cities, or by districts specifically defined, on the two questions, first, Shall any sale of liquor be allowed? and, second, Shall it be allowed on Sundays? If New York voted to allow a Sunday sale, the privilege of illicit sale could no longer be bought from policemen; if it voted against Sunday sale, the enforcement of its decision would be far easier than is now the enforcement of a decision imposed on the city by the country districts. In either case the opportunities and the temptations to corruption would be lessened. There is sufficient local sentiment against public prostitution and public gambling to make possible the enforcement of the laws against both. What makes this now difficult is that they join their forces with those of the saloon.

Another possible remedy would be a State police, officered and directed by State authorities to enforce the laws of the State. But this would be so contrary to the traditions and habits of the people that it need not be here considered. For the present, at least, a State constabulary would be possible only as a supplement to, not as a substitute for, local police.

III. Other methods of securing an efficient and honest police organization, though less radical, are not less important. In every city, as according to the new law it is now in New York, the detective bureau should be under the autocratic authority of the Commissioner, who should have power to appoint to that service and to remove from it without giving any account of what he had done or why he had done it. In every city such secret societies as those which our contributor describes should be broken up. Belonging to such a society should be sufficient reason for instant discharge from the service. The police should be encouraged to maintain organizations for fellowship and for self-help, but they should be open, not secret, societies. Police magistrates should be secured who would count it their duty to co-operate with the police in protecting society, not to work against the police in protecting the criminal classes. In New York Mayor McClellan has made

a distinct advance in this respect by the appointment of three new police magistrates. But these and kindred reforms, where they are needed, would surely and not slowly follow the adoption of the two radical principles which we have suggested—the first, giving to the Police Commissioner a really effective power of discipline such as the New York Commissioner does not now possess; the second, giving to the citizens of the cities the same power to regulate the liquor traffic which in New York State is now by law given to the people of the rural districts.



## *A Proven Failure*

Once more a State Legislature has displayed its incompetence for the task of electing a United States Senator. For the rest of the year, at least, Rhode Island will have to remain but half represented in the Senate. After a deadlock lasting over three months, and involving eighty-one ballots, the Legislature has adjourned without selecting a successor to Senator Wetmore.

Almost every year has been marked by one or more such deadlocks. Usually they have not been, like this, unbroken. Most of them have ended in a compromise or a stampede. Even in those cases, however, the result has been hardly less unfortunate. Candidates chosen after such long and wearisome balloting, when every legislator, exasperated by what he regards as the obstinacy of opposing factions, is subjected to enormous pressure from party leaders, are not likely to be those that calm judgment would select. From 1891 to and including 1905 there were forty-six deadlocks. In fourteen of them there was no election. In those fifteen years about one-half of the States of the Union suffered from such protracted contests, and several States because of them were deprived of equal representation in the Senate.

These facts, together with others concerning the practical effect of intrusting the election of Senators to State Legislatures, are presented effectively in the volume by George H. Haynes, Ph.D.,

entitled "The Election of Senators," published by Henry Holt & Co. in the series known as American Public Problems. Dr. Haynes gives the arguments both for and against the present system. Although in his own opinion the gains from popular election, secured by amendment to the Constitution, would outweigh the losses, he puts the arguments against popular election as strongly as those in support of it. The history of Senatorial elections as he recounts it is full of intrigue, bargaining, and obstructionist tactics, and is even marred by scenes of violence. If the reading of the plain facts there set down tends to diminish one's respect for the United States Senate, it reduces still more one's respect for State Legislatures.

In view of this sorry record, it is not surprising to learn that since 1890 more than two-thirds of the State Legislatures, confessing as it were their own shortcomings, have signified to Congress approval of direct election of Senators by the people, and that in a vote in the House of Representatives on a Resolution proposing a Constitutional Amendment to provide for such direct election, the delegations of all but two States indorsed the proposition. In addition, in three States, California, Nevada, and Illinois, a popular referendum has been taken on the subject. The majority in favor of the change was in each instance overwhelming: in Illinois it was nearly six to one; in Nevada nearly eight to one; and in California it was over fourteen to one. As these and other like expressions of opinion have not been confined to any one section, so they have not been confined to any one year. They have been both widespread and continuous. The action, or rather the inaction, of the Rhode Island Legislature will add a new bit of evidence to that which has already created this public sentiment. It is true that the result in Rhode Island is not without its encouraging aspects; it has proved, for instance, that the supporters of the interests of the people can be quite as immovable as the sycophants of the wealthy or the henchmen of a boss. But this does not in the least obscure the fact that once again a State Legislature has

made a mess of its undertaking to act as a Senatorial electoral college.

The worst of the present method of choosing Senators, however, is not that it is inefficient; that would be only a negative fault. The worst of it is that it is positively pernicious in its effect. It has done injury to the character of the Senate, and it has done much to degrade the State Legislatures.

What effect legislative election has had upon the Senate can be illustrated easily from the State of New York. No one imagines that either Mr. Thomas C. Platt or Mr. Chauncey M. Depew is really representative of the State. Both are rich men, with corporate affiliations. Neither would now be in public office if he had to rely on the suffrage of the people of the State. They are both in the Senate simply because the New York Legislature has been amenable to the influence of small but powerful bodies of men who wished to put them there. These two Senators are extreme cases of a class of men who have succeeded in getting into the Senate. If a rich man wishes to buy a high office for himself, he looks first to the Senate. He does so because he knows that whereas a whole State may not be purchasable, a Legislature may be. The general distrust of the United States Senate is not based on vain imagination. It is the character of the Senate that has furnished material for most of the arguments against legislative election.

Upon Legislatures the ill effect is even more clear. It is to the State Legislature that are intrusted the powers of government which affect the citizen most intimately. His life is safeguarded, his property held, even his family made legitimate, by virtue of the Legislature's action; and his taxes are levied principally in accordance with State laws. It is therefore to his interest that the Legislature should be mainly concerned with the affairs not of the Nation but of the State. Yet it is indubitable that the function of electing Federal Senators has done more than anything else to divert the mind of State legislators from the affairs of the State to the affairs of the Nation. Not only that, it has diverted it to those affairs of the Nation which are of least

value to the ordinary citizen, namely, the operation of National party politics. As Dr. Haynes says, "those self-chosen leaders whose only business is politics, and whose only politics is business, never for one moment forget that the control of Federal patronage—and that means of almost all the really delectable loaves and fishes—rests with the Senate." The result is a hopeless confusion of National and State issues—or, more accurately, the submergence of State issues in Federal party politics. As Dr. Haynes points out, most of the unfairness in constituting State Legislatures—as conspicuously illustrated in "Connecticut's rotten borough system"—is due to the effort to make secure to some party or class or interest the power to choose United States Senators. Under the present arrangement the legislators of a State are not chosen for the fitness to do the State's work; they are chosen with reference largely to National matters with which they have nothing to do except for their one duty of choosing the dispensers of Federal patronage.

Under the present system, then, States are frequently unrepresented, or only half represented, in the one place where they are supposed to have equal voice. Even those States which are nominally fully represented are frequently rather misrepresented; they cannot properly manage their own business, because the machinery by which they ought to do so is set to do a work for which it is unfitted; and the Senate itself is an object of popular distrust. The election of Senators by direct vote of the people would not make the Senate any the less a body representative of the States, and it would remove at once the chief ills that make almost every State Legislature an object of contempt, and the Senate an object of at least suspicion.

Whether such popular election should be effected by Constitutional amendment, as Dr. Haynes believes it should, or by the general adoption of such primary laws as would practically deprive the Legislatures of any power except that of ratifying the expressed choice of the voters, is a question we shall not here discuss. The Outlook believes that the latter is the natural and most practicable

method; that it is the method which the experience of several States indicates will some day be successfully developed and generally adopted; and that it has abundant justification in the transformation of the Presidential Electoral College into what is in effect simply a voting machine. But whether by this method or by that, the people of the States will, in time, take into their own hands the power to determine who shall represent the States in the Federal Senate.



## *The Practice of Immortality*

The gains which men and women have made in self-control, understanding of life, beauty and nobility of character, have been secured by those who have lived in advance of the standards of their time. In most cases the separation has not been so great as to involve the tragedy of persecution, but sometimes it has led straight to the hemlock, the block, or the cross. In every generation and in every country there has been a group of those upon whom the light of the morning rested and who have pressed on into the new day. They were not reformers in the sense of aggressively attacking the things in which they did not believe; they were always so intent on bringing into their lives the power of higher ideals that they served their fellows best, not by what they destroyed, but by what they revealed and made credible. To many who surrounded them those eager seekers for the better life seemed to be pursuing dreams as evanescent as the rainbow and seeking ends as unreal as the pot of gold that lies concealed where the arch of radiant mist rests on the ground. But the mountains stand distinct and immovable, though the near-sighted do not see them; to the far-sighted they are as real and solid as the earth beneath their feet.

Men have followed dreams and fallen in a vain though not always barren pursuit of them; but those who see further than their fellows and live in the larger relations which their vision reveals to them are of all men most rational.



One need not wait for the banishment of greed from society to practice unselfishness; one need not wait for a clean and civilized legal treatment of marriage relations to keep the home pure and sacred; one need not wait until public life is cleansed from dishonesty to serve his fellows with a heart that knows no treachery to the great interests of the nation and with hands that have never taken bribes; one need not wait until war is abolished to live the life of peace that rests on the love of God expressed in the love of man. Society is made up of those who live by the standards of the day and of those who live by the standards of to-morrow; and the real dreamers are those who accept things as they are; the followers after the higher realities are those who have wakened out of sleep and have looked upon life as it is. To these clear-sighted men and women the standards they recognize are made more definite and commanding by living as if these standards were already universally accepted; and they gradually conform their aims and deeds to these higher requirements, and are more alive than their fellows because they are in touch with a greater number of real things.

The discussion of the credibility of immortality has its uses and becomes imperative from time to time; but the final demonstration of this great fact is never made as the result of a process of reasoning; it is ultimately and convincingly revealed in the experience. Those who do not know immortality as a fact of experience often have opinions about it, but can never have knowledge of it; and when that knowledge has been attained, all the argument in the world will disturb the faith which springs out of it as little as the skepticism of the short-sighted will disturb those who see the mountains whenever they lift their eyes. The fact that many good and true men and women doubt the immortality of the soul has no more weight with those who have learned it by experience than has the inability of the good and true to appreciate music power to disturb the faith or destroy the joy of those who know that Beethoven has as authentic a voice as Shakespeare, and that the "Symphony

Pathétique" is as real and substantial a cry from the soul of Russia as was Dostoyevski's "Poor Folk."

Immortality is not a future state; it is a present condition. It is not a gift to be conferred hereafter; it is power inherent in the human soul. It is not a fact to be proved by logical demonstration any more than the reality of the life of which we are now conscious; it is not a truth to be revealed in some remote heaven; it is a fact to be accepted as life is accepted, and to be lived as life is lived in thought, emotion, and action. If we would know immortality, we must write it on our hearts that we are now immortal; if we would get the peace and joy of it, we must rest securely in it; if we would have it become steadily more real, commanding, and inspiring, we must live as immortals.

For immortality is no more a dream than are those higher realities which have led aspiring souls in every generation step by step upward. We have gone only a little way in the full unfolding of the human spirit, but we have gone so far that our commonplace realities of the relations of man with man would have seemed to our remote ancestors like the idle dreams of children, to be laughed to scorn by all men who wished to deal with life as it is. They had not discovered that life is a different matter to each succeeding generation; that, in the sense of a reality which is the same everywhere and to all, there is no such thing as "life as it is." Life was one thing to Socrates and another to Cleon; one thing to Judas and another to the Christ; one thing to Lincoln and another to Burr. Does any one question which kind of life was the largest and most real?

It is idle to tell the man who practices a virtue above the standard of his time that he is a dreamer; he knows what has actually happened in his own experience; he knows that he is living in a larger world than the doubters and skeptics; and he knows that the virtue he strives to attain is real because he practices it.

In like manner, the men and women who have dreamed what Dr. Gladden has finely called "the practice of immor-

tality " are not dreaming of a possible revelation to be made hereafter ; they are living now in a larger view of the world, and acting day by day in the light of present knowledge. They do not search the books for arguments in support of the truth of immortality, nor are they disturbed by the fluctuation of opinion regarding it ; they are absorbed in the practice of it. They think of themselves always as immortal ; they live day by day in the immediate presence of that spiritual order in this present stage of life which, though invisible, constantly and with increasing clearness bears witness to itself in current history ; they strive in all their intercourse with others to bear themselves as immortals and to reverence their fellows as sharers in the great gift of life ; they make immortality credible by purity, helpfulness, and fertility ; by courage, calmness, and the sweetness that streams from a great vision become the feeder of character ; they think always of those who have passed through the Gate of Death as possessed of a more vital and transcendent life ; " it is the dead only who really live, it is we who are dying ; " if it comforts and freshens their sense of the reality of the one life elsewhere, they pray for those who have gone on as freely and confidently as for those who remain ; they think of the whole universe, visible and invisible, as the home in which God lives ; of life as one and indivisible ; of immortality as a present possession, and of its practice as its only real evidence and demonstration ; they find no incredible mystery in the empty tomb from which the Christ walked unharmed, because in thought, word, and deed he lived as an immortal from the hour of his birth to the hour of his ascension.

And in all this they are no more dreamers than is the man in the little remote country village who by education and travel has so widened his relations that he lives in the world instead of the place where he does his work, finds his shelter, and takes his daily rest ; than the man who, in this present stage of war, greed, and selfishness, lives in the reality of a nobler age as surely coming out of the travail of to-day as this age of spirit-

ual and moral striving has come out of the age of barbarism, lust, and fear.

## \* *The Spectator*

The modern world seems to the Spectator to have reproduced the ancient story of Io and the Gadfly. Fair Io, said the Greek myth-makers, having attracted the amorous attentions of Father Zeus, and being consequently an object of wrath to his virtuous spouse Hera, was transformed by him, for her safety, into a heifer ; whereupon Hera sent forth a gadfly (*tabanus lineola*) to torment her. Vainly did Io seek escape. Over the then known parts of Europe and Asia she wandered, ever prodded on by her pertinacious pursuer. In Io, whose Greek name means the *Goer*, the Spectator finds the classic prototype of a modern and frequent phenomenon—extreme mobility without terminal facilities. In her pricker-on with fell intent appears likewise a crude anticipation of the doctrine of up-to-date psychologists, that " all ideas are essentially motor."

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This technical statement might not unreasonably be taken by the man on the street as a scientific certificate of his observation that ideas issue in motors and motion to a degree both expensive and perilous. It would, indeed, be the world's wonder were it not the world's fashion, and the wonder it is of a contemporaneous but older world, not yet in our fashion agog. In the Spectator's early days houses were sometimes seen slowly inching along on rollers from site to site. Nowadays owners of such fixed property are putting it, by the lift of mortgages, into motor-cars wherewith to gad about and make dust fly. The auto-suggestion which induces so irrational a change of investment has thus gotten, in the Spectator's apprehension, an extension of meaning from the healing to the wheeling process, and from hypnotism to hyperæsthesia, particularly at city street-crossings, and on country roads behind an unindoctrinated nag. In such situations the memorial inscription of the famous architect of St. Paul's Cathedral—" If you want to find his monument, look around "—has linked itself

in the Spectator's mind with the Wicked Bible, so called because the *not* was carelessly omitted from the Seventh Commandment. Many a catastrophe has warned the forgetter of autos: if you want a gravestone, *don't* look around.



The first of October, lately taking in New York the time-cursed place of the first of May as moving-day, has furnished the Spectator with fresh modern instances of the classic myth. The woe of Io the goer-on, goaded by the gadfly, is then rehearsed before him in a sort of street vaudeville. From flat to flat the flutters move with inconvenience ever in pursuit, getting away from pilferers to get next to piano-thumpers, but never, like the persecuted saints, taking joyfully the spoiling of their goods in transit. The citizen, weary of his cribbed, cabined, and confined compartment, espies the specious announcement of a rural paradise provided for such as lie by a company of public benefactors devoted to "land improvement," and distant from the city railway terminal just twenty-nine and three-fourths minutes. Were he seeking confirmation of the saying that "every moment a sucker is born," the vision that tempts him thither in the mirage of a May morning were like what Eve thought "a tree to be desired to make one wise." The rural cottager's privations afar from the city shop around the corner, the commuter's grievances with railway folk, have not the newspapers spared the Spectator from seeking illustrations of the poet's teaching, "Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest"?



A small section, this, of a vast field. To the Spectator Io's modern duplicates seem to abound and multiply. Once a nation of stand-patters, rarely crossing the lines of their native county, we have become a nation of globe-trotters, rarely finding the *ne plus ultra*. The modern American might say with the ancient Trojan, "What land on earth has not our labor filled?"

The terraqueous globe no longer sates his goading hunger for fresh sensations and fame; it drives him to ballooning; it makes him "go poling," as Stockton

phrased it, in an air-ship—recalling to the Spectator Juvenal's satirical line,

"The hungry Greeking is ready to scale the sky at your order."

One might ask the modern Io, with sympathy or with sarcasm, as one or the other mood gets uppermost in critical observation, "*Where do you live?*" "Practically nowhere," would the answer be, "but here's an address that will find me anywhere." In his college days the Spectator, arriving at a rural tavern from an all-day tramp, was conducted to an attic and pointed to two cots, with a hospitable bidding to "sleep on one or both." Wholesome life as well as wholesome sleep requires a fixed place, but the Spectator forbears to moralize further on the constant uprooting of life that he sees to-day. Io's restless going on doubtless made her as lean a heifer as any of Pharaoh's atrophied kine, and our modern *Wanderlust* tends to leanness of soul.



Good Dr. Watts, though still in fame, is no more in fashion, and "Watts on the Mind" now gathers dust on the top shelf. To keep two lines of Watts on their minds is the Spectator's parting counsel to the victims of the gadfly of unrest:

"It is a poor relief we gain

To change the place, but keep the pain."

To the unbelieving, Watts has nothing more to say than the good-by of Cæsar's ghost to Brutus: "*Thou shalt see me at Philippi.*" But the Spectator cannot bid his theme good-by without a word of sympathy with many who see good work weakened by the gadfly that drives off their helpers. In one month last year his bite dispossessed one city church of seventeen families. Not the apostolic but the laic succession is now the anxious problem of many such a church, into and out of which the stream of hearers flows so swiftly as to make the function of the pulpit seem, as a friend of the Spectator described it, "like preaching on a ferry-boat." In the early New England days, when the college curriculum included arithmetic, a tutor is said to have disposed of an insoluble problem thus; "Gentlemen, here is a serious difficulty: we will face it boldly and pass on." The Spectator is now fain to do even so.

# THE NEW YORK POLICE

BY L. B. STOWE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE BY GEORGE McANENY, OF THE COMMITTEE OF FIFTY

Mr. Stowe's article is of peculiar value at the present moment. The evil in our police system, which he graphically illustrates, is the development of years of unwise legislation, of lax and often dishonest administration, and of the constant intrusion of "politics." To solve the problem thus created, we were recently told, has been the "despair of good citizenship." But an important start has been made. It became apparent to the successive bodies of citizen origin engaged recently in examination of the subject that the lack of power in the commander of the force was, at least chiefly, the cause of its poor condition. Directly beneath the Commissioner and his deputies, with absolutely none between, is the solidarity of the "uniformed force." The nineteen inspectors, the actual commanders in what might be termed the field work of the department, have been supreme. The individual police officer of any rank has been so much favored by the law that it has proved literally impossible to displace an inspector for any offense short of an indictable one. They have, therefore, behaved as they pleased. Successive Commissioners, obliged, in the nature of things, to act through them, have found themselves in hardly more than nominal command, though held accountable in public opinion, none the less, for results. This has been the condition under which the administrative work of districts and precincts has proceeded. In the closely co-ordinated though distinct Detective Bureau it has been the same. The Bureau was "packed" in the manner Mr. Stowe describes, several years ago. The men in it have been practically irremovable. A scientifically efficient Bureau, approaching, for instance, that of London or Paris, has been impossible.

Two years ago the Committee of Nine, appointed by a Chamber of Commerce Conference, included the reform of the Detective Bureau in its legislative programme, and repeated the attempt last year—only to score a second failure, when pitted against the lobby of the detective sergeants. When, in November last, the Committee of Fifty was formed and its aid placed at the service of Commissioner Bingham, the bill of the former Committee, in so far as it dealt with the detectives, was substantially readopted. First in importance, however, General Bingham placed the reduction of all present inspectors to the grade of captain, from which they had risen, with power vested in the Commissioner to detail in future any one of the hundred captains to the command of an inspection district, subject to recall at any time if his service proved unsatisfactory. This somewhat revolutionary change was recognized as the key to the situation. The bill was framed accordingly. It had a stormy course, but under the spur of a thoroughly aroused public opinion it passed the Legislature, and, with the prompt signatures of both Mayor and Governor, has become Chapter 160 of the Laws of 1907. General Bingham has commenced his reorganization, both in the staff of commanders and in the Detective Bureau. He has acted with obvious honesty and courage. He will have the decent elements of the community behind him to a man. It is a beginning only, but it ought to open the way for improvement in a multitude of ways. Mr. Stowe's paper suggests the possibilities, and though we must agree with him that complete reformation of the police is still some distance ahead, we may rejoice in the possession of a Commissioner who has both the opportunity and the disposition to carry us appreciably toward it.

**A** CONSPICUOUSLY respectable New Yorker, in discussing the much-bruited subject of how to reform the police, gave as his opinion that the first step was to take them all out into the harbor and drown them. This epic suggestion recalls Dean Swift's "A Modest Proposal," in which the good Dean proposes to dispose of the surplus

population of Ireland by forcing the Irish poor to sell their infants to the English aristocracy to be killed and eaten as delicacies superior even to young roast pig. The sardonic fooling of the great Dean was patent to all, with the possible exception of the English aristocracy, but the jesting of the New Yorker is not so obvious. The spirit of

the suggestion resembles too closely the attitude of a large portion of New York's citizens to be passed over entirely as a grim jest. No, it is undeniable that an astonishing proportion of the respectable inhabitants look upon the police as little better than thugs, thieves, and outlaws. And this sinister conception, once lodged, they have little difficulty in strengthening—the press nurtures it, and there are besides many dark rumors. To them every recruit who dons the uniform elects to serve a life sentence of social ostracism.

On the other hand, the police have their admirers—those who regard them sentimentally and as heroes. There are on our streets no soldiers with fine swagger and padded shoulders for the sentimental to admire, and so the less romantic policemen, particularly if they be mounted, attract some of this admiration. A young girl told the writer she was sure the mounted police were good men because she had often seen them stroking their horses' noses and feeding them sugar. And for the police as heroes there is much to be said. Extraordinary bravery is the rule among them, and it is a rule without exceptions.

When Commissioner, General Greene once said of his men, "If they were as honest as they are brave, they would be the finest body of men in the world." Physical cowardice is unknown, moral cowardice far too well known. As an instance in point, under the Roosevelt Board, a certain patrolman stopped a runaway and saved four lives at the almost certain loss of his own. By some miracle of fortune he escaped without serious injury. Six months later a friend, who had seen his act, asked him how he was getting on. He replied that he was doing "great"—making two hundred a month above his salary in the *Tenderloin*. And this was not a shamefaced confession, but a casual statement of fact.

The policeman is the poor man's friend. He is big and strong, and his word is law; and to him when in real distress the poor seldom turn in vain. They look upon him with grateful reverence not unmingled with wholesome fear. When in trouble, they instinctively go to the station-house for refuge. A year or

more ago a sergeant returned to his station-house after supper, one cold, rainy night, and there found a wretched woman and five wretched children. They had just been evicted, were cold, drenched to the skin, and half starved. The hat was passed round, and when an hour later, the six outcasts left, they were warm and dry, and the sergeant and his men thirty-five dollars poorer for their visit. And this is by no means an isolated case.

There is, in fact, much to be said for all the widely diverse views of the police. They have certain characteristic vices and virtues. So far as one may generalize about almost nine thousand men, they are brave and generous, untruthful and dishonest. No more eloquent or pathetic testimony to their dishonesty could be had than the oft-repeated remark of their friends, "There are many honest men on the force."

To return to our friend the reformer with the drowning theory—is it quite reasonable to suppose that the drowning of this particular nine thousand and the recruiting of nine thousand successors would materially advance the cause of reform? Is it not, on the other hand, entirely reasonable to suppose that the new nine thousand would in a given time conduct themselves essentially as their predecessors? It certainly is neither fair nor logical to assume that any so large body of men are fundamentally and peculiarly vicious. While the removal by drowning, or by any other means, of certain undesirable men would greatly mend matters, it is, after all, bad conditions more than bad men with which the reformers are confronted.

Broadly speaking, the duties of the police fall into two groups: first, to protect persons and property; second, to suppress those vices condemned by law. It is under the second group, almost entirely, that the great temptations and the resulting corruption occur. In this group come the three great vices—the social evil, gambling in all its forms, and the selling of liquor during prohibited hours. It is generally conceded that neither the social evil, nor gambling, nor Sunday liquor-selling can be completely suppressed. By statute, however, it is

illegal to keep a disorderly house, to sell liquor out of hours or on Sunday, or to gamble—that is, in public places. Now, it is the legal duty of the police to enforce absolutely these laws, which they know cannot be enforced absolutely, and which the public knows cannot be enforced absolutely. This condition inevitably gives them dangerous discretionary power, and this power it is that enables men on small salaries to grow rich.

The excise law is, perhaps, the most systematically and universally violated law on the statute-books, and the law which affords the police, if not their largest, at least their safest, illegitimate revenue. Its essentials are that liquor may not be sold in saloons after one o'clock in the morning or on Sunday. Practically every saloon violates this law. The saloon is, in the last analysis, the workingman's club, and Sunday the one day when he can take full and leisurely advantage of its social privileges. This law affords a typical example of the unconscious alliance for evil between the modern-day Puritans, the respectable, the lawbreakers, and the police. The Puritans make the laws, the respectable approve them, the pleasure-seekers break them, and the police make capital of them.

A very large proportion of the public insist upon indulgence in illegal vices; a still larger proportion sympathize with those who do, while the majority of the remainder are indifferent, thus leaving a small minority only openly hostile. In other words, the majority of the public are not back of these laws, they do not sincerely indorse them, and are quite willing to condone the breaking of them. Any attempt to repeal them would, of course, raise a burst of protest from the vast ranks of the indifferent. Whether enforced or not, they want them on the statute-books because they sound respectable. The police, then, are theoretically supposed to be such stern moralists that they will enforce against the pleasure-loving majority the laws made by the ethical minority.

As if to remove even the slight chance that the police would not use their office as enforcers of these practically unenforceable laws for illegitimate purposes,

the lawmakers inserted in section 135 of the City Charter these ingenuous admonitions: "It is hereby made the duty of the Police Department and force, at all times of day and night, carefully to observe and inspect all houses of ill fame and prostitution, and houses where common prostitutes resort or reside; all lottery offices, policy shops, and places where lottery tickets or lottery policies are sold or offered for sale; all gambling-houses, cock-pits, and public common dance halls, and to repress and restrain all unlawful and disorderly conduct, or practices therein." By this singularly anomalous provision officers of the law are instructed by the law regularly to inspect places whose very existence is in violation of the law. On the ground that jimmies are so commonly used in house-breaking, why not pass a similar law making it illegal for burglars to use jimmies in entering houses? The policeman is ordered right into the jaws of temptation! He may have a friendly chat with the gambler under cover of his duties of inspection. The repeal of the portions, above quoted, of this law would deprive the police of their most powerful weapon for levying blackmail and their most effective mask for corruption.

On paper the organization of the police department is simple and plausible. At the head is the Commissioner with his three deputies, then come the acting inspectors in charge of the inspection districts into which the city is divided, then the captains in command of the precincts into which the inspection districts are divided, the lieutenants in charge of the station-houses of which there is one in each precinct, the sergeants in command of the platoons for patrolling purposes into which the patrolmen are divided. The Commissioner gives his orders to the acting inspectors, they transmit them to the captains, the captains to the sergeants, and so on down. The men are recruited by means of civil service examinations, and there are successive examinations for the successive grades from patrolman to captain. The acting inspectors are captains detailed to act as inspectors. The Commissioner is appointed by the Mayor, and the depu-

ties by the Commissioner. The detective bureau is a more or less distinct branch of the department. The men in this bureau were originally detailed to the bureau by the Commissioner from the uniformed force, and remanded back to uniform duty when unsatisfactory. This they did not like. It kept them on the anxious bench, and so they induced their good friends at Albany to pass a law making them detective sergeants and non-reducible by the Commissioner. Soon after this it was common knowledge among those on the inside that the position had its price, and that its price was thirty-five hundred dollars more or less, according to the political pull of the applicant. Commissioner Murphy created no less than one hundred and eleven detective sergeants, eighty per cent. of them just before the expiration of his term, December 31, 1901. He packed the bureau. By the recent passage, however, of the reform police bill, popularly known as the Bingham Police Bill because initiated by Commissioner Bingham, the office of detective sergeant has been abolished. The Commissioner now has the right, as originally, to detail to the bureau men from the uniformed force, and to remand them back to uniform duty when unsatisfactory. The detail of acting inspector has, too, by the passage of this bill, taken the place of the permanent grade of inspector. The increased powers thus given the Commissioner have not at this writing been put into operation, and the conditions presented in this article give some idea of the causes for the enactment of this new law.

Like the army, the police have their traditions, habits of thought and action, and there is among them a masonic solidarity. The first thing the recruit learns is that he must at all costs "stick by the buttons." If a fellow-policeman needs corroborating witnesses to testify that he did not do something which he did do, or *vice versa*, he must cheerfully take the stand and perjure himself. This solidarity is made effective for concerted action by the so-called benevolent associations of each grade. There is the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the Sergeants' Benevolent Association, and so on up. The constitutions and by-laws of these soci-

eties are quite innocuous; their only ostensible purpose, the payment of mortuary benefits. Harmless as these societies appear and laudable as is their only alleged purpose, there seems little doubt that they are entirely controlled by a clique of insiders who use them for the promotion of their selfish interests; that they are, in fact, powerful semi-political secret societies. In these societies delegates only may vote, and as the delegates are always members of the ruling clique, the ordinary member, unless himself a member of the clique, is not only powerless, but as ignorant of the inner workings of the association as the man on the street. An honest patrolman, of considerably more than average intelligence, told the writer that he was so ignored and snubbed when he attempted to take part in the affairs of the Patrolmen's Association that he finally gave up attending the meetings altogether. It is these societies which are responsible, very largely, for the condition in the Department which former Commissioner Greene described as an "*inverted esprit de corps*." The recent discovery by District Attorney Jerome of \$82,000 collected by the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association for the ostensible purpose of enormously increasing their death benefits, kept in a deposit vault instead of drawing interest, and raised at a time when great sums were needed with which to oppose the Bingham Police Bill, throws interesting light upon the uses to which these associations are put. These societies give both convenient machinery and a cloak of legitimacy to the unofficial police organization which has grown more powerful than the official and legitimate organization of the department. Whether this unofficial organization can remain dominant or even powerful now that the Bingham Police Bill has become law remains to be seen. This unofficial police organization is a great and powerful semi-political, semi-criminal secret society, with confederates, allies, and leaders outside police ranks among politicians, lawbreakers, police magistrates, and criminals. It is this far-reaching league of lawlessness which has come to be referred to vaguely and darkly as the "Police Trust" or "system."

Four men, the Commissioners, without effective authority, without a long or a fixed tenure of office, and without practical police experience, are the responsible commanders of this army of nine thousand, thus unofficially organized and intrenched. If they are honest and wish to do their duty, they must first learn the routine of their jobs, then fight this "system" and then the lawbreakers if there be any time left. For malfeasance in office the Commissioner may bring a man to trial in the disciplinary court of the department; if the man is convicted, he is fined from one to thirty days' pay or discharged. Every inspector thus discharged, or "broken," by any Commissioner, who has appealed to the civil courts, has been reinstated—sometimes justly, usually on some technical error in the taking of evidence. Whether such reinstatements were just or unjust, their effect upon the authority of the Commissioner is obvious.

Not long ago Commissioner Bingham received complaints from New Jersey commuters about the downtown streets on the way to the ferries being blocked by merchandise piled on the sidewalks. He ordered the inspector of the district to have the nuisance stopped. The inspector, for reasons of his own, did not want it stopped, but he ordered his men to make wholesale arrests of all found handling the offending merchandise or in the adjoining stores or warehouses. The officers arrested, hit or miss, everybody who could by the wildest flight of imagination be connected with the abuse, piled them, struggling and protesting, into patrol wagons, and rattled them off to the station-house. Guilty and innocent alike were discharged for lack of proper evidence, public indignation rose high against the Commissioner in the assailed neighborhood, the abuse continued as before, and the inspector was content.

Frequently it happens that some politician wants a couple of patrolmen, henchmen of his, detailed to plain-clothes duty—that is, to detective work—in his district. He goes to the captain and makes his request, or demand, according to his power, and the captain requests of the Commissioner the detail for the men desired. The Commissioner may

have heard rumors that there is "politics" in the request and so decline. Later he learns that gambling is flourishing in the precinct of this captain. He calls him sharply to account, and the captain contends that he could not secure evidence against the gamblers because he was short of plain-clothes men, citing the Commissioner's refusal to give him the men he requested. Now, suppose, instead of refusing the captain's request entirely, the Commissioner sends him two other men, whom he feels are honest. These men at once begin to make it uncomfortable for the captain by securing evidence against illegal resorts that are paying him for protection. Accordingly he complains to the Commissioner that, while he cannot bring any legal charges against these men, he feels that they are in league with the gamblers, and wishes them transferred. In lieu of definite evidence, what can the Commissioner do but remove them? If he refuses, they are made the scapegoats for all that goes wrong in the precinct.

Suppose, again, the Commissioner learns that a pool-room is operating in a certain district. He notifies the inspector of the district to secure evidence against it and close it. If the proprietors are paying the inspector for protection, as is usually the case, he passes the word along to them that the Commissioner is "on," and advises them to secure an injunction. Their place of business is ostensibly a laundry, and they actually take in washing, when their sign brings innocent customers. The magistrate readily gives a warrant to these poor laundrymen against police molestation. These are a few only of the innumerable tricks for "beating" the Commissioner's orders.

The police are accused under three heads: of being "in politics," which means the illegitimate use of any outside influence; of "grafting," or taking money from lawbreakers in exchange for protection; and of inefficiency. The political abuses are the most serious, and are to a great extent the root of the other two. It is common knowledge among those acquainted with the situation that certain of the more powerful district leaders, as the Sullivans and McManuses,



are practically the police rulers of their districts. When the Commissioner is not open to direct political influence, as is the case with the present incumbent, they have the police officers whom they control placed in their districts by indirect means. And, once controlling the police, it is, of course, a simple matter for them to protect their criminal following. One of the Sullivan henchmen, himself a probationary district leader, is known to have been originally a tramp, then a pickpocket, then a bank burglar, then a saloon-keeper, and is now a hotel proprietor and a Tammany politician. With the connivance of the police, he protects criminals on a very large scale.

Two years ago a young woman, a settlement worker, was alone in the house when the door-bell rang at two in the morning. She went to the door and a man, somewhat intoxicated, pushed by her into the hall, told her he had come to spend the night, and attempted to embrace her. She escaped, ran to the street corner crying for help, and came back with two policemen. The man had come out of the house and was leisurely smoking a cigar on the steps. She told the officers what he had done and asked them to arrest him. He showed his card, that of an influential politician, and challenged them to arrest him if they dared. They did not dare, and he strolled away. Or perhaps it would be fairer to say that they knew it would be a farce to arrest him. They knew that if they did, he would be discharged before they had left the block.

The honest and efficient policeman the "system" wins over, if possible. If not, he is regarded as a necessary evil, and thwarted at every step. One of this class caught a thug assaulting a woman on the street, caught him red-handed, and took him to the station-house. He was bailed by a representative of his brother-in-law, a Tammany Assemblyman, and when the case came up for trial the magistrate dismissed it. Over and over again this same policeman arrested the same thug on all manner of charges, each time with good evidence, and each time the farce was repeated. Not until he assaulted an old gentleman who had too much influence to be safely

trifled with in court was he finally committed. This same officer, some years earlier, one night raided a disorderly house, and there found, among others, a late prominent judge and political leader. When the case came up in the police court, the magistrate threw it out with little ceremony. He then took it to the District Attorney (not Mr. Jerome), and was given to understand that the case must drop, and that any further efforts on his part would not be tolerated. As a natural result of all this, the average policeman argues that since justice is to be thwarted anyway, he might as well get his share of the spoils. He then becomes an insider, a humble member of the "system." His life is at once made easier, and "things begin to come his way."

The police magistrates are directly responsible for a very large percentage of police corruption. It is almost the unanimous opinion of those who come in contact with them that a majority of the fourteen magistrates now on the bench in Manhattan and the Bronx can be illegitimately influenced, or "seen," to adopt the euphemism commonly employed. A few months ago an honest and able plain-clothes man secured evidence against a flourishing disorderly house and went to one of the magistrates who is among the suspected majority for a warrant. He refused to give it, and told the policeman confidentially that So-and-so (a local political power) was interested in the place, and that he "had better forget he wanted that warrant!" The next magistrate to sit in the court was one of the honest minority, and the officer applied to him with the same evidence, secured the warrant, and made the arrests. When the case came up for trial, the counsel for the defendants had it adjourned, and continued to have it adjourned, on one technical plea or another, until the original magistrate was again sitting. Then the policeman applied for another adjournment, was sharply reprimanded for trying to defeat the ends of justice, the case finally came to trial, and was dismissed. Only last week another plain-clothes man brought to trial the proprietress of a similar establishment and her clerk. He had

worked weeks on the case and had finally secured flawless evidence. Both the woman and the clerk were convicted. The woman was sentenced to ten days in jail or a thirty-five-dollar fine, and the clerk to fifteen days in jail or a fifty-dollar fine! The woman promptly paid the thirty-five dollars—she could probably have paid thirty-five thousand without serious embarrassment—and departed. The clerk had no money, and was locked up to serve his fifteen-day sentence. And these are not exceptional but average examples of the school of justice in which the policeman is taught.

As previously mentioned, the excise law affords the police their safest and most dependable form of "graft." The liquor dealers of Manhattan all belong to a liquor dealers' association, with a branch in each precinct. The membership dues are six dollars a month. A detective who has for years been in special and intimate touch with the police and police conditions is the writer's chief authority for the statement that one dollar of this goes to the association and five to the police. Thus, without running any appreciable risk of detection, the police receive five dollars a month from every saloon in the borough. The standard monthly levy for an ordinary pool-room is fifty dollars. When a man wants to start a pool-room, he first "sees" the district leader and arranges with him for his sanction, usually given in consideration of twenty-five per cent. of the profits. The next man to be "seen" is the "citizen collector," usually the proprietor of an illegal business, who receives immunity as compensation for his services. He, in turn, "sees" the captain's ward or plain-clothes man, and with him arranges the monthly levy. For his services the wardman receives twenty per cent. of such levy, the balance going to the captain. The captain usually takes sixty per cent., and the remaining twenty reaches the inspector. The money used to be paid to the captain at the station-house, but since the discovery of about sixty thousand dollars in the desk of a captain who died while on duty more circuitous methods are employed.

There are different methods for the various descriptions of illegal establish-

ments, but they are all forced to "give up" something, with the possible exception of the policy shops. This form of gambling is denounced by the police as "a mean swindle," and a great many of the officers will not take their "dirty money." It is generally acknowledged that no gambling or other illegal house can run in a precinct for more than a week without the captain's knowledge, and that it cannot run two weeks without his consent. In fact, it has become so dangerous to open such a place, without first making terms with the district leader and the captain, that it is now rarely if ever attempted. Such unsanctioned places are almost always raided and demolished even if the proprietors are subsequently willing to pay handsomely for protection. Under the circumstances it might seem strange that we so often read of raids. Some of these are "fake" raids made to fool the public; others are made by the Commissioner over the heads of the inspectors and captains; others by honest inspectors over the heads of dishonest captains; while many, of course, are made by honest inspectors and captains who have been sent by the Commissioner to clean up a certain district. The dishonest captain, under ordinary circumstances, clears in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars a month above his salary, and the dishonest inspector from three to four times that amount. Outside of the ranks of the inspectors and captains, the captain's plain-clothes men or wardmen, and the detective sergeants, the "grafting" is relatively small in amount and unsystematized. Probably more than half of the patrolmen are honest, and are doing their duty surprisingly well considering the innumerable difficulties against which they are contending. Obviously, to be an honest policeman means much more than to be an honest citizen.

The detective sergeants, owing to the nature of their work and their independence of control, have exceptional opportunities for shirking and illegitimate gain. They work largely through "stool-pigeons." A "stool-pigeon" is a crook out of a job, who is willing to barter information about other crooks. Originally these "stools" were paid for their infor-

mation, but gradually the custom has grown up of rewarding them by giving them a certain degree of immunity in carrying on their particular form of vice or crime. Each detective has his "stool," and not infrequently a friendship springs up between them, and the "stool" introduces some of his cronies, and so the social intimacy between the crooks and their official enemies widens and grows, and they come to call each other by their first names and to be "hail fellows well met." As a natural outgrowth of this friendly intimacy comes presently a business relation. This collusion has grown to such an extent that it is now reduced to a system. The detectives assigned to a locality permit the local pickpockets, for instance, to operate, or "work the rattlers," with impunity in certain prescribed sections and under certain restrictions, and then "shake them down" for a percentage of their spoils. With burglars and criminals in a larger way of business they have no direct connection because of the too great risk, but they secure a share of their plunder through the "fences." "Fences" are places for the disposal of stolen goods, and they pay the detective sergeants for the privilege of doing business, in much the same way that the pool-rooms pay the captains. A quarrel between detective sergeants (they work in pairs) over the division of spoils is apt to result in each arresting the other's "stool."

Owing to the ingenuous system of operating the bureau, even the honest detectives are well known by sight to the professional crooks. When detailed to a particular job, they are openly summoned to headquarters to receive instructions. And there the crooks, who might be inconvenienced by their investigations, assemble to get a good look at them as they start off, and the memorizing of faces is, of course, part of their trade. Then, again, detectives are required to inspect prisoners so that they will know them the next time they see

them. This works both ways, except that the prisoners are apt to recognize the detectives first when they next meet. The detectives also must go to court and testify when they make arrests, and here again the crooks assemble to view them. One detective, realizing the absurdity of this, dressed up in outlandish clothes and blackened his face with charcoal before going into court. He was an able and honest man, and there were in the court-room some notorious crooks who had come to have a good look at him. When he came forward to testify, the magistrate vigorously censured him for insulting the court by his disreputable appearance, and refused to listen to explanations or even to hear his testimony until he had washed his face.

That the police department can be reformed, root and branch, no one who understands its inside workings believes; that it can be vastly improved every one believes. That the placing on the statute-books of the Bingham Police Bill, which gives the Commissioner the power to place in the detective bureau honest men and real detectives, and there to retain them so long only as they produce results, and the further power to demand honest police work of the acting inspectors on pain of being relegated to the lesser pay and powers of captains, will prove a panacea of all ills, is an idle dream; that it will produce fundamental reforms is open to argument; but that it will work much good and prove a decided step in the right direction is beyond a reasonable doubt. In the hands of an honest Commissioner this increased power is bound eventually to break up the "system," to make grafting and corruption timid and occasional instead of brazen and continuous; and, most important of all, it is bound to give the honest and able men on the force, of whom there is still a decent nucleus, a fair chance to reap the rewards of their honesty and their ability.

## MORE THINGS JAPANESE

Our readers will remember that, at the request of *The Outlook*, an American woman gave, over the signature of "Observer," in its issue of March 2, a readable account of her experience in Japan, with certain domestic and social characteristics of the Japanese. In reply to her picturesque and entertaining comment Miss Alice M. Bacon, a recognized American authority on Japan, presented in *The Outlook* for March 23 some aspects of the subject concerning which she entertains opinions radically differing from those of "Observer," who now returns to the discussion in the following article. Additional light is thrown on the debate by a letter from a Japanese domestic servant in California which will be found on another page—a letter which we are enabled to print through the courtesy of Miss Bacon. We ask our readers to remember that "Observer" in her articles is not professing to make a profound social and psychological study of the Japanese, but is giving, as it were, some snapshot photographs of certain domestic qualities, which, like James Howell's "Letters" or Dickens's "American Notes," are not only agreeable and entertaining, but serve the purpose of valuable aids in forming a final judgment as to the temperamental character of the Japanese nation.—THE EDITORS.

YOU say, "*Now* how do you feel after reading Miss Alice Bacon on the Japanese?" and I confess, being a "truthful James," to feeling a bit low in my mind.

Now of course I know Miss Bacon—who does not?—and I bump my forehead to the floor to her. Japanese fashion, feeling very humble because I know she *can* write while I cannot, and, alas! she speaks Japanese and I do not. But, womanlike, I wish to talk some more, and as I sit putting stitches in my kimono, which, being only basted together, is always in need of little stitches, I am chuckling to myself to think, if I keep on writing, how busy some people will have to get—that is, if everybody talks back.

I've often wondered why we women did not embrace the theory of reincarnation, because it *would* be so delicious, after a hundred years or so of life, to return again and again in different ages and talk some more!

Speaking of being busy makes me think how busy I am going to be myself if I answer half the questions that have poured in upon me since that fatal day that I went into print. Everybody "wants to know" how "I kept house," "did I wear shoes" (I didn't), "how did I buy food," and a thousand and one details of the methods in daily life in a Japanese house. And I *am* glad to report that several people from California have written that "they feel more kindly and understandingly towards their Japanese serving people for my article. and hereafter will have more patience when teach-

ing them;" and one man, bless his heart! writes, "he knows, whatever I *was* paid for that article, that it wasn't as much as it deserved!" I could love that man.

Anyhow, one can but write or speak of what has actually happened to one's self. It's humiliating, perhaps, to admit, but it is the gospel truth, that it is impossible to write of the top side, the under side, the all-around sides and *besides* of several subjects in one paper. I know all lecture committees take it for granted that one can talk upon Europe, Asia, and Africa in one and the same lecture; but one can *not* write upon the woman question, upon morals and housekeeping, or say all the delightful or undelightful things one could say of Japanese and of missionaries and laymen in Japan, Korea, China, the Philippines, and India, in one article, even if it is as outrageously long as six thousand words.

Now, *please*, everybody believe that there is no unkind intention in my telling of things in Japan as I found them.

If we are good mothers, don't we often chide the child we love, and as adoring mothers don't we relate every deliciously funny thing the adored child does or says?

One may not be a frivoler and yet have half a hundred uses for each hour and minute of the day—that poor old-fashioned twenty-four-hour day, that has never been revised, enlarged, or brought up to date; and even Miss Bacon would find it difficult to get in articles for *The Outlook* if she wrote amidst the constant and uselessly petty interrup-

tions of Japanese home life. It seems to me a mere technicality whether you engage "the time" or "the service" of a man or maid, if the service be done in the manner you wish it done and when you wish it done, because *when* work is done is an important factor in house-keeping routine. An extra maid who was brought in for special winter service selected her own time for my special needs, and only ministered to me during the hours cook-sap was out of the house. She selected four o'clock of an afternoon to wash, nay, to flood, the front door steps; she thought when afternoon visitors and I were drinking tea the best time in the world to rake down the coal stove, take up the ashes, and fill the stove; and she *always* filled the lamps after dark—but, mercy me! I must explain quick, before some one shouts, "There are no coal stoves in Japanese houses," that, although I did live in a truly Japanese house, our titled landlord "lent" us the house at such a countly price that I was permitted coal stoves, glass windows, and 'most any foreign luxury I desired.

The first week I kept house I was reading my mail in bed on Saturday night about half-past ten o'clock when I heard the heavy thumping of shoeless feet on my stairs, and scarcely had time to think it could *not* be the maid before my kuramya-san appeared on his knees at the open screen partition. I don't know that I did anything but keep still; he, after his low obeisance, came over and sat down comfortably on the floor by my bed, beamed kindly on me, took out his tobacco and little pipe, filled and lighted it and then calmly smoked. After a pipeful he brought out his week's bill, which was eight inches wide and five feet long, and we discussed the account, he waving his pipe in the air and speaking glib Japanese and I using a natural sign language of my own; but we both understood each other, which is more than one can always be sure of when two people are using only plain English. Things being satisfactorily gone over, he arose, bowed low, and thumped off, and I was left to ruminate once more upon the queer *times* my serving people selected for *giving* service.

I freely admit that servants become friends when they have been members of households ten, twenty, or thirty years. Even with us, a man serving us eight years we'd be willing to think of as a boon companion. The great Marshal Oyama went into the field followed by a body servant who had been in his family forty years. He wrote home reports of the Field Marshal's health, provided for him every comfort he could think of, and I am quite sure that if there had been the need he would have cheerfully and gladly laid down his life for his master.

Seriously speaking, *no* one has a more kindly feeling for the Japanese than I, and from the bottom of my heart I must respect the only people on earth who pleasantly, politely, but inexorably boss the Foreigner. I know the heavens will fall upon me, but I am going to remark that "the foreigner" in Japan—Americans come under this class—made me as often long for a Russian knout in my hand as the Japanese. All heads of houses play with their Japanese house people as if they were living toys or dolls. They let their servants engross their time in the same way one lets a child. They tell before them all the funny things they do, just as American mothers talk of their children before their children, and times for play and times for work are so inextricably mixed up that you cannot tell one from t'other. No matter how inconvenienced they are by the things the Japanese servants do, they laugh and let them have their own way. When, on rare occasions, they settle down upon getting their own foreign way, it's upon the principle of the Irishman and his pig that was amiably trotting along the road when some one called out to know "where they were going," and the Irishman in agony of mind whispered, "Whist, whist, mon! he thinks he's going the other way."

Every householder thinks his own people, like his own children, sewing-machine, piano, or automobile, are the best ever, and talks of the exasperating things that happen in other households, but would never admit they could happen in his own. These householders tell you many stories of events, all illustrating characteristics peculiar to the Japanese,

but are instantly up in arms if you, as an outsider, make comments or are amused.

A hostess who is giving a dinner will tell you in the morning that she is going to have the table in yellow; you know she has beautiful yellow embroideries, candle-shades, etc.; but when dinner-time comes, the table decorations are *pink*—because why? Gardiner-san wanted to cut pink blooms that day and didn't want yellow. Now, had I said yellow flowers for a dinner, nothing short of an earthquake that swallowed up all the yellow things that grow would have prevented me from having my table *yellow*. Again—a don-a-san who with some trouble imported blue-grass seed from Kentucky, carefully planted the seed in the lawn under her own windows, with the gardener standing by to "look see." Of course every English and Japanese speaking san on the place carefully and elaborately explained to gardener-san all the ins and outs of planting Kentucky blue-grass seed. The Missis watched and the gardener watched, the one with a tender interest in the little home seeds, the other with simple curiosity. But one morning the Missis came too late. All the little delicate green spears had been carefully picked out by the roots, and only bare patches showed where the little strangers had tried to feel at home. The sowing and quick reaping went on for some time, but at last gardener-san put his foot down; "no strange seeds were to be allowed to trespass on his lawns. He knew grass, and he'd never seen any grass like this, it was nothing but weeds"—and gardener-san had his way. An artist friend who had been carefully collecting beautiful pieces of blue and white porcelain for her table, glad enough that they were not all uniform in shape and design, gave a luncheon, and, in the consciousness that her table was always charming, she took no trouble to look at it before the time for her guests to arrive. When she did, at the last moment, she discovered to her horror that boy-san had borrowed from a club-house friend and laid the table with a coarse

set of green-edged white china! Did she change it? No; she could not bear to hurt boy-san's feelings. You see, had I been that don-a-san, that table would have been changed back to rare old blue and white china so quick that boy-san wouldn't have known whether he stood on his head or his heels, or if he had any feelings to hurt. He'd have learned *some* thing that time, although neither of us might ever have known just what it was he did learn.

I recall a wonderful place with a bungalow cottage melting into vines and shrubs, with a terraced hillside that the blooms of the wild hydrangea made as blue as the sky or the distant glimmering sea, with a glorious host of old pine-trees presiding over all, and I said to the tall and gracious chatelaine, "How beautiful this must be early in the morning when one could be quite alone to worship or dream!" She replied that "she'd dearly love to go out early, for she was always awake, but to have her do so irregular a thing as once in a while to come out of her room before tea and a maid's visit would alarm and disturb the whole Japanese household." It would be worse than the rolling in of a tidal wave.

A cultivated and traveled Japanese gentleman who knew the customs of Great Britain and America said to me that Americans were not helpful to the Japanese; that instead of doing American way they tried to do Japanese way, and made mistakes; but if they would persist in their own native habits, they would teach those ways to the Japanese. Especially did he lament the terrible kind of foreign dress that we encouraged, a dress in such bad taste that it would not be tolerated here in polite society or even seen except perhaps in shops on Indian reservations. He said that our lax ways in our play with the Japanese servants had a bad influence, for no Japanese boy or maid san ever oversteps a strict class line in Japanese households.

This seems to be all I have to say just now.

Yours faithfully,

AN OBSERVER.

# THE WEST AT HOME

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

FIRST PAPER

## IN THE COUNTRY

SOMETHING of glamour and of humorous exaggeration has been of late years, in periodical literature, the portion of the Western farmer. Streams of golden grain have been pictured as many fold larger and much more valuable than their reality, and it has become a favorite pleasantry to refer to the producer of wheat and corn as a plutocrat reveling in automobiles and diamonds.

"Don't say that about us," requested a prairie resident. "It is good enough to tell the truth. Why should the Eastern papers and magazines always make us either worse or better than we are?"

The truth is "good enough."

The average Western farmer owns a quarter-section (one hundred and sixty acres) of land. If he is past fifty years of age, he probably came West in the latter seventies or in the eighties. Not much immigration marked the next decade. He sold a farm on which he was in debt or he closed out a small business and followed the westward-moving tide, seeking a new home. By the time he had paid the expenses of travel and had bought new implements and stock he was in debt again. He did not understand fully the climatic conditions, and made mistakes in methods. Dry years came, and prices for grain were low. He found his family expenses increasing and debts growing. Finally there came an upward turn. The seasons were fruitful; prices were better; he had learned how to farm under Western skies; debts were lessened; his family had come to maturity, and the haunting burden of earlier years lifted.

That is the epitome of the average farmer's life in the West, and thus is he found to-day. Perhaps he was a pioneer of the sixties; perhaps he has been ambitious and has added other quarter-

sections to his own; perhaps he was born in the West and so knows nothing of other ways than its own—but, first and best of all, the farmer of to-day has a clear understanding of what he can and cannot do. Generally he farms according to his limitations and achieves a permanent income, which is the basis of material welfare.

The Middle West is an uptilted plane, reaching from the Mississippi River to the foothills, the western end four thousand feet higher than the eastern. Population has sifted over it according to the rainfall, sometimes climbing higher, then receding. Trees, hedgerows, orchards, have been planted—to grow in beauty on lower altitudes and to struggle precariously on higher. So the farm of the eastern portion has much of the "back East" appearance. There are a driveway shaded by box elders or cottonwoods or maples; a garden and an orchard; a frame dwelling of six or eight rooms; a windmill and a red barn.

A hearty welcome awaits the visitor. He notices that the housewife's face has lines in it, put there when the struggle was fierce in pioneer times. On the walls are pictures that show taste—here and there is one that he knows came from the old home in New York or Pennsylvania or Illinois. The furniture is probably of the somewhat florid type sold in small towns both East and West. An organ is more likely to be in the front room than a piano.

"Lonesome out here? Not at all," says his hostess, with a smile. "It is only eight miles to town, and that seems good. It used to be twenty before the railroad was built. A store is at the creamery station, and we go there every day. Then there is the daily paper—the rural delivery goes by the house—and we are on the farmers' line."

"Line of what?"

"Telephones—every farm in this township has one. There are six on our party line, and it costs us only fifty cents a month. The farmers set the poles and put on wires. We can talk to almost everybody in the county."

"T—i—n—g, ting, ting," went the bell. She answered the call.

"It's from central. The Bakers have bought a phonograph and are going to give us some music at seven o'clock."

"Coming here with it?"

"Oh, no; they will set it near the 'phone, and everybody on the line will take down the receiver and hear the pieces."

I could understand why one firm in a small town sold three hundred phonographs in a single season.

Modern conveniences seem more common in the West than in the East. More farmers have telephones, proportionately, because the Westerner is farther from his neighbor, and needs the 'phone more. One day, riding across country near Colorado's east line, thirty miles from a railway, I found, in a "draw" in the midst of an old tree-claim, a soddy—no one says "sod houses" out there. The pleasant-faced mistress was asked a question. "I don't know," said she; "I'll find out." She went to an adjoining room, and there was a telephone—this thirty miles from the edge of things! Incidentally, a family of that county pastured its cows in Colorado, milked them in Kansas, and shipped the cream to a creamery in Missouri—such is modern agricultural enterprise!

Of late years new elements have entered into the life of the Western farmer.

Time was when he and his family had practically but one pleasure that approached the enjoyment of the village—an occasional dance at the largest dwelling in the township. It was for the young folks primarily—but all were young then. Spelling-school, entertainments arranged by fertile minded school-teachers, with, at long intervals, a trip to the circus, made the variation in the family's otherwise monotonous existence.

Now there is frequently a club which meets regularly, furnishing an added in-

terest for wives and daughters. To the sons and fathers the fraternal orders serve as a relaxation. The organizations in the interior villages take in members from the country. These are not a recrudescence of the old Grange, which is little known in the West, but are insurance and benefit orders that inculcate in their ritual mutual helpfulness and good cheer. Then politics—it is always present; but with daily papers and full information on current topics of the day, the spellbinder and the political manager now find less following in the country districts than in earlier times.

In this field has grown also the country church, exerting a power fully as great as in the town—perhaps greater; for, while the preacher may have incomplete preparation for his work and his congregation may lack somewhat in sartorial grace, sincerity presides over the assembly and the speaker's words are received with appreciation and good will. Many a town minister would be vastly pleased to have such well-filled seats and such attentive listeners as greet country pastors.

The country church has fulfilled a great mission in the West, and its work increases in value with passing years. In the older settled portions scarcely a family is more than six miles from a church building. The services are liberal, embracing many variations of denominational belief, thus tending to unite the community in goodly fellowship. Usually the nominal management of the organization is under the guidance of one denomination, but, if there be objection on the part of any resident of the community, another church of another denomination is over in the next township.

The Sunday-school is, however, open to all, and the young people of the community are gathered on Sunday afternoon with a completeness that many a town worker may well envy. Once a year delegates go to the county seat, attending a Sunday-school convention, and coming in touch with neighboring communities. In summer, at least, practically every school district has its Sunday-school. Where a church is not yet built, the school-house is utilized. Thus few communities lack religious services



given with some regularity and abundant fervor.

The country church does most for the farmers' wives and daughters, who have had in the past the hardest task of all. It has brought into their lives new interests and new joys, exhibited in many ways.

It is less common now for young people to go to a town justice or judge to be married. The county seat papers seldom miss an issue without telling of "a pretty home wedding" in the country in which the bride was beautiful in an up-to-date gown, the presents in good taste, the tables loaded with a bountiful dinner, and ending, "The young people will go to housekeeping on the groom's fine farm in Cheever township." May it not be that the home wedding, with its never-ending charm, is fostered by the country church, which adds its softening influence on rural life to the advantages gained from prolific yields of wheat and corn? Such incident is worth while—and this apart from religious or inspirational aspect.

With these various interests that gather in the country church, it is becoming a center of Western country life as fully as is the school. While there may be lack of artistic form, and the church buildings are marked by extreme simplicity, the influence grows. Prosperity is well expressed when it has visible evidence in white spires springing amid far vistas of waving grain and shining pasture.

Churches are not needed, however, for inspiration toward helpfulness—the Westerner is always a good neighbor. Many and many a field is tilled for the widow by friendly farmers who join in doing good. Many an afflicted father has seen his crops harvested by workers from adjoining farms because of the willing helpfulness of those who knew his need.

Last summer on a Kansas farm were a sick wife and a tired husband. Just as the wife was recovering, the little three-year-old daughter burned herself severely. Skin-grafting was the only hope of preserving her life. The father could not sacrifice himself, as it would add another patient to the household.

Two young men on neighboring farms went from the fields, and gave enough skin from their bodies to save the child, missing a month from their own labor. That is typical of the Western good will.

Something in the life of a farm developed from bare prairie to rich fertility appeals to the hearts of its occupants, and they grow to love the level acres. "So long as I am able to hold it I shall never sell my farm," said a hard-working Nebraskan. "When, with my young wife, I settled on that quarter-section, it was open plain for miles; we had nothing but each other and what was in our camper's wagon. Now we have about everything a farmer could wish. What could I do better if I sold? They can make machines and buildings, but they can't make any more land. It will always be good."

"The only thing that makes us think we would like to sell out is the lack of help," explained my hostess. "I can't keep a servant girl, and my husband has to work too hard because he can't get a hired man. The girls all seem to teach school or work in town; the boys go farther west and get farms of their own. Our own children are married and gone."

Indeed, the one complaint made at every meeting of two or three is, "We cannot get help for house or farm." The servant problem is as present three hundred miles west of the Missouri River as it is in Harlem. Within a week I heard it discussed in a club on Fifth Avenue, New York, and in a Kansas farm-house. The argument in the latter instance hinged on the assertion that too much and too general prosperity in the West had relieved people of the necessity for such labor, and that excessive wages and unusually favorable surroundings are now demanded, with workers too few even under such conditions.

In one other thing are farm families at a disadvantage—sickness. Miles from a physician, trained nurses almost unobtainable, conveniences of the sick-room that depend on a near-by drug-store lacking—these make suffering hard. And if the end come, the little cemetery on the open prairie is so desolate! Like the school yard, it is the last object of

improvement and of proper adornment in most country communities.

Amusing to Westerners is the ignorance of Eastern friends concerning the West's actual conditions. A few weeks before Christmas a Dakota wife, recently married, received from her husband's sister in Massachusetts a letter asking for a list of things they needed, such as potatoes, cabbage, flour, and necessities to keep them through the winter. "Let me know and we will send them," it added, "and try to arrange it so that John's feelings may not be hurt. We do not want you to suffer."

A sheet of paper, stamp, and envelope were inclosed. The young wife replied on her husband's printed stationery, saying that they were indeed in sore need; they were then living in a miserable shack that cost only \$3,500; she did not have a thing better than Brussels carpet to put on the floors; their barn was a cramped affair of only 40 x 100 feet, scarcely large enough to shelter the ten horses and three vehicles they had left. She told piteously how she had no other means of reaching town than in a rubber-tired buggy; the best she had to wear was a dress that cost the pitiful sum of \$2 a yard and an old fur coat that she bought for \$75. She hoped they would open their hearts and assist quickly. The sister in Boston was not without appreciation. She sent a diamond-set bracelet, with the hope that it would add to the warmth of the coat.

A concrete example will show how generally modern conveniences and sources of information have come to the Middle West. From a central Kansas town of 4,500 population, the county seat of a county with a population of 25,000, go out seven rural mail routes, serving 562 homes, the carriers starting on their trips at nine o'clock each morning. Of the entire number of families served, twelve take no periodical of regular issue, their mail consisting of advertising matter, sample papers, and letters. The carriers take out 288 daily papers, an average of one to every two families, though many families subscribe for two or three dailies. Weekly publications go to 544 families, magazines of some kind to over three hundred. This is a typical

Western community, solely agricultural, nearly two hundred miles west of the Missouri River, and with an average of prosperity. It is a fair showing of the Western farmer's reading-table. It may be mentioned that in this same county are twenty-four rural mail routes, serving practically every farm, and that over two thousand farmers' telephones are in use.

Surprise at the history of one's farm neighbors is no unusual thing. An alumnus of Yale may be herding cattle on the next ranch; a former teacher of languages following a plow on the other side of the township. One overworked newspaper man sought health and wealth on the high plains; he found only the former. Day after day, while the hot winds scorched the corn and blasted the garden patch, he wrote thrilling stories for boys' "libraries," thus supporting his family. Now he has returned to New England and has produced popular novels, striving to forget the occupation but not the friends of his Western life. The possibility of finding an unsuspected jewel is so ever present that it adds interest to the appreciative Westerner's acquaintance with his neighbors.

Travel is adding familiarity with the world to other improving influences. Excursion rates, special cars for conventions, encampments, and conferences, appeal to whole neighborhoods, and sometimes, when the gathering is near by, these occasions have the outward appearance of an exodus. If close to either coast, the attendance from the Middle States is limited because of the distance. A two-day or three-day journey is not to be undertaken by the entire family except on important occasions.

When a competence is acquired, the reward comes—to sell the farm, which cost perhaps \$5 an acre, for \$40 or \$50 an acre and "take it easy." This usually assumes the form of moving to town, where the farmer buys a home as good as any one possesses, and becomes a factor in the town's doings. Or, as one put it, "sells out and goes to where the bigger world can be seen." In this case it meant a removal to California and the reinvestment of \$40,000 saved in twenty years of successful wheat-

raising. He is now tending orange groves and pleasuring on the beach.

Chief among the attributes of Western rural life is independence—not alone in conduct of the home and economics of the farm, but in the relation of the farmer toward the business world of which he feels himself a part. He has risen above financial subjection. This does not mean that he is always fully out of debt—millions of dollars are yet loaned on farm mortgages in the prairie States—but he dictates the terms. If his creditor becomes anxious, a dozen other purses are open to him. A needless boast is that borne by a sign I saw recently at the gateway of a prairie farm, "No Mortgage on This Place." It was not a rarity. Scores of other farms in the vicinity are unencumbered.

Some Western farmers have automobiles; some have furnace-heated dwellings, with bath and toilet facilities; some have even electric lights, the dyna-

mo being run by a gasoline engine. But these are the exceptions.

After all, the important thing is not the occasional luxurious home, the automobiles, the bank deposits, but that the farm wealth of the plains region is diffused; that a high average of contentment and of the things that tend to happiness is known.

The farmer's families of the Middle West are as well housed, as well clothed, and have as many every-day pleasures and comforts as do townspeople East or West. They are not rich in the plutocrat's understanding of the term, but they are abundantly blessed in satisfaction of life. More than that, their savings are honest wealth—the product of sunshine, rain, black soil, and hard work. Little wonder that the Western farmer boasts of his condition. His solution of the social and economic problem, with which he struggled for three decades, is well-nigh complete.

## Comment on Current Books

*Letters in Yellow* Those who admire that kind of muck-raking fiction which pretends to be history will welcome a volume of "Indiscreet Letters from Peking."<sup>1</sup> The letters purport to have been written by an eye-witness of and an actor in the siege of the Legations during the Boxer uprising of 1900. The days of uncertainty and dread before the struggle began, the terrible weeks of fighting and waiting during the siege itself, and the aftermath when Peking was in the hands of the foreign troops, are represented as filled with an unbroken series of acts of blundering incompetence, cruel selfishness, jealousy, and cowardice. The siege was made possible by the fatuous blindness of the foreign diplomats; the annihilation of all the foreigners in Peking was averted only because of the mysterious failure of the Chinese to take advantage of the opportunities made for them by the stupidity and internal dissensions of the defenders of the Legations; the aftermath was a carnival of rapine and plunder by the foreigners in the city, rescuers and rescued. The writer of the letters finds in it all little that is fine or noble or courageous. When he is forced to praise, he

does it grudgingly, with a curl of the lip. But even so the praise comes but seldom. He writes with the pen of the scandalmonger; he sees the events that happen around him with the eye of the yellow journalist. The title of the book is indeed a happy one, but not perhaps in the sense in which the "editor" intended it. The letters are most amazingly indiscreet, not in their revelations of the siege of the Legations and the conduct of the actors in it, but in the self-revelation of the character and propensities of the writer.

### *A History of Architecture*

A history of architecture comprises the examination of the most characteristic monuments of that art. The expositor's aim should be to analyze the various styles. In this a separate mention of every building may well be subordinated to a discussion of the tendencies shown by the sizes, materials, and dates of buildings. Such an ideal is that of Mr. Russell Sturgis, an art critic of the first rank. To his present task of writing a general history of architecture he brings lifelong habits of careful classification, philosophical balancing, and clear exposition. The last-named quality has always been in evidence with him, and now more than ever. He has been too long a writer on art topics to

<sup>1</sup>Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Edited by B. L. Putnam Weale. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, \$2, net.

express himself in language not easily understood by all classes of readers. Witness his "European Architecture" and "How to Judge Architecture," for instance. The present work is the result of his ripest thought. It will consist of three handsome quartos, and the beginning of its publication is a real event in the world of art. The first volume,<sup>1</sup> which has now appeared, deals with antiquity—Egypt, western Asia, Greece, Rome. Of course the overwhelming majority of the structures described are in ruin. It is with a grateful sense of a certain fitness of things that we read what Mr. Sturgis has to say about the Pantheon at Rome, an edifice glorious alike in its past and present use. Would that there were more such with this double appeal, even if the long list of ruins must be slightly decreased thereby! Of course a practiced architect and observer like Mr. Sturgis, with his half-century's experience, is quicker than another to judge how the ancients built. But even he cannot form a completely critical opinion of the work of the earliest architects, except as he is aided by the decipherer of hieroglyphs, the student of comparative chronology, the practiced reader of the books of antiquity, and the searcher among bygone superstitions and beliefs. The achievements in all these departments of learning are evident in this volume, even if the text's significance lies in the writer's individual opinion. Half the volume's value, however, is represented by the illustrations. Mr. Sturgis deserves special credit for their selection; in general, they are either from unhackneyed subjects or are from new points of view of familiar buildings. While it may be natural for Mr. Sturgis to follow the more usual spelling of proper names, especially Greek names, we do not understand why the usual Latin name of one of the best known places in southern Italy must give place to the Italian "Pesto." But this is hypocriticism.

### Humanism

Humanism, not a new term, is now invested with a new meaning. Its seat has long been supposed to be in academic groves. The humanists of Erasmus's time would, if they could, sit up in their sepulchers and take notice of the notice served by Mr. Schiller<sup>2</sup> that their tribe "will always be somewhat rare in academic circles." But what is this revolutionized humanism? It is announced as "the spirit of pragmatism." Of pragmatism much has been heard of late, especially from its brilliant expositor, Professor William James, whom students flock

to. This is not, as many imagine, a new philosophy, but a new method in philosophy; that is to say, a new application of a method not new. Pragmatism is in philosophy what utilitarianism is in ethics—putting beliefs to the test of practical results. This method was applied also in theology by Kant, and recently by Ritschl, in holding that religious faith must rest on a judgment of practical value, not on merely intellectual grounds. This, too, has been the common-sense method of ordinary minds from time immemorial. So pragmatism, says Mr. Schiller in his chapter on "The Making of Truth," is, as a logical method, merely "the *conscious* application of a *natural* procedure of our minds in actual knowing." Pragmatism as a method and humanism as its spirit are thus a philosophical attitude, not a system of philosophy. This attitude, as Mr. Schiller shows, is thoroughly favorable to the claims of religion: "All religious work pragmatically to a greater or less extent . . . our own Christianity [is] an essentially human and thoroughly pragmatic religion, hampered throughout its history, and at times almost strangled, by an alien theology, based on the intellectualistic speculations of Greek philosophers." Intellectualism, especially the "absolutism" of which Hegel and Bradley are expositors, Mr. Schiller regards as "fundamentally hostile to popular religion," "inhuman," "sterile," and he fights it through chapter after chapter, contending that "knowledge cannot be *depersonalized*, and that the full concreteness of personal interest is indispensable for the attainment of truth." The finished and attractive literary style in which he presents the new humanism manifests its identity, notwithstanding difference, with the old.

### Birds Every Child Should Know

The lady who writes over the name Neltje Blanchan has written a pleasant, chatty little book<sup>3</sup> about the common birds of the eastern half of our country, for the series which began with "Poems Every Child Should Know" and continues with similar volumes of fairy tales, myths, songs, legends, and heroes. The book aims to arouse interest in the birds rather than to give definite scientific information about them. The author introduces each bird as she might if she were talking to a child friend on a summer ramble of discovery. Some of the chapter titles well illustrate the spirit of her treatment—"Our Robin Goodfellow and His Relations," "Some Neighborly Acrobats," "Birds Not of a Feather," "Rascals We Must Admire." Sixty or seventy fine pictures from photographs provide some

<sup>1</sup> A History of Architecture. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. Vol. I. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York, \$5, net.

<sup>2</sup> Studies in Humanism. By F. C. S. Schiller, M.A., D.Sc. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.25, net.

<sup>3</sup> Birds Every Child Should Know: The East. By Neltje Blanchan. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.20, net.

useful helps to identification and much material for arousing interest in the subject.

*Ceylon, India, China, and Japan* The author of "Present-Day Egypt" well describes present-day conditions in other Oriental countries. With pleasure, he who opens Mr. Penfield's book<sup>1</sup> discovers that it leads far afield, not only to India, but even to Japan. The title is therefore somewhat misleading. Mr. Penfield's text is noteworthy for two features—first, its vivacious and very informative description, and, secondly, the author's iteration on the failure of Americans to gain their proper share of Oriental trade. As he says, this is the only solace found by commercial Europe in our wonderful national growth. The book is well printed and illustrated, with almost never such a slip as "Austro-Hungary," p. 342.

*Railway Management* In one month recently a shrinkage was reported of two billion dollars in the market quotations of railway and allied securities. The event calls closer attention to the financial management of corporations. As the transportation industry was the first to produce the modern corporation, so it has been particularly prominent in exhibiting the vices as well as the virtues of certain promoters. The shockingly high-handed manner in which the finances of a few transportation systems have been "jockeyed" by Wall Street speculators has now naturally drawn the lime-light of public curiosity upon those ultimately responsible. It has made their deeds properly spectacular. The result, we are glad to say, has been a practically universal condemnation. The injustice is equally evident, however, of visiting with the same condemnation the majority of railway financiers and operators in this country, an honest, hard-working, capable class, representing a totally different professional standard, one constructive, not destructive, of values. This being so, one cannot think that many corporations are really predatory. Yet the careless observer and the political demagogue continue to blame honest corporations and managers for the crimes of the dishonest. If there is a popular desire to know just how a promoter can misuse railway funds and escape the penitentiary, there is a more widespread desire, we think, to have an extended view of the different phases not only of railway financing, but also of railway construction and operation. A book which will go far to satisfy these desires is

"The Working of the Railroads,"<sup>2</sup> by Logan G. McPherson, lecturer on transportation at the Johns Hopkins University. Mr. McPherson's academic connection is only incidental to his practical experience with several leading railways. He tells what a railway company is, what it does, and how it does it. For instance, he first considers the transportation function, describing such a change of conditions as is apparent since 1870, when there was one railway mile for every seven hundred and twenty-nine persons, while in 1904 there was one mile for every three hundred and eighty persons; in 1870 there was one railway employee for every one hundred and eleven persons; in 1904, one employee for every sixty-six persons. The author then describes construction and operation, showing, among other things, that formerly for a fifty-ton locomotive there were fifty-pound rails, but that now we have eighty-ton locomotives and eighty-pound rails, while one-hundred-ton locomotives and one-hundred-pound rails are not rare. Mr. McPherson then discusses traffic, accounting, and statistics, financial and executive administration, correlation and integration, and, finally, the relations of the railway to the public and the State. While just laws should provide for a remedy of existing abuses and certainly for a swift punishment of crimes, we also contend that they should not repress legitimate activity, thus impeding the Nation's well-being and retarding its development. Mr. McPherson's book should be read by those whose votes elect legislators and ultimately control legislation.

*Woodcraft and Woods Lore* The days in the year which the woods lover may spend in camp and on the trail are all too few. But there are many other days when the *Wanderlust* is on him and he must sojourn in spirit in the land of his desire. To the practical woodsman on these restless days there is great solace in the detailed and careful planning of the next trip—route, outfit, food supply, new "stunts" to be tried, improvements in equipment to be tested. A veteran of the craft has prepared a book<sup>2</sup> full of wise lore and helpful suggestions, an invaluable companion for the days of planning and the rarer days when the plans are being fulfilled. Treatment of the subject is exhaustive. There are not only the more usual but always interesting chapters on clothing, personal kits, tents, utensils, food, cookery, making camp and camp-fires, but even more fascinating

<sup>1</sup> East of Suez: Ceylon, India, China, and Japan. By Frederic Courtland Penfield. The Century Company, New York. \$4. net.

<sup>2</sup> The Working of the Railroads. By Logan G. McPherson. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50, net. Postage, 15 cents.

<sup>3</sup> The Book of Camping and Woodcraft. By Horace Kephart. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. \$1.50, net.

talks on the less familiar subjects of axmanship, qualities of wood and bark, edible plants of the wilderness, living off the country, natural signs of direction, and not so fascinating but sadly useful information about

the pests of the woods and hints for accidents and emergencies. The volume is small enough to go in the duffel-bag, but packed full of facts and suggestions, and redolent of the atmosphere of the woods.

## Letters to The Outlook

### A JAPANESE POINT OF VIEW

Among a number of letters that have come to me in regard to my article in your issue of March 23, this strikes me as especially interesting.

ALICE M. BACON.

Los Angeles, April 9, '07.

*Madam Alice M. Bacon :*

I have read your article on the Japanese in *The Outlook* for April. I do not know whether we, the Japanese, deserve your most generous and good-hearted view on our people. At any rate, not only that article by "Observer," but often we see the similar mistakes made by certain writers. I feel very sorry to let them pass into the public mind as a fact without giving a word of correction. This is not only because we cannot express our thoughts clearly in English, but also, in California specially, where all the periodicals are against us, we have no organ on which we may express our standpoint before the public. Now, when I read your kind article, I felt as if I was rescued from a danger. And it is precisely so, for those periodicals will rule the public mind, right or wrong. I cannot help to feel that whenever some one point out our faults severely, we always find a good Samaritan in this great country. Especially in time of reaction, when all go from good feeling to the opposite like an unsettled cloud in autumn sky, you remain in sympathy with us. We know when one remains with his friend in time of great need, it is the best test of friendship. Those who follow fashion blindly are simply dangerous, and praise from them do not amount anything.

I wish you will accept a word of thanks from a humble Japanese servant.

G. KASUYA.

P. S.—I want to add what I feel about the Japanese "lack of warm-hearted responsiveness;" we do not know, even scholars in English I suppose, of idioms, jokes, and humors, and sort of topics suitable to foreign companions, which are rather the essential matter in social entertainment (though I have no experience in society circle). All these things were taught since babyhood, without any intention or difficulty, and yet hardest to acquire for foreigners, especially when we are not mixed in playing and working and

all sorts of social matters. If we avert from foreigners, it is because we shrink from something unknown, unapproachable (so I think), and not in the least anything of the sort of dislike. And, if we do not, to the foreigner's eyes, have a warm-hearted responsiveness, and seemingly contented, it is after fruitless efforts. We are almost discouraged of its insurmountable difficulties in associating with the foreigners. Yet the truth remains that every one in the world, I believe, will be happier and more comfortable in being warm-hearted and responsive to his neighbors.

### THE PENNSYLVANIA CAPITOL

I note with regret that a contribution to *The Outlook* for January 26, entitled "A Costly Triumph," has so far called forth no comment from an eminent professional source.

The impression gained from the article is that the new Harrisburg Capitol is an artistic as well as a costly triumph. This is confessedly the opinion of a layman, but lest the publication of such an appreciation in a paper of the known standing of *The Outlook* should influence general opinion to favor public work of this character, I feel urged to call attention to the fact that among architects generally this building is considered to be an unsuccessful achievement.

I speak more especially of the interior. On a recent visit to the building in question I was impressed with its lack of studied proportion, the extravagance of ornament, the excessive use of gold, the broken pediments over doorways, and other features which mark the building as having been inspired by the most degraded types of Renaissance architecture.

I was annoyed by the tediousness of the main stairway, and found that each riser is, by actual measurement, a full inch higher than good practice sanctions for a monumental staircase. The flowing lines of the balustrade referred to by your contributor are weak rather than graceful, and the effect of the whole rotunda is rendered garish by the ill-advised use of gold, together with the harsh and heavy colors of the dome. The rough red floor of Mercer tile, while in itself a thing of beauty, seems ill adapted to the formality of a white marble hall.

The Senate and Assembly chambers are

rendered undignified and restless by the excessively heavy ceilings and chandeliers, and the obtrusive use of ornament; so much so that as I passed through these rooms I wondered how it would be possible for any body of men therein assembled to consider any question in a serious, straightforward, and single-minded manner.

Indeed, the whole interior is deficient in simplicity, dignity, and breadth of conception. A more detailed criticism is better left to the technical publications.

To be sure, the observer is impressed as he wanders through the building. Any such amount of materials, really fine in themselves, and spread over such an area in almost any way, could scarcely fail to inspire some awe; but it must be a source of lasting regret that such a large and costly public edifice is so deficient in artistic excellence.

It is indeed deplorable if extravagance and fraud were practiced in doing the work, but this is a transient evil compared to the enduring influence exerted by a monument of bad taste.

A YOUNG PENNSYLVANIA ARCHITECT.

### THE JACOB A. RIIS NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSE

Every spring we come to tell The Outlook readers of our plans, and every fall how by their help they were carried out. This year we are planning a boys' camp away from the city, with its heat and its noise. We are going to take the boys between twelve and sixteen, and preferably those who have heretofore escaped us, and transplant them from the street to the wilderness for a season. Ask yourselves what that may mean in the struggle for the man of to-morrow on whom we must build. It is with one eye upon him that we have built our gymnasium and carry on our clubs. Incidentally it will mean more room on Twin Island, where last year we housed 410 happy souls. We spent over three thousand dollars up there during the summer, and never did money draw such interest as that. We spent it all—there is nothing left; but we are not sorry, and we expect to spend more this summer, empty as our money-drawer is. For the One whose errand we go has all the dollars, and He knows that the need but grows with the effort. The crowding was never so great as it is to-day. It is getting to be common in New York to find whole families living in one room—three families in a three-room flat intended for one. That was common in Europe before, but never here; and over there it meant, and means everywhere, mischief of the gravest sort, moral and material. Seventy-three thousand persons so living in

Berlin furnished nearly half the deaths in a population of over 1,300,000 in a year when the Government took a census. It is the next big question for us to deal with in New York. Meanwhile we must make life in the crowd as tolerable as we can.

For the many who cannot go to Twin Island or the camp we are making a roof garden on our gymnasium roof that will be worth seeing and lingering in as the summer advances—so we hope. It is an experiment to make a garden of Eden in a hole between towering tenements, but we mean to have a good try at it. People may throw things into a dirty yard from tenement windows, but I would like to wager that they will never think of doing that to a garden. Its appeal will be to the best in them. So that is educational too, with a stronger pull than the Board of Health. It all works together. The settlement is leaving its stamp on the neighborhood, as it was meant to, and its stamp is good. On the people it is easily made out.

Our horse is dead. We have a fine wagon, but we need a horse to pull the children over from the depot and back. And we need swings in place of those they have worn out. Swings don't last long on Twin Island. To sit in one and watch the vessels on the Sound, fanned by the salt breeze from the water, is heaven to our girls, and they are firm believers in heaven. Then we want some games, or the money to buy them with; and we do so badly want a volunteer worker to go and live with them in July and August. We have a matron and her assistant, but we want the right kind of woman: to keep them all company in their happy season.

When I go through those streets that are jammed with children and their mothers on a summer day, I sometimes wish I could take the Other Half that live among the birds and the flowers, out on Long Island, say, or in Jersey's suburban towns, and plump them down with one big swoop in the middle of it all, and then tell them what delight it is for children to ride on ferryboat and trolley-car, and how cheap to buy that delight for them by chartering a car and taking mothers and children out for a day's pleasure. They wouldn't be any trouble, but no end of joy; and a little lunch of milk and cake, or sandwiches and lemonade, could be laid for them in the shade of some trees, or in a daisy field. These things are sometimes done, but not nearly often enough; and there isn't anything that leaves such a glow in those who do it, and such a bright spot in the lives of the great crowd, or that brings the two Halves together so naturally. Shall we not have more of it? JACOB A. RIIS.

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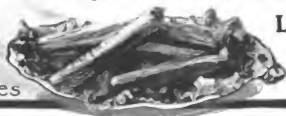


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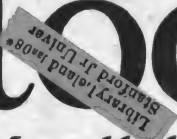
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# The Outlook

*Saturday, May 11, 1907*



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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 11, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 2

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

A Defeat for Governor Hughes.....	41	The Need of Poets.....	53
The Jamestown Exposition.....	43	New Russia.....	55
Hampton Institute.....	44	The Spectator.....	56
The Kneisel Quartette.....	45	The Jamestown Settlement. By Thomas Nelson Page.....	59
A Great Kindergarten Gathering.....	45	Freedom (Poem). By Leslie Pinckney Hill.....	63
An Appeal for Oxford.....	46	Russia's First Step Towards Freedom. By Nicolas Shishkoff.....	64
Unrest in India.....	46	Endowed Boarding-Schools. By C. R. Seabury.....	67
American Trade with Germany.....	47	The West at Home.—II. In the Town. By C. M. Harger.....	70
The Rev. Charles F. Aked Superstitious and Profane.....	48	Comment on Current Books.....	75
Pooh Bah to Arms!.....	49	Letters to The Outlook.....	79
The Problem of Municipal Ownership.....	49		
Frankly Questioned, Frankly Answered.....	51		

The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.

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## THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

### A Defeat for Governor Hughes

What is generally regarded as a trial of strength between Governor Hughes and the upper house of the New York Legislature came to an end last week. By a vote of 27 to 24 the Senate refused to follow the Governor's recommendation that Mr. Otto Kelsey be removed from the office of Superintendent of Insurance. According to the law of New York, several State officers who are appointed by the Governor and confirmed by the Senate are removable only upon the recommendation of the Governor and the majority vote of the Senate. In this respect the State law is inconsistent, for there are some officials whom the Governor can remove without action by the Senate. The conflict began not many days after the Governor was inaugurated last January. Heretofore it has not been customary to regard mere incompetence as

a sufficient cause for the forfeiture of a public office in the State. Evidence of dishonesty or malfeasance in office has generally if not invariably been required to justify such action as Governor Hughes decided to take. In breaking with this tradition Governor Hughes startled not only the politicians but a good many conscientious citizens. Mr. Kelsey has never been charged with dishonesty or malfeasance in office. For years he was a member of the Assembly, and reached in that body a position of influence. He then became successively Deputy State Comptroller and Comptroller. While in the latter office he acted as one of the receivers of a savings and loan association. During the period of his receivership the assets dwindled from \$600,000 to \$30,000, and the investors, so the records show, never received a cent. It is not asserted that the money was stolen; it disappeared, rather, in exorbitant fees. During Mr. Kelsey's incumbency of the office of Comptroller, defective tax stamps to the amount of over five million dollars disappeared without any record of what had become of them. It was assumed in the Comptroller's office, upon the unconfirmed testimony of a subordinate, that these stamps had been destroyed as defective. A year ago, after the sensational disclosures of the Armstrong Investigation Committee, which had revealed not only the scandals of insurance companies, but also the reprehensible neglect of the Insurance Department of the State, Mr. Kelsey was appointed Superintendent of Insurance. Instead of overhauling the Department, Mr. Kelsey devoted his attention and effort to the very complicated routine of his office. Popular dissatisfaction with the Department was made very evident during the gubernatorial campaign. No statement of Mr. Hughes

during the campaign aroused more emphatic expressions of approval than his promise, in response to the charges against the Insurance Department, to investigate all the administrative departments and to exercise all his legal powers to purge them of corruption and inefficiency. In spite of this fact, Mr. Kelsey showed no inclination to co-operate with the Governor. He even neglected to follow his advice. As a consequence, the Governor asked for his resignation. In doing this Governor Hughes,\* wishing to save Mr. Kelsey from any danger of public humiliation, did not reveal his request to even his own closest friends. Mr. Kelsey, however, thought best to make a public matter of it, and, after consulting the men in whom he had confidence, announced his intention of declining to resign. Governor Hughes then summoned Mr. Kelsey to a public hearing. In answer to questions, Mr. Kelsey acknowledged that he had not studied or even read the Report (which is not to be confused with the voluminous Proceedings) of the Insurance Investigating Committee, and made other damaging admissions. Governor Hughes then transmitted to the Senate his recommendation that Mr. Kelsey be removed from office.



#### *The Power of Removal*

The course of the Senate in the Kelsey case was unprecedented. An attorney for Mr. Kelsey was permitted not only to appear with Mr. Kelsey before the Committee to whom the recommendation was referred, but also to make a speech before the whole Senate. In defense of Mr. Kelsey the following arguments were made. Mr. Kelsey was chosen by Mr. Hughes's predecessor, Governor Higgins, after careful inquiry; he was absolutely honest; he had a task of enormous complexity to perform, and would have thrown his department into confusion if he had dismissed those subordinates who, though shown to have been lax in the examination of life insurance companies, were thoroughly familiar with the routine of the department; he had, moreover, the special burden placed upon him of solving the problems

in fire insurance which followed the earthquake in San Francisco, and which involved many New York companies; he differed from Governor Hughes in judgment as to the way in which the department should be conducted, but as he was responsible, not alone to the Governor, but also to the Senate, he was not called upon to subordinate his judgment to that of Governor Hughes; he had been treated coldly and unfairly by the Governor, his assistance had not been asked, he had been prejudged, and then cross-examined under circumstances which would have put any man at a disadvantage. Besides these arguments, the attitude of the Governor had undoubtedly much to do in influencing Senators to vote for the retention of Mr. Kelsey. From the first the Governor has refused to use his powers of removal and appointment to strengthen the hands of those who support his policies and weaken the hands of those in opposition. He has held aloof, kept himself—or rather his office—in isolation, emphasized the distinction in province between the legislative and the executive. He has consequently inspired few public office-holders, whether in the Legislature or not, with the spirit of loyalty, and has not yet put much fear into the hearts of the unscrupulous. As a statesman Mr. Hughes has proved his right to leadership; as a politician, in the sense in which that term may be applied to Abraham Lincoln or Theodore Roosevelt, Mr. Hughes has yet to prove his mastery. It is true that a majority of the Republican Senators voted with the Governor; it nevertheless remains true that his defeat in the Kelsey affair was due to Republican votes. Some of these were conscientious; on the other hand, some of the votes in favor of the Governor were the result of timidity. Three Senators, for instance, waited till a majority was recorded in Mr. Kelsey's favor, and then uselessly cast their votes, for the sake of record, on the side of the Governor. The ringleaders in both parties voted in opposition to the Governor. The whole episode proves, it seems to us conclusively, that the power of removing administrative officers should rest with the Governor alone.

As Mr. Hughes said in a speech in Elmira, after the event :

It is inimical to honest and proper administration that when such a condition exists there should be a lack of executive power to bring administration methods up to the standards demanded by the people. I believe that the time has come when the people will hold their officers more strictly to account for the manner in which they perform their duties and represent their constituencies, and that along with this increased sense of responsibility there will be a willingness to repose in their chosen representatives such power as will enable them to discharge their public trust.

The argument is made that to repose in the Governor the power of removal would be to give him power to build up a political machine. This is ridiculous in the face of the fact that without such power two powerful irresponsible machines have existed in the State for years, that the leaders of these two machines acted together in the Kelsey affair, and that in the Federal Government the President has such power of removal to the great advantage of efficient administration.



#### *The Jamestown Exposition*

There appears to be some danger that the exposition habit may become so firmly fastened upon us that we cannot shake it off, although experience has demonstrated the folly of over-indulgence in this expensive pastime. Philadelphia, Chicago, Buffalo, St. Louis, Portland, Charleston, and Atlanta have set an example to numerous other smaller cities, and, on the whole, the example has been worth following. The educational value to the whole country of the Philadelphia Centennial and the Chicago Exposition cannot be measured by statistics or expressed in words. But in order to achieve a success of this kind the directors of a national exposition, wherever it may be held, must be actuated by something else than a desire to shed glory upon a particular locality, or to "boom" the commercial interests of their own city. The managers of the Jamestown Exposition have as notable an occasion to celebrate as any of their predecessors ; they have as beautiful and interesting a site as could be asked or

found for such a celebration ; they have had generous help and co-operation from the National Government ; and the attention not only of the American people, but of many foreign nations, has been directed to Jamestown and the great historical event which the Exposition commemorates. It still remains to be shown whether the conductors of the Exposition appreciate the unusual opportunity which they have, and whether they possess the capacity to avail themselves of this opportunity. At the present moment they are being subjected to a sharp fire of criticism. The Exposition grounds and buildings, although they have been formally opened to the public, are still in the stage of incompleteness. In some of the buildings scarcely one exhibit has been installed. Walks and drives are rough and in some places impassable. Complaints are already made by exhibitors of graft and favoritism which interfere with the installation of exhibits. No mismanagement, however, can take away the charm of the Southern landscape, the noble stretch of waters in Chesapeake Bay and Hampton Roads, the lines of smooth sea-beach shining yellow in the sunlight, the dark green of the masses of Southern pines, and the brilliant beauty of the electric lights of the Exposition gleaming across the bay at nightfall. The naval display, which is the contribution of the United States and of several foreign nations, is already imposing ; and it reflects more credit upon the Government than upon the managers of the Exposition to say that the United States Government Building is the only one on the fair grounds entirely finished, with its displays completely arranged and in full running order. The success of this particular feature of the Exposition cannot fail to give the visitor renewed confidence in the ability and efficiency of Government officials, and the magnitude of the business "Uncle Sam" is engaged in. If, when the Exposition is in full running order, any private corporation maintains an exhibit more complete, more picturesque, more entertaining, more instructive, or better displayed and managed than that of the United States Post-Office Department, we shall be very much sur-

prised. The disappointment of more than one early visitor to the Exposition has been changed into satisfaction by this one exhibit alone.



*Hampton  
Institute*

The thirty-ninth anniversary of Hampton Institute was observed last week with the usual exercises which take the place in that institution of what is popularly known elsewhere as "Commencement." Over fifty young men and women, both Negroes and Indians, were presented as candidates for academic diplomas, and as many more young men of the same races were successful candidates for trade certificates as blacksmiths, bricklayers, carpenters, machinists, painters, printers, shoemakers, steam-fitters, tailors, and wheelwrights. Hampton has had its full share of newspaper publicity. The institution and the work which it is doing have been described over and over again in public print. Not a small part of this newspaper comment has been found in the columns of *The Outlook*; and yet it is the simple truth that it is not merely difficult but impossible by descriptive writing to give any adequate impression of this school, which the Moseley Commission reported to be, on the whole, the most interesting educational institution in the United States. The impression which Hampton makes upon the visitor who sees it for the first time is one of almost complete fascination—a fascination compounded of many elements, æsthetic, ethical, intellectual, emotional. The Institute has been long enough in existence to have created for itself a charming campus, with lawns, blossoming flowers, vine-covered buildings, and noble trees, all lying on the banks of a tidal river, the picturesque boats upon which make the pencil hand of the artist itch to get at his sketch-book. Neatness, order, and efficiency are manifest everywhere, and when it is remembered that the entire work of feeding, clothing, and housing over a thousand students is done by the students themselves, it will be seen that the precepts of the school are put into practice. It is impossible without the aid of pictures to give readers any idea of

the human interest to be found in the trade departments of the Institute, where the men students build, from the first forged bolt to the last coat of finishing varnish, handsome wagons and carriages; where silver-mounted harness of the highest quality is turned out; where shoes, woodenware and ironware are made in commercial quantities; where bricklayers and plasterers actually put up walls, chimneys, and mantels; where the agricultural students maintain a model farm that is not merely a model but the actual producer of the milk, eggs, fruit, and vegetables consumed in the school. If, however, in going through the industrial departments of the Institute the visitor forms a mistaken notion that hand workers alone are educated at Hampton, this idea will be promptly corrected when he listens to the addresses of the Hampton students on the Commencement stage. Of seven such addresses made at the exercises last week by members of the graduating class and by young alumni and alumnæ, there was not one that was not written in clear, terse, vital, and entertaining English, not one that did not contribute something both entertaining and instructive to the hearer. The music of Hampton is famous throughout the country. The old plantation songs sung by that chorus of one thousand voices produce upon the hearer a musical effect which, in the opinion of experts, is unique. At the anniversary exercises last week the usual musical interest was increased by the presence of Mr. David Mannes, the well-known and gifted violinist of New York, who, with his wife, the sister of Messrs. Walter and Frank Damrosch, gave both visitors and students a heartily appreciated demonstration of the musical power and beauty of the violin. Miss Natalie Curtis, a distinguished expert on Indian folk-lore, poetry, and music, recited some Indian poems and sang some Indian songs which were not only remarkable for their intrinsic beauty, but were especially appropriate on the same stage from which a native American Indian delivered a graduating address. The Institute is visited by numbers of those interested in negro education; it ought to be visited by every white person who desires that the white

children of this country should get at least as good an education as the black children ; for the principles and methods of instruction so successfully employed at Hampton ought to be employed in white institutions much more widely than they are.



*The Kneisel  
Quartette*

Many lovers of music in America have been troubled by the information that Mr. Franz Kneisel is seriously considering the suggestion that he become the Conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra. It is not that they undervalue the Philadelphia Orchestra, but that they regard no service Mr. Kneisel could render to that organization sufficient compensation for his abandonment of chamber music. Although it is understood that as yet no definite offer has been made to him, the abandonment of the Kneisel Quartette, which is as nearly perfect as anything human can be, is regarded as a very real possibility. What brings the possibility still nearer to the danger point is that Mr. Alwyn Schroeder, the 'cellist of the quartette, has bidden America farewell and is hereafter to live in Europe. While the press, including *The Outlook*, has recorded the advent and departure of orchestral leaders, and, not including *The Outlook*, has made much ado over operatic singers, the Kneisel Quartette has year after year unsensationally and unobtrusively been giving its concerts. Year by year, too, it has educated a larger circle of hearers to the appreciation of chamber music. Once it played chiefly to audiences of modest size in Boston and Cambridge ; now even in New York City, operamad as it may seem to be, this string quartette has been playing to crowded houses. Such music as "the Kneisels" play can never become a fad. The string quartette is not a medium suited to the sensational, the picturesque, the descriptive, in music. It cannot pretend to tell musical stories ; it cannot indulge very successfully in "tone poems ;" it cannot satisfy those critics who want something literary or philosophical mixed in with their music. In spite of what some modern writers about music would thus regard as its limitations, the Kneisel

Quartette has been steadily conquering for pure music an increasing number of devoted followers and subjects. Mr. Kneisel organized the quartette in 1885. He was then concert master (that is, the first violinist and assistant to the conductor) of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. He resigned from that position in 1903 to move to New York and devote himself chiefly to the quartette. Mr. Svecenski, viola, was a member at the beginning. Mr. Schroeder has been a member since 1891 ; the present second violinist, Mr. Theodorowicz, since 1902. The technical perfection of the *ensemble* playing of these four men, which can scarcely be matched, surely not surpassed, in the world, is coupled with a rare and fine musical feeling. Though during the existence of the quartette there have been four second violinists and three 'cellists, the withdrawal of a single player is a serious loss ; the disbandment of the quartette would be a calamity.



*A Great Kindergarten  
Gathering*

Unusual interest attaches to the fourteenth annual meeting of the International Kindergarten Union held in New York City last week, by reason of the great attendance of delegates from all parts of the country, from Canada, South America, and Japan, and because of the marked enthusiasm which pervaded the entire organization. The programme was long and rich in interesting topics and capable speakers ; and it was evident from the beginning that there was neither time enough nor were there subjects enough to give full play to the accumulating and vital interest which the delegates brought with them. The kindergarten movement, which has taken firmer root in America than in any other country because the spirit of the kindergarten is so fundamentally democratic, was represented by its leaders from all parts of the continent : by such women as Miss Blow, Miss Laura Fisher, of Boston ; Miss Fitts and Miss Curtis, of Brooklyn ; Miss Haven, of New York ; Miss Niel, of Pittsburg ; Miss Wheelock, of Boston ; Mrs. Hughes, of Toronto ; and Madame Kraus-Boelte, Miss Waterman, and Dr.



Jennie B. Merrill, of New York. A great assembly filled Carnegie Hall on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie made an address of welcome, and President Taylor, of Vassar College, delivered a vigorous and telling address on "The Ministry of Education to Life." One of the most significant and interesting features of the session was an exhibit, at the Museum of Natural History in Central Park, of kindergarten material from all parts of the United States, from Canada, England, Germany, and other Continental countries, representing the work of modern training-schools and kindergartens, and rich in examples of the gifts and occupations used in the early days of kindergarten work. This exhibit is the most complete and significant in its field that has ever been made, and will be open to the public until the twenty-first of the present month.

#### *An Appeal for Oxford*

The first public act of Lord Curzon as Chancellor of the University of Oxford was the publication of an appeal asking for \$1,250,000 to meet the pressing needs of the University, among which he enumerates the promotion of modern and scientific studies and the maintenance of the Bodleian Library. In many departments of science, he declares, Oxford is unable, for want of necessary funds and appliances, to supply a scientific basis for practical work, and an electrical laboratory and provision for giving scientific training for the practical profession of engineering are greatly needed. Oxford is almost the only university which does not provide adequate facilities in this respect, and at which it is impossible to qualify for admission at the Institute for Civil Engineers. He says that the gift of Cecil Rhodes, the greatest benefaction which the University has received of late years, has brought with it a burden, adding, as it does, two hundred men from all parts of the British Empire, from the United States, and from Germany to the body of undergraduates, and imposing upon the University the necessity of offering the newcomers all that is best in teaching, equipment, and study from the whole field of

modern university requirements. This is another indication of the growing feeling that, whatever action may be taken touching the older scheme of studies at Oxford, provision must be made for scientific requirements, for the training of scientific men in every department of modern endeavor. To Americans it would seem as if this appeal from an institution so venerable, so venerated, so intimately associated not only with English scholarship but with English literature and English history, would meet with prompt response. Unfortunately, so far neither the universities nor the cathedrals have been able to make up by popular gifts for the great losses they have sustained by the shrinkage of incomes caused by the fall of rents during the last generation.



#### *Unrest in India*

Last week a serious riot occurred at Rawalpindi, India, following that at Lahore, which grew out of the conviction of two native journalists. They had accused an English officer of wantonly shooting a Muslim policeman and then accused the Government of hushing up the matter. The story was proved to be a fabrication, and, convicted of libel, the men were sentenced to prison. While they were being conveyed hither their guards were assailed by a great mob, which attempted, in Oriental fashion, to crown the prisoners with garlands as popular heroes. The mob afterwards paraded through the streets, assaulting every European it encountered. The Rawalpindi riot involved the pillage and destruction of many houses. These riots are, of course, expressive only of the feelings of unreasoning and unintelligent natives, but they add some emphasis to the dignified demands of the reasoning and intelligent. Both the Mohammedan and the Hindu elements have now requested the English authorities to grant them greater political control of their country. Their demands seem to be justified. For the first time in history there are evidences of growing native political solidarity. Fortunately for them, their action has been preceded by similar aggressiveness in the commercial and bureaucratic

domains. In trade the Parsees have already crowded the European out of the best parts of Bombay; the Hindus and Mohammedans will probably repeat this elsewhere. In the bureaucracy the incautious haste or negligent weakness of the home Government is seen, especially on the legal side. The natives naturally resent the right of interference with the criminal courts of minor degree now possessed by the local British executive officers. Again, not a few judges sent out from England show themselves inferior to their Indian colleagues. The rise of an excellent native judiciary is proof of the rapidly gaining strength among the natives to manage their own affairs. From this it is a natural step for them to attempt the maintenance of an internal political cohesion. Not all Indians, however, whether Mohammedans, Hindus, or Parsees, dream of an entirely independent government. A reasonable idea of self-government would hardly outrun a proposal to establish a chain of autonomous States—united, if possible, as are those in Canada and Australia—and governed on the colonial model by the Power which has so long and in the main so wisely guarded them from external encroachment and internal dissension. The increasing evidence of commercial, bureaucratic, and political independence should thus not be lost upon the home Government. Americans in England have often noted with astonishment the amazing indifference of many Englishmen as to Indian affairs. This may be also noted in the apparent reluctance of Parliament to deal with those affairs. It is true that this has its good side, for it leaves certain matters to be settled in India itself by those who understand the differences more intimately than can Londoners. But, unless we misread the signs of the times, Englishmen themselves will have to understand more intimately what is being left undone in India. The natives cannot, we believe, always be held in the present leash. Russia stands waiting just over the border. If England is unprepared to grant greater local self-government, the natives know that another power—and a nearer to India—might be found to undertake the task.

#### *American Trade with Germany*

On Saturday of last week the German-American tariff agreement was published. By its terms the President of the United States, acting under authority conferred on him by the Dingley Tariff Act, agrees to a reduction upon certain articles imported into this country from Germany. The principal article is champagne, on which the duty is reduced from eight to six dollars a dozen quarts. The American Government also agrees to certain modifications of the customs and consular regulations. Hereafter duties are to be computed by the United States authorities on the export price of goods brought from Germany, provided those goods are manufactured chiefly or wholly for export. It is also conceded that in reappraisal cases the hearing shall be open and in the presence of the importer or his attorney, unless the Board of Appraisers shall determine that the public interest would suffer thereby. Another modification is made in the rule requiring personal appearance before a Consul, which is now to be required only in exceptional cases. The President also agrees to recommend to Congress further amendments of the Customs Administrative Act. This agreement is to take effect on July 1, 1907, and to remain in force for one year. It may be terminated upon six months' notice from either of the contracting parties. The reason for the above agreement is found in the German maximum and minimum tariff law which went into effect a year ago. Under this tariff importations from America, which hitherto had the advantage of the minimum rates, were raised to the maximum rates. Other countries in a similar position made important concessions to Germany, and concluded treaties establishing the continuance of the minimum rates. The German Government desired also to make such a treaty with our Government. Not only is our tariff in general much higher than the German, but the administration of our customs and consular laws has long been obnoxious to Germany. As no steps were taken in the session of Congress recently ended, and as the limit fixed by Germany at which her tariff concessions

would terminate is close at hand, there was danger that unless we took further action American importations into Germany would be subject to the maximum rates of the new tariff. This would infallibly provoke retaliation. Now, a tariff war with Germany would certainly be a serious matter, ultimately more serious to Germany than to ourselves, but at all events serious enough to us to be prevented even at large cost. In an admirably conciliatory spirit, the German Government had introduced into Parliament a bill providing for the extension of the importation of American goods at the old rates until next July, and the bill was passed. In a corresponding spirit, President Roosevelt recently detailed Dr. North, Director of the Census, Mr. Gerry, of the Treasury Department, and Mr. Stone, of the Department of Commerce, to go to Germany and to confer with experts there as to what could be done. The result of their conferences is seen in the above agreement, which embodies changes not necessary to be affirmed by a law to be passed through Congress, or by a reciprocity treaty acceptable to the Senate. The agreement will prove, we hope, one of the wisest steps ever taken in our commercial relations with a country which has now become our second customer, England, of course, retaining first place.



*The Rev.  
Charles F. Aked*

During the last forty years a number of eminent pastors, such men as Drs. John Hall, William Ormiston, William M. Taylor, and D. Parker Morgan, have been called from British pulpits to the charge of American churches. The latest and not the least noteworthy in this succession is the Rev. Charles F. Aked, who last month became minister of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church in New York. For sixteen years he had been minister in Pembroke Chapel of the largest Protestant congregation in Liverpool, the third city in the United Kingdom. The Lord Mayor, presiding at a great meeting to bid him farewell, spoke of him as "a high-minded and fearless citizen, who had played a great part in civic life, and had won the esteem of all

right-thinking men and women in the city." Mr. Aked's influence as a citizen was recognized some years ago in requests, which he declined, to become a candidate for Parliament. His vigorous opposition to the Boer War, which he detested as unrighteous, cost him a temporary loss of popularity and some danger from a mob, for both of which time soon made amends. He was one of a remarkable triumvirate whose activity was successfully exerted for the suppression of vice in Liverpool, the Rev. C. W. Stubbs, whom our readers have known better as the Dean of Ely, now Bishop of Truro, and the late Rev. R. A. Armstrong, a distinguished Unitarian, being his associates, and the trio editing the monthly Liverpool Pulpit—an instance of Broad Churchism unique in England. With such a record Mr. Aked's coming is a welcome reinforcement of the American churches, in which his influence will be felt beyond the limits of his congregation and denomination. He belongs to the same class of men as his countryman, the late Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, and our own Beecher—great as preachers and also great as citizens. A Briton by birth, he is thoroughly American in spirit, and is already favorably known in various parts of the country, which he has visited in former years to preach and lecture. He now transfers his work and home to this side of the Atlantic, not only for a climate more favorable to health than the coast of the Irish Sea, but also for the large opportunities existing here for the realization of religious unity and fraternal Christian democracy.



*Superstitious  
and Profane*

The writer of these lines has recently received two copies of what has been called an endless chain prayer:

O Lord Jesus Christ, we implore Thee, O Eternal God, to have mercy on all mankind. Keep us from all sin by thy precious blood, and take us to be with thee eternally. Amen.

This was accompanied by the statement that this prayer was sent out by Bishop Lawrence, of Massachusetts, each person who receives it being asked to send it to nine other persons who in turn forward it to as many more, the prayer to

be accompanied with the statement that he who will write this prayer for nine days and send it to nine persons, commencing on the day it is received and writing one a day, will, on and after the tenth day, experience some great joy; while those who will not comply with this request will be afflicted by misfortune. One person who, according to one of these letters, paid no attention met with a terrible accident, and a letter accompanying the prayer explains that its writer hastens to send it because she is afraid of more calamities. It is probably idle to repeat the denial of the authorship of this preposterous and profane scheme which Bishop Lawrence has made many times. It was an outrage to associate his name with so gross a profanation of the Christian view of prayer, and to make him stand sponsor to this attempt to turn the union between the human child and the Heavenly Father into a species of cheap jugglery, a kind of vulgar magic. It is improbable that this latest expression of ignorant superstition has worked its way to any great extent among readers of *The Outlook*; but it is the duty of every man or woman who receives it to send it promptly back to its author, with a written protest against a gross profanation of one of the most sacred and beautiful religious experiences, and against an outrage committed on a Christian minister who is unable to protect himself.



*Pooh Bah  
to Arms!*

Because some solemn Britons imagined that some Japanese might think that the solemn Britons misunderstood and misrepresented the Japanese, the Lord Chamberlain has refused to sanction the performance in England of Gilbert and Sullivan's famous comic opera "*The Mikado*." The Lord Chamberlain, it should be explained to those American readers who are unacquainted with Court officials, is the British Pooh Bah. His functions include the examination of people who wish to be presented at Court and the censorship of plays. He is thus a very important personage, and has of course to give grave consideration to the opinions of solemn Britons, who are, after all, a small minority. He has,

furthermore, taken action to prosecute Mrs. D'Oyley Carte for a performance of the interdicted play. Mr. D'Oyley Carte, it will be remembered by those of our readers who once were frivolous enough to enjoy Mr. Gilbert's satires on British formalism and solemnity, was the theatrical manager who supervised the production of the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas. It would not do to suggest that these solemn Britons and their solemn functionary were really not endeavoring to save the feelings of humorless Japanese, but were taking measures to protect themselves against the ancient but still serviceable shafts from Mr. Gilbert's quiver. A member of Parliament has given notice that he will ask the Prime Minister whether he is not afraid that the friendly power of Denmark may be offended at the presentation of a Danish king as a murderer in a certain play called "*Hamlet*." This member of Parliament is apparently not solemn enough to be aware that you may without offense call your friend a murderer, but you must not make fun of him, even for the sake of satirizing yourself.



## *The Problem of Municipal Ownership*

The real problem of municipal ownership may be stated thus: What should be the relation of a modern municipal corporation to those public utilities upon which the life of the corporation depends? It is a complex problem, and any simple answer is to be looked upon with suspicion. There are at least four possible relations, and, in fact, all four relations are contemporaneously maintained in the same municipality.

The public utility may be owned and operated exclusively as a private enterprise, and the public may depend either upon competition or upon government regulation to secure just rates and efficient service. The plants for lighting New York City are thus privately owned and operated, and, competition having failed to secure either fair prices or good service, regulation is now being attempted by the Legislature, and the company

has appealed to the courts to prevent such legislative regulation.

The public utility may be privately owned and operated under a franchise to be renewed periodically, as, for example, every twenty-five years. Under this system the real estate of the public utility corporation may be said to be practically owned by the municipality, but leased under a permanent lease to the corporation. Thus the Pennsylvania Railroad has obtained a permanent franchise to enter the city of New York through a tunnel under the North River. It pays what is equivalent to a rental for this privilege, but this rental, by the terms of the franchise, is modified from time to time, either by agreement between the parties or, if they cannot agree, by arbitration. In a somewhat similar manner, large blocks of real estate in New York City are owned by private persons and leased on long leases with provision for renewal and adjustment of the rental.

The city may own absolutely the real estate required for the public utility, and lease it for a term of years to a corporation for purposes of administration. Thus the city of New York owns the Subway and leases it to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company. At the end of fifty years this lease expires, and the city will be free either to operate the Subway itself, to lease the Subway to some other corporation, or renew the lease to the Interborough Rapid Transit Company.

Finally, the municipality may both own and operate. Thus New York City is building at the present time a great aqueduct to bring water into the city from the neighborhood of the Catskills. This aqueduct and the reservoirs belong to the city, they are managed by the city, and the city charges, by a water tax, every householder for the water which he uses.

Thus there are four recognized relationships between the municipality and the public utility. They may be respectively designated as private ownership, permanent lease, temporary lease, public ownership and operation. The real problem of municipal ownership is this: Is public ownership and operation ever desirable? If so, in what cases? The general principle has been laid down—it

is quoted with approval by Mr. Porter in his recent book on "The Dangers of Municipal Ownership"—that "as an abstract proposition, we believe that no government, either national, State, or municipal, should embark in a business that can be as well conducted by private enterprise." We may accompany this with another general principle. The people, through their government, whether national, State, or municipal, have a right to embark in any business public in its nature and on which the common welfare of the community is depending, provided that they can do it better and cheaper for themselves than they can hire a private corporation to do it. But no such general statements throw much light on the general problem. The question still remains, What business can be better conducted for public ends by private enterprise, and what business can better be conducted by public officials?

We are not attempting here to answer this question. We desire to make it clear to our readers that it is really several questions and that no one categorical answer will suffice. It is, for example, clear that the municipality could not build the tunnel under the North River and construct the great station for the Pennsylvania Railroad, and that it could not advantageously operate that railway from Jersey City to the heart of Manhattan Island. It could not afford to spend the money, for it could not recoup itself out of the local traffic; the expense of such a construction will be distributed over and paid out of the profits of the entire railway running across a third of the continent. It is equally evident that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company could not afford to invest a hundred millions of dollars in such a structure and surrender its property at the end of fifty years. Such an enterprise as this is impossible on a basis of municipal ownership and operation; it is impossible on a basis of a temporary lease or franchise; it is possible only on the basis of a permanent franchise; and the only protection of the rights of the people possible is provision for periodical revaluation of the franchise and consequent rental to be paid for it to the city.

It is not less certain that the method

which has been hit upon for the city of New York in its subway construction is profitable to the public. The city has loaned its credit; with the money raised upon that credit the Subway has been built, and it has been leased to a private corporation for operation at such a rental that at the end of the fifty years the municipal debt, principal and interest, will all have been paid and the city will own the Subway—a piece of property of large and increasing value—without having paid for it a cent in actual cash. And as the Subway is operated by a private corporation, there is practically no increase of municipal office-holders and therefore no peril of an increased political machine. On the other hand, we think it is equally evident from a wide experience that the water-works of a city should never be left in private hands even for temporary operation. The sanitary conditions of the city are too dependent upon pure water and the peril from false economies is too great. In water supply, economies are dangerous and extravagance is safe. The city, therefore, can better afford to pay for a water supply extravagantly administered by the municipality than for a water supply economically administered by private enterprise. In fact, experience shows that whatever economies private enterprise effects rarely diminish the expenditures of the citizens; they swell the profits of the corporation. What is true of the water supply is true of the school system. No one would propose that the public school buildings should be owned or the public schools operated by private enterprise; no one would propose to farm the children out to the lowest bidder; for in public education as in public water supply the perils of extravagance are immeasurably less than the perils from excessive economy.

The practical question respecting municipal ownership relates to public utilities which have generally been carried on in the past by private enterprises and are now being experimentally attempted in municipalities, both at home and abroad, by the government. These are chiefly the utilities of light and transportation. Should the government own and operate the lighting plants and

the street railways? or should it own them and lease them to private corporations for operation? or should it own them and grant a permanent franchise or lease, subject to periodical revision of the rent or franchise tax, and exercise over them government supervision and control? or, finally, should it leave them wholly in private hands and subject to private control, and trust to competition for securing efficient service and reasonable rates? In our judgment, no economic thinkers, except a few paid advocates of private enterprises, any longer hold the last of these views. The third of these views is held only as a compromise, because permanent franchises have been granted in the past, and it is not clear how the city can recover the possession of the franchises which it has given away. Except for complications growing out of past legislation, the only practical issue respecting municipal lighting plants and municipal railways is this: Shall they be owned and operated by the city, or owned by the city and leased to private enterprises on measurably short leases for operation?

We here simply endeavor to state with clearness the issue, without debating it; but our general judgment, considering the political and industrial conditions in this country, is in favor of municipal ownership with private operation on short leases.



## *Frankly Questioned Frankly Answered*

*Dear Dr. Abbott:*

Two articles in the recent Outlook have attracted my attention so forcibly as virtually to compel the request that I am now making. The subject of one of these articles was (in effect) the Bible as Literature and as Revelation; of the other, a somewhat indignant denial by you of the charge made by a publication in the West as to your belief in Christ's "divinity."

Your answer to this critic was to declare in positive terms that you believed Christ to be "divine."

Now, my dear Doctor, as one of a great and constantly increasing number of obscure but more or less "educated" citizens; as one for whom the "substance of hope," has

ceased to serve as a definition of "faith," and who requires "evidence," I am asking you to tell me and them exactly what it is that you hold to be "divine," as distinguished from "human," and—as a corollary to that question—the exact logic of the distinction made between "proof" and "Revelation."

Being well—indeed painfully—aware how many and how invariably futile have been the attempts to thus define—in a single phrase, to "reconcile science and religion"—I say frankly that definition that defines in terms of dubious meaning is not what is desired.

In good faith and very respectfully, yours,  
M. S. R.

Here are two questions: What is the difference between divine and human? What is the difference between proof and revelation? I will attempt to answer them successively in successive letters.

What is the difference between divine and human? In essential nature, no difference.

This is the fundamental teaching of the Old Testament, and it distinguishes Hebraism from Paganism. There are four answers to the question, Where shall we look for the unveiling or disclosure or manifestation of God? First, Nowhere. He is the unknown and the unknowable. We can never find him; let us abandon the endeavor and content ourselves with attempting to understand our relations and duties toward one another. This is Confucianism. Second, In Nature. He is the Infinite and Eternal Energy from which all things proceed. We can understand the things that proceed from him; let us study them, contemplate them with awe and fear, and make this our religion. This is fetishism in its various forms, and really underlies the ancient Greek and Roman mythology, which was largely a poetic personification of the powers of nature. Third, In Everything. He is the All; the universal of which both men and things are particulars, emanations, fragments. By forgetting self and contemplating the All we shall eventually lose our painful individuality and be absorbed into the All again. This is Orientalism. The first answer finds its analogue in modern Agnosticism, the second in modern substitution of science for religion, the third in modern Pantheism.

The fourth answer to the question, Where shall we look for the unveiling,

the disclosure, the manifestation, the simulacrum of God? is, In Man. This was the answer of Hebraism. It is found in the opening chapter of Genesis, in the declaration that God made man in his own image and into man breathed the breath of his own life. It is found in the imagery of the prophets and poets of Hebrew literature: Like as a king ruleth his people; like as a shepherd shepherdeth his sheep; like as a father pitieth his children; like as a mother comforteth her child. It is found in the symbolism of the Hebrew Temple. In the pagan temples was a Holy of Holies where was kept in sacred seclusion an image of the deity. In the Egyptian temple across the veil of the Holy of Holies was inscribed the question, "Who is he that shall draw aside my veil?" In the Hebrew Holy of Holies were the Ten Commandments and the Mercy Seat. They said to the Hebrew worshiper, Look within; in your own conscience condemning sin, in your own sentiment of mercy forgiving, healing, and helping the sufferer and the sinner, see the image of your God. The same answer is found in such explicit statements as the following:

For this commandment which I command thee this day, it is not too hard for thee, neither is it far off. It is not in heaven, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go up for us to heaven, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? Neither is it beyond the sea, that thou shouldest say, Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear it, that we may do it? But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart, that thou mayest do it.

The prophet says: Think not that God is unknown; or that thou must search the world of nature for him; or that thou must understand all phenomena to understand him. He is in thy heart speaking to thee. Listen to thine own conscience, thine own aspirations, thine own better nature: this is thy God within thee.

If you desire to know what man is, you do not look in the cradle, you look in the places where developed man is doing his best and greatest work—not to the babe, but to the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the prophet, the man of affairs. You do not go to the

hospital, to the patient burning with fever, poisoned with leprosy, eaten up by tuberculosis. You go to the athletic field where youth stands full of health and vigor. The feebleness of infancy is not essential to manhood. The infant will outgrow his infancy and will still be a man. Disease is not essential to manhood. The man may be cured of his disease, and he will still be a man. Ignorance and infirmity are no part of manhood; men will outgrow them. Sin is no part of manhood; men will be cured of sin and be more, not less, men because of the cure. Ignorance, infirmity, sin, are the incidents of a day or an epoch; tragic incidents, terrible incidents, but truly incidents—that is, they have fallen upon man, they are not his essential nature. The divine image is essential manhood. In their intrinsic nature there is no difference between the divine and the human.

I might stop here; for I have answered your question. But I will go on to apply the answer to another question, implied in your letter: What is meant by the divinity of Jesus Christ? John, in the first chapter of his Gospel, answers this question. Read it. Here I will only quote four connecting links in the passage:

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. . . . That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. . . . And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth. . . . No man hath seen God at any time: the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.

God was always a speaking God; always a self-revealing God; he has never left himself without a witness among men. He is the universal ether—he fills all space. He is the Light which lighteth every man—believer and unbeliever, Jew, Christian, and pagan. In every warning of conscience, in every aspiration to a purer and better life, in every sorrow and shame for wrong done or duty neglected, he is manifesting himself to his children. Offspring of his are they; and their very idolatries and superstitions are a blind seeking after

him. But in one perfect Man he has so lived, one perfect life he has so filled with his illuminating, inspiring presence, that his glory of perfect truth and perfect graciousness was there seen as never before or since. The Infinite and the Eternal we cannot know, because he is Infinite and we are finite. Only in the terms of a finite human experience can he interpret himself to us. And this he has done, that in that perfect life and character we may see both what should be the object of our highest reverence—not power, but grace and truth—and what the example and the inspiration for our highest endeavor. Perfect revelation of what God is and perfect revelation of what man should be is he, just because God and man are in their essential nature one.

Whatever you may think of this answer, I hope that you will not think that it is given in terms of dubious meaning.

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.



## *The Need of Poets*

The report in the New York Times of an interview with Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, in which he asked the question, "Who are your poets?" and declared that nothing is more important than that each generation and land should have its own poets, is a significant utterance by a very thoughtful man who speaks from a more exact and intimate knowledge of American affairs than has probably ever been possessed by any other foreigner. Mr. Bryce speaks, too, as a practical statesman, who has been accustomed for many years, not only to study principles, but to deal with facts and to estimate the value of material achievements. Americans are a practical people, with great respect for poets and artists, but not much confidence in their judgment; but when an ex-member of a British Ministry declares that one of the great needs of the country is poets, his opinion will carry weight with those who like to read poetry at intervals not too frequent, but who attach very slight importance to the practical judgments of the writers of verse. The pre-



lude of reminiscence in which Mr. Bryce indulges reminds the reader of Mrs. Brookfield's "Apostles"—that charmingly gossipy record of a group of very distinguished men at Cambridge in the time of the Tennysons—and of many another less complete report of brave undergraduate days and their inspiring fellowships.

Among the men who were with him at Oxford, Mr. Bryce recalls Swinburne as a member of a little society, gathered mostly from the students at Balliol, which met once a week, after the manner of such little coteries, read essays, discussed authors, and talked interminably, with the enthusiasm of youth, over tea and toast. He tells us that Swinburne was one of the most brilliant of this group, with a thorough knowledge of Greek poetry and of French and English literature; a fervent admirer of Victor Hugo and an equally fervent hater of Louis Napoleon. Among other members were Green, the metaphysician; Wright, who became later one of the ablest of English judges; Holland, now Professor of International Law at Oxford; Nettleship, the well-known Latin scholar; Walter Pater, the idol of a cult and the victim of over-zealous biographers; Albert Dicey, who wrote constitutional treatises of breadth and brilliancy; and Dr. George Birkbeck Hill, the editor of Boswell's Johnson, whose visit to this country is pleasantly remembered in many quarters. Mr. Bryce remembers especially Swinburne's reading of Browning's "The Statue and the Bust" and "The Heretic's Tragedy," recalls the sudden blossoming of Browning's fame, and asks, "Who are our coming poets in England?" and, with more pertinence for us, "Who are your coming poets?"

At a recent dinner in London the English Poet Laureate is reported to have said that, while America is fruitful in many fields, there is just now a great barrenness in the field of poetry; and the American Ambassador is reported to have said, courteously but effectively, that there is not only a dearth in America, but in England as well. This, however, is aside from the main question. "Who are writing your songs and stirring your

hearts?" said Mr. Bryce. "Nothing is more important than that each generation and each land should have its own poets. Each oncoming tide of life, each age, requires and needs men of lofty thought who shall dream and sing for it, who shall gather up its tendencies and formulate its ideals and voice its spirit, proclaiming its duties and awakening its enthusiasm." Immersed in all kinds of practical occupations, dealing with all kinds of pressing problems, charged with a practical task which strains every energy and demands intense concentration of interest, it is not surprising that Americans do not think much about the need of poetry, nor understand its vital importance in the life of the people. It is now many years since a member of Congress, in a discussion on the copyright question, revealed his state of mind and of education by asking, "What good has literature done, anyway?" Poets have been held in great honor among us; their names are household words; we celebrate their anniversaries; we buy the houses in which they were born or died; we build monuments to them and name streets after them; but it is doubtful whether we seriously regard them as playing a great part in our national life or as counting among the great forces of that life. Most Americans, probably, think of their poets, not as necessities, but as luxuries. They regard the captains of industry as of prime importance, because the work of the time could not be done without them, and in that they are quite right; but they think of their poets as exotics—agreeable persons whom it is a pleasure to hear after one has finished his serious business; people whose acquaintance ought to be made by one's children, precisely as those children ought to be sent abroad to know the difference between Munich and Dresden, between Botticelli and Riccadonna.

Ruskin said years ago that industry without art is brutality. It is equally true that great material activities without poetry are stupefying and wasteful of human energy. In the long run, ideas are the things that count, because work of any value or significance is simply the body which the idea takes—the perish-

able part of it. After a few years the body perishes, but the idea remains. Judea is a reminiscence, but the great ideas of the Jewish people have penetrated the whole Western world. The business of the Greek has utterly vanished; his fortune was spent centuries ago; nobody cares what his occupation was; but his ideas, expressed in language or stone, are priceless possessions. It is possible to be vociferously and colossally busy and yet accomplish nothing of permanent value; to make a tremendous noise in the world and leave no permanent reputation. The energy of the hand divorced from the energy of the spirit leaves no final record, because it deals only in perishable material. America might be the busiest country in the world, and five centuries later it might appear that it was the most unimportant. It is not a question of magnitude of activities, but of their spiritual significance, their contribution to the higher life of society. Mr. Bryce has said many penetrating things about this country; he has said nothing which ought to be more seriously considered than the declaration that America needs poets.

## \* *New Russia*

It has been well said that, because its authority is so dependent upon the Emperor's will, the Duma, the lower house of the Russian Parliament, is more like the shadow of a Parliament than a real legislative assembly. Yet the Duma has made itself felt. The first Duma, called into being a year ago, did not accomplish anything in legislation, but the fact that, for the first time in Russian history, a national representative body was deliberating, uncensored, on political affairs, was of great educational and moral value.

The second Duma has made itself felt in actual legislation. Despite the facts that some of its elements have been radical and revolutionary enough to invite dissolution, and that the Russian people have had no experience in the art of "getting together," the moderate elements of the Duma have got together sufficiently to pass the first really national

laws in the history of the Empire. The new Duma differs from the old, not in being less radical, but in having evolved a working coalition of Liberals, sharply distinguished from the reactionaries and the revolutionaries. The working Center is composed of the Constitutional Democrats, the Poles, and the Mohammedan deputies. The Right is composed of two parties, the Monarchists and Octobrists—upholders respectively of autocracy and of a conservative popular government. The Left is composed of three parties, the Group of Toil, the Social Democrats, and the Social Revolutionaries. The Left is the largest of the three aggregations, the Center next, and the Right the smallest.

The significant feature of the present Duma is its ability to command a working majority by alliances from the Center, now with the Octobrists of the Right, now with the Group of Toil of the Left. In this way it has been able to pass three important measures. The first, the Famine Relief Bill, has now been confirmed by the Council of the Empire, the Upper House, and awaits the Emperor's signature. The second, the Recruiting Bill, is noteworthy because, apparently passed at the Government's behest, it affords a fine example of parliamentary control and also of the organization of triumph out of seeming defeat. The submission by the Government to the Duma of the draft of a bill ratifying an appropriation from the civil budget for the preparation of conscript lists was in itself a recognition of the Duma's shadowy financial power. But, in presenting the measure, General Rüdiger, the Minister of War, harangued the House, actually commanding members to pass the bill. The deputies roundly rebuked the Minister by retorts of "This is not a barracks." In his speech of reply a Socialist savagely attacked the army, and all of the Ministers withdrew from the House, declaring that, unless the rule providing for temporary suspension was applied against the orator, they would sever all future relations with the Duma. The orator declared, as reported, that the army had always been defeated abroad and was used only for unrighteous repression at home. The decorum of

the House in general, however, was such that on the following day President Golovin declared the sense of the Duma as a whole to be that the army was worthy of its respect, and the House passed the recruiting bill, but asserted its own opinion by adopting a resolution setting forth the necessity of decreasing the number of men to be called to the colors next year, and by adding to the measure, as passed, a provision abolishing the use of troops for police purposes.

The third measure passed by the Duma is the most important of all; it abolishes the drumhead courts martial instituted last September. The moral effect of the meeting together of representatives of the nation during the two months of the Duma's present session has been such that during that time the Government has not dared to hold courts martial, and on the day following the passage of the bill the Government announced their definite cessation. According to newspaper statistics, it appears that under this form of procedure over eleven hundred persons have been recently executed, nearly as many sent to the mines for life or condemned to minor terms of imprisonment, while less than a hundred were acquitted.

The Duma has adjourned for the Russian Easter recess; when it reassembles, it will find its work well arranged by the committees which have been dealing with the principal problems of social reconstruction. Drafts of measures assuring religious liberty, providing for the inviolability of the person, for the reformation of the courts, and for the rearrangement of financial responsibilities will be submitted. This last question was the real cause for calling into being the first Duma; the Government needed money; there was none to be had at home, and foreign bankers would not loan unless the Government's desire were ratified by the people in Parliament assembled. On the convocation of Parliament Count Witte was thus able to borrow over four hundred million dollars. The Government's need is again so great that it will be compelled to grant to the popular house the elemental right of every such house—a real, not shadowy, power of the purse.

These legislative achievements of the Duma are notable and will have an effective practical influence upon Russian life. But it is not its laws and resolutions which will give the Duma its distinguished place in the histories of the future. It will become famous as the first successful embodiment of the spirit of modern democracy in Russia. Through its self-control, its capacity for reasonable debates, its intelligent recognition that law and order are necessary to the truest freedom, its courage in insisting on essentials, its wisdom in compromising on non-essentials, and the power of persuasion exhibited by its leaders in their successful fusing of different groups and types of men all pursuing the same end, the Duma has accomplished its greatest work in the demonstration it has presented to the civilized world of the capacity of the Russian people for representative self-government.



## *The Spectator*

There are all sorts of ways of entering Europe, and of course the main point is to get there, after all. But for the first attack, the Spectator maintains, there is no way like that of Gibraltar. To land in Liverpool is to enter by a gateway not alien to any great degree; to disembark at Havre or Antwerp is more foreign, yet not superlatively so; but to set foot in the Old World, for the first time, at Gibraltar, is to enter by the way of romance and of history, meeting a mixture of all races and of two continents full in face. As the Rock rises out of the ocean, it is the beckoning outpost of that marvelous Mediterranean where Phœnicia, Egypt, Greece, Carthage, Rome, waxed and waned. The bark of Ulysses may have steered over this wonderful shoaling green water, translucent and brilliant as a gem, or caught the rainbow spray of the little waves. In his day there was no gray citadel nor clinging town, no Moorish castle on the Rock, no Moorish boat with red sail flitting below it. But the same soft white cloud may have veiled the summit, leaving all outline to the imagination; and the same soft bright color must have

dwelt on every rocky cliff and green-gray slope.



The Spectator would not have been surprised, indeed, to meet Ulysses on the quay. To be sure, the white and yellow open rattletrap carriages, too large for their one horse—yet, after all, much too small for two—and clamoring for passengers, were modern, and fitted exactly into the Cook tourist scheme of things. But as these rattled away up to the heights, leaving the white, dusty roadway clear, a plodding little donkey came by, heaped with straw panniers, and a fat, solemn-faced Moor, in a flowing white shirt, on top of all, whose bare brown legs and yellow leather slippers came straight out of the Arabian Nights. The Spectator, following the pair through a heavy arch, found himself among more donkeys, more panniers, more Moors, little Spanish boys selling postals, dark-eyed women peddling baskets and lemonade, trim Tommy Atkinses in English red coats, and all the rest of a Gibraltar street panorama, under a hot Gibraltar sun. Ulysses, who was a born trader, could have made many a good bargain in the narrow streets, with their numberless bazaars, and the open market-places. But the average tourist, not being Ulysses by a long shot, is fair game to the street venders of the Rock. Gibraltar lives chronically on seeing its ship come in. On this particular day two transatlantic steamships had landed their passengers for a day on shore, and everything was in full swing. Every donkey for miles around had apparently been driven in, loaded with everything marketable. The donkey pannier of Gibraltar is of any shape or material, but always rickety, always tied and retied, and overflowing with all sorts of things from muslin to melons. A cut yellow melon, with black seeds shining in the sun, is highly picturesque as it projects from a straw pannier; but the Spectator could not bring himself to purchase a slice, for it is not appetizing to think of the dusty ways over which its receptive surface has been carried. To the Moors the idea of dirt is a foreign one. The Spectator would have enjoyed their market-place more if he had had no sense of

smell; but they were entirely unconscious of the varied odors that assailed the visitor.



Otherwise it was a delightful spot, this Moorish market, where each merchant sat cross-legged, with his tray of dinner and his pipe, on a platform among his wares. Chickens appeared to be the staple, also hares, and baskets of rough but pleasing handiwork and brass lamps of all sizes. There was a stately effect about it, because the seller, enthroned among his merchandise, seemed entirely indifferent as to the buyer. The Spectator bought a couple of baskets for a franc apiece from one old Moor who looked like Abraham or Moses, with a fine benignant face. All were grave and polite—but on the other side of the roadway the Spanish market, where meat and vegetables and fish and fruit were for sale, was a livelier place, with endless chaffering. Dirty, dark-eyed gamins ran after the passers-by with handfuls of golden loquats, calling out, "*Frutto Americano*," in enticing Spanish voices. There were queer, gorgeous fish, but nothing else out-of-the-way in the line of eatables that our markets could not show. Baskets of fresh strawberries were everywhere—a triumph of the seller's art—the little basket very shallow and flat, the berry very large, so that Nature seemed to have created it especially for the tourist trade. In one layer it made the basket, lined with a fresh green leaf (which further reduced its depth), seem like a piled hamper of strawberries; but it was not really more remunerative than a strawberry shortcake at a Broadway restaurant. Everybody bought one, nevertheless, and then wandered out into the main street, eating berries on the way.



The Spectator could have bought Maltese lace, silver-spangled shawls, Chinese embroideries, Indian stuffs, and carvings galore in this one street—and a very good place it is, he was told, for English free trade makes them cheaper here than elsewhere along the Mediterranean. But he did not want any of them, and so left them to those who did. In and out of these Bazaars d'Inde, lace

shops, and brass-sellers' booths, the *va-et-vient* of the tourists went on incessantly. The price varies, of course, as the square of the distance from the wharf and the length of time before the steamers leave. Roses must be gathered while they may, and hay made while the sun shines. It being the first port of landing, the green traveler is handling European money for the first time, and the Gibraltar merchant takes his advantage of this without making any fuss about it. The only spot where the tyro may feel quite sure about his change is at the post-office, where he buys stamps for his first colored postal card home.



The Spanish donkey, as in the days of Sancho Panza, appears to be a philosophic creature, resigned to his fate. One may caress him, or give him a bit of fruit, and he does not even open his eyes, or raise his down-drooped little head, as he stands and waits for his master—the type of ineffable patience and resignation. He is born to bear and to suffer, and expects nothing else. He carries everything into Gibraltar every day, and takes everything out when six o'clock comes and Moor and Spaniard are turned out for the night, to return again early next morning. Driving out of Gibraltar, the Spectator came to the limit of British dominion, where the sentry was pacing his beat. Beyond that lay the strip of "neutral ground," a few hundred yards wide. Beyond that again is Spanish soil, whither a few Moors and donkeys, having sold out their wares early, were lazily wending their way. One fat and dirty Moor was being searched for contraband goods—namely, tobacco. He had a large wad of it in the toe of each yellow slipper, wedged in with his toes. The Spectator will never buy tobacco from a Moor, if he can help it, even at smuggler's prices! No wonder the proud Moorish walk has degenerated into a double-shuffle *pas seul* if the slipper is habitually used as a holdall!



It was time to leave fort and town, all too soon. Nobody ever wants to leave

Gibraltar when the whistle blows. One by one and two by two, on foot or in the rattletaps, full of enthusiasm and bargains, the passengers unwillingly gathered on the dusty quay again, followed by half the venders in Gibraltar. The dignified calm of the Moorish sellers was no more. They offered brass lamps at three shillings which cost but one in the market-place, and embroideries at twenty which had figured in the bazaars at twelve. This was ten minutes before the tender left for the ship. In seven minutes they were offering at the original prices; in nine, at bedrock ones. Baskets of strawberries were pressed on satiated buyers at half price. As the boat moved off across the tranquil afternoon sea, they cast in lamps at one's own price, and caught the coins in return; and on arrival at the ship, several were found with their wares spread out on deck to beguile the last moments of the tourist. If the Moors were as hard to drive out of Spain as they are off the steamer, the Spectator felt that Ferdinand must indeed have had a hard job. "*El ultimo suspiro del Moro*" ("The last sigh of the Moor"), he suspects, was one-third of the original price, with wild gestures of renunciation to make it more effective.



Steaming off from the town side of the Rock, and leaving breakwater and quay behind, one sees the familiar lion shape of Gibraltar, sheer and naked and impressive, a natural fortress from time immemorial. Its fortifications are perhaps antiquated to the expert. To the unlearned, they frown grimly invulnerable. Here is indeed the key of the Mediterranean—that key which Spain still keeps on her kingdom's shield, though it dropped from Spanish hands so long ago. "None but the Japanese could take that!" said one tourist to another, looking up at the Rock. Probably the Japanese would rather not try. Yet who knows what history holds in store? The modern steamer comes in from the world of which Columbus dreamed, but in which no one else believed; and the unexpected will forever go on happening down the centuries.

# *The Jamestown Settlement and Its Fruit: Civil Liberty*

*By Thomas Nelson Page*

IT is interesting to the historical student to note how the writing of history in America has of late taken a new trend. In the early period of American history-writing, scholars or narrators of historical events were limited by the conditions to small and partial knowledge of historical events, often confined within the narrow limits of a State and a section. They wrote merely that which they knew of; and not unnaturally, being ignorant of what was outside of their knowledge and inaccessible to them, gave an exaggerated importance to facts with which they were familiar. Then came a period of not unnatural boastfulness on the part of writers who were neither scholars nor students, and simply used the materials at hand. But even these showed no spirit of detraction. In due course arose a class of scholars who, inspired by the spirit of historical research, undertook to collect and collate all the material accessible to them. Then came a new era and a new spirit, and for the last fifty or sixty years there has been manifest in the writings of so-called historians a spirit of polemicism which tends to destroy all value in their work.

Owing to the assiduous efforts of these narrators, the relation of historical events in the early part of the history of this country has been temporarily confused, and it is only of late that historical students, going back to the labors of those annalists and scholars whose pious labors have created a hitherto almost untouched mine of wealth, and bringing to light new sources of information, have begun to write history in the true historical spirit.

Unhappily, the Virginians, and Southerners generally, paid little attention to the recording of their own annals; whether it was that their life was not

conducive to historical writing, though it was so prolific of political work, or whether it was that they were more interested in the history of older nations and governments, it is not necessary to discuss; the fact remains that the writing of history was almost wholly neglected by them for several generations. Thus the writing of history was left by them to those who had but little familiarity with the part that Virginia and other Southern colonies played in the making of this country and Nation.

It is probable that until the notices in the public press of the approach of the National celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the English at Jamestown, with the exception of Southerners and of a cultivated class of the Northerners, hardly any among even the school-taught population of the country knew, with any precision, what happened at Jamestown. It is probable also that, while dimly conscious that a small settlement had been effected on the shores of the James prior to the settlement of New England, they yet held definitely the views that the true planting of America and establishment of the English civilization on these shores had its real beginning in 1620, when the ship-company of the Mayflower landed at Plymouth. It is certain that this view has, in much of the literature of recent times relating to the subject, been quite distinctly and assiduously taught.

The result of this teaching has been that in the minds of a large part of the present generation is lodged the idea that the Pilgrims set forth for an unknown wild, and effected a lodgment on a stern and rock-bound coast "where the foot of man had never trod," and there built up unaided and alone a new and distinctive

system of government which was the beginning of this Republic. It does not detract in the least from the real work in the accomplishment of which these devoted immigrants rendered such important aid. What they truly performed was enough to give imperishable luster to their memory. As a fact, however, the Puritan Congregation of Leyden sailed after long negotiations with the Virginia Company, and with the consent and encouragement of this Company; sailed under the Charter of the Virginia Company, which was the only Charter which could at that time have given them title to land on a foot of American soil between the French Colonies of the St. Lawrence and the Spanish Colony of Florida. Further, it is a fact that the Mayflower sailed as under the authority of the Virginia Company, and reported on its return to the Virginia Company; sailed for the shores of southern Virginia, and was by winds and currents taken further north from the point for which it aimed, and finally landed her ship's company on the shores of Massachusetts Bay, not only without a predetermined intention to occupy that coast, but by reason of what was regarded as a misfortune.

It is recorded in Bradford's Journal that what is known as the Mayflower Compact was drawn up with a view to meeting the new exigencies of the situation, because certain wild spirits not of the Puritan company, who had sailed with them, had, upon finding that their landing-place would be outside of the limits of the Virginia Colony, announced their intention of doing as they pleased. The modern teaching has been that this Mayflower Compact was the beginning of self-government in America.

So far from this being so, it is a fact that at that time, December, 1620, the Colony of Virginia had become so firmly established, and self-government, in precisely the same form which existed up to the time of the Revolution throughout the English colonies, had taken such firm root thereon, that it was beginning to affect not only the people but the government of Great Britain.

The destruction of the Spanish Armada in 1588 decided the destiny of the New

World, and possibly of the Old. Among other things, it allied with the Protestant party of England an important element among the Catholics. The commander of the English fleet which defeated the Spanish Armada was Lord Howard, a Catholic peer.

The disappearance of the Roanoke Colony and the continuance of the war with Spain prevented further attempts at colonization until the beginning of the new century, when, as the end of the war began to come in sight, a number of expeditions for the purpose of exploration sailed from England for the new land, Virginia. Samuel Mace sailed for Raleigh in 1602 to try to find his lost colony.

In 1605 peace between Spain and England was signed at Valladolid.

In 1606 two colonies were sent out for Virginia under Raleigh's charter—one by Sir John Popham to colonize North Virginia, and the other to colonize South Virginia. Sir John Popham's colony, under command of Challons, was captured by the Spanish, and the object defeated.

The colony for southern Virginia, under Christopher Newport, Admiral, sailed on the 20th of December, 1606, in three little vessels, the Sarah Constant, the Goodspeed, and the Discovery, and on the 26th day of April, 1607, dropped anchor in the Virginia Capes; and after several weeks of exploring up the river called Pasphegh, or the Powhatan, reached, on the 13th of May, Jamestown Island, which they immediately seized and fortified, "for the Kingdom of God, and the Kingdom of England."

This settlement, though often endangered, was never destroyed, and was the first permanent settlement of the English race on the American continent, thus making Jamestown what one of the old writers called "The Mother Christian Town" of this continent.

Under the first charter the settlement was limited to fifty miles in each direction from the point where they should seat themselves. The government was under the Crown, being administered in Virginia by a Governor and a Council, who elected one of their number as Gov-

error, and could remove him by a majority vote. Edward Maria Wingfield was the first Governor—"a valiant gentleman." He was in the following year deposed by the Council, and Captain John Ratcliffe was elected in his stead, who in turn was succeeded by Captain John Smith. Wingfield, Ratcliffe, Martin, and Archer, finding the form of government unsuited to conditions in Virginia, returned to England with Christopher Newport, on his second or third voyage, and made such protests to the Virginia Company in London that the latter secured a new charter from the Crown, by which the government was to be vested thenceforth in the Virginia Company in London, and larger liberties were granted to the settlers in Virginia. Their territorial rights were, moreover, extended from 31° to 45° north latitude, and to the westward extended to the furthest sea.

In 1612 this charter was again enlarged, and greater liberties were guaranteed to the settlers in Virginia and their posterity.

By this time the colony had obtained a firm footing, and not only were plantations extended along the James River, but a new town, called Henricus for Prince Henry, was actually laid out in the loop of the James in the present county of Henrico, in which Richmond is situated. In this town were six rows of houses, the first stories of which were of brick, and a hospital for the sick and wounded contained fourscore lodgings and beds sent over to furnish them. In 1618 the colony had progressed so far that a university was projected, with a college for the conversion and education of Indian youths as a part of it, and ten thousand acres of land were set apart as an endowment for the university, with one thousand acres as an endowment for the college, on which lands fifty tenants were actually settled. A gentleman, Captain George Thorpe, was sent over next year as deputy for the college, and over two thousand pounds was raised by subscription in England, under the archbishops, for the endowment, and men were sent over to build the college.

By this time there were two distinct parties, not only in the Virginia Com-

pany, but in the Virginia Colony, the one being known as the "Court party," the other as the "Patriot party." The Patriot party had for some time been prevailing, and had secured from the Crown a franchise under which the Virginia Company in London held four General Courts a year for the consideration and decision of all matters relating to Virginia. These courts became the talk of all England, and soon exercised a freedom in debate and in action which alarmed the supporters of high prerogative. The Spanish Ambassador warned James that his Virginia courts "were a seminary for a seditious parliament," and James, who was desirous of securing an alliance by marriage with Spain, set to work to suppress the liberties granted under the Virginia Charter.

In 1619 the Patriot party secured the right for the settlers in Virginia to elect a Representative Assembly; and this Assembly, composed of two members from each of the eleven boroughs in Virginia, met at Jamestown on the 30th of July, 1619. This was the first representative body ever assembled on the American continent. From the first the representatives began to assert their rights. They appointed a committee to take under consideration the charter—"Because this charter is to bind us and our posterity forever." They further presented a petition to the Virginia Company in London urging that, as under their charter no laws by them could become final without the approval of the Company in London, so no orders issued by the Company in London should become effective unless approved by them as the representatives of the people in Virginia.

This right thus claimed was accorded them by the Virginia Company in London the following year. And this was the first victory of the American people over the Crown. Meantime the contest went on between the Crown and the Court party on one side, and the Patriot party on the other, the latter represented by Sir Edwin Sandys, the Earl of Southampton, the Ferrars, and other patriots, who by this time were identifying the rights of the people of Virginia with the rights of the people of England as



against the claims of high prerogative asserted by King James and the Spanish party. The contest became so bitter that the King had Sir Edwin Sandys, the leader of the Virginia party, the Earl of Southampton, and others, arrested, and the House of Commons entered a protest on the record against this violation of their known rights. Whereupon the King went to Westminster and sent for the records of the Commons, and with his own hand tore the leaves containing the protest from the Journal of the Commons. He was now bent on suppressing the charter of the Virginia Colony, and not only seized the records of the Company in London, but sent Commissioners over to Virginia to make an inquisition there.

The Virginia Assembly refused to give up their records to these Commissioners, and when their Clerk, Edward Sharpless, gave the Commissioners a copy of the records, the Virginia Assembly stood the Clerk in the pillory and cut off his ear.

Seven years before 1620 this Colony had felt itself sufficiently established to send two expeditions to expel intruders from the Virginia Territory, whose northern confines reached a point on the present coast of Nova Scotia, and had actually dislodged the French colonists planted there, and patrolled and charted the coast; and within four years after 1620 her General Assembly had enacted a law that no tax should be levied in Virginia except by the authority of that Assembly—a fact which must have been overlooked by even so broad-minded a historian as Mr. John Fiske when he wrote his "Beginnings of New England," for in that work he stated that this principle was first enunciated by a town-meeting of the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

When Sir John Harvey, in 1629, as Governor of Virginia, failed to assert properly, as the Virginians thought he should have asserted, the rights of Claiborne against the newly planted Colony of Maryland, the Virginians "thrust him out of his Government." They were Royalists, and denounced what they deemed the murder of Charles I. and the usurpation of Cromwell, but they

were implacably jealous of their own rights. They made a treaty with Cromwell almost as a foreign power, and when Charles II. was a fugitive, Virginia offered him a kingdom; but when Charles came back to his own and attempted to override their charter and invade their rights by granting the Northern Neck to three of his Court favorites, they prepared for revolution and forced him to cancel his grants; and four years later, under the leadership of Nathaniel Bacon, the Rebel, they went to war with England to assert their right to bear arms to defend themselves, and their kindred rights guaranteed by their charter. And just one hundred years later they went to war again with England in defense of the same inalienable rights which they had ever asserted and maintained, from the first session of their Representative Assembly.

If, however, this earlier and more authoritative declaration of American rights has been overlooked by historical writers of late, it was not overlooked by the men who formed this Government, and its influence was as clearly marked in their action as the influence of the Virginia life was in their conduct.

The character of the Virginians was remarked on by their fellow-members in the Colonial Congress which adopted the Declaration. "Not a milksop among them," said one who appeared to think that some of the other delegations were not so free from this charge.

Whatever the faults of the Virginians were, they were the faults of a virile and independent race. Their virtues and their vices were those of the corresponding English classes from which they came, modified by the conditions which surrounded them in the new country. Every planter was to some extent a captain—a ruler over things few or many; but yet a ruler. And the qualities developed there were those of a ruling class. It was the men of this class who on every exigency came forth as the leaders and molders of opinion, and in nothing was this more noticeable than in the struggle for civil liberty. Attached as they were by tradition to the Crown and to the Established Church, it was these men who led in the long struggle

for independence as a government, and who disestablished the Church. They first enunciated and maintained the fundamental principle that taxation should be levied only by their representatives.

From the first session of the Virginia General Assembly in 1619 down to the last Convention, which sat in 1902, every legislative body which has sat within her borders has declared that right, and on occasion has gone to war in its establishment.

Assembly after Assembly and Convention after Convention throughout the whole colonial period sent petitions, protests, and declarations of right in no uncertain terms to the Crown from the shores of those rivers which flowed into the Chesapeake, on which was settled this ancient Dominion of Virginia; and out of the life which had there its flowering came the leaders of the whole country. Thence came the man who first sounded the trumpet of revolution in his eloquent denunciation of Great Britain's violation of the chartered rights of Americans; the man who first proposed the Committees of Correspondence between the colonies, and the man who first offered and secured the adoption of a resolution by the Convention of a colony to instruct her delegates in Congress to move that body to declare the Colonies free and independent States, and the man who offered that resolution in the Colonial Congress to this instruction;

the man who, in obedience thereto, drafted the Declaration of Independence; the man who commanded the armies of the united colonies, and, against what to any other might have proved to be insuperable difficulties, led them to final victory; the man who has been termed the Father of the Constitution, and the man who finally, as Chief Justice of the United States, welded the discordant elements of that great instrument into one harmonious whole. These men did not stand alone; singular in the endowments of their individual genius, the temper of their minds was yet a part of the work of the life of the Old Dominion. That life was the atmosphere amid which they grew and sprang to the fullness of their powers, their wisdom, and their patriotism. It was no simple accident nor mere coincidence that Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Nelson, Richard Henry Lee, George Washington, George Mason, James Madison, and John Marshall all came from the same region and from the same rank in life—the Virginia gentry. They belonged to the old English stock, were reared on the old traditions, tempered by the processes of the Virginia civilization, and when the time came they gave, in obedience to what they deemed their highest duty, all of their endowments for the cause of their country, as so many thousands and tens of thousands of the unnamed did before and have done since.

## FREEDOM

BY LESLIE PINCKNEY HILL<sup>1</sup>

O Freedom, let thy perfect work be wrought  
In us, the children of a chastened race.  
Long, long ago in thy benignant face  
Our fathers saw "the gleam." They meekly brought  
Their shackled limbs in faith to thee, and sought  
Thy heart with prayer; and thou didst rend asunder  
The bonds of men who leaned upon thy grace,  
Their spirits with a tuneful patience fraught.

We call upon thee now no more in chains  
Such as our fathers wore—from these we're freed—  
But clanging still the fetters of the soul.  
The liberation of ourselves remains.  
"The gleam" we follow weakly, for we need  
The Freedom of a sturdy self-control.

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Hill is Instructor in English in Tuskegee Institute.

# *RUSSIA'S FIRST STEP TOWARDS FREEDOM*

## *AN EPISODE OF THE FIRST ELECTIONS TO THE DUMA*

*BY NICOLAS SHISHKOFF*

ALL America has heard of the tragedies of Russia's recent war with Japan, and also of the great struggle now in progress that is to open a new era in the history of Russia and bring liberty to its one hundred and thirty millions of people. But of the internal life of this great nation and of the true character of the people there seems to be scarcely any conception on this side of the world. I think that if these could be revealed, the great people of America would see in the great people of Russia, not their future rivals in the leadership of the world's technical, commercial, or even political life, but, strange though it may seem, their closest friends and allies in that quiet, unseen, yet ceaseless work we may call the spiritual civilization of humanity.

The vast majority (about eighty per cent.) of the Russian people consists of peasants—small farmers living together in large or small villages and depending entirely on agriculture for their maintenance. They are, for the most part, quite uneducated; in eastern Russia you may at the present day find whole villages where there is not a man able to read or write. Each family lives usually in its own cottage, built of logs and thatched with straw, and long rows of these cottages, separated only by big wooden gates leading to the farm-yards behind them, form the village street. To the bigger villages there are often many such streets; some of the homes are built of bricks and have plank or even iron roofs, and the church, school-house, and a few other communal buildings surround the market place or square.

All the local affairs of the village communities are managed by an assembly of householders, who elect the village mayor, the tax collector, and the very few other officers who are in charge of

public business. Several villages, with a population of from five to ten thousand inhabitants, form a commune, governed also by a communal assembly of householders, every ten householders of each village electing one member of the communal assembly. The commune has its mayor and secretary, elected for a term of three years, and a number of judges elected for the same term, who assemble once or twice a week to try both civil and criminal cases between the people of the commune.

From twenty to fifty communes form a district or county, and from six to twelve counties form a province. Nearly all the economic life of the province and its districts—the hospitals, schools, roads, etc.—are managed by the so-called *zemstvo*, or self-government institution, which consists of an elective legislative assembly and an executive board. It would take up too much space to enter into further details of the constitution and work of this self-government, and I shall only add that the provincial assembly is formed of members elected in the district or county assembly for a term of three years.

The central government, or the administration of the State, is represented by many different officers in the province and districts. At the head of every province there is a governor, and all the branches of the central administration—the police, the financial departments, the department of railways and public works, the educational department, and many others—have their offices in the provincial town and branch offices in the districts.

At the head of every three or four communes there is an officer of the State, who is called the local chief (*Zemsky Nachalnik*). This officer, often a local landowner, administers justice in crimi-

nal and civil cases beyond the scope of the communal courts, and is at the same time the chief of all the mayors of the communes for administrative affairs. He has the right of imposing fines not exceeding \$5, or arresting for a term not exceeding seven days, every communal and village official within his jurisdiction without any previous procedure and without any appeal against his decision. These local chiefs represent the smallest branch of the big tree of Russian absolutism.

After this rather lengthy yet very incomplete sketch of the conditions of rural life in Russia, I shall now try to explain to my readers the main features of the scheme of elections to the Duma in the year 1906. The right of representation was granted by the imperial edict to the following large classes or corporations of the country: to the peasants or members of the village communities; to the landowners, divided into two groups—the big landowners, possessing not less than six hundred acres each, and the small owners, possessing not less than three acres of land in their own right; and to the inhabitants of towns and cities.

The general scheme was as follows: every commune had to elect two delegates to the district assembly for peasants, and this district assembly (I take the province of Samara for an example) elected twelve voters among themselves to the general electoral assembly of the province. The small landowners of each district had to choose one delegate for every six hundred acres of land franchise represented at a *special* district assembly—these delegates taking part in the election of voters from the landowners at the general district assembly. The big landowners had each one voice in the district assembly of landowners. This assembly (big landowners and delegates of small landowners together) sent five voters to the electoral assembly of the province. Each township elected one voter to this electoral assembly.

The provincial electoral assembly, composed, as we have just seen, of voters chosen by the peasants' district assemblies and by the landowners' district assemblies of the province, was entitled

to elect the representatives of the province to the Duma from among its own voters. The number of seats in Parliament allotted to the province of Samara was twelve, and the total number of voters at the general electoral assembly was about 180—98 of them representing the village communities, and 82 the landowners and townships together. In this province the peasants' delegates were in the majority, and could, if they wished, have given all the seats in the Duma to the peasants alone.

I consider it to be one of the most remarkable facts in the political life of our country, and as one of the best proofs that our people are really ready for political freedom, that in this, the first, election of representatives our peasants chose only *seven* deputies (one for each district of the province) from their own class, and gave the remaining five seats, by a nearly unanimous vote, to the Liberal representatives of the big landowners and professional men!

To appreciate the deep patriotism and thoughtful policy of this act we must know that in Russia, as elsewhere, the interests of capital and the owners of big estates are quite opposed to the interests of labor and the small village farmers. But our ignorant peasants have proved themselves quite capable of understanding that the true interests of a country are not the interests of a class; that to obtain good laws and good government, not the members and representatives of the numerical majority should be sent to the legislation, but the *best* men of the country. At the same time, the electors of Samara showed the intense desire of all our people for liberty by refusing to send a single representative of the conservative or reactionary parties to the Duma.

The fate of our first Parliament is too well known for me to discuss this matter here. The Government was so unanimously and so gravely attacked that it had either to resign or to dissolve the Duma. History shall show whether it was wise in choosing the latter solution.

As we have seen, the result of the general elections in the province depended completely on the character of the numerous by-elections in the dis-

tricts. As my readers will remember, in each district the voters for the general electoral assembly were chosen by two separate assemblies—the peasants' assembly and the landowners' assembly. The big landowners were members of this last assembly in right of their possessions, and the small landowners were represented by delegates elected by themselves, in the ratio of one to every full franchise of six hundred acres. As every person possessing more than two acres of land was a small landowner, their number in our district was rather considerable, many peasants having bought such small plots of land in addition to their share of the common lands of their village.

In my own district we had about eighty big landlords, but the majority of them lived elsewhere and did not vote in our province. In fact, not more than thirty of them appeared at the polls. Of this number only two or three belonged to the liberal party; the rest were strictly conservative, if not reactionary, in their political views. The small landowners, mostly simple peasants, numbered about eight hundred, and no one knew what they thought about politics. But the mass of the people being eager for reform, as I have already said, we expected that the small landowners would be as liberal as the village population generally.

Our district committee, composed entirely of big landowners and officers of the crown, decided that the by-election of the small landowners should take place early in March at two small towns of the district, each having a radius of about eighty miles as its territory. As a large number of our small landowners lived at a great distance from these towns, many had to travel fifty or seventy miles to register their votes. Our committee evidently reckoned on that, and thought that very few of our peasant landowners would be able to come up at the polls, especially as an exceptionally early thaw had made the roads nearly impassable. Properly speaking, we have no roads at all, but simply tracks across the deep snow leading from one village to the next one, often more than ten miles away.

Hundreds of our small landowners had to spend at least five days in going and returning from the polling towns, and the average expense was hardly less than two or three dollars for every voter. That may seem a very small sum here, but we must bear in mind that in our part of the world three dollars are the monthly wages of a workman.

Taking all these circumstances into consideration, we expected that hardly more than one hundred of our eight hundred small landowners would be able to come to the polls, and as their aggregate lands would scarcely be more than three or four full franchises, we should have about three or four liberal votes at the district elections. This meant that, counting as many more votes from the big landowners and the towns, we could oppose only about eight or ten votes to the solid twenty-eight or thirty conservative votes of the big landowners. As a result, our district would send five conservative electors to vote for the deputies to the Duma.

And now I shall tell you what really happened. When the small landowners came to know that they must either lose their vote or travel several days to the polls, leaving all their business at home and spending more money than many of them had in hand (for the harvest of 1905 was a complete failure), they understood only one thing—that the interest of the country was above all other considerations, and that it was their duty to vote. There was no time to take advice or to deliberate between themselves on the course to adopt. Each man had to decide for himself.

In one-half of the district about six hundred small landowners were registered as voters, and we thought that some eighty or ninety would come to the polls. On the day fixed for the elections four hundred and sixty men came to the polls and elected thirty-six delegates to the district assembly. When the time came for the district elections, all those delegates—some of whom had to travel again more than eighty miles to the county town—came to the assembly, and although twenty-eight big landowners voted for the conservative candidate, their delegates—about forty—from all the

district—voted like one man for the liberal party and gained the day.

Afterwards I came to know that many and many of these peasant landowners had to sell their last sheep, to mortgage their future harvest or to sell their future labor, to cover the expenses of their journey to the polls. And this is how the Duma was elected, and how it got its overpowering liberal majority.

There is one more word that I should like to add to this narrative of our electioneering campaign, because it may also serve to characterize our "common" people. More than a hundred thousand

poor, ignorant peasants took part in those elections in our province alone, some of them eventually getting seats in the Parliament. I have not heard of one single case of bribery or corruption; there was not one single vote among those thousands of poverty-stricken electors that money or power could buy.

It is for my readers to judge whether I am right in thinking that such a people are worthy of freedom, and that there are certain traits of their national character that bid fair to place them in the front rank of nations when they once obtain liberty and education.

## ENDOWED BOARDING-SCHOOLS

BY C. R. SEABURY

**I**N two ways, as a worker and as a member of the community, a man is of importance to his fellow-citizens. As the man is, so the child has been; as the child is, so the man will be; therefore the conditions of childhood are of interest to us all as individuals and as a people, and discussions about schools and teaching and about proper environment of youth are constantly heard.

In considering the education of our children we recognize the need of information which can be concisely acquired and concretely applied. That the scope of such information is far wider than that we used to call book learning is beginning to be fully and freely understood. Those who a few years ago initiated the system of manual training and built trade schools have lived past the time when their efforts were derided with our favorite condemnatory word "unpractical." That battle is fought, and with pride and pleasure we begin to reap the gains, in better-trained artisans and better-prepared boys and girls. We live in a highly specialized stage of civilization, and we answer the demand which it involves by carefully differentiating courses of instruction preparatory to the special work which we expect a man to follow. Our colleges do this with some thoroughness; our special technical schools do it still more completely. A man can become a doctor or a lawyer

only after years of study looking to that end. Well prepared for their duties, our workers fill their functions as workers in the community. In these respects our children are cared for adequately and well in the public schools and in the colleges.

But the child has to be trained not only to be an intelligent factor in life's work, but also an intelligent member of the community in regard to social conditions. Many efforts are being made to treat our public schools not merely as places of instruction, but also as training-schools in citizenship. One's eye is constantly caught by some new plan to interest and to educate the child in his social duties. School affords in many ways a good field for this training. It may do much in the way of instruction in the theory of human relations, and also something in practice. The art of adjustment to our environment without the sacrifice of our principles is, of course, learned only by practice; but the strength of such teaching is in home life. In the home are learned our first lessons of adjustment softened to us by the amenities of affection; through the little frictions of childhood we are guided by the care and wisdom of our parents. They give us treasures of inherited knowledge, and often give the more wisely because half unconsciously. Here we develop those traits of character which make us intelli-

gent members of the community in regard to social conditions. The training usually received in the home, tending to form character and habit and thus to make the future citizen, is given by the State only to certain classes of its children. The inmates of the orphanages and the reformatories, and the destitute poor, are under its care, as well as the sick and the feeble-minded, not for a few hours a day in school, but day and night in all the experiences of their poor little lives. But the State makes no provision for the social training and the care of many other children, some of whom are likely to become its best citizens.

For there are children who cannot be classified otherwise than as children needing care. There are many so unfortunate as not to have happy homes, there are children whose parents must live in unhealthy places not fit for a child to be brought up in, there are "only" children for whom the best possible training is constant young companionship, there are children of first marriages where the presence of the issue of the second marriage makes a divergent influence in the house. All these cases and others analogous to them exist in the world. In each such case the child is exceptional; there are not many of them, perhaps, in one town, in one place, in one family connection, but the aggregate is large. The only provision for these children is boarding-school. The first thought which occurs to the mind of the grown person dealing with the situation is to send them to boarding-school. Where are the boarding-schools? What are the boarding-schools? Are they State institutions, free to any suitable applicant, as the reformatories are? They should certainly be places where boys, in forming their ideals of character, are thrown with upright men, where they learn to expect manly standards and straightforward dealing from each other and from all men, and where they come to know that in a good man strength and gentleness are well met; places where girls grow to understand the value of courtesy and to admire that fine self-restraint which gives poise to the excitable feminine temperament, where they meet women worthy of the admiration

which they so freely give their teachers, and, emphatically, places where both boys and girls learn to look forward eagerly to carrying their share, in their turn, of our country's responsibilities.

We know that this provision for the care of its young has never been undertaken by the State. It has up to the present time been given either by the church or by private individuals. Private educational enterprises are essentially transitory. They have their place, they often do the best work of their day and generation, they stimulate thought and ambition, they supply the touchstone of comparison. Unhampered by the necessary restrictions and complications of public enterprise, they can and do often serve a high purpose in demonstrating possibilities, in realizing ideals. But, like other commercial enterprises, they are subject to fluctuation and are not permanent factors in the question we are considering. Nothing could be a permanent factor in the problem that was obliged to be self-supporting in the usual understanding of the word. To withstand the fluctuations of business there must be a force of capital behind any institution. To the State this is supplied by taxes, to other enterprises it is supplied by gifts which take the form of endowments. In this matter of boarding-schools these endowed institutions have been generally church foundations. Convent schools all over Europe have supplied the need, convent schools in America to-day still supply the need, and following in their wake, in this as in other good work, Protestant bodies have established schools where children are cared for as nearly as possible as they should be cared for in their homes, where they are taught the elements of religion and those habits and manners which make the man a suitable member of the civilized community.

There is a mistake often made, however, in considering the boarding-school. Led by the associations of the word "school," we are apt to look at the academic part as of the first consequence. With only this in mind, those who say that the children of such a school might as well go to the public school in the lower grades and to college in the upper

grades are often right. In many cases this would be true from the exclusively scholastic point of view. It is a fact that boarding-schools have always provided a department in which lessons are learned, and it seems almost essential that they should do so. It is certainly necessary if they are to be situated in the country, where the children may have the advantages of a country life; and there are other reasons why it is well that the number of children so brought together should be taught together; but the real scope and aim of the boarding-school, its true usefulness in the national life, is in "the care and nurture of the young" rather than in formal teaching.

Seeing that the State does not provide this care, must not the church or private individuals continue to give it as it has always been given? Cannot any one in his experience think of cases where the boarding-school meets a real need, or of cases where he has seen the boarding-school do real good? Of course such establishments are expensive. How enormously expensive is our public school system to the country, though free to the individual! Is it not an expense that is rightly borne by those who would endeavor to meet the needs of man and would try to make of all men good citizens? There is a strong movement now to place on a permanent footing many boarding-schools. Of the convent schools we do not here speak, because they are supported by whatever Order conducts them, and they share its means. Gifts given to the Order are often used for its schools, but are primarily the property of the Order. The boarding-schools established by other church bodies, however, are seeking substantial assurance of a continued exist-

ence. Some private schools, which have done good work and are beloved by their alumni, are preserved from dissolution upon the retirement of the founder by being incorporated; for these also their friends are endeavoring to make permanent provision. Is it strange that boarding-schools as well as colleges should seek endowments, when nearly all education, all teaching, and all care of the young in America are not self-supporting? This should be clearly understood from the first—none of our great educational opportunities are self-supporting; they are supported either by taxes or by endowments. It is to meet a real need, not otherwise provided for, that boarding-schools plead for endowments.

An endowment serves a double purpose. Not only does it preserve what has been proved useful, but it gives opportunity for continued growth. Freed from the hand-to-mouth existence of dependence upon a fluctuating income, assured of continuance, there is given to the workers a forcible incentive to go on and make perfect what they begin; to try, prove, and hold fast good suggestions; to set firmly and to keep strictly a high standard. Compromise with expedience rather than undeviating allegiance to the best is no longer a temptation. The managers are not subject to the pitiful exigency of choice between financial and intellectual honesty which besets the private school. No need to decide between the best and the cheapest teacher, no need to take the best and by overwork reduce him at once to second best. Governed by a policy anxious only for perfection, the endowed school is free to become one more powerful agent in the development of men and women, valued by their fellow-citizens and of use to the community.



# THE WEST AT HOME

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

## SECOND PAPER IN THE TOWN

WHEN the Pushton family moved a hundred miles across country and landed, weary of riding in a chair car, at the little prairie city where Major Pushton had purchased a store, its members knew no one on the town site. But they were eligible—that is, the father was a likable, energetic citizen; the mother seemed sensible and intelligent; the girls were bright and capable, the boys sturdy. They had lived in three different mid-West States in six years; like thousands of other Westerners, father was restless, always eager for a change. The local paper said they would be “a valuable addition to our social and business life.”

In two days they were “settled.” The third was Sunday, and they walked up and down the streets, viewing the sights. They saw no dwellings that had been homes for generations; instead were artificial types of frontier construction, with here and there, on newer avenues, prominently modern forms where, in careless disregard of harmony, Corinthian columns sometimes joined fret-saw porch railings and cement block bases.

Some of the stores were frame, their abnormal square fronts hiding shrinking gables; others were single-story bricks with wide windows, mostly millinery and “racket” emporiums; here was an architectural monstrosity; there a thoroughly satisfactory creation in good taste and solid worth, or a boom-time extravagance built with Easterners' money—but most were substantial, plain buildings, erected for use and not for show.

The City Hall, for which the population of four thousand had bonded its possessions beyond reason, was at one side of the business portion, surrounded by farm implements, threshing-machines, and sheet-iron warehouses. A new park was growing elm-trees; well-kept lawns

showed blue grass; schools and churches were many—a church for every three hundred souls was a-plenty and to spare. Clean roofs and fresh paint gave evidence that the town was acutely alive.

“Best town in this part of the State,” explained a new acquaintance. “It does things. Folks who go away always want to come back—and some of 'em do. It's a good place to live in.”

It is a favorite theory of every Western town that all its former residents are pining for the old home—and in view of the rapid shifting of population this idea includes a large constituency. The towns are sincere in wanting their wanderers to return. The other day a business men's meeting was held in a little prairie village, and resolutions were adopted beseeching a former attorney, several years moved away and who had delayed his retrogression unaccountably, to “come home.” What Eastern town would do that?

Monday evening Major Pushton attended the Commercial Club session and took active part in discussions concerning a bonus for a new wholesale house and the securing of another railway. On Tuesday the girls were invited to a party. On Wednesday Johnny joined the high school ball team. On Thursday Mrs. Pushton's name was proposed for membership in one of the women's clubs—before any one except the secretary had called on her.

In a week the Pushtons were an integral part of the community; in a month they had established themselves firmly; in three the father was running for Councilman and the mother had entertained the Aid Society—they were practically as much a part of the town as if they had come in with those who staked out the original city limits.

Only one class of homes did they find

it difficult to enter—those of the dozen or more “first families” who prided themselves on being the original “old settlers.” These had lived in one-room cabins when the town was very young; they now lived in the best houses and owned an astonishing number of city lots scattered through the most valuable portions of the town site. They welcomed the Pushtons as additions to the population and were glad to have the business firms prosper, but it took credentials of unusual sort to gain *entrée* to their social set. Naturally this was limited, for only a few could be old settlers when so many came and went with each passing year—perhaps those who stayed through the vicissitudes of trial and triumph were entitled to preen themselves somewhat. Anyhow, the Pushtons and their friends did not care—the newer settlers were vastly in the majority.

The Pushtons were not surprised at their generous social acceptance—they had been through similar experiences elsewhere; the town was not excited—scores of other families had done the same. It was the typical Western attitude toward newcomers—indicative of the hearty comradeship marking a plains community.

The Eastern town grew; the Western town was made—and is yet being made. Any one who will assist in the making is welcome; only those who hinder are repulsed. The loyal dweller in a Western village or town sees “the substance of things hoped for” long before the actuality arrives.

The Commercial Club did not secure the wholesale house nor the railway, but it held meetings to talk about them, and in these were the business men brought close together. The unity of the town’s purpose was established. In a sense, the club headquarters took the place of the hotel porch where the Major’s father and grandfather had met with other worthies “back East.” The Western town has no such forum in its younger days. As communities become mature, certain stores and offices often are places where those who “do things” gather, but at the Commercial Club is the formal ratification of plans.

“The Western local paper is published for about thirty subscribers,” said an editor, now a Congressman, who has been through one of the West’s most remarkable boom experiences, its succeeding depression, and its regained prosperity. “Twenty to thirty men decide the destiny of the town; the others follow. If these be convinced, the work will be done.”

This is because the town’s dwellers are busy. It is no slight thing to build a business and to establish a home on limited capital, as have done the Western business men. Little time can be given to things not directly and concretely applicable to individual progress. Because of this the social club, as the Eastern city man knows it, is rare—it is confined to the larger business centers. The towns and villages, save in rare instances, have too little leisure for that.

Major Pushton belonged to three of the eighteen lodges. He joined three more. It was businesslike to do so, both because of the cheap life insurance secured and for social advantages attained. Mrs. Pushton and the girls joined an “auxiliary” lodge. During winter evenings the weekly meetings of the lodges furnished constant entertainment.

Initiations were the least of this. Following “work” came what the local paper called “a social hour.” The floor was cleared of altar and symbolic paraphernalia; the piano was brought forward; singing and dancing, with possibly lunch furnished in the supper-room, brought pleasure to every member. The doctor’s daughter and the drayman’s son were on the floor together; the lawyer danced with the plasterer’s wife. Cosmopolitan, good natured, friendly, it was a common expression of one social feature of newer communities.

In girlhood Mrs. Pushton had known the church social, but she did not find it here. Except for occasional gatherings for young people, the church confined its efforts to services in the sanctuary or to suppers and fairs intended to swell its treasury’s receipts. In such comparatively unfixed and ever-occupied society the lodge, its income assured by assessment to be paid on penalty of expulsion,

has a freedom and liberality not easily obtained by the church, which must win its way by persuasion.

The women's club to which Mrs. Push-ton belonged was one of four. Its programme for the year included Greek art, modern literature, domestic science, national celebrities, forestry, current fiction, child study—and it tried to do something toward the improvement of the town. It was not wholly successful in this last. Once it adopted a resolution against spitting on sidewalks—but nothing happened.

This it did do—it brought its members in touch with the important things of the world; it united them in helpful study. In some instances it has done much more. Many a Western city has a public library because club-women unselfishly toiled, giving "rummage" sales and entertainments, soliciting books and funds. More than one has cleaner streets, beauty spots, and more slightly public grounds because of the work of the women's clubs. It is difficult to maintain an afternoon bridge club in the West—but a literary organization meets year after year with unabated zeal.

"Why don't you move to a big city?" asked a visitor of the Major.

"Why should I? What does the city man possess that I do not?" was the reply. "We have water-works, electric lights with a day current for the machinery in my store, local and long-distance telephones in my home and business place, sewers, good schools, with the high school preparing for college, morning papers delivered before breakfast—what more has the city man?"

He might have added that soon inter-urban trolley lines will unite the towns, and that paving and gas are on the way.

The Easterner does not understand all this unless he has seen the West—he fails to grasp it from printed pages. It would be a good investment for any Western State to send a portfolio of a thousand photographs, showing its homes, its farms, its towns, to every leading citizen on the Atlantic slope.

In the town whence the Pushtons came the "opera-house" was over a hardware store; in their new home it was modern, though limited in size, and

was called a "theater." Not much going on? Is it not something to have three weeks of ten-twenty-thirty-cent repertoire during the season? Then how about "For Her Sake," "The Hidden Hand," three minstrel shows, and two evenings of Shakespeare? To be sure, the scenery of "As You Like It" was much the same as in "The Little Homestead," and electric lamps from the china store were used effectively on Petruccio's banquet table—but those are trivialities.

Then the lecture course—the delectation of the serious-minded! Two or three glee clubs entertain, a scientist expounds, and some famous men instruct.

You mistake if you think the Westerner out of touch with the world. The greatest preachers, the leading authors, the famous generals and statesmen, are brought year after year to mid-continent towns through the united efforts of those having the good of communities at heart. The dweller in central Nebraska probably saw and heard the famous Senator before he appeared to the resident of the Bronx.

Nor is this all. In nearly every town is more than one who has traveled in Europe; the college alumni are numerous enough for a colony. The other day a woman in a little mid-Western city died, and the local paper mentioned that one son was at Princeton, another was loading a steamer at Mobile to start for Rio Janeiro, one daughter was in California, and another was enjoying, in an automobile, a bridal tour of Europe.

Occasionally the East shows its unconsciousness of this Western world-knowledge. For instance, a famous New York author was introduced a few months ago to a Kansas woman, and learned that she resides in a town of less than two thousand population, nearly two hundred miles west of the Missouri River. After her return home he sent her "A Tale of Two Cities" and Browning's Poems, with the hope that she would "find solace therein for her isolation," evidently commiserating her sad fate. It happens that her dwelling is furnace-heated, lighted with electricity, equipped with hot and cold water, that she belongs to three clubs, has a library of several hundred well-selected books,

rides in her own motor-car, and has traveled far more extensively than he.

Six months after their arrival the Pushtons' baby died. The modest parlor with its figured Brussels carpet—comparatively few houses yet have hardwood floors—was a smile with masses of flowers sent by the neighbors, the lodges, the societies. The church choir sang; the house and porch were filled with sympathetic friends; it was as if they had been among these people all their lives. The family could scarce distinguish between lodge and church in the kind offices—nor was it necessary that they should do so, for the memberships were largely identical. The local paper expressed "the sympathy of the entire community," and told how "a large concourse of friends and neighbors followed the little form to its last resting-place, showing the high respect in which the family is held." Is it not worth while to live among neighbors of this sort?

These kindly expressions of the Western church and lodge are their strength. The deficiency of the church lies in its constant struggle against the business activity and ambition of the congregation. "I can get money enough from the men of my church, but I can't get their time and attention," one minister expressed it. But despite their number—altogether too great in most towns—the organizations live and share the prosperity of their members.

Philanthropy is little developed, because save in a few large cities it is little needed. In scores of counties are no almshouses; in many others the institutions are empty except for a few decrepit unfortunates. City mission societies in the smaller towns send well-filled Christmas baskets and occasionally look after some family where sickness has taken the wage-earner—that is about all. Poverty in its usual form is practically unknown in the great plains region. Hence the churches have the spiritual work in overwhelming preponderance, and their appeal is less heeded perhaps by the busy Westerner than would be a personal, material demand on his helpfulness.

The Pushton children went to the public schools, as did practically every

child in the community. The banker's son sat with the bricklayer's son and the doctor's daughter with the laborer's girl. When the high school was reached, a weeding-out process commenced. Classes were depleted because the backward pupils left school to work or attended a "business college" where for a fee "a complete education for life" was promised in three months.

The weakness of the Western school system in the towns is that it does not provide for the boy and girl who desire to work partly with their hands and need early preparation for earning a livelihood. So many improvements are needed, tax levies are so nearly to the limit, demands on the school boards are so many, that manual training and kindred plans are too often omitted. Too many pupils leave school in the early grammar and high school years. The encouraging thing is that this is being realized and corrected. Broader plans for academic education are being made, and the coming generation is encouraged to seek college training. With increased prosperity this is more easily obtained than of old.

The man who cleaned Pushton's lawn owned his own home, earned by his own toil. His daughter delivered the valedictory of the Pushton girl's class; she came to the Pushton home to the class party; the same democracy extended into her later years, when she had become the wife of a grocer and a member of the literary club that so eagerly elected Mrs. Pushton. Opportunity for young people is ever present in the Western town—but it depends there as elsewhere on themselves, on their parents, on self-respect, energy, and ambition.

"Once everybody here went to everything," said an old-timer to Major Pushton one day, "but now there are cliques and crowds." He forgot that once all the eligibles could gather in the hotel dining-room or in the town hall—now it is impossible because the village has become a "city."

Society is spasmodic in the average-sized Western town. A tea, an occasional dinner party, more rarely a reception—that is the list. Major Pushton had no dress suit, but he was not out of

style. When the richest man in town gave a reception to open his new house, half the men wore sack coats and cut-aways, a few were in Tuxedos, a minority in "Prince Alberts" and "swallow-tails," as they were known locally. A mid-Western man recently went on a day's trip to attend an afternoon reception and an evening dinner party. It was considered worthy of newspaper notice that he took a trunk and made three changes of clothing while absent from home. But all that is passing rapidly, and in the larger towns even the opera hat may be worn without exciting remark.

Preceding the elder Pushton girl's wedding was a series of "showers," breakfasts, luncheons, and teas. She was the town's princess for two weeks. The local paper devoted a column to the doings in her honor. All seemed to enjoy the opportunity to have a part in the pre-nuptial joy. The wedding itself was at her home (church weddings are rare), and was simple and cheery. Her attendants were a dozen young girls, including the daughter of a carpenter and the daughter of a State Senator. A half-dozen neighbor women helped serve the supper. The town's only four-wheeler—known as the "cab"—was on duty for two hours getting guests there, and for two more taking them away. The banker and his wife were very late, the harness-maker and his wife having their carriage order ahead.

In the meanwhile, business was only fairly satisfactory. Too many retail stores for the trade cut down profits. Rivalry was keen. The hope of town-growth, the eagerness to reap a boom's prosperity, keeps the number of storekeepers disproportionately high. The banks have a liberal policy, and will "carry" the enterprising, competent merchant through financial difficulties. The older business houses are gradually expanding into department stores; usually one or more may be found in the city of three thousand population or over. These do not gather all the trade, but they have some advantage in close margins over the small retailer. Then there is the constant intrusion of the mail-order house, with its bulky catalogue and its attractive advertisements.

Thousands of dollars in trade go out of every considerable community annually by this route. The storekeepers preach constantly, in and out of season, "Buy at home," but do not convert all.

Major Pushton was not elected to the Council, owing to the stronger candidacy of a grocer in the next block, but was rather glad of it, as he had no ambitions for municipal honors. The campaign was good-natured. The bitterness of local politics lessens as the West grows busier and more prosperous. Men see that it is better to unite for the upbuilding of the town than to fight over offices that carry with them only labor and anxiety.

"Town rows" that once afflicted communities because of the unreasoning antagonisms of factions are dying out. It has been discovered that they do not pay. Town loyalty and unity of interest are stronger than before. When a few men, who had laid out the town-site, and who had grown rich from selling lots, fought with each other for precedence, the populace, largely in debt to one or the other of the leaders, took sides. Now, when mortgages are rare, when even the day laborer owns his home, men demand intelligent business progress, good will, and co-operation in public transactions.

One day a stranger came into Major Pushton's store and wanted to buy it—otherwise he would start a rival establishment. He had just sold out in a village farther west. Pushton accepted the offer, and announced that he would move to a college town where the younger children might obtain better education.

The news of the Pushtons' approaching departure was followed by outward expressions of the community's regret and good will. Mother's Sunday-school class gave her a surprise party; the Ancient Order of Trustful Knights had a farewell supper and dance in the family's honor; there was a little dinner in the next block; a few friendly calls. But changes are many in the West, and the sorrow of parting cannot run deep nor long.

A dozen young folks were at the station to say good-by to the sons and daughters; two or three business friends

and near neighbors came in hurriedly, but the train was late, and they did not wait.

In the same issue of the local paper that expressed regret at losing "so good a citizen," but adding, "We wish Major Pushton much prosperity in his new home," was this item: "M. P. Martin,

who recently bought the Pushton store, arrived with his family this afternoon. They will reside on West Sixth. We welcome them to our midst; they will be a valuable addition to our social and business life."

Growth in the Western town means this sequence over and over again.

## Comment on Current Books

### Walter Pater

One is impressed by the peculiar appropriateness of the definite article in the title of this large two-volume biography.<sup>1</sup> The author, Thomas Wright, has not a shadow of doubt about his work being "The Life of Walter Pater," and is positively naïve in the assumption. He speaks with mounting scorn of Mr. Benson's Pater, from which he catalogues a list of "astounding statements," "amazing errors," and "legends." He airily dismisses Mr. Ferris Greenslet's work on Pater as containing "a few apposite observations," but on the whole he regards it as "a most lamentable performance." Having thus cleared the ground before him, he rides victorious on his way. It would be amusing to follow the divagations of this enthusiastic biographer if one did not weary of so great a mass of detail and continual repetition. However, it is impossible for any one to collect data and expand even unimpressive events into a voluminous biography without adding somewhat to our knowledge. Walter Pater is positively shredded for our benefit. Subject as he was to great reversals of belief and curious artificialities of thought, yet he led a quiet, subjective life, and is not a fit subject to occupy so much space. Mr. Wright narrates many anecdotes, analyzing practically every year of Pater's life. He dissects his friendships and produces portraits of his most casual friends, as well as fine pictures of their homes, both outside and in. The two well-printed volumes overflow with pictures, most of them interesting, and we can only regard the entire work as "extra-illustrated" both with pen and camera.

**Syria** A woman, an extraordinary personage, who seems to have combined equal erudition and courage, has explored Syria from Jerusalem to Alexandretta, and written a book<sup>2</sup> of unusual atmosphere and charm. She reaches Damascus on her jour-

ney north, not by the usual Palestine route, but by a long, difficult detour over the wild, bare, inhospitable, mysterious solitudes of the desert east of the Jordan. An archaeologist, her researches mean top-boots and absence of women's society and journeys through regions infested by robbers. Yet she seems to have been equal to all demands both of equipment in archaeology and of a fine fearlessness. If the *Revue Archéologique* has been the gainer in its publication of Miss Lowthian Bell's articles on Syrian ruins, in this book we are also the gainers. In it we see a woman not only brave and learned, appreciative of all that illustrates history and art, who gives us a suggestive string of archaeological impressions illuminating the past; we have here a personal narrative showing keen appreciation also of the very realistic present-day Syria, as is evident in the author's description of Beduins and other natives, reinforced by a wealth of half-tone pictures. Whether describing the fellahin of the plain or the Druses of the mountain, an Arab sheikh or a Turkish official, she does not attempt to portray them as more foreign than they are—that seems to be the resource of those who know the Orient less well. As she says, "Human nature does not undergo a complete change east of Suez." Hepworth Dixon, Cunningham Geikie, Townsend Maccoun, Margaret Thomas, and others have impressively described for us more especially the Palestine part of Syria, but who has so accurately described Syria as a whole? Our author has a genius for picking out the kernel, the color, the humor, the life-spark from everything she touches: for instance—

The details of Ba'albek are not so good as those of Athens: the matchless dignity and restraint of that glory among the creations of architects are not to be approached, nor is the splendid position on the hill-top overlooking the blue sea and the Gulf of Salamis to be rivaled. But in general effect Ba'albek comes nearer to it than any other mass of building, and it provides an endless source of speculation to such as busy themselves with the combination of Greek and Asiatic genius that produced it and covered its doorposts, its architraves, and its capitals with ornamental

<sup>1</sup> *The Life of Walter Pater*. By Thomas Wright. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.75, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Desert and the Sown*. By Gertrude Lowthian Bell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5, net.

devices infinite in variety as they are lovely in execution. For the archaeologist there is neither clean nor unclear. All the works of the human imagination fall into their appointed place in the history of art, directing and illuminating his own understanding of it. He is doubly blest, for when the outcome is beautiful to the eye he returns thanks; but whatever the result, it is sure to furnish him with some new and unexpected link between one art and another, and to provide him with a further rung in the ladder of history. He is thus apt to be well satisfied with what he sees, and, above all, he does not say, "Alas, alas, these dogs of Syrians! Phidias would have done so and so," for he is glad to mark a new attempt in the path of artistic endeavor and a fresh breath moving the acanthus leaves and the vine-scrolls on capital and frieze.

**Vasari** Of all chroniclers, Vasari is particularly popular. His lives of the Italian painters have afforded happy hunting-ground for those who seek the picturesque in contemporary accounts. It is a satisfaction now to note the appearance of a one-volume Vasari,<sup>1</sup> evidently designed for younger readers, and containing some of the best stories in the larger, unabridged edition.

**Moltke** Herr Dressler's "Moltke" has now been well translated into English and well published. The book<sup>2</sup> has little to do with the creator of the modern German army. Instead it emphasizes the domestic side of the Field-Marshal's character, his charming home life, his simplicity and refinement. The author's long intimacy with the Moltke family well fits him for his task. Written by a musician, the book should appeal specially to Berliners, who, during the years when Joachim was first violin in the famous string quartette, never felt that a Singakademie concert could begin unless Moltke was in his place. They will remember their own impressions of the old general as they read Herr Dressler's words, "He would remain without moving for a half-hour, listening with intense pleasure. . . I have never seen any one listen so sympathetically." In this book we learn to know, not only Moltke more familiarly, but also other Germans—the Emperors, Bismarck, Richard Wagner, for instance. Of the last named we read that after Wagner had broken with his old friend Hans von Bülow, and had actually married the wife of that great conductor, the latter's daughters were accustomed to call Bülow father, but Wagner papa. One day when Bülow was sitting with his daughters a servant presented a card, which one of the daughters read, and cried out: "Father, papa is coming." The

next moment the father disappeared through one door, while papa entered by another.

### *Renaissance Italian Poetry*

A book is always needed by students of Italian literature to bring the creations of the Renaissance period into active relations with those of the Dantesque period on the one hand, and, on the other, with those of purely modern and contemporary literature. The plastic compositions of an Ariosto and a Tasso certainly furnish high-grade reading for Italian classes, and provide much suggestive material for the study of the development of Italian literature as affected by the epic matter and motives coming originally from Provence, the home of the troubadours. The editors of the present volume<sup>1</sup> have well realized their aim to furnish appropriate reading material relating to this period, but, as is often the case in similar volumes, have relegated their excellent notes to the end of the book, instead of printing them at the bottom of the pages.

### *Two Modern Studies of Paul*

Both these volumes<sup>2</sup> give modern views of Paul, but both present them in unmodern form: "Paul the Mystic" interprets Paul as a mystic, but in unmystical language; "The Gospel According to St. Paul" interprets that Gospel in the terms of the New Theology, but in technical theological language. If we define rationalism as the doctrine that all our knowledge of the spiritual world is a deduction from observed phenomena, and mysticism as the doctrine that the spiritual world is immediately and directly perceived by consciousness, Paul was a mystic. And it is true, as Dr. Campbell undertakes to show, that he was a rational mystic and a practical mystic. But by its very nature mysticism does not lend itself to such a scientific analysis as Dr. Campbell attempts. The scientific or scholastic method is not applicable to the non-scientific or mystical realm. Dr. Matheson's "The Spiritual Development of St. Paul," while less avowedly is more really a treatise on the mystical side of Paul's character than is Dr. Campbell's. Paul needs translating, not only into terms of mysticism, but also into terms of modern thought. But such translation ought to be into non-theological terms. Dr. Du Bose's phraseology is as difficult to the average layman as Paul's. For example, "Our faith should be the exact correlative of God's grace or gift. The faith that saves to the

<sup>1</sup> *Stories of the Italian Artists from Vasari.* Arranged and Translated by E. L. Seeley. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3. net.

<sup>2</sup> *Moltke in his Home.* By Fr. Jerich August Dressler. Authorized Translation by Mrs. Charles Edward Barrett-Lennard. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2. net.

<sup>1</sup> *The Romances of Chivalry in Italian Verse.* Edited by J. D. M. Ford and Mary A. Ford. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.

<sup>2</sup> *Paul the Mystic.* By James M. Campbell, D.D. Andrew Melrose, London.

*The Gospel According to Saint Paul.* By William Porcher Du Bose, M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

uttermost is a faith which clearly apprehends in Christ Jesus and wholly appropriates to itself the visible power of God actually manifested in human salvation." The average layman will get from such a sentence little light; even the trained theologian will have to read it at least twice to get the meaning. We are not quite clear that we fully understand him. But we take it that he means at least this: We must be able to see and appreciate God's gift if we are to receive it. We can be made by God's gift of himself to us true men only as we see a true manhood in Christ Jesus, and accept for ourselves that inspiring power which was the secret of Christ's life and made him what he was. We agree heartily with Dr. Du Bose's interpretation of Paul as far as we understand it. But we find it hard reading, and the interpreter of Paul should make his interpretation easy reading to the thoughtful reader.

**Frederick Douglass**

Four circumstances combine to make this a remarkable book.<sup>1</sup>

It is remarkable that so busy a man as Dr. Washington, and carrying so large and so varied responsibilities, should have time to write so excellent a biography, and from every point of view it is an excellent piece of work. It is remarkable as a portrait of one of the most notable men of the last generation by one of the most notable men of the present generation, and as a book by quite the most notable Afro-American of this epoch about quite the most notable Afro-American of the epoch immediately preceding. And, finally, it is remarkable because it gives with great frankness, great impartiality, and an entire absence of bitterness of spirit, the views of both men respecting slavery, reconstruction, the political rights and duties of the negro, and the relations between the races. Dr. Washington's views on these questions are, it is true, given rather by indirection and implication than by direct affirmation. Yet we do not think we err in regarding him as in general approving the views of Mr. Douglass which he interprets, and it is quite clear that these were the views of the conservative anti-slavery men rather than of the radical abolitionists, of Seward, Chase, and Lincoln rather than of Garrison and Phillips. We have not in our reading fallen across a more vivid picture of the underground railway. The volume is to be recommended to the young people of both races of our time because it portrays so vividly and so impartially the slave conditions. White youth know but little of this phase of American

history, and, not knowing, do not comprehend and cannot comprehend either the real cause or the real character of the Civil War and the problems which have grown out of it.

**A Manly Religion**

If women go to church more than men, it is partly because the Church ministers to women more than men. It praises the feminine virtues; idealizes the feminine character; appeals to feminine emotions. Here is a book<sup>1</sup> which distinctively presents the religion of Christ as a manly religion; as an equipment for strife and a preparation for victory. Simplicity of style, singleness of aim, earnestness of purpose, an entire absence not only of cant but of professionalism in all its forms, but above all a certain virility of spirit, characterize these addresses. We pick out a sentence by chance: "Small-minded men regard faith as a theory; large-minded men use it as a practical working power to get things done and done right." That is the kind of spirit that appeals to men. The minister who can tell men how to get things done and done right is the minister men want to hear. This is an excellent book for older boys and young men to read. Will they read it? We are not sure whether they will read anything that is neither immediately useful in promoting material success nor entertaining. But it would do them good, and they would find it interesting though not entertaining. And it is an admirable book for ministers to study. For men will listen to such preaching, whether they will read it or not when it is printed. More of such preaching is a great desideratum in the American pulpit.

**Jamestown in the Past**

Mrs. Roger A. Pryor, in her vivacious history of the birth of our Nation,<sup>2</sup> is not afraid to infuse into her narrative her own spirit and wit. While she adheres closely to assured facts, she introduces delightful bits from ancient records, and spicy comments of her own, making a most entertaining compound. Her portrayal of poor, unlucky Sir Walter Raleigh and of the unhappy colonists whom he sent out to the New World reads like a novel. Then enters King James, whom she describes as a low, base nature, with no redeeming qualities, whose watchword was "I am the King," and whose deeds and life were grotesque. Before he had been three months a King he had knighted seven hundred men, and within a short time created sixty-two English peers. Mrs. Pryor's comment is,

<sup>1</sup> Baccalaureate Addresses. By Arthur Twining Hadley. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1, net.

<sup>2</sup> The Birth of the Nation—Jamestown, 1607. By Mrs. Roger A. Pryor. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75, net.

<sup>1</sup> Frederick Douglass. By Booker T. Washington. (American Crisis, Biographies.) George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25, net. Postage, 12 cents.



"By that same token, those of us who hunger for noble descent are very shy of the strawberry leaves that grew in James the First's time, and diligently seek for those that flourished under the smiles of earlier potentates." She follows the fortunes, or rather the misfortunes, of the early colonists, burdened by weak governors and great privations, harassed by treacherous Indians and dissensions among themselves. Of Captain John Smith she makes a hero—faulty of course, but a good leader and of a tender heart for children. Pocahontas dances through the story, a gay little girl, until the sober life of her English exile and her Puritanic husband quiet her down. The religious history, the social life, the political intrigues, the "labors, dangers, and sufferings," as old Paley said, all are here, completing the record of a brave time in our past. No better book could be found to give a lively impression of the early days of the seventeenth century, and to refresh our knowledge of the events we are now celebrating in old Jamestown.

#### *Municipal Ownership*

We believe that it was Coleridge who said that there were three questions which a critic of a book ought to answer: first, What does the author attempt to do? second, Is it worth doing? and, third, Has he done it well? The author of this book<sup>1</sup> attempts to make the strongest possible case against municipal ownership, and we should think that he had done it very well. The reader of this book will probably find in its pages all that can be said against municipal ownership of public utilities. The author has no doubts on the subject. He is perfectly sure that municipal ownership in all its forms is evil, and only evil, and that continually. But we do not think this is worth doing. The public certainly wants information and guidance in order to come to a wise decision on the somewhat complicated problem presented by the relation of the municipality to those industries on which the life of the municipality depends. We do not believe that this end will best be served by having one set of experts present all the difficulties and dangers of municipal ownership, another set of experts present all the benefits and advantages to be derived from it, and a non-expert decide between the two. What the public does very much want is a judicial summing up of the whole case for and against municipal ownership; a clean-cut discrimination between the different forms of municipal ownership; at least an attempt to show the adaptation of those different forms to differ-

ent communities and different interests, and the light which experience both in America and abroad throws upon the problem. This he will not get from Mr. Porter's book. He starts out by saying throughout this volume, "The two terms, Municipal Ownership and Municipal Trading, should be understood to mean one and the same thing," whereas it is perfectly evident to any one with a dictionary before him that ownership and trading do not mean the same thing. And he goes on to declare that the object of his book is to set forth "the inherent defects of the whole principle of public trading." We do not think that a book founded on this lack of discrimination, and taking for itself this sole object, will be of any great help to the student of this problem.

#### *The Steps of Life*

No better characterization of these essays<sup>1</sup> by Professor Hilty can be found than that of Professor Peabody, who calls them tranquilly reflective and keenly observant. The writer, a man engaged in expounding constitutional law in the University of Bern, looks upon life with judicial candor, and is moved deeply by human needs and sorrow. The range of his subjects—from Sin and Sorrow to What is Culture?—shows how to be indeed "a spiritually-minded man of the world." He is peculiarly fitted from that evident fact to touch both the spiritual and the worldly among his readers. When he treats of the knowledge of men, the comprehension of character, he is almost alarmingly shrewd. He says the knowledge of men rests upon a basis of pessimism, joined with a considerable degree of love for human kind, and the first step is self-knowledge, self-improvement. He gives a curious estimate of women, who, he thinks, are more easy to understand than men, and for whom it is harder to be spiritual, good, and noble. "A truly noble woman," he says, "stands on a higher level of moral perfection than the best man." In his judgment of women there is a clear echo of that article of German faith, "Kirchen, Küchen, Kindern." The essay upon Transcendental Hope is lofty and most stimulating, reflecting the noblest sentiments, and interpreting life here and hereafter from the disciplined standpoint of a man acquainted with sorrow, sin, and victory. As Professor Peabody says, the writer who speaks with confidence of the realities of idealism and who faces experience with a serene hope is eagerly welcomed as a teacher by the thoughtful.

<sup>1</sup> *The Dangers of Municipal Ownership*. By Robert P. Porter. The Century Company, New York. \$1.85, net. Postage, 20 cents.

<sup>1</sup> *The Steps of Life. Further Essays on Happiness*. By Carl Hilty. Translated by Melvin Brandow. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25, net.

# Letters to The Outlook

## FILIPINO WOMEN AND DOMESTIC SCIENCE

I am sending you a unique production—the original of an essay by a young Filipina, entitled “What the Study of Domestic Science Means to the Filipino Woman.” It was read as a graduating essay at the Commencement of the Philippine Normal School, which school is a part of the insular school system, on the 30th of March of last year. The writer is seventeen years of age, has studied English four years and attended lectures and worked experimentally in the course of Domestic Science, or the science of home-making, offered by the public school system here, for a period of ten weeks only previous to her graduation. In her essay she wrote:

I wish to show you why it is especially necessary that the women of the Philippines should receive instructions in Domestic Science. Consider the food condition. It is a common practice among the poor to eat in the public *tiendas*. Often the food is not nourishing, and is prepared with little attention to cleanliness. Diseases are contracted and spread, for the foods themselves are often adulterated or poisoned. Domestic Science trains the woman to select nourishing food and to prepare it in her own home, with attention to cleanliness, and to cook it in such a way that it will be digestible and nourishing. It is not the aim of Domestic Science to introduce rich foreign foods or foreign ways of living. There are plenty of rich and nutritious foods in this country, if they are only prepared in the proper way. The aim of Domestic Science is to raise the standard of living, to elevate the ignorant mass to a higher level, and to make it physically and mentally strong.

Another evil to be fought in the Philippines is the spread of infectious diseases. We are all aware that cholera, fever, and other terrible plagues have visited and still visit the country. These epidemics have caused the deaths of thousands of people, and the population of the country has been greatly reduced. Tuberculosis is growing and spreading. Great numbers of people become the victims of this disease every year. What is the cause of these epidemics that prove such calamities? . . . The condition of the homes. Municipal sanitation is nothing but the growth of the household sanitation. The condition of the town is determined by the sanitation of the households. In Manila, where Chinese homes abound, it is especially necessary that sanitary homes be insisted upon, and this is one field open to the educated Filipino woman. We need women who will fight this evil.

Domestic Science also trains the woman to be a home physician. This is one of the most essential needs of our country. Think of the times when the cholera epidemic visits the Philippines. The mortality is due to the ignorance of the women in the way of giving the proper care to the patients and victims. If the woman knows how to be a physician in her own household, she would not wait for a busy doctor. She would have no hesitation in applying remedies as soon as possible. How many lives would be saved then!

The slow growth of the Philippine population is due to causes that are entirely under the control of women. What is the main cause of the constant death of infants? Every one of us is aware that it is due to the absolute ignorance of the mothers. We must realize

that our Philippines loses one of her citizens whenever an infant dies. How many hundreds of citizens has she lost during the last few years! It has been the common saying of the ignorant mothers, whenever their infants die, that “it has been the will of God to take their children.” It is not the will of God to deprive them of their children. It is not the will of God to depopulate our beloved country. It is the punishment he sends upon women for failing to give the proper care to the innocent children. It is their punishment for disobeying the laws of health. Now we see how necessary it is for our women to study Domestic Science.

Miss Tirona, the writer of the essay, is but one of a great class of Filipino girls who have been and will be educated to go among their people and teach whatever they have themselves been taught. These girls come yearly to Manila to the Insular Central Normal School from all parts of the islands. When they first began to come, the question arose as to where and how they could be housed. It was a self-evident fact that the Insular Government could not provide a home entirely free of charge, and it was equally well recognized that to bring young girls from the provinces, practically from the country, and house them any and everywhere, would be a course unjust to the individual, and one, as well, from which favorable results from an educational point of view could not be expected. So, under these circumstances, General James F. Smith, then Secretary of Public Instruction and now the Governor-General of the Islands, largely through his own personal and, I might almost say, unofficial efforts, secured a house for which the Government was willing to pay the rent, and which he did much himself towards furnishing, in which the native girls of the Normal School could live while resident in Manila for study.

In it resides with the girls, who have averaged about sixty a month during the last year, a most wholesome, practical, cultured, and self-sacrificing American woman, Miss Mary E. Coleman, who, by her work for and influence on these girls, has proved beyond cavil the wisdom and the beneficial effect of this method of taking care of the future crops of native teachers.

But the demands for space have far exceeded the capacity of the house. The need of a permanent home for this work is imperative! The Educational Department and the Insular Government are not able to meet it, and it is, besides, work for the philanthropist rather than for the Government.

My idea and hope is that if you will present this need to the public, some one or many may be found who will do for these girls what Mrs.

Elliott Shepard and others have done for self-supporting women at home in giving them the Margaret Louise Home in New York City and others of its character throughout the country. It is work that should appeal to the patriotic as well as the philanthropic, for not alone will these girls who come and go between Manila and the provinces as intellectual and social missionaries be benefited, but through them the whole Filipino people will feel the uplifting influence of such a home center, and our Government be thereby helped in its great altruistic scheme.

The Insular Government has already laid aside the land for the hoped-for dormitory, and it is proposed that in a new dormitory the girls shall still pay, as they do now, twenty pesos Philippine currency, or ten dollars gold, a month for their actual living expenses; so that all that is needed to make this movement a success is the building and equipment, which would represent not over \$150,000 to \$200,000.

It is proposed to make the whole house a model for a home, so that in taking care of such a home the girls will learn experimentally model housekeeping. In addition, an infirmary under the same roof is wanted, that instruction may be given during any illness of the girls themselves in the home care of the sick, about which there is among the masses dense and lamentable ignorance as well as no inconsiderable amount of superstition; and, finally, a laundry for instruction in a safer and more advanced method of laundrying than that ordinarily employed in the islands.

All these departments can form an integral part of the dormitory, and the work in them can be done by the girls themselves.

It is not proposed by any means to uproot entirely the Filipino habits of living, but only to adapt American civilization to Filipino needs, until by the workings of the law of evolution the Filipino of the masses shall come into a recognition of the essential differences in the standards of living between a wholly civilized and a partly civilized people.

MARY S. FERGUSSON.

#### CATHOLICISM VERSUS THEOCRACY

It was supposed, I fear, by some, that the paper which I addressed to you in connection with the ecclesiastical crisis in France was an attack on Catholicism. An attack on Catholicism was as far as possible from my intention, and would have been utterly at variance with my sentiment. The

day may come when Christendom will be one again, though by no means on the Hildebrandic plan. Catholicism is religion. It was the form of Christianity which prevailed in the western Church during the centuries before Hildebrand. The theocracy founded by Hildebrand was a temporal power, claiming, as the Syllabus framed by the Ultramontanes does now, the right of using force, though its claim to the command of force is based upon religious supremacy. For the temporal usurpations and crimes of the Papacy the theocracy, not the religion, has to answer. Not on the religion but on the theocracy rests the guilt of the invasion of England and Ireland by the Normans under the Papal banner; of the civil wars kindled by Papal ambition in Germany; of the extermination of the Albigenses, of the Inquisition, of the massacre of St. Bartholomew, of Alva's butcheries in the Netherlands, of the murder of William the Silent; of the conspiracies against the life of Elizabeth, of the Gunpowder Plot, of the persecution of the Huguenots, of Jesuitism, and of all the evils which Jesuitism has wrought. Catholicism can hardly resent, even if it refuses to accept, the version of history which would clear it of such stains.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, April 9, 1907.

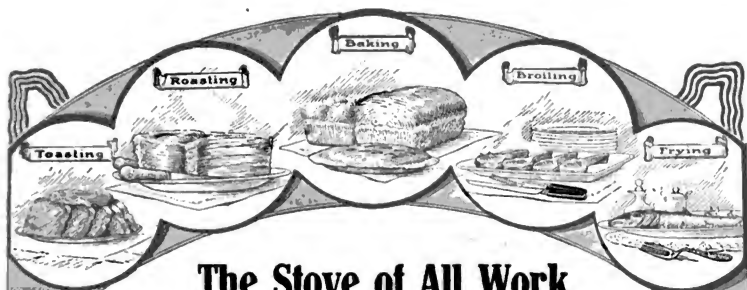
#### JAPANESE FEELING IN HAWAII

An interesting item showing Japanese feeling in Hawaii is the proposal to enter the United States by way of Mexico. The Japanese here have been told that the wages there are higher than here, being three dollars Mexican per day, and they also wish to show that they intend to leave Hawaii and go elsewhere whenever they have a mind. According to reports published in a Japanese newspaper, the Hawaii Jiyu Shimbun, arrangements are now being made to charter a steamer for carrying the Japanese, who wish to leave these islands, to Mexico. This report is also confirmed from other sources. The Jiyu Shimbun's account of this new plan is as follows:

Planning to send a steamer to Mexico. Since the Japanese exclusion law has gone into effect and the laborers here can no longer go to the mainland, an arrangement has been made between some Japanese and some white men to charter a steamer and take the laborers to Mexico. The Japanese gentleman at the head of this scheme is going to Japan in the near future to arrange the matter of chartering a suitable steamer. In order to go to Mexico the steamer of any nationality may be used, the American coasting law not applying in that case. If this movement is once started, the Japanese laborers will leave this island en masse.

Honolulu.

E. W. THWING.



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# The Outlook

*Saturday, May 18, 1907*



JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN)

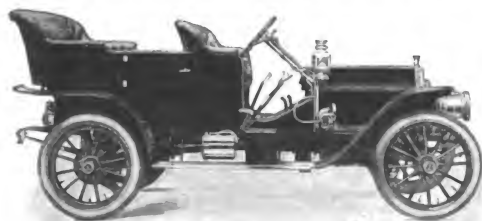


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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 18, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 3

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

Ian Maclaren.....	81	Presidential Appoint-	93
The Spanish Heir.....	82	ments.....	
The Irish Land Bill.....	83	Frankly Questioned,	95
No Protective Tariff for		Frankly Answered....	97
England.....	84	A Musical Pilgrimage...	99
The Santo Domingan		The Spectator.....	99
Treaty.....	85	Japanese in America. By	
Judge Farrar's Plan.....	85	John Foord.....	101
Transit, Not Rapid, in		In Canada (Poem). By	
New York.....	86	M. D. Parkinson.....	105
Industrial War.....	88	The West at Home.—111.	
Prosecuting Grafters in		The Western Spirit.	
San Francisco.....	89	By C. M. Harger.....	106
Literary Taste and Post-		A Placid Runaway. By	
al Discrimination.....	90	Elizabeth Woodbridge	110
Taxation of Colleges.....	90	A Great American His-	
A New Social Settle-		tory (J. F. Rhodes)....	113
ment Work.....	91	Comment on Current	
Judge Grosscup on		Books.....	115
Church Spoliation.....	92	Letters to The Outlook..	121

The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy. Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage. Change of address: When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect. Copyright, 1907, by the Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

## THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

**Ian Maclaren** Dr. John Watson's first visit to this country was made eleven years ago, when he came over at the invitation of Yale University to deliver the Lyman Beecher lectures. His great popularity had come a year earlier, on the publication of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush," and the lectures which he delivered in this country at the conclusion of the Yale course were crowded everywhere. Vast audiences were charmed by his simplicity, his obvious sincerity, his abundant Scotch humor, his sympathetic character-drawing, and the pathos of rustic life of which he was a master. Three years later he came again to this country, and was again greeted by a host of friends. In February he came for the third time, on the invitation of the Western Theological Seminary at Pittsburg. No sooner had he arrived than invitations to speak and lecture poured in upon him from all

parts of the country, and it was quite evident that, though the wave of his popularity as a writer had subsided, his name had lost little of its drawing quality. Death came to him at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, after a brief illness. He was more than three thousand miles from his home, but if he had died in Liverpool he would not have died among warmer and more deeply attached friends. As Ian Maclaren he came suddenly, in 1894, to a world-wide reputation among English-speaking peoples. He was then forty-four years old, of Scotch Highland blood, the son of a mother who spoke the Gaelic tongue, a graduate of the University of Edinburgh, where he took his Master of Arts degree, a student of theology later at New College in the Scottish capital and at Tübingen, Germany. He belonged, during his academic days, to one of those groups of brilliant students who from time to time enliven the quiet air of academic closes and leave a lasting reputation among undergraduates. Among Dr. Watson's fellow-students were Henry Drummond, Robert Louis Stevenson, Dr. George Adam Smith, and Dr. Stalker. After ordination Dr. Watson had ministerial charges in Perthshire and at Glasgow, and in 1880 was called to a very important Presbyterian church in Liverpool, of which he remained the eminently successful pastor until two years ago, when he resigned. A talk on Scottish life which Dr. Robertson Nicoll happened to hear led to the writing of some sketches descriptive of Scottish character by Dr. Watson, and the subsequent publication of these sketches in "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." Very few books have attained so sudden or so great a popularity. It was followed by seven or eight later volumes of stories, and by nine or ten volumes of religious inspiration or teaching, in which the vigor, freshness, and



independence of the newer and broader theology found vital and inspiring expression. Dr. Watson was a man of unusual personal charm. His Highland blood, of which he was very proud, gave his imagination a touch of mysticism, which softened without weakening his vigor of character and directness of nature. He was a delightful companion, a born story-teller, a striking and vivid preacher, and at least one of the characters of his fiction, Doctor McLure, is likely to hold a place among the original creations of British novelists.



*The Spanish Heir*

The spectacle of the young King of Spain defying century-old etiquette in his search for a bride and in his courtship interested the whole world a year ago. He married the princess of his choice, Ena of Battenberg, daughter of Queen Victoria's youngest daughter and niece of Edward VII. When, returning from their wedding, the King and Queen of Spain narrowly escaped assassination, the whole world rejoiced with Spain. It now rejoices again at the birth of a child to this simple and natural royal pair. In no country is court etiquette on such occasions so rigid as in Spain. When the hour of birth is known to be near, Spanish traditions demand that all the members of the royal house, grandees, ambassadors, and high officials, shall, in full regalia, repair to the Royal Palace. So sudden was the summons last week that some personages were obliged to don their court costumes in their carriages on the way, to the amusement of the crowds in the streets. When the bell of the palace began to ring, announcing the birth, the crowds made noisy demonstrations of satisfaction, which, however, stopped when the fifteenth report sounded. If no more were to be heard, the baby was a girl; if more, it was a boy. At the sixteenth report a universal shout of "Un chico!" (A boy) rent the air, and the crowd went wild with delight. Another quaint Spanish custom demands that the Prime Minister shall be present at the birth, but this custom is now reduced to a formality. Señor Maura awaited in an anteroom, and, after receiving the news

of the birth and the sex of the child, entered the apartment where the Court was congregated and proclaimed the event. Shortly after, the King himself appeared with the infant in his arms, and, smiling with boyish pride, said, "I present to you my beloved son, Prince of the Asturias, successor to the throne of Spain, to whom my dear wife, her Majesty the Queen, has just given birth." The solemn dignitaries thereupon forgot all etiquette and cheered heartily. The King was then obliged repeatedly to acknowledge, from the balcony, the tumult of greetings from the crowd of people beneath. Later in the day he acknowledged this popular devotion in a practical way, by ordering ten thousand dollars to be distributed among the poor of Madrid, proclaiming a three days' holiday throughout the country, and decreeing the pardon of thousands of prisoners.



*Spanish Solidarity*

For the moment political Spain seems united. Even the Republicans have succumbed to the popularity of the young Queen, whose beauty, grace, and democratic manner a year ago so endeared her to the people that a crown was bought for her by public subscription, every village in Spain contributing. The birth of a son to the King and Queen of Spain is more significant than any other similar event elsewhere would be, because no country has been in greater peril from anti-dynastic attempts. It has been difficult to smother all the plots of the Carlists on the one hand and of the Republicans on the other. Spain seems as little ready for Carlist autocracy as for republican responsibility. Last week's event, therefore, will relieve all those who desire the peace and political solidity of Spain by assuring, humanly speaking, the direct male succession to the throne. The baby's title, that of the first-born son of the King of Spain, resembles that of the Prince of Wales. Both Wales and the Asturias are principalities, the refuge of aboriginal inhabitants who long remained unconquered. The new baby, a great-grandson of Queen Victoria of England, will also be a link binding

together England and Spain as they have not been for centuries, through a family alliance crowning the friendly understanding brought about by Edward VII. Thus one more guarantee has been added to those by which that wise monarch has aided in making the peace of Europe more sure.

#### *The Irish Land Bill*

In ruling Ireland the problem confronting the British Government has been not only to bring order, liberty, and wealth out of chaos, privation, and poverty, but also to make law and order coincide with the feelings and will of the Irish people. In this effort the British Liberals have been by no means alone. One of the most far-reaching Irish reforms is embodied in the law passed some years ago by the Conservatives for the institution of local self-government in Ireland. The law works unsatisfactorily, however, in the congested districts. It now appropriately and logically finds its complement in a bill introduced last week into the House of Commons by Mr. Augustine Birrell, Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present Liberal Cabinet. The introduction of this bill was excellently timed to follow the reception given by the Irish Nationalists to the visiting Colonial Premiers, all of whom advocate the greatest possible self-government to Ireland. If the British Government can grant a Constitution to the distant Transvaal, lately in arms against England, establishing a Parliament and full local self-government; if the Transvaal's first Premier, General Botha of Boer War fame, can be welcomed as he has been in England by all parties alike, as no Colonial Premier has been welcomed, why then are self-governmental powers withheld from Ireland, three hours away from Great Britain, and for six centuries a member of the Empire, bound to England by closer ties than can exist between the home land and any of her colonies? The coincidence of the Colonial Premiers' visit with the introduction of this bill would have been impressive enough if it had been framed along the lines of the two measures introduced into Parliament by Mr. Gladstone. But Mr. Birrell's is no Home Rule Bill.

It does not even grant legislative powers. It confers no right to levy or remove taxes, it does not interfere with the appointment of judges or the control of the constabulary. But it does take over the control of the departments of agriculture, education, public works, congested districts, and the registrar's office. The cost of administering these departments is about ten million dollars a year. Mr. Birrell would have this amount increased by one-third, the total to constitute the annual supply to an Irish treasury. These departments mark the limits of the activities of the National Irish Council to be created, with eighty-two members elected by a franchise which shall include peers and women, and twenty-four members nominated by the King for the first session and by the Lord Lieutenant for succeeding sessions. The Council's powers would cover those now exercised by the Lord Lieutenant and the Chief Secretary in the above departments, and its action must be approved by the Lord Lieutenant. If he "reserves" his approval (Mr. Birrell's polite word for "veto"), the Chief Secretary will be called upon to defend the action in the Imperial Parliament. Moreover, a greater counterbalance to a possible misuse of power by the Lord Lieutenant is found in the provisions that no religious belief shall be a disqualification to hold office, that no preference shall be shown to any religious denomination in official appointments, and that any appointment in contravention of this principle shall be invalid.

#### *Criticisms*

Of course such a moderate measure as is Mr. Birrell's does not satisfy either English Conservatives or Irish Radicals. Speaking for the first, the London Times declares that by it England would be duped into giving away bit by bit what she had refused to give away wholesale. Speaking for the second, Mr. John Redmond, leader of the Irish Nationalists in the House of Commons, said that if the bill were offered as a substitute for Home Rule he would reject it instantly. He regarded it, however, but as a step toward Home Rule, and hence it would

have the consideration of the Nationalists—men apparently less than ever weary of demanding a separate, elected National Assembly for Ireland, with full legislative powers, who naturally scorn the idea of including nominated members as undemocratic, and only consider Mr. Birrell's measure at all because, in their opinion, it provides for Ireland the minimum of reform which she can accept. But the Irish Radicals are not alone in regretting the moderation of this measure. The author of the bill himself, and his chief, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal Premier, are convinced Home Rulers. They would doubtless like to draft a measure as radical as the Gladstone Home Rule Bills. The present measure represents not only a substantial step in the direction of local self-government; it is also a clever compromise between the concessions of the Conservatives and the demands of the Nationalists. While in the House of Commons, during the debate on the bill, the Government will have to defend itself against Nationalist amendments and yet retain Nationalist votes on the measure as a whole, in the House of Lords it must meet the great Tory majority there. Fortunately, at present the House of Lords is in a comparatively complaisant mood. Some of its members have been reading the writing on the wall—"The Lords must be mended or ended."



*No Protective Tariff  
for England*

Last week, in the Conference of Colonial Premiers at London, Mr. Alfred Deakin, Prime Minister of Australia, made a final attempt to raise the question of tariff preference, which had apparently been disposed of earlier in the week by Mr. Asquith, the Government's spokesman, who declared against it. Mr. Deakin submitted a resolution in favor of levying a tariff of one per cent. on all foreign goods imported into any port of the British Empire, and suggested that the money so obtained form a subsidy fund to be applied to such Imperial matters as the laying of cables. But the resolution fell to the ground, being opposed not only by the Government, but by Sir

Wilfrid Laurier, Premier of Canada, and by General Botha, Premier of the Transvaal. The Government, of course, adheres to its formal statement to the Colonial Premiers that tariff preferences would involve the establishment of a new system of duties infringing upon the principle of free trade—a principle emphatically reasserted at the recent general election. While colonies might hold preferential tariffs as vital to their interest, it adds, the Government holds free trade as vital to the interests of the United Kingdom. In truth, the discussion of tariff preferences was closed before the Conference began. Only a quarter of the foreign trade of the United Kingdom is with the colonies. Hence it is hardly to be expected that in order to promote the interests of this one-fourth England would make sacrifices certain to injure the interests of the other three-fourths. For tariff preferences made by England in favor of colonial products would involve the imposition of protective duties on similar commodities imported from foreign countries, and this in turn would provoke retaliation. Thus, as any one might have prophesied, the really vital question for debate at the Colonial Conference has been decided against discrimination favoring colonial products, at least so long as the present Liberal Government shall last. Of course there is no question concerning the desire among all members of the Empire for a closer union. Some years ago Mr. Chamberlain declared that colonial union could best be brought about by emphasizing the commercial side; and while a true commercial union for the Empire might involve a departure from the principles of free trade, such a union would inevitably grow into a political organization, because there would have to be a Council of the Empire to decide on all questions relating to the protection of Imperial commerce, among which would necessarily be that of Imperial defense. However attractive this scheme may be to protectionists, it has not appealed either to the majority of voters in the United Kingdom who prefer three-fourths to one-fourth, or to those colonists who prefer to be under no obligations to the mother country and to

retain such freedom of action that they could even discriminate against her if necessary. The loyalty of England's self-governing colonies is not to be measured by pounds, shillings, and pence, or by any provisions for common military defense.



*The Santo Domingan Treaty*

A broad development in our Central and South American policy has been marked by the ratification of the Santo Domingan Treaty by the Santo Domingan Congress, following the recent ratification of that treaty by the United States Senate. The main alteration in the treaty as it stands, compared with the original agreement, lies in the elimination of the clause providing for the adjustment by our Government of the claims of holders of Santo Domingan bonds. The treaty retains, however, the features of the agreement which provide for the administration of the customs service by our agents. The alteration of the original agreement has been made possible by negotiation with foreign creditors whereby the indebtedness has been reduced. A firm of New York City bankers will now undertake the conversion of the debt and the floating of the new bonds to be issued to retire the old obligations. Hence our Government is relieved of some onerous and possibly unpleasant tasks imposed by the original proposal, and is left merely in the capacity of a revenue collector. Our Government's success in this rôle has already proved the wisdom of President Roosevelt's action. Perhaps for the first time in Domingan history, the revenues have been regularly collected. This in turn has naturally tended continually to improve foreign relations for the Domingan half of the island of Hayti, and has also brought about better internal conditions of self-respect and order. Judging from our experience in Santo Domingo during the past twelve months, a continuance of this kind of control would seem to be amply warranted. Certainly the Santo Domingan Government has had more available money during the period of our operation of its finances than at any other time in its

history. That period dates from December, 1904, when President Morales, beset by revolutionists, and hoping to obtain the moral support of the United States Government, then pressing a settlement of its citizens' claims against Santo Domingo, entered into an agreement with Captain Dillingham, of our navy, under the terms of which its custom-houses were to be occupied by American officials and all the foreign indebtedness of the country paid out of the customs receipts. Three months later this agreement gave place to another which has been in force to the present time. By its provisions an American collector was placed in charge of all the Domingan customs, and provided for the deposit in New York City of fifty-five per cent. of the receipts, for the benefit of the Domingan creditors. The substance of this agreement, in the shape of a treaty, was before the Senate when Secretary Hay's death occurred. His successor, Mr. Root, in view of the objections made there, recast the document as outlined above. In addition to provisions for the appointment by the President of the United States of a receiver of customs, to collect the Domingan revenues as long as the bonds are outstanding—a period variously estimated at from twenty to forty years—the treaty further reassures foreign creditors by pledging the Domingan Government not to increase its public debt or to modify its import duties without the consent of the United States. This application of the Monroe Doctrine in aid of a neighboring Government in serious trouble is giving satisfaction not only to the Domingans but to the foreign Governments interested, and is a significant example of the methods by which the United States may exercise its power as a constructive peace-maker.



*Judge Farrar's Plan*

Judge E. H. Farrar, of New Orleans, has made public, with the President's permission, a letter addressed to the President on the 2d of April last, presenting a new plan for the solution of the problem of the relations between the Federal Government and the

railways. This plan can be concisely stated as follows: The Constitution of the United States grants to Congress power "to establish post offices and post roads." This power is granted in the same section which authorizes Congress "to regulate commerce with the various nations and among the several States," "to establish a uniform rule of naturalization," "to coin money and regulate the value thereof," "to raise and support armies," "to provide and maintain a navy," etc. Whenever this power is exercised by Congress, it is exclusive; that is, no State can interfere with such exercise. Thus the power to coin money and regulate the value thereof has enabled Congress to organize a National banking system under the supervision, regulation, and control of the Federal Government. So its recent act regulating naturalization, and requiring all naturalization papers to be taken out before Federal judges, supersedes the previous provisions of different States on this subject. The power to establish post-offices and post roads gives it the power to create the necessary machinery to operate the post-offices and to make useful the post roads. Under this clause of the Constitution it can create corporations for the purpose of carrying the mails, and the corporations thus created would be subject to the exclusive control of the Federal Government, could be shielded from all State interference and control and protected from State, county, and municipal taxation, and the Federal courts could be given exclusive jurisdiction of all suits against them. On the other hand, the Federal Government would have power, having created these corporations, to regulate their mode of organization, the issuance of their securities, the qualifications of their employees, and the like. Judge Farrar holds that this clause of the Constitution gives the Federal Government greater power than the inter-State commerce clause, because, under the former, transportation can be regulated by Congress only in so far as it is inter-State, whereas under the postal clause the instruments of transportation could be regulated within the States also. Judge Farrar's proposition has been treated rather cavalierly

by certain of the great journals, but it is certainly entitled to serious consideration. Whether it is true that under the postal clause Congress could regulate commerce within the States by controlling the corporations which carry on commerce within the States provided they operate on post roads, we will not undertake to say, but we may remind our readers that The Outlook has heretofore pointed out the unquestionable right of Congress under the Constitution to give franchises to corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, and its right to give such franchises to corporations engaged in operating post roads is equally indisputable; and both the practice of the United States and the decisions of the Supreme Court make it clear that a corporation organized by the Federal Government for the fulfilling of functions conferred on the Federal Government by the Constitution would be exempt from State control. We may add that we have very little doubt that, if Congress were to offer franchises to the great railway corporations, the offer would be gladly accepted after once the railway corporations have become familiar with the idea. The advantage of dealing with one National Government and one National Legislature, and of being exempt from having to deal with the Legislatures of forty-six different States, would far more than counterbalance any possible disadvantage which might be supposed to result from increased power of Federal supervision and control.

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*Transit, Not Rapid,  
in New York*

Apparently the city of New York has made in four years not a step toward the actual construction of new subways. It has made progress in the adoption of certain principles which will determine its policy with regard to transportation; but the adoption of these principles, according to the views of many citizens, has postponed the day when the greatly needed new lines will be in use. This city, which, by its geographical conformation, is made more dependent upon rapid transportation of passengers than any other city of the world, is suffering from a deadlock

between the officials in charge of such transportation and the financiers from whom the city must get the money to supply it. Plans for an elaborate and effective system of subways were prepared, contracts were drawn, and a day was set for receiving bids for construction and operation of these subways, for construction alone of the whole system, or construction of sections. When the day (towards the close of April) arrived, not a bid was received—not even for the construction of the smallest portion of the new routes. When the Rapid Transit Commissioners met for the opening of bids, the Interborough Company, which is operating the present subway, was represented by its chief executive, Mr. Shonts. At that time he presented a letter explaining why the Company could not bid. The purport of this letter was that the natural increase in the cost of labor and material, the reduction by the Elsborg Law of the terms of the franchise from a long term to twenty years, with a twenty-year renewal, and more particularly the onerous conditions imposed by the Board upon the contractor, according to the terms of the contract, made impossible any adequate return from the capital required. The present subway, the Company reports, paid only between six and seven per cent. on the actual cost of construction; according to the conditions under which the new subways would have to be built, the cost per mile would be twice as great. In recognition, however, of its moral obligation as the operator of the present subway, the Company, through its President, offered to build two lines, which, together with the present subway, would make two routes from the lower to points beyond the upper end of Manhattan, one on the East Side, one on the West. Such a project would, he was persuaded, pay no dividends; it would simply pay for itself; but it would have to be built on the city's credit and it would have to be freed from some of the onerous conditions embodied in the plans of the Rapid Transit Board. The only reply he received to this was a counter proposal that the Board would give the Interborough Company the right to build a third track on one of its elevated roads, for which it has

a franchise in perpetuity, if the Company with its own money would build the new subways under the conditions prescribed by the Board. The Company has no intention of considering this proposition. We do not believe that the proposition would be for the ultimate advantage of the city, which some day, we hope, will be wholly rid of elevated railway structures. With the rejection of this proposition the negotiations have for the present come to an end. The situation is not hopeful.

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#### *Capital for Municipal Enterprises*

It has been customary for some capitalists to take municipalities by the throat. That is no reason why any municipality should turn about and attempt to take the capitalist by the throat. The city should give an example of fair dealing. The Interborough-Metropolitan combination has now control of local transportation in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx, and, it is surmised, over a much larger territory. It is receiving good dividends on watered stock; but its chief source of profit is not the subway. If it is ready to build new subways under the present law, the authorities in charge of the transit question should see to it that the conditions under which the building is to be carried on are reasonable. Some of the conditions stipulated by the Board of Rapid Transit Commissioners seem to us open to question. It is not essential (from some points of view it is positively inconvenient) to have, for instance, entrances to subways on private property; the condition requiring this, it seems to us, might easily be abandoned. It should furthermore be borne in mind that if the city wishes to own its own subways, it should loan its own credit for the construction of them, or be willing to pay a bonus to capitalists for risking their credit. The day when the city granted franchises in perpetuity is gone, not to return; now it is estopped from granting any new subway franchise for a longer term than twenty years, with a twenty-year renewal. This seems to us to be too short a term; nevertheless, in spite of all that has been predicted to the contrary, it is not the Elsborg Law,

making this requirement, that stands in the way of subway development in New York. That is evident from Mr. Shonts's own words. What does stand in the way is the unwillingness of the men who have the money that the city wishes to use to agree to any bargain which the transit authorities have been willing to make. It is proposed that the city now proceed to build—and, if need be, operate—its own subways; under the present law it has the authority to do this; but the city has so nearly reached its legal debt limit that it cannot get money for such a vast municipal enterprise. If the new Public Service Commissions Bill passes, the Commission then created may find some solution. Whether the present deadlock continues or is broken, the situation in New York emphasizes the necessity for recognizing in all cities two principles which *The Outlook* has repeatedly advocated: first, that every city should be free to do for itself what private concerns are unable to do for it so well, or unwilling to do for it at all; second, that every city should be allowed, without encroaching on its debt limit, to borrow on the property which is bringing it an income.



#### *Industrial War*

That is still a primitive condition of the social organization in which disagreement between employers and employees as to wages and hours is accompanied by financial loss, discomfort, and inconvenience to the public at large. When to these offensive elements is added that of mob violence, the condition is barbaric as well as primitive—and it does not matter whether the violence begins with strikers, strike-sympathizers, or strike-breakers. Collective bargaining between unions and employers or employers' unions is necessary, because only in this way can the two parties to the contract meet on even terms; but strikes and lockouts are the methods of industrial war, arbitration and councils of conciliation the methods of industrial democracy. In time the latter must prevail; meanwhile, all last week steamships went out from New York unloaded or half-loaded, to the grievous loss of commerce, and ten or fifteen

thousand men were idle, while, as might be expected, fights between strikers and strike-breakers were not uncommon, and the police and militia were held in readiness for fear of extensive disturbances. In San Francisco nearly all the street-car lines were tied up, and the general situation is thus described in a press despatch: "Take it all in all, San Francisco to-day presents a fine example of a city with trade paralyzed and rebuilding checked, with a corrupt and incompetent administration, with no prominent citizens of courage to call a public mass-meeting and deal with the situation as it deserves." Strikers and hoodlums threw bricks at the cars that did run, and were clubbed by the police, while the disorder reached its climax when the strike-breakers opened fire with revolvers on their assailants, and some twenty men were wounded, five, it was said, mortally. Governor Gillett took measures to call out the militia, but by the end of the week the violence seemed to abate, and this step was not necessary. *The Outlook* once more repeats what it has said twenty times before, that in industrial disputes such as those now going on in San Francisco and New York, where the public streets are made the scene of the struggle, the very first and most important duty of citizens and officials is to preserve order and to see that violence is suppressed and law-breakers punished. It is only fair to add that in New York at least there has been a genuine effort to preserve the peace by the leaders of the longshoremen; one of these is quoted by an *Evening Post* reporter as saying: "Boys, the papers may say a lot o' hard things about us; but they ain't a-goin' to say we're a crowd o' drunken, noisy bums, a-holdin' up traffic and breakin' people's heads." Another, asked the cause of the strike, said:

It is a movement started by no one, but begun by every one. We had to strike. Rents are higher, provisions are higher, and yet we are getting the wages we got twenty years ago. We are fighting for a principle as well as for a livelihood. We are sober, and we are not beating any one. We think we can win by such methods. We will not work until we do—that is sure.

The remark is often made that now when wages are high and work plentiful there

is no excuse for strikes. The workingman's view of the matter may be understood if we refer to the just-published price statistics of Mr. Sauerbeck, a recognized scientific economist. From these figures it appears that the general average of prices in America has in ten years advanced no less than *thirty-two per cent.* The longshoreman never heard of Sauerbeck, but he knows that his own rent, clothes, and food have advanced tremendously in cost, and he not unnaturally, although often perhaps unreasonably, clamors for a corresponding advance in wages.

*The Prosecution of Grafters  
in San Francisco*

Ruef, who has been called the brains and boss of San Francisco corruption, are proceeding slowly but steadily; and each move for delay and evasion by Ruef is being met squarely by Mr. Heney and his associates in the anti-graft uprising. It has now been established, not in the courts but in the public knowledge and through confession of men implicated in the charges, that bribe-giving and bribe-taking were rampant in San Francisco both before and after its destruction by fire and earthquake. These corrupt conditions were found in their most scandalous state in the telephone, the trolley, and the gas deals, but also permeated the government of the city in its dealings with vice, while the relief fund raised for the benefit of the sufferers was barely rescued intact from the hands of the looters who, unquestionably, were planning to divert part of it to their own purposes. There seems to be, among those who wish to make a clean city as well as a new city of San Francisco, some divergence of opinion as to how far the prosecution should extend. If we are rightly informed, some of the leaders in the anti-graft movement hold that the bribe-giving extended so far as to include the Southern Pacific Railroad, and that money was paid by that corporation through its officers, not merely for the purpose of quieting blackmailers, but to obtain specific advantages desired by the company. Those who hold this view wish to see that phase of the matter

The criminal proceedings against

probed to the bottom; while others, believing that, in point of fact, while the railway may have paid tribute to a corrupt administration, it did not voluntarily offer bribes, think that other phases of the charges are more important, and that it would be a mistake to divert attention in the direction suggested. How brazen the corruption was may be judged from the confession of Supervisor Lonergan in relation to the telephone bribery case—and it should be remembered that this confession is only one of many made by city officials, and relates to only one of many corrupt transactions, so that the Grand Jury, after the confessions of the Supervisors, found sixty-five indictments against Ruef and many against other men. In this telephone deal, as the story was told by Lonergan, several of the Supervisors accepted each a bribe of five thousand dollars in bank bills from the telephone company actually in possession of the franchise, as a consideration for their opposition to a bill admitting a new company. Later on the officers of the new company got control of certain political bosses, who came to the men already bribed, told them that, much as it might hurt their feelings, they must vote in favor of the bill admitting the new company, and paid them \$3,500 each to do so. Lonergan and others took the \$3,500, voted as ordered, but retained the \$5,000 paid to them for voting the other way! This is felicitously termed in the jargon of thieves and bribe-takers the double-cross. Lonergan says: "Well, it was a pretty pill to swallow, but I swallowed it, and held on to Halsey's money. . . . I couldn't see any reason why I should give any of it back." This is only one sample bit of bribery out of scores of acts which were nothing more or less than vulgar and common theft. Both Ruef and Mayor Schmitz (if we may believe reports which seem to us to come from reliable sources) have approached the prosecuting officers with a view to gain immunity from punishment by telling what they know of the facts. It is impossible at this time and distance to judge whether the prosecution would be justified in accepting such an offer from either of the men, but in some way



the public interest requires drastic and thorough vindication of the laws dealing with this kind of crime.



*Directing Literary Taste by  
Postal Discrimination*

The postal authorities of Canada believe that Canadians ought to want to read papers and magazines published in London rather than those printed in the United States. Their kindly and paternal conviction has led to a change in the postal agreement between Canada and the United States (the old agreement having just expired) whereby papers and magazines sent to Canada from Great Britain will pay only one-half as much postage as those mailed to Canada from this country. Formerly an English publication had to pay eight times as much as an American—which was obviously unfair; but the questions may be put, Why replace one injustice by another? Why not allow British and American literary and journalistic output to compete on even terms and let the best brains win? The reasons, as we gather them from a Canadian publication, are these:

In the words of one of our public men, the republic [*i.e.*, the United States] was, under the old arrangement, acquiring an "intellectual supremacy" over us that could not be regarded as desirable. The development of a periodical literature of our own was being retarded if not rendered impossible. The cheap New York magazine traveled as freely through our mails as through the American, as freely through Ontario as Michigan, while all the postal revenue went to Washington, and not a cent to Ottawa. All these publications were crammed with advertising, none of it Canadian. We were a sort of cheap annex to the republic—an extra stretch of country thrown in "to boot" or to make good measure in all things having to do with literature and publishing.

Thus those Canadians who reprehensibly like American yellow journals are gently urged to turn for solace to London's "Ally Sloper" and "Tit-Bits;" and those Canadians who like, say, the Atlantic Monthly, the Century, or the North American Review, can get them by paying, in addition to the price and former postage, the protective fine levied by their Government. Probably American publishers will be less disturbed by the unequal competition with their British brethren thus thrust upon them than by

the oppressive and worrisome conditions of the new arrangement. It is possible that magazines at least may be sent by freight or express to Canadian news agencies, and by them remailed to the individual Canadian addresses. In this case, of course, the Canadian Government would receive all the postage at the regular Canadian rates, and the American publisher would pay expressage, postage, and agent's commission. But with periodicals which make news and comment on news their field this method, cumbrous and slow in any event, would become unendurable. If, on the other hand, such a periodical is mailed directly to the subscriber, he must pay the extra postage—in the case of *The Outlook* it will amount to about \$1.20 annually—while the American publisher must also, under the new order, calculate the amount of postage due for *each package* of his Canadian mail and prepay that amount separately by means of postage-stamps affixed. It remains to be seen how Canadian readers will like this artificial regulation of their literary taste by what is practically a tax paid out of their pockets. Judging by letters received from our subscribers, there is already a growing sentiment for the repeal of this obnoxious discrimination, and we do not think that the danger of foreign "intellectual supremacy," or the pathetic outcry against the superfluity of magazine advertising, "none of it Canadian," can save a measure so essentially foolish.



*Taxation of  
Colleges*

The Massachusetts Legislature has, by an overwhelming majority, refused to pass the bill providing for the taxation of certain property belonging to collegiate institutions, specifically houses occupied by members of the faculty. Any of our readers who doubt the wisdom of this action would, we think, have their doubts shaken, if not entirely removed, by reading the address of President Eliot, of Harvard University, before the Recess Committee on Taxation, given last October. The fundamental question at issue in the proposition which comes up from time to time to tax colleges, churches, and hospitals is this: Ought men who combine together and contrib-

ute of their funds to carry on institutions, not for personal gain or private profit, but for the benefit of the public, to pay the public for the privilege of so doing? Some States maintain, at great expense, a State University. If in other States some citizens unite to maintain a university for the benefit of the State, and so take, in whole or in part, this educational burden off from the citizens, ought these citizens to add to the former another burden by the imposition of taxes? It seems to us that to ask this question is really to answer it. There may be good reason for taxing property, whether it belongs to a church, a hospital, or a university, if it is not used for the public welfare; if, for instance, it is rented and the profits turned into the institution's treasury. Even in such a case the main reason for taxation is that otherwise what claimed to be a public institution might be used for private profit. But this argument does not apply to any of the property legitimately used by the institution in its public ministry, and houses used as residences by the faculty constitute such property. The only serious objection to such exemption of college property is the assertion that it necessarily increases the burden of other taxpayers, who are thus compelled to render their support to the privately administered institution of public welfare whether they believe in its work and its methods or not. The distinctive value of Dr. Eliot's pamphlet is that he shows very clearly that this is not in fact the case; that (to quote his words) "there is no burden whatever on the towns and cities which contain institutions of higher education—absolutely none; no burden at all, but, on the contrary, enrichment and elevation for all the towns and cities in Massachusetts which have the happiness of containing these institutions." This general proposition he makes very clear by illustrative comparison of different cities of nearly equal populations, in one of which there is college property exempted, in the other of which there is no such exemption. For example, in Cambridge, with a population of 97,000, \$25,000,000 worth of property is exempted; in Lowell, with a population of 95,000, only \$3,000,000 of property is exempted;

but in Cambridge the tax is \$18.60, in Lowell \$19.60. Again, comparing Provincetown and Williamstown, rural towns of about equal population, Williamstown has over \$2,000,000 of exempted property, Provincetown only \$50,000 of exempted property; yet the tax rate in Williamstown was \$18.70 and in Provincetown \$19.50. The table appended to Dr. Eliot's address shows that these examples are not exceptions but illustrate a general rule. We think that Dr. Eliot has removed the only objection that can be urged against the fundamental principle that private property devoted to public uses ought not to be subjected to a tax to be appropriated to other public uses.



*A New  
Social Settlement Work*

Dr. Richard C. Cabot, of Boston, has issued a report of "Social Work Permitted at the Massachusetts General Hospital," which we should be glad to get into the hands of any of our readers who are interested in philanthropic work in or connected with hospitals. We cannot better indicate the nature of this social work and the necessity of it than by quoting two paragraphs of his Report:

In the Out-Patient Department of the Massachusetts General Hospital (and I suppose in most other hospitals) there occurs many times each year a scene not unlike that described in "Alice in Wonderland:"

"Have some wine," said the Hatter.

"I don't see any wine," said Alice.

"There isn't any," said the Hatter.

Without any sense of the humor and pathos of the situation, we say (in substance) to many patients, "Take a vacation," or "Get a job," "Get a set of teeth," or "Get a truss." There is none in sight and no means of getting any. What do we do then? We pass cheerfully to the next patient. . . . To order for one patient a diet which he cannot possibly procure; for the next, a vacation which he is too poor to take; to forbid the third to worry when the necessary cause of worry remains unchanged; to give the fourth directions for an outdoor life which you are morally certain he won't carry out; to try to teach the fifth (a Jewish mother) how to modify milk for her baby when she understands perhaps half what you say and forgets most of that half—this makes a morning's work not very satisfactory in the retrospect to anybody, and hardly more useful than the old-fashioned wholesale drugging.

We have no space here to give illustrative examples of this need. Every

physician, nurse, or other attendant upon city hospitals will understand the need so graphically described by Dr. Cabot, and will wish to understand better than we can tell in this paragraph the attempted provision for it. Briefly, this is the organization of a small force of social workers to attend to any cases which the out-patients' physician might see fit to send them. This work of social service includes hygienic teaching, instruction to mothers in the care of delicate children, country outings to those who need them as part of their treatment, and assistance in various forms to patients needing help after discharge from the hospital. Such a social annex to every hospital appeals to us, after reading this Report, as a great desideratum.



*Home Work  
for the Sick*

In this connection may be mentioned another analogous work carried on in different forms in Massachusetts and in New York. In Massachusetts, in the vicinity of Boston, a Suburban Tuberculosis Class has been organized under the direction of Dr. Cabot. The object of this movement is to provide for tuberculosis patients who for one reason or another cannot be brought into any home or hospital fitted for the charge of them. A class of such patients is organized, who are given instruction as to what to do, how to take care of themselves, how to secure fresh air, what food to take, and the like, and are also instructed in their homes by a nurse assigned to this work. A map accompanying this first Report shows the residence of members of the Suburban Tuberculosis Class, and three illustrations help to indicate certain phases of outdoor treatment. Similar to this in spirit, although not in detail, is the Saranac Lake Industrial Settlement, which has been formed to give employment to people recovering from pulmonary tuberculosis. The object is to enable convalescents who have been started on the road to recovery by a brief residence in the Adirondacks to remain there until the cure is perfected, and for this purpose to provide them with light employment in the raising of

vegetables, flowers, and poultry for the market, and provide them with comfortable lodging and wholesome board at moderate cost. The Suburban Tuberculosis Class has the indorsement of Dr. Richard C. Cabot; the Saranac Lake Industrial Settlement, of Dr. Trudeau and of Miss Grace H. Dodge. Further information concerning the first can, we presume, be obtained by addressing Dr. Richard C. Cabot, Massachusetts General Hospital, Boston, who, we venture to assume, would receive contributions for either the Suburban Tuberculosis Class or the social work; information concerning the second can be obtained from Mrs. William E. D. Scott, Saranac Lake Industrial Settlement, Saranac Lake, New York.



*Judge Grosscup  
on Church Spoliation*

In a recent address before a Roman Catholic Association in Chicago, Judge Grosscup, while voicing his belief in the separation of Church and State, and declaring that, though he believed in a State uncontrolled by a religion, he was against religion controlled by a State, condemned in unsparing terms the policy of the French Government in expelling Catholic officials of all kinds from their churches, seminaries, and houses, and taking possession of property which belonged to the Church. He declared that the Concordat of 1801 was a compromise which restored to the Catholics of France only a part of the property that had previously belonged to them; that in its dealings with Church property in withdrawing from this contract the State has been guilty of practical repudiation. He pointed out, as *The Outlook* has on more than one occasion, the American principle under which churches hold to their own property, to be used according to their own interpretations of their religious duties, and the State is prohibited, by constitutional guaranties, from taking any property, either religious or secular, except upon full compensation. To the statement that the act of separation still preserves to the people who reside in the vicinity of the individual churches taken the continued enjoyment of such churches as houses of

worship, and that all these several communities have to do is to apply to the State for permission to use the church buildings, whereupon permission will be granted, he asserted that under the French law, as it now stands, three, five, or a score of associations may be formed in a specific community, surrounding the church edifice asked for, and that each—Catholic, Hebrew, Methodist, Mohammedan—will be entitled to the use of the edifice. A careful reading, however, of the original text does not, in our judgment, justify this interpretation of the article concerning the use of church edifices by religious associations. The seizure of the churches at the beginning of the Revolution, Judge Grosscup affirmed, and the establishment of the Concordat at the end, were not separate items in French history, unrelated to each other, but two events closely related; for "without the unlawful seizures the Concordat would never have come into existence, and without the Concordat the Church would eventually have found some other way to retrieve the wrong done." Judge Grosscup's views are especially interesting as those of an eminent American jurist who is also a thoroughgoing Protestant.



## *Presidential Appointments*

It is a wholesome sign that some recent Federal appointments of the President have been so widely and seriously criticised by both Democratic and Republican newspapers. Some of the criticism has been manifestly prejudiced and spiteful. Ex-Congressman Wadsworth, of New York, whose opposition to the Pure Food Bill led to his defeat as a candidate for re-election last autumn, in speaking of the case of the Collector of Internal Revenue recently removed from office at Rochester, New York, by a Presidential order, uses this language: "The whole thing stamps the President as unreliable, a faker and a humbug. For years he has indulged in lofty sentiments, and violates them all for the sake of satisfying his petty spite. . . . Thank

God, he can't fool all the people all the time, and the country is fast awakening to the real character of this bloody hero of Kettle Hill." Vituperative criticism of this sort condemns no one but its author. Fear has, however, been expressed in many quarters, in language entirely respectful to the President, and with full recognition of his great services in behalf of Civil Service Reform, that in three conspicuous instances he has recently and in quick succession violated in practice the Civil Service Reform principles which he has so often expounded in written precept. We repeat that this quick championship by public opinion of the merit system as opposed to the spoils system of government is a significant and gratifying sign of the times. The public has a right to know whether the President has ceased to be an upholder of the merit system and has suddenly been converted into a spoilsman. Let us consider the situation carefully.

The adoption of the doctrine that "to the victor belong the spoils" by President Jackson in 1829 saddled upon this country a system of political administration that was not only disastrous in its practical results, but vicious in the moral effect which it had upon the public conscience. By large bodies of Americans it finally came to be believed that it was actually unrighteous not to give the offices and their emoluments to the generals, colonels, captains, and especially the privates of the particular political army which happened to be victorious in any given political contest. When a Democratic followed a Republican administration, it was accepted as a natural consequence that there should be an entirely new deal of Federal offices. Not only were distinctively political office-holders discharged, but clerks and laborers also had their "heads cut off." The spoils system, for some psychological reason that has never yet been satisfactorily explained, finally obtained so firm a hold upon the American people, both as a habit of mind and a habit of action, that it was called the "American" system, and was held up with pride and satisfaction as an example of the efficient way "we do things" in this country. England had tried the

spoils system in the administration of her imperial affairs. Its evils, however, became so pronounced that in 1855 the Government, by a reformatory measure which was considered exceedingly radical at the time, instituted the merit system which has worked successfully in the British civil service ever since.

The example of England led a group of thoughtful and earnest men in this country to begin a public agitation for a similar reform of the American administrative system. The demand of the Civil Service Reformers, put concisely, was that non-political administrative office-holders should be appointed for merit only, and should hold their position until removed on proved charges of demerit. Here we have the characteristic contrast between the two administrative methods—the spoils system, invented for the service of the office-holder; the merit system, invented for the public service.

We are apt to forget what ridicule and obloquy were poured out upon the first Civil Service Reformers. We think it was Mr. Charles A. Dana, the caustic and satirical editor of the *New York Sun*, who dubbed the reformers advocates of the Chinese system, and for a long time it was believed by the American public at large that the men and the associations who were advocating the abandonment of the spoils system were urging the country to give up a progressive American invention and adopt a system of Chinese red tape or of a king-ridden European bureaucracy. The progress made between those days, not so long past after all, and the present time is significantly registered by the public protest which goes up all over the country, on the part of professional politicians and private citizens alike, when there is any indication that the President is using political patronage for his personal ends.

Under the Constitution the President possesses the right of appointment to Federal office, which cannot be limited by Congressional enactment. The only limitation is that his appointments must be approved by the Senate. The merit system has, however, been extended in the field of Presidential appointments by the executive orders of various Presi-

dents, and in this extension of the merit system President Roosevelt has performed a conspicuous and effective part. Under his direction fourth-class postmasters may now be removed only upon charges, and the application by him of the examination and merit method to the consular service has recently been noted in *The Outlook*. But it must be constantly recalled that the appointing power is vested by the Constitution in the President. He is bound both by the Constitution and by every principle of good citizenship to make appointments for the good service of the public. With the thousand offices which a President has to fill, he cannot, of course, know personally every one of his appointees, and he must therefore, as provided by the Constitution, be advised and aided by the Senate. But he cannot and ought not to delegate the appointing power to Representatives, Senators, or any other persons. If in considering Presidential appointments these two principles are borne in mind, namely, that the Presidential authority, as provided by the Constitution, must be preserved and the highest efficiency of public service must be maintained, the public will be greatly aided in coming to a just judgment concerning their propriety. Let us apply them to the three instances which have aroused the recent criticism of Mr. Roosevelt.

Mr. Sanders, the Collector of Internal Revenue at Rochester, New York, was appointed, in accordance with the method provided by the Constitution, on the recommendation and approval of Mr. Wadsworth when the latter was a member of Congress. Since that time Mr. Wadsworth has become engaged in a bitter factional political fight in his part of the State. Apparently both Mr. Sanders and Mr. Wadsworth are believers in and practitioners of the spoils system of politics. For the Collector who was chosen by the President for the public service engaged himself in the private service of Mr. Wadsworth in a factional contest. He was charged with being engaged in "pernicious political activity"—an admirable phrase invented by ex-President Cleveland. When this was brought to the attention of Mr. Roosevelt, he

promptly removed the Collector. In our judgment, by the application of the principles which we have defined, the President was promoting the merit system and attacking the spoils system of personal patronage by the removal of Mr. Sanders.

The second instance was that of a Collector of Internal Revenue in Ohio. Here a candidate supported by the two United States Senators was not appointed by the President, for the reason that in this case also the nominee was involved in a factional party contest. Thus again under the Constitution the President was not only exercising his prerogative, but was performing his duty as a recognized leader in Civil Service Reform.

The third instance was the most striking of all. One of the Ohio Senators, in carrying a doubtful district for his own particular political machine, needed the co-operation and influence of a certain lawyer. To obtain that co-operation he promised the lawyer a Federal judgeship. The lawyer went into the contest and carried the district for the Senator. Thereupon the Senator naively demanded that the President should confirm the appointment that he, the Senator, had attempted to make himself. This the President absolutely declined to do. In our judgment, if he had acceded to the Senator's request and had made the promised appointment he would not only have violated the spirit of the Constitution and stultified himself, but would have greatly strengthened the hand of the spoilsmen.

It cannot be too often nor too firmly declared to the country at large that Federal appointments are not to be made by Senators, Representatives, or party leaders. The entire strength of the spoils system lies in the fact that they have been so made too often in the past. The records will show and politicians will agree that President Roosevelt has never been browbeaten by the abuse of his political antagonists into surrendering his Constitutional prerogative in making Federal appointments. When the principles which guide him are clearly understood and the facts connected with his appointments carefully investigated, it appears to us that

he will be found to be to-day more than ever a frank opponent of all spoilsmen and a consistent Civil Service Reformer in practice as well as in theory.



## *Frankly Questioned Frankly Answered*

What is the difference between "proof" and "revelation"?

If you desire merely a definition of words, I should refer you to the dictionary. But I assume that you want something else; that you want my idea of the difference between the kind of evidence on which we depend for scientific conclusions and that on which religious faith rests. Is it the same? I do not think so. What is the difference? That is what in this letter I will try to tell you.

When from certain observed phenomena we deduce certain conclusions, the conclusions are said to be proved. Harry K. Thaw is accused of murder. It is necessary for his defense that it be proved that he was insane when he shot Stanford White. Certain observed phenomena are testified to; and from these phenomena the counsel for the defense draw the conclusion of his insanity. If they succeed to the satisfaction of the jury, the conclusion is said to be proved.

Revelation is unveiling. It is the discovery or uncovering of a before hidden experience in the soul. The Psalmist writes:

Bless Jehovah, O my soul!  
And forget not all his benefits:  
Who forgiveth all thine iniquities;  
Who healeth all thy diseases;  
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction;  
Who crowneth thee with loving-kindness  
and tender mercies;  
Who satisfieth thine age with good,  
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle.

This is not a conclusion which he draws from certain observed phenomena. It is an uncovering or revealing of certain experiences of which he is conscious. He has felt the burden of remorse for wrongs which he has perpetrated; and the burden has been lifted off from him. He has realized his own weaknesses, his own inadequacy to meet temptations

which have confronted him; and he has also realized a strange, inexplicable power which has enabled him to meet and overcome them. He has been awakened to the consciousness that some course which he was pursuing would end in his ruin; and as though a mysterious hand was reached out to arrest him, he has been stayed, and so saved from the self-destruction. He has been called to some kingly mission quite too great for his natural abilities; and he has entered upon this with foreboding to find a coronation of strength not his own, by which he has been enabled to fulfill that mission. In his old age he has found himself looking forward to the unknown world which is drawing daily nearer to him, not with fear, hardly with awe, rather with a great exhilaration, a hope transcending all the hopes of his youth. And he reveals or unveils to us this inward experience of his soul.

Religion is the life of God in the soul of man. Revelation is the unveiling of that life to others. The Bible is a revelation, or, to speak more accurately, contains a revelation, because it unveils God as an experience in the consciousness of men. The laws in the Bible are written by prophets who have realized what Kant calls the "categorical imperative" within themselves and have interpreted it in such specific commands as those that call for reverence toward God, hours saved from drudgery and dedicated for the higher life, respect for parents, and regard for the rights of one's neighbor. Theodore Parker as a boy crossing the Boston Common picked up a stone to throw at a bird. A voice within him seemed to tell him not to throw the stone. He dropped it and ran home to tell his mother, who explained to him that it was the voice of God, always to be obeyed. The law against cruelty to animals was not proved to him; it was revealed in him. The history in the Bible is written by men who perceived in the life of the nation what Matthew Arnold has called "a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." The existence of this power was not proved to them as something external to themselves; they were conscious of it as a power working within themselves. It was not a hy-

pothesis demonstrated; it was an experience unveiled. The poetry in the Bible, like all poetry, is the unveiling of a life of truth and beauty in the phenomena of nature which the brute cannot and the dullard does not see; but, unlike much other poetry, it discerns in this truth and beauty a manifestation of the same Spirit of grace and power that dwells within the soul and gives it power of vision.

Prove it. You cannot prove it; any more than you can prove the beauty of a Brahms symphony to one who prefers a coon song, or the grandeur of Niagara to one who can see in it only an instrument for creating salable electric power. God is not proved. He is perceived; he is experienced within the soul.

This revealing of one's own inner experience has often power to awaken a like experience in others.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel has written a book entitled "How to Listen to Music." Most men do not know how to listen to music; they do not know how to see a picture; they do not know how to see the world. But they possess a dormant capacity which the brute does not possess. It can be awakened in them. When this power, before asleep, has been awakened in them, then the truth, the beauty, the life, is revealed to them. It is revealed to them because it is revealed in them. The soul is like a torch—dark, but with a capacity to be lighted. When it is touched by some other soul aflame with divine life, it catches the fire and flames up with the same life.

Says Professor Huxley:

As there are Pascals and Mozarts, Newtons and Raffaels, in whom the innate faculty for science or art seems to need but a touch to spring into full vigor, and through whom the human race obtains new possibilities of knowledge and new conceptions of beauty; so there have been men of moral genius, to whom we owe ideals of duty and visions of moral perfection which ordinary mankind could never have attained; though, happily for them, they can feel the beauty of a vision which lay beyond the reach of their dull imaginations, and count life well spent in shaping some faint image of it in the actual world.

This is the Bible. It is a library of religious experience. It reveals or unveils the spiritual life of those who wrote its various books. In so doing it kindles

a like experience in the reader. This power to awaken in the soul of the reader the same life which was in the soul of the writer is what gives the Bible its value and makes it in both senses a revelation: an unveiling to the soul of spiritual life because an unveiling of that life within the soul.

Jesus Christ is thus a supreme revelation of God. He had a consciousness of God. It was his supreme, abiding, dominating consciousness. "I am in my Father, and my Father in me," he said. He also said that we were to be in them as they were in each other. He reveals or unveils God to us because he reveals us or unveils God within us. He enables us to see the picture which before was unseen, to hear the music which before was unheard. God was always within us, speaking to us, but we did not hear him. When we learn from Christ how to listen, then we begin to hear. To believe in Abraham Lincoln is not to believe that he was born at a particular time or place, nor even that he was constitutionally elected President of the United States. It is to believe that what he was trying to do ought to be done, and that he was trying to do it in the right spirit. To believe in Christ is not to believe that he was born at a particular time or place, or in a particular manner. It is not to believe in any theory which the Church or the doctors in the Church may have formed as to his metaphysical relation to the Father. It is to believe in him. It is to see the divine life, the life of the living God in the soul of a living man, revealed or unveiled in him, to see in him a supreme object of reverence, loyalty, and affection. Christ asked the young man, "Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, even God." The young man could not answer the question. He was speechless. He did not know why he had called Christ good. To believe in Christ is to know and to be able to answer that question. It is to say: I know no One so good as thou art; no One who so awakens my reverence and inspires my ambition; no One whose approval I so desire, whose life I so wish to imitate, whose spirit I so eagerly long to make my own.

This is my personal faith in Christ. I

care very little about theories concerning his Person or his metaphysical relation to the Infinite. He is to me the revealing or unveiling of God. To revere him is the highest worship; to do his work in his spirit is the highest life; to love him and be approved by him is the highest ambition.

Yours sincerely,

LYMAN ABBOTT.



## *A Musical Pilgrimage*

Nearly two hundred Viennese gentlemen, lawyers, judges, merchants, physicians, State officials, artists, financiers, are on a visit in a body to this country. They have come, not to study economic or social conditions, not to attend a convention, but to bear to this land a gift of song. It is a gracious errand on which these men, representing circles of learning, wealth, and cultivation in the Austrian capital, are bent; and they have had a cordial welcome. They have sung at the White House and have been received by the President; they have also been welcomed by the Mayors of Philadelphia and New York; and at each place that they have visited popular appreciation of their coming has been evinced by the crowds that have gathered to cheer them, and by the stirring enthusiasm of audiences that have listened to their singing.

Like the concerts in the cities of Buffalo and New York of the Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto during the musical season now practically at an end, the concerts of the Vienna Male Choir have a marked effect upon international relations. Theirs indeed is a mission of peace. No one can hear the moving harmonies of their voices, and share in the friendly salutations exchanged between them and their hearers, without being caught by a feeling of admiration for the great empire they represent. At the close of one of their concerts—and the occasion was typical—as the last note ceased there was an instant of silence, and then a tumult of shouting. The audience rose, and accompanied their cheers with the waving of programmes, hats, handkerchiefs, scarfs,



anything at hand. The choir, held in their places by the mesmerism of this vast greeting, within a moment were cheering and waving their music books in response. There was in this something besides the note of praise for the performance and appreciation of the applause. It was as if hearers and performers alike were merged into one great throng expressing their joy in the art of music. Whoever could be present at such an occasion and remain callous to the sentiment of comradeship with which the whole place was electric has no music in his soul. It made at least one American hunger for more in American life of the spirit that has made Vienna the city of Franz Schubert, Johann Strauss, and Johannes Brahms. After hearing that music, it would take him a full month, he is sure, and a hard, deliberate exercise of will to open his mind to the least feeling of enmity toward the peoples of Austria-Hungary. For an instant, at least, he himself tasted the flavor of Austrian patriotism.

That is one effect of the tour of this choral society; and it has not been confined to this country. The society has fostered in itself the traveling habit. In the nearly sixty four years of its existence the Vienna Male Choir has made sixty-two trips. It has visited Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt, France, England, Germany, Belgium. Wherever it has gone it must have implanted, not merely good feeling for its native land, but even affection. It cannot have been otherwise.

Of its musical effect what can one say? What, indeed, shall one choose to leave unsaid? To hear it sing the Schumann *ritornelle*, "*Die Rose, Stand,*" is to have a new experience, not only of the tonal coloring of male voices, but also of the emotional depths of music; to hear it sing the *Spielmannslied* by Richard Heuberger, the assistant conductor, is to wonder if any woman could resist if she were wooed in such tones; to hear it sing German folk songs, or the equally melodious if less naïve dance music of Johann Strauss, is to be reassured that the sway of Richard Strauss and the music of metaphysics is not universal.

The most distinctive trait, however,

of the Vienna Male Choir, or, as its German name is, *Der Wiener Männer-Gesang-Verein*, is its splendid amateur spirit. Too much has the word *amateur* implied the amateurish. Here is a society whose musical ability it would be hopeless for any professional singers to attempt to surpass; yet it receives not a cent for its services—not even for the payment of its expenses. All the receipts at its concerts go to charity. We know what is meant by a standard for amateur sport; the Vienna Male Choir has established the loftiest standard of amateur art. For its trip to America the society chartered an ocean steamship for what happened to be the vessel's maiden voyage. The expenses of the journey, we are informed, are paid by some of the wealthier members of the society. Founded in 1843, it has maintained this spirit from the beginning. In Vienna it has built a marble monument to the greatest native composer of the city—Franz Schubert. It has established the Schubert Medal, "which," as a historical sketch of the society says, "is given from time to time to persons and corporations that have won distinguished merit in the encouragement of male choral music." It is constantly called upon to aid in municipal festivities and in charitable projects. Every candidate for membership in the society must first pass a rigorous examination in singing and in musical ability; his social standing must be vouched for by two members; he is then subjected to vote. Its high character is thus well guarded. Among its honorary members have been Mendelssohn, Liszt, Wagner, Bruckner, Johann Strauss, and Brahms. The present musical director is Eduard Kremser. The assistant director, Richard Heuberger, is a professor in the Conservatory of Vienna. It is not surprising that such an organization should have received honors at the hands of the Emperor of Austria and the German Emperor, and that it has received almost unqualified praise from critics in many lands.

Is it too much to hope that we Americans shall some day take time from our problems in engineering, in industry, in self-government, to cultivate such disinterested love for art?

## The Spectator

Guide-books contain many valuable though uninteresting facts, but they often fail to prepare one for the essential features of a country. Baedeker has a great deal to say about Normandy; but though the Spectator had plodded through interminable pages, he was not prepared for the two striking elements of Norman life which must impress the most casual looker out of a car window—apples and washing. It is impossible that every dweller in Normandy should take in washing. It must be their own washing. Furthermore, it must be always wash-day somewhere in the world, to paraphrase the poet. Yet Normandy seems to have incredibly more than its share. From town to town, perched on picturesque hills rising beside quick-flowing rivers, the rural railways run through miles and miles and more miles of apple orchards and washing-day. The Norman housewife does not seem to have so much as heard of a clothes-line. If she has a fence, she uses that for the larger things, but it is entirely inadequate even for them. The sheets are usually put on the fence as far as it will hold them up, and then about two feet of them trail floppily out on the ground. Smaller articles are spread on the bushes, the hedges, the well-curb, or the lower branches of the nearest apple-tree. As rural Normandy is full of cows, pigs, chickens, goats, cats, and children, it would seem as if the last state of that laundry must be worse than the first. Perhaps that is why they have to keep on washing steadily day after day. As for the apple orchards, they cover the land. The trees are small and scraggly, the apples small and wormy. The apple harvest was on in full swing when the Spectator traveled through the land of William the Conqueror; and methods did not appear to have changed since that hero's day.



The Norman farmer and his family first go out and knock the fruit down with clubs. Many of the orchards were freshly plowed, and the apples lay heaped in the furrows, which a night's rain had filled with water. When they have lain there from one to three days, they are

loaded with a shovel into the high wooden Normandy cars without springs, and are driven to market or to the railway. Every freight train that the Spectator saw had numberless cars, open, roofless, and filled with apples, small, hard, and resistant-looking—for the survival of the fittest has naturally cultivated these necessary qualities. The end toward which they travel is the cider-press; and anyone who has drunk Norman cider can testify how bad that end is. The Norman drinks cider as the rest of France drinks its *vin ordinaire*. Emerson has said that "we gain the strength of the enemy we resist," and that may be why the Norman, nurtured on such a drink, and resisting its effects, has conquered wherever he has gone. Certainly no stranger drinks it twice, and the acid rottenness of its bouquet is a thing not to be forgotten.



That it does not injure the indigenous inhabitant, however, is proved by the crowds that throng the Norman market-places. The Spectator had the good luck to follow up market day through the whole district from Mont St. Michel to Rouen. In Coutances the market day is Thursday; in St. Lô, Friday; in Bayeux, Saturday. It is thus arranged so that peddlers and exhibitors of stock can go on from one town to another, and the traveler shares the benefit of this continuous performance. A Normandy market is like a county fair, a rummage sale, and a farmer's institute mixed up together under the shadow of a Gothic cathedral. The cathedral is always the middle of things in a Norman town. Long before the Spectator's train reached St. Lô, the twin spires of Notre Dame, high on the hill above the river Vire, announced the ancient town; and when the cars stopped at the little station, every man, woman, and child on board started off at once up the steps of the Place Gambetta toward the cathedral square.



Needless to say that the Spectator climbed the steps too, followed by a small but indefatigable cripple who had marked him for his own. Right in face, across the wide square, the great gray

Gothic front of the cathedral towered up, massive, splendid, grotesquely and richly carved; its portals open, its aisles echoing with emptiness. A few women and children had slipped in from market to pray. One man in a blue blouse was among them—but only one. Who would be in the cathedral on a day when so much was going on outside in the bright autumn air? Even the cripple was impatient to be out in the market-place, and insisted that there was nothing to see in the big church—which was disappointingly true, for the old stained glass was too much injured to be impressive, and a profusion of whitewash was the prevailing note of the interior.



But the market-place—there was a picture! Old gabled houses framed in the rest of the square, and steps of all sorts led up to it from winding side streets all around. Brown, broad-faced peasant women, in queer flat white caps with starched visors, were selling everything imaginable in improvised booths, with umbrellas or canvas awnings over them. They and the cripple were alike pained and astonished to find that the Spectator did not care to buy halters, or coffee-pots with three feet, or crockery, or brass pots, or postals, or silver jewelry, or candy in jars, or lamp-shades, or clothes, or comforters, or candles for the church, or rope, or bird-cages, or galvanized ware, or artificial flowers. As for the Spectator, he sympathized with Diogenes, who, in a like situation in the market-place at Athens, philosophically remarked, "Thank the gods that there are so many things that Diogenes does not need!" Around the fountain were the sellers of fruit and vegetables, sitting behind great bunches of carrots, cut melons in slices, pumpkins, lettuce, pears and apples and grapes. Pans of pears baked in pastry were evidently a local delicacy, and roast chestnuts smoked at every turn. Women carrying heavy baskets slung by a strap of leather came and went, and other women carried steaming coffee-pots and hot lunches across the market-place to men too busy to leave carts and bargaining.

It was a picturesque place, but it was nothing—absolutely nothing—to the crowning attraction of St. Lô that day, the "little pig market." The Spectator happened on that after he had choked off the crippled guide, so to speak, on hot chestnuts, and escaped down the little street along the cathedral wall, where a beautiful old stone pulpit looks out over the pavements, and every variety of choice Gothic gargoyle grins on the passer-by. Something was happening in the square beyond and behind, up the hill, that sounded like a bagpipe competition. But when the Spectator got there it was not Highlanders and kilts that he saw, but dozens and dozens of little white pigs in little crates filled with straw, ranged in rows up one side of a tremendous "Champ de Mars," big enough for a regiment to maneuver in. On the far side were scores of high carts, with donkeys tethered beside them; down the middle ran a market for barrel-hoops for hogsheds, six in a bunch, in illimitable quantities. But the pig market was the main feature. Five or six in a crate, all white, all plump, all pink of nose and skin, the piglings lay cuddled together, heads toward the middle, sweetly sleeping whenever they had a spare moment from being bought and sold. But this was seldom. Every moment, up and down the long rows of crates, numberless buyers lifted them up, judiciously, by tail and front leg, "hefted" them, and considered their points. Every pig protested loudly—whence the bagpipe obligato—and if dropped back again, unbought, gave another wail before cuddling down. But the crescendo came when, bought and paid for, this pigling and that were borne off to the buyer's cart. Then, indeed, the innocent, torn from his companions, thought that his last hour had come, and started on his swan-song. When a dozen of them were trying for high C at once, and the donkeys on the other side responding to the top of their ability, the noise of that field of Mars was equal to several pitched battles; and the Spectator will never, to the last hour of his life, forget that humorous and operatic *marché au petits porcs* in the vast sunny square of St. Lô.

# JAPANESE IN AMERICA

BY JOHN FOORD

President of the American Asiatic Association

THE Japanese came to America by our own procurement. At whose instance the policy of aggressive friendship toward Japan was first adopted by the Government of the United States does not clearly appear. There had been trouble over the treatment of shipwrecked sailors of American whaling vessels, and the historic letter borne by Commodore Perry in 1853 had its first draft at the hands of Daniel Webster in May, 1851, and was recast by his successor, Edward Everett, in November, 1852. In the third annual Message of President Fillmore to Congress, dated December 6, 1852, a reference is made to the extension of our settlements on the shores of the Pacific, and to the new direction which had been imparted to our commerce on that ocean. A direct and rapidly increasing intercourse had sprung up with eastern Asia. The waters of the northern Pacific, even into the Arctic Sea, had of late years been frequented by our whalers. The application of steam to the general purposes of navigation was becoming daily more common, and made it desirable to obtain fuel and other necessary supplies at convenient points on the route between Asia and our Pacific shores. Then followed this notable passage of the Message: "Our unfortunate countrymen who from time to time suffer shipwreck on the coasts of the eastern seas are entitled to protection. Besides these specific objects, the general prosperity of our States on the Pacific requires that an attempt should be made to open the opposite regions of Asia to a mutually beneficial intercourse. It is obvious that this attempt could be made by no power to so great advantage as by the United States, whose constitutional system excludes every idea of distant colonial dependencies. I have accordingly been led to order an appropriate naval force to Japan, under the command of a discreet and intelligent officer of the high-

est rank known to our service. He is instructed to endeavor to obtain from the government of that country some relaxation of the inhospitable and anti-social system which it has pursued for about two centuries. He has been directed particularly to remonstrate in the strongest language against the cruel treatment to which our shipwrecked mariners have often been subjected, and to insist that they shall be treated with humanity."

The President's letter, for whose conveyance a fleet of six vessels was provided, was incased in a rosewood box bound with gold, and was addressed "To His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Japan." It was signed "Your good friend, Millard Fillmore."

But it happened that the Emperor of Japan had been condemned for some two hundred and fifty years to live in dignified retirement, and that the real ruler of Japan was the master of three hundred military clans, known as the Shogun. The Shogun held his court at Yedo; the Emperor passed a life of effeminate and somewhat poetic luxury at Kioto. Nevertheless, the Emperor in his sacrosanct isolation remained the visible embodiment of the State, and by 1853 a movement was fairly under way to restore to the Imperial House the power of which it had been bereft.

He who would understand the modern Japanese must study, from such materials as are available, the course of their national life in the two hundred and fifty years of peace that followed the battle of Siki-gahara, at which the lords of the feudal clans met their final defeat and were compelled to accept the rule of the victor, Tokugawa Ieyasu, the founder of the Shogunate. It is certain that the evolution from the old to the new was not *per saltum*, but, like most other historic processes, a slow and gradual one. The Shogunate was already doomed when Commodore Perry's black ships

first darkened the waters of the Bay of Yedo bearing President Fillmore's letter pressing our friendship on an unwilling people and a much disgusted government. The knell of the Shogunate was sounded when its ministers were compelled to conclude a treaty with the United States, among whose twelve articles were included these fatal concessions: Two additional ports—Shimoda and Hakodate—were to be opened to international commerce; shipwrecked American sailors were to be hospitably treated; and the United States was authorized to appoint consuls or agents to reside in Shimoda.

Under the terms of this latter provision came the first American envoy, Townsend Harris, to Japan, bringing with him suggestions less masterful than those of Commodore Perry, but not less significant, for the negotiation of a treaty providing for a more comprehensive and more intimate friendship. With the signing of this treaty in 1858 began ten years of internal disorder for Japan, which witnessed the death-throes of the Shogunate, the revival of the influence of the three great clans of Satsuma, Choshu, and Mito, and the restoration of the Imperial House to power. But the stirring of a new spirit in Japan had been felt years before. Interesting evidence of this may be found in the life and letters of Joseph Hardy Neesima, whose Japanese name was Neesima Shimeta, and who, while his country was in chaos, conceived the idea that the only path of permanent safety lay in its conversion to Christianity. While still in his teens, Neesima got hold of a history of the United States written in Chinese by an American missionary, Dr. Bridgman, and, after reading it many times, vented these naïve reflections: "I thought that a Governor of our country must be as President of the United States. And I murmured [*sic*] myself that, O Governor of Japan! why do you keep us down as a dog or a pig? We are people of Japan. If you govern us, you must love us as your children. . . . Why government? Why not let us be freely? Why let us be as a bird in a cage or a rat in a bag? Nay! We must cast away such a savage government, and we must pick

out a president as the United States of America."

Thus, in the early sixties, the heaven of American influence was doing its work in Japan, and men like Neesima were filled with the desire to pursue their education here. The great Japanese evangelist escaped from his country by the aid of a Yankee skipper, who risked the loss of his ship in being party to an act that was then punishable by death. But though the then Government of Japan refused to permit the emigration of its subjects, there came to Washington in the last days of the Shogunate one Masaoki Shimmi to present the greetings of his Government to the President. He was accompanied by two subordinates bearing the names of Muragaki Awajino Kami and Oguri Jooshu. This was early in 1860, and was one of several missions which about that time were sent by the Shogunate to other countries. In the course of the next ten years there must have been a slow infiltration of Japanese, students and others, into this country. In one of Neesima's letters, written at Amherst in October, 1869, he speaks of the work of the American Missionary Society taking cognizance of a "few Japanese on the Pacific coast." When the great embassy of 1872 arrived on our shores on its way to Europe, it found small groups of Japanese students at various American colleges. This embassy was composed of four Cabinet Ministers and of commissioners in the several administrative departments of the recently organized empire, and was under the conduct of Iwakura Tomoni, one of the most distinguished of Japanese nobles and statesmen. In the letter of credence which it presented in Washington the objects of the embassy were declared to be a desire to reform and improve the treaties existing between Japan and the United States, so that the former could "stand upon a similar footing with the most enlightened nations." There was, further, the declared purpose of selecting from the various institutions prevailing among enlightened nations such as were best suited to the conditions of Japan, and of adopting such gradual reforms and improvements in Japanese policy and

customs as would place the Empire upon an equality with the most enlightened nations of the world.

In its diplomatic purpose the embassy was a failure, the fifteen treaty Powers to which it was accredited being unwilling to surrender their extraterritorial rights and to commit the sole administration of justice to a people still without a civil code and to whom trial by jury and the writ of habeas corpus were unknown. But the commission took with it vastly enlarged ideas as to the conditions of national progress, and had the benefit from that time on of the advice and assistance of Joseph Neesima, the real founder of the educational system of Japan. Neesima's work was earnest, thorough, and far-reaching; its guidance was absolutely American, and in its earlier stages it would have been impossible without American support. For nearly a generation the most effective contributions to the intellectual development of Japan have come from this side. The best evidence of this is to be found in the fact that of all the hosts of Japanese students who have flocked to the West, as well as of those who have been called from Western colleges to engage in educational work in Japan, only Yale and Harvard have mustered sufficient force to form permanent organizations among the Japanese. The Harvard Club of Tokio numbers some forty members, equally divided between Americans and Japanese, while in the Yale association the native element largely predominates. Some of the leading statesmen of Japan are Harvard men—Baron Komura, Baron Kaneko, Mr. Kurino, and Mr. Megata being among the number.

Before the year 1900 the total number of Japanese immigrants to the United States seldom reached 1,500 per annum, the only notable exceptions being the years 1898 and 1899, when the arrivals were 2,230 and 2,844 respectively. In 1900 the figures rose to 12,635, and up to the present time that has been about the annual average, though in 1903 the total rose as high as 19,968. Of this immigration fully seventy per cent. has Hawaii as its primary destination, only twenty-five to thirty per cent. coming directly to the Pacific coast. The subse-

quent infiltration of Japanese laborers from Hawaii being coastwise transit, does not figure in the immigration returns. As a general proposition, it may be stated with entire confidence that the Japanese come to America with the same hope and aspirations as the average European immigrant—to better their condition and enjoy a higher standard of living. Leaving the laborers out of the question, who in most essential respects are a class superior to those whom we get from southern Italy, Poland, or Bohemia, the other classes of immigrants that Japan sends to the United States are more energetic, more industrious, more thrifty, and more intelligent than the average Japanese at home. It is this better class of immigrants from Japan who come with the intention of being permanent residents and of identifying themselves, as far as they can, with the American people. The majority of Japanese who have achieved some measure of success in their selected lines of occupation in this country are earnestly desirous of becoming citizens. It is the existing statutory bar and not the lack of intention on the part of the Japanese that prevents them from entering the pale of citizenship. Japanese patriotism, perfervid as it is, does not deter the Japanese who succeeds in business here from desiring to throw in his lot unreservedly with this Republic. Any question as to the adaptability of the Japanese to our civic requirements can be readily answered by any one who has made the acquaintance of any considerable number of them doing business or following a professional vocation in New York, Chicago, Boston, or San Francisco.

Considering the relatively small contribution made to our population by a nation of forty-five millions of people, the number of Japanese who have attained, in one way or another, recognizable eminence in the United States is somewhat remarkable. One of the oldest of Japanese settlers here is the owner of a vineyard in California. Mr. K. Nagasawa, who sends out thousands of tons of grapes annually. Domoto is another Japanese name identified with floriculture in California, as Sekine is on Long Island. The Japanese agricultural col-

ony in Texas is of more recent date, and is chiefly devoted to rice culture. Among the Japanese farmers in that State Mr. Y. Mayumi owns the largest area, amounting to some sixteen hundred acres. He was one of the wealthiest landowners at home, belonging to the class who are entitled to vote for a representative to the House of Peers. He employs expert farmers from Japan as foremen, and his white neighbors as laborers. Perhaps the most successful pioneer in this rice belt is Mr. Saibara, who has succeeded in showing an average yield per acre large enough to make his farm a place of unusual interest to students of agriculture throughout the Southwest. Mr. Saibara was once a member of the Japanese House of Representatives. He is a Christian, and was formerly principal of the well-known educational institution known as the Doshisha, which was founded by Neesima with the aid of funds largely contributed in the United States.

In scientific investigation Dr. J. Takamine holds the first position among the Japanese in this country. His discovery of adrenaline and taka-diastase entitles him to a high rank among those who have contributed to the relief of human suffering. Both of these preparations are the fruit of his chemical labors in the United States, and he is still engaged in the work of chemical research. A junior man of science, Mr. H. Noguchi, has achieved fame in the investigation of snake-poison in the University of Pennsylvania, and is on the staff of the Rockefeller Institute. Another, Dr. N. Yatsu, holds the place of lecturer in zoology in Columbia University. A third, Mr. T. Takami, is at present one of the lecturers in the medical department of Cornell University, of which he is one of the alumni. In the literary field Mr. K. Asakawa, a graduate of Dartmouth, and now occupying a position in Yale University, is fairly well known as a student of history. Mr. T. Iyenaga is a lecturer on Japanese history in the University of Chicago.

The names of the Japanese who have succeeded in business here would make a very long list. Among them may be enumerated Mr. R. Arai, representing

Morimura, Arai & Co., who came to this country some twenty years ago and has made a fortune in the raw silk business. His firm imports more than one-third of the total amount of raw silk annually imported in the United States. The great house of Mitsui, which as bankers and merchants has had a long historic continuity in Japan, and which even during the feudal period, when the pursuit of commerce bore a certain stigma of social odium, held a position of honor, is represented in New York as well as on the Pacific coast. Mr. Y. Murai is the chief partner of Morimura Brothers, importers of china, bronzes, and other artistic products of Japan. In the Japanese tea trade in New York there are a number of representative men, among whom Mr. Furuya is the best known. In Chicago a similar place is occupied by Mr. Mizutani. There are two newspapers published weekly in New York and printed in Japanese, known as the Japanese-American Commercial Weekly and the Japanese Weekly Times.

Even in Hawaii, where the humblest class of Japanese have come to the number of sixty thousand in response to the demand for labor, the capacity of the race to improve any chance for advancement is being exemplified. Japanese are becoming owners and tenants of small farms; they are the plumbers, tinsmiths, carpenters, plasterers, and painters of the Territory. A recent bulletin of the Bureau of Labor contains this testimony of a by no means friendly investigator: "The Japanese in Hawaii are alert to seize every opportunity to advance themselves in the knowledge of the skilled trades and mechanical industries. Both on and off the plantations, wherever a Japanese is given a position as assistant to a skilled worker or in a mechanical position, he becomes a marvel of industry, disregarding hours, working early and late, and displaying a peculiarly far-sighted willingness to be imposed upon and do the work which properly belongs to the workman he is assisting."

Though Hawaii is wholly dependent on the sugar industry for its economic prosperity, the raising of coffee is assuming an important place in its agriculture.

But, just as cane cultivation would have to be abandoned without Japanese aid, so coffee-planting succeeds only in Japanese hands. Some of the largest producers have leased all their lands, and in one instance even the coffee-mill, to Japanese contracting companies. These companies take over the plantation and the plant, cultivate, harvest, and prepare for market the crop, selling to the owner and former manager, who thus becomes merely a merchant, interested in the sale but not directly concerned in the production of coffee. Another planter has an arrangement by which Japanese laborers plant, cultivate, and pick coffee upon his land, delivering it to him at a fixed price, which is said to average about eighty-eight cents a hundredweight of berry. The banana industry is falling into Japanese hands, as is also the cultivation of pine-apples. Even the sugar industry is being invaded by Japanese capital, a cultivation

company of some fifty-five members having taken a five-year contract to raise all the cane upon one of the smaller plantations. Another company has been organized in Tokyo, with a capital of \$250,000, for the purpose of leasing lands belonging to one of the large plantations and cultivating cane to be sold to the mill. This concern proposes to furnish its own labor, build its own houses, furnish its own implements of agriculture, and, generally speaking, cover the entire field of the exclusive conduct of a sugar plantation of sixteen hundred acres. The steady drift of Japanese laborers from Hawaii to the mainland is, of course, due to the inducements offered them by railway contractors and others, but differs in no sense from the movement of the laboring class of any other nationality whose services are in request for some of the manifold activities of our ceaseless National development.

## IN CANADA

BY MARY DASHIELL PARKINSON

The wood's awake! The gloom of the winter's rest  
Has fled. The song-bird gayly wooes his mate,  
And flies on rapturous wing to seek his nest.  
The snowdrop lifts her head, and sighs that fate  
Should leave her desolate, alone, to wait  
For softer airs, when purple leaf reveals,  
With spreading scent, the violet sedate.  
All sound is harmony, each sight appeals;  
For pain has turned to hope, and grief a joy conceals.

The sun's broad beams proclaim the lengthening day;  
Wild flocks above, a note of summer bring;  
The brook has filled and rushes on its way,  
And forms a mirror for some idle thing.  
Green smoothness of the bank, the cowbell's ring --  
How welcome to the wearied eye and ear! --  
Our scourging doubts, our sickening fears, we fling  
Afar. Behind, the hollow hope, the saddened year;  
Before, to seeking eyes, God's light and love appear.



# THE WEST AT HOME

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

THIRD PAPER

## THE WESTERN SPIRIT

COMING for the first time into the West, the stranger is impressed by two things: evidence of material prosperity, and apparent satisfaction with present conditions. Unquestionably the Westerner is proud of what he and his neighbors have accomplished. As the self-made man often is boastful of his workmanship, the community felicitates itself on its showing of unencumbered wealth and on its prospective greatness. Each new acquaintance has good things to say of the thrift and progress of his fellows; few complain of oppression. The impression is given that in business methods and social affairs a large measure of finality has been reached.

This is chiefly because the stranger cannot get at once at the heart of things. Not that there is an attempt at deception, nor that a policy of concealment is maintained—indeed, inquiries are met with a fullness of detail surprising to the newcomer. It is rather an exhibition of pardonable pride, such as animates the Suddenrich family when it formally opens its new mansion.

Should the visitor remain long enough to enter the every-day life and to come into confidential relations with the people, he would find that, despite this outward satisfaction of to-day, much is yet in transition. Deep in the Westerner's consciousness is a concession to experiment.

For instance, at an agricultural station out in the "short-grass country" two hundred varieties of wheat are being tested, to determine which is best for the climate and soil. Many towns are contemplating a change from the old political system of government to the commission plan, hoping thus to avoid politics in municipal affairs. The policies of commonwealths are assuming

new phases; philosophies that dominated years of depression, the period of retrenchment and the regaining of financial power, are giving way to other viewpoints.

This new attitude reaches beyond the municipality, beyond State government; it comes into direct relation with the lives of the citizens; it is a vital element in the new conditions obtaining a foothold throughout the plains region.

When the settlement of the West was new, helpfulness was its keynote. Then the settler went directly with open hand to succor his neighbor—as he does to-day in the remoter portions of that same section. He shared with the needy his house and his provender. Now that age has brought a larger measure of independence, and the savings of years of striving have resulted in greater financial freedom, the altruistic impulse is directed toward the masses rather than toward the individual. In other words, the West has reached the point in its development where it obtains a broader vision, a more comprehensive estimate.

It was easy to control politics and government when people were hard pressed by debt; it is quite another thing when they are their own masters. This is a point that many economists of the prairie commonwealths have overlooked.

The influence of the citizen is greater than before. Once self-appointed leaders fixed party platforms and nominations in back rooms; now they come out in the open—or there results a revolution. The Populist uprising of the early nineties was not without its lesson. It taught the voter his power. It showed him how to control the State.

"We must consider that man out in the field plowing corn," remarked a Western politician in discussing a coming

struggle. "If we can convince him, we are all right; if not, we may as well save our work."

"The man in the field plowing corn," educated as he is by the daily papers and familiar as he is with the history and the ambitions of the politicians, commands a respect far greater than when he was considered merely as an adjunct of the township committeeman who carried in his pocket the vote of a precinct.

With each successive campaign is it more difficult to secure audiences at political rallies. The farmer is apt to understand the situation as well as the lawyer who thunders his well-worn arguments in country school-houses. The poll of the township is less reliable than of old.

This does not mean that the demagogue is eliminated—like the poor, he is always with us—but he is tamed and timid compared with other years.

So has the fake reformer lost caste. He rants and raves during the campaign, but when the votes are counted the variation is not in his favor. He goes to the capital, and finds that the legislators pay little attention to his adroitly secured petitions.

In a recent campaign a famous Eastern Congressman came to the prairie States to assist in influencing the voters. At one of the stations a group of farmers stood on the street discussing the event.

"Mighty fine car is on the track," remarked one. "The railroad president in town?"

"No, the Congressman came out in that—to make speeches to us."

The farmers laughed, and it was predicted that the private car would defeat the ticket for which the Congressman was talking. It did not—indeed, there was little appreciable effect one way or the other from his visit.

The Westerner is each year less inclined to be stampeded in politics—and this is a most hopeful feature of his outlook. He has been a long time reaching this position. In the early days everything was painted in high colors; all was very bad or it was very good—mostly very good. The history of frontier legislation reads now like fiction, so unreal does it seem compared with present-day

methods. In the period of relapse were other high colors—mostly very bad. The depths of despair were painted as the portion of the Mid-West, with the result that the somberness affected even the social life of several States. Now is the saner position—frankness to admit evils and determination to correct them.

The visitor does not learn of all the things the West is trying to rearrange and to improve when he comes for a short stay in the plains country. He must become one of the people—remain for a time—to be the recipient of confidence.

The material with which the men and women who are trying to make the West better labor is of the best. Neither flaunting riches nor abject distress offend. Here is a great empire, nearly a thousand miles north and south, eight hundred miles east and west, that, except for a few large cities, has no poverty in the usual acceptance of the word. Was there ever on earth before a kingdom of plenty such as is presented by the Middle West of America?

The ideal of the economist—a people able to obtain those necessities of life the use of which will permit them to maintain a state of physical efficiency in its broadest sense—is approached. This does not mean that none is disabled, nor that none is in need. The ne'er-do-well exists; the afflicted are present; but the average is high, the problem of the underworld is simplified. The families are so well fed, so well clothed, that they are amenable to argument as equals, not as dependents.

This empire—a vast expanse of grain-field, orchard, and pasture, wherein are no "bread lines," no fresh air funds, little charity work—offers a broad, generally shared prosperity to every one willing to labor. Across its eastern border are pouring hundreds of thousands of immigrants every season; home-seekers' trains have been crowded every month for four years. Ranches are being broken up into farms; the large farms are being divided into smaller tracts; towns show new roofs. Little wonder that the bigness of it all astounds the visitor who has been taught to con-

sider the West as in a most elementary state of development.

"Our Sunday-school is becoming a burden to us at Christmas time," complained an Oklahoma superintendent. "The children must have such considerable gifts that in the aggregate they cost the teachers more than they can afford."

"Why don't you give only to the poor children, not to the others?"

"We have no poor children. In the whole two hundred members I do not know one who would not consider anything savoring of charity an insult."

Yet this church was no exception as a fairly prosperous organization in an ordinarily prosperous country town. The problem of church growth is no more one of material aid; it has become one of spiritual persuasion.

The secretary of a prairie State Sunday-school association sent out notices to the members of the executive committee. Four were bankers, five business men, eight teachers or preachers, and three women. When the State convention meets, it is composed of a thousand workers in somewhat similar proportions. It is organized in a businesslike manner, and maintains paid field workers as do the Eastern associations. Its secretary thinks nothing of forty-mile drives away from the railway across the open plains to attend county conventions, where many of those in attendance have come half that distance. His struggle is not to secure contributions, not to combat antagonism, but to induce personal effort on the part of busy—over-busy—farmers and business men.

In education also lessons have been learned. Two decades ago every town started its boom with a college. It mattered not how little the need, how starved the outlook. Land was purchased, lots were laid out, part of them were sold, a main building was erected, and some denomination was always ready to establish a college, a university, or a normal school. Pupils were few, teachers were underpaid or unpaid, debts grew, the institution became a burden to the community. Finally the enterprise was abandoned, the building was used as a public school or a warehouse, or stood for years unoccupied. One Boston

investor owns a college out on the plains—he took it with the foreclosure of a mortgage.

The West is sprinkled with these ill-advised educational experiments, mostly the outgrowth of a premature real estate boom. The fittest survive, but still there are too many. Fewer schools of higher learning and better schools is the West's present idea of education. From Eastern persons of wealth generous bequests and gifts are received at intervals. Seldom is the source such as to call for any investigation of "tainted" money, for the millionaires have not yet recognized seriously the needs of the struggling Mid-Western college. Over fifty per cent. of the students in each of three Western universities, with a combined enrollment of more than three thousand, are working their way through school—a striking commentary on the pluck and ambition of the younger generation. It is this sort of courage that promises much for future years. The rising generation will be the first to be Western born and Western educated—from it rightfully may be expected large accomplishments.

It is natural that in business there should be a growing sentiment of independence. Western bankers have learned that they need the East much less than in their earlier period of business development. Every Western bank receives frequent offerings of "commercial paper," the notes and bonds of mercantile houses of the East desirous of securing funds for expenses. This security is a common form of investment for the surplus of Western banks which, in these days of prosperity in agricultural sections, find it difficult to place locally the deposits gathered in their vaults.

"Why do you not loan more of my money in the West?" asked a Boston millionaire last summer, as he took a Mid-Western banker for a yachting cruise.

"Because nobody wants it," was the reply. "There is plenty of local money for supplying the every-day demands. Of course much money is borrowed, but it is difficult for the outsider to obtain a place to put his savings. The West has its head above water."

This has its effect on economics: it

influences the relation of the citizen to the commonwealth.

Sometimes this spirit of fancied independence is expressed vigorously. A promoter of a new manufacturing enterprise refused to give an Eastern newspaper man information concerning his plans. "What does the East care?" he exclaimed. "It does not want us to advance in manufacturing, because that means injury to its own factories and mills. We must build our own establishments, and let the East find out how we have succeeded after they are completed." He underestimated the East's sympathy as much as the many Easterners underrate the West's ability to do things. It is possible to overdo the idea of independence, social or financial.

Another complaint that the visitor will hear before he has mingled much with the dwellers in interior States is this: "We are too far from everywhere." As wealth increases, the demand for modern recreation facilities grows. These the people of the plains are unable to obtain at moderate expense of time and money. It is a day's journey to the mountains; a two days' trip to the sea. The possibility of a week-end vacation for the family is a dream not to be realized. Pleasuring becomes a business, a momentous enterprise to be undertaken with deliberation. To be sure, there are glorious reaches of level sod inviting to delightful rides, and the energetic friendliness of the people fails not to provide ways of entertainment. Many a Westerner in his prairie home dreams of the sea and longs for a sight of beating waves, or imagines in the sunset clouds high-piled mountain peaks to relieve the monotony of the level lands. It is one of the blessings of prosperity that each year more can journey to bring realization of these visions.

Once the West sought to have the world know it as the West hoped to become some day; now it asks that the world know it as things actually are—a far different matter. It has not reached, perhaps, all the heights it hoped to attain, but it has succeeded in other things that are better worth while. The boom-time dreams of great railway centers out in the short-grass country have not material-

ized. Hundreds of city "additions" have been turned back to farm land; the lot stakes have been plowed up, and the plat-maps destroyed. It was stated the other day in the despatches that an Easterner had willed to his son eight hundred lots "worth half a million dollars," located in a city in western Kansas. The "city" consists of less than a dozen houses—though once it was advertised as a possible claimant for the National capital.

Frankness, stability, worth—these are the keynotes of Western development to-day. They apply as well to the merchant and to the politician as to the farmer; they are as vital to the town as to the country. Years may come when crops will be meager; periods of lessened resources are likely to mark the future—but the conditions can never suffer a return to those of the nineties. The West has learned how; it knows the climate, the soil; a mutual understanding of individual character exists, the result of longer acquaintance and fuller knowledge of men. The West is so fast becoming like the older States that soon any social or economic distinction will vanish.

Not for years will the West approximate the comfort and wealth of the East. A single bank in New York City has larger deposits than the combined banks of a Mid-West State. It takes decades to grow parks and forests; it requires time to develop lineage—and the history of the average Western community began the day before yesterday, compared with that of "back East" villages.

The modern spirit is not antagonistic to the East. The ranters who decry the dwellers by the Atlantic are not true Westerners. It is realized more to-day than ever among the people of the plains how much good is in established communities of the East; that the West is the partner and not the rival of the Thirteen Colonies. This is a great concession; it comes from the years of trial, from the experience of State-making and of home-making.

Towns away out beyond the Missouri River will have this year an "Old Home Week." Think of that, ye Green Mountain aristocrats, ye White Mountain

nobility! It means age, years of discretion, eminent respectability. It is an ascendancy to the high plane of equality with older America. When any community can have an "Old Home Week," with all that it signifies, it is eligible to membership in the Ancients and Honorables of American civilization.

Perhaps the West loses something of picturesqueness as it gains in development and in wealth. Possibly to the unthinking there is more romance in the unshaded "soddy" of the high plains country than in the Queen Anne cottage on Vine Street with colonial pillared porch and stained-shingle roof—but that is error. Ask those who have tried both.

The history the West is making to-day is the most interesting, the most important, the most comprehensive of all it has known—just as the deeds of maturity are a far better index of a life than those of childhood.

This is the West's maturity. Its youth is past: its old age has not begun. It is in the sturdy, healthy, full-blooded heyday of its strength, eager to prove its power, as yet but partly known, and willing to stand on its merits. The severe critic may find faults and crudities and inconsistencies—but it is content to be judged.

That is the Western spirit of to-day. It will last through many a to-morrow.

## A PLACID RUNAWAY

BY ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

JONATHAN and I differ about a great many things; how otherwise are we to avoid the sloughs of bigoted self-satisfaction? But upon one point we agree: we are both convinced that on a beautiful morning in April or May or June there is just one thing that any right-minded person really wants to do. That is to turn a deaf ear to duty and a blind eye to all other pleasures, and—find a trout brook. We are, indeed, able to understand that duty may be too much for him—may be quite indifferent to his deaf ear and shout in the other, or may even seize him by the shoulders and hold him firmly in his place. He may not be able so much as to drop a line in the brown water all through the maddening spring days. But that he should not want to—ache to—this we cannot understand. We do know that it is not a thing to be argued about. It is temperamental, it is in the blood, or it is not. Jonathan and I always want to.

Once it was almost the end of April, and we had been wanting to ever since March had gone out like a lion—for in some parts of New England a jocose Legislature has arranged that the trout season shall begin on April Fool's Day. Those who try to catch trout on April first understand the joke.

"Jonathan," I said over our coffee,

"have you noticed the weather to-day?"

"Um-m-pleasant day," he murmured abstractedly from behind his newspaper.

"Pleasant! Have you felt the sunshine? Have you smelt the spring mud? I want to roll in it!"

Jonathan really looked up over his paper. "Do!" he said, benevolently.

"Jonathan, let's run away!"

"Can't. There's a man coming at—"

"I know. There's always a man coming. Tell him to come to-morrow. Tell him you are called out of town."

"But you have a lot of things to-day too—book clubs and Japanese clubs and such things. You said last night—"

"I'll tell them *I'm* called out of town too. *I am* called—we're both called, you know we are. And we've got to go."

"Really, my dear, you know I want to, but—"

"No use! It's a runaway. Get the time-table and see which is the first train to anywhere—to nowhere—who cares where!"

Jonathan went, protesting. I let him protest. A man should have some privileges.

We took the first train. It was a local, of course, and it trundled jerkily along one of the little rivers we knew. When the conductor came to us, Jonathan

showed him our mileage book. "Where to?" he asked mechanically, but stiffened to attention when Jonathan said placidly, "I don't know yet. Where *are* we going, my dear?"

"I hadn't thought," I said; "let's see the places on the map."

"Well, conductor," said Jonathan, "take off for three stations, and if we don't get off then, you'll find us here when you come around, and can take off some more."

The conductor looked us both over. We were evidently not a bridal couple, and we didn't look quite like criminals—he gave us up.

When we saw a bit of country that looked attractive, we got off. That was something I had always wanted to do. All my life I have had to go to definite places, and my memory is full of tantalizing glimpses of the charming spots I have passed on the road and could never stop to explore. This time we really did it. We left the little railway station, sitting plain and useful beside the track, went up the road past a few farm-houses, over a fence and across a soft plowed field, and down to the little river, willow-bordered, shallow, golden-brown, with here and there a deep pool under an overhanging hemlock or a shelving, fretted, bush-tangled bank.

We sat down in the sun on a willow log and put our rods together. Does anything sound prettier than the whir and click of the reel as one pulls out the line for the first time on an April day? We sat and looked at the world for a little, and let the wind, with just the faint chill of the vanishing snows still in it, blow over us, and the sun, that was making anemones and arbutus every minute, warm us through. It was almost too good to begin, this day that we had stolen. I felt like a child with a toothsome cake—"I'll put it away for a while and have it later."

But, after all, it was already begun. We had not stolen it, it had stolen us, and it held us in its power. Soon we wandered on, at first hastening for the mere joy of motion and the freshness of things; then, as the wind lessened and the sun shone hot in the hollows, loitering more and more, dropping a line here and

there where a deep pool looked suggestive. Trout? Yes, we caught some. Jonathan pulled in a good many; I got enough to seem industrious. I seldom catch as many as Jonathan, though he tries to give me all the best holes; because really there are so many other things to attend to. Men seem to go fishing chiefly to catch fish. Jonathan spends half an hour working his rod and line through a network of bushes, briars, and vines, to drop it in a chosen spot in a pool. He swears gently as he works, but he works on, and usually gets his fish. I don't swear, so I know I could never carry through such an undertaking, and I don't try.

I did try once, when I was young and reckless. I headed the tip of my rod, like a lance in rest, for the most open spot I could see. For the fisherman's rule in the woods is not "follow the flag," but "follow your tip," and I tried to follow mine. This necessitated reducing myself occasionally to the dimensions of a filament, but I was elastic, and I persisted. The brambles neatly extracted my hat-pins and dropped them in the tangle about my feet; they pulled off my hat, but I pushed painfully forward. They tore at my hair; they caught an end of my tie and drew out the bow. Finally they made a simultaneous and well-planned assault upon my hair, my neck, my left arm, raised to push them back, and my right, extended to hold and guide that quivering, undulating rod. I was helpless, unless I wished to be torn in shreds. At that moment, as I stood poised, hot, baffled, smarting and stinging with bramble scratches, wishing I could swear like a man and have it out, the air was filled with the liquid notes of a wood-thrush. I love the wood-thrush best of all; but that he should choose this moment! It was the final touch.

I whistled the blue-jay note, which means "come," and Jonathan came threshing through the brush, having left his rod. "Where are you?" he called; "I can't see you."

"No, you can't," I responded unamiably. "You probably never will see me again, at least not in any recognizable form. Help me out!" The thrush sang

again, one tree further away. "No! First kill that thrush!" I added between set teeth, as a slight motion of mine set the brambles raking again.

"Why, why, my dear, what's this?" Then, as he caught sight of me, "Well! You *are* tied up! Wait; I'll get out my knife."

He cut here and there, and one after another, with a farewell stab or scratch, the maddening things reluctantly let go their hold. Meanwhile Jonathan made placid remarks about the proper way to go through brush. "You go too fast, you know. You can't hurry these things, and you can't bully them. I don't see how you manage to get scratched up so. I never do."

"Jonathan, you are as tactless as the thrush."

"Don't kill me yet, though. Wait till I cut this last fellow. There! Now you're free. By George! But you're a wreck!"

That was the last time I ever tried to "work through brush," as Jonathan calls it. If I can catch trout by any method compatible with sanity, I am ready to do it, but as for allowing myself to be drawn into a situation wherein the note of the wood-thrush stirs thoughts of murder in my breast—at that point, I opine, sport ceases.

So on that day of our runaway I kept to open waters and preserved a placid mind. The air was full of bird-notes—in the big open woods the clear "whick-ya, whick-ya, whick-ya" of the courting yellowhammers, in the meadows bluebirds with their shy, vanishing call that is over almost before you can begin to listen, meadow-larks poignantly sweet, song-sparrows with a lilt and a lilt and a carol, and in the swamps the redwings trilling jubilant.

Noon came, and we camped under the sunny lee of a ridge that was all abloom with hepaticas—clumps of lavender and white and rosy-lilac. We found a good spring, and a fallen log, and some dead hemlock tips to start a fire, and soon we had a merry blaze. Then Jonathan dressed some of the trout, while I found a black birch tree and cut forked sticks for broilers. Any one who has not broiled fresh-caught trout outdoors on birch forks—or spice-bush will

do almost as well—has yet to learn what life holds for him. Chops are good, too, done in that way. We usually carry them along when there is no prospect of fish, or, when we are sure of our country, we take a tin cup and buy eggs at a farm-house to boil. But the balancing of the can requires a happy combination of stones about the fire that the brief nooning of a day's tramp seldom affords, and baking is still more uncertain. Bacon is good, but broiling the little slices—and how they do shrink!—takes too long, while frying entails a pan. Curiously enough, a pan, in addition to two fish-baskets and a landing-net, does not find favor in Jonathan's eyes.

After luncheon and a long, lazy rest on our log we went back to the stream and loitered down its bank. Pussy-willows, their sleek silver paws bursting into fat, caterpillary things, covered us with yellow pollen-powder as we brushed past them. Now and then we were arrested by the sharp fragrance of the spice-bush, whose little yellow blossoms had escaped our notice. In the damp hollows the ground was carpeted with the rich, mottled green leaves and tawny yellow bells of the adder's-tongue, and the wet mud was sweet with the dainty, short-stemmed white violets. On the dry, barren places were masses of saxifrage, bravely cheerful; on the rocky slopes fragile anemones blew in the wind, and fluffy green clumps of columbine lured us on to a vain search for an early blossom.

As the afternoon waned, and the wind freshened crisply, we guessed that it was milking-time, and wandered up to a farm-house where we persuaded the farmer's wife to give us bread and cheese and warm new milk. We were urged to "set inside," but preferred to take the great white pitcher of milk out to the steps of the little back porch where we could hear the insistent note of the little phoebe that was building under the eaves of the woodshed. Our hostess stood in amused tolerance as we filled and refilled our goblets. They were wonderful goblets, be it said—the best the house afforded. Jonathan's was of fancy green glass, all covered with little knobs; mine was yellow, with

a head of Washington stamped on one side, and "God Bless our Country" on the other. Finally the good woman broke the silence—"Guess your mothers ain't never weaned ye." Which we were not in a position to refute.

On our return train we found the same conductor who had taken us out in the

morning. As he folded back the green cover of our mileage book he could not forbear remarking, quizzically, "Know how far you're goin' to-night?"

"Jonathan," I said, as we settled to toast and tea before our home fireplace that evening, "I like running away. I don't blame horses."

## A GREAT AMERICAN HISTORY

THE completion of Dr. James Ford Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877" is an event of real moment in the literary annals of our country. Begun nearly twenty years ago, each of the earlier volumes met with increasing appreciation from the critical as well as from the general reading public. It was felt that there had appeared a singularly impartial and exceedingly capable writer whose purpose it was to narrate the story of the Civil War epoch with an eye single to truth and a dignity commensurate with the importance of the subject. The most conservative critics praised the reasonableness of Dr. Rhodes's exposition, the fairness of his conclusions, and the lucidity of his style. Here and there was dissent from the views he expressed, but it was also the consensus of opinion that his monumental work would prove the best account yet penned of the struggle first to preserve, then to vindicate, and finally to restore the Union. This opinion *The Outlook* shared; and in this opinion, now that Dr. Rhodes has written *finis*, *The Outlook* feels confirmed.

What makes Dr. Rhodes's success the more conspicuous is the fact that he is dealing with a period of which it is exceptionally difficult to write with sufficient detachment on account of its freshness in the minds of men, the vital issues involved, and the profound emotions stirred. It is not yet half a century since the great drama unfolded itself and the Nation was rent in twain, to be

reunited only after a fratricidal conflict of unexampled proportions. If, in the short space intervening, National solidarity has been re-established, and the United States has become one as never before, it is none the less true that wounds were then inflicted which time has not yet wholly healed, and that remembrance of the intensity and bitterness of the struggle makes it hard to view it in true perspective and without prejudice. Yet there is no partisanship in these pages. Like every good historian, the author's sympathies are with those enlisted in the cause of freedom, and he does not hesitate to make this plain. But, if it is his frank conviction that the South was "wrong and unreasonable" and went to war to preserve and extend slavery, he is equally ready to apprehend and present the point of view which led the South to regard secession and war as resistance to subjugation. At every turn his desire to be fair is evident—in his opening résumé of the history of the controversy prior to the Compromise of 1850, in his detailed accounts of the Congressional differences and adjustments during the decade before the appeal to arms, in his review of the growth of sectionalism during the same ten years, in his description of the border warfare that followed the invasion of Kansas by the Missourians, in his notable chapter on slavery as it existed in the South, in his story of the Civil War itself, and in his depiction of the gloomy years of Reconstruction.

Approaching his task with an open mind, he likewise approached it, as the results make manifest, with a mind keenly alive to the many problems to be solved and the necessity of rigorously scrutinizing all the available evidence before

<sup>1</sup> History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South, in 1877. By James Ford Rhodes. The Macmillan Company, New York. Seven volumes. \$17.50, net, per set.



committing himself to any conclusions. Just what this means can be appreciated only by those who have themselves engaged in the task of historical research. It is difficult enough to "work up" the material relating to a single movement or personage; but when, as here, the historian has to do with a period of considerable duration and prime significance, and an issue having its roots in the early life of the Nation, the burden increases a thousandfold. More than this, although the story of the struggle over slavery was necessarily to be Dr. Rhodes's chief concern, it was not to be his only concern, for he had set himself to write a general history of the period. To his more special inquiry, then, he was obliged to add research into the economic, social, and intellectual life of the country. This formidable field he has traversed with an infinite patience and with a passion for fullness and exactness of knowledge that must delight the heart of the most scrupulous scientific historian. Official records, private papers and letters, biographies, memoirs, books of travel—everything that would tend to inform and illuminate has been levied on.

Nor has he stopped short at mastering the facts and surveying them with a mind free from bias. Realizing as do too few writers of the modern school that literary quality counts for much in the making or marring of a historical work, he has been solicitous to give his narrative a form that will make an immediate and constant appeal to the reader. It is not written in the grand vein; there are few rhetorical flights; but none the less the sublimity, significance, and colossal human interest of the period are developed with a vigor and charm that hold the mind enthralled in the most arid of debates or tedious of controversies. And this despite a certain leisureliness that in a less skillful writer would prove disastrous. As it is, one is glad to linger with him in his analyses of men and events, of parties and principles, in his studies of domestic problems and foreign relations, in his pictures of life in the city and on the plantation, in the camp and the prison; satisfied, as the facts sink deep into the mind, that he is imparting a full and accurate under-

standing of the years of blood and travail, and of the forces and conditions that transformed those years into an epoch of uplift and progress; satisfied, too, that he has unreservedly, however unconsciously, accepted the definition that affirms history to be essentially the telling of a great, a true, and a compelling story.

Thus, in rare and fortunate conjunction, the distinguishing characteristics of this work are noteworthy fairness, sound scholarship, and a high degree of narrative skill. Looking at it a little more in detail, perhaps the most striking features are the ease displayed in controlling the management of the vast material utilized and the emphasis placed on *dramatis personæ*. For all his leisureliness, it cannot be said—unless in the discussion of the attitude taken by England during the war—that Dr. Rhodes indulges in undue disquisition or elaboration. He does, it is true, marshal fact after fact in support of his contentions and presentments, and punctuates his pages with liberal quotations both from the sources and from the writings of others. But with him quotation is rigorously subordinated to the exigencies of thorough and real informativeness. The pregnant phrase, the telling sentence, the vital paragraph, these and these alone he borrows, not to piece out or expand the narrative, but to render it instinct with life. It is thus with his succinct yet comprehensive review of the century that may be called the incubation period of the struggle over slavery, thus with the chapter on slavery itself, to which reference has already been made, thus with his description of the political revolution that resulted in the passing of the Whig and the birth of the Republican party. And always, as we remarked when commenting on the first few volumes, instead of putting in the foreground the great masses of ore which his researches have brought to light, he uses only the refined product. Large as is the scale on which his work has been composed, it may properly be called as compact as it is imposing.

The success that has attended his efforts is further attributable, and in no small measure, to the candor and ability

with which he elucidates the character and conduct of the leading actors in the momentous events he is describing, and to the care he has taken to depict those events in their relation to the men, great and small, who were concerned in or affected by them. This, in many passages, gives a high dramatic value to his work. Mention might be made, more particularly, of his recital of the varying effects produced by the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," John Brown's raid, the firing on Sumter, the passing of the ordinance of secession, and the assassination of Lincoln; also, to take into account other than war matters, of his entirely readable descriptions of the Gould-Fisk campaign that culminated in "Black Friday," and of the rise and fall of the Tweed Ring. It is not often, moreover, that a history of such magnitude contains an equally large, striking, and effective gallery of portraits. Not all of these will command universal acceptance—there will be differences of opinion concerning the verisimilitude of his pictures of such debated personages as the dubious Calhoun, the disturbing

Frémont, the procrastinating McClellan, the vindictive Sumner, the unpleasant Butler, the obstinate Johnson, and the puzzling Blaine. But of the great majority, and notably Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, Lee, and "Stonewall" Jackson, there can be but the one opinion that the verdicts rendered are to be regarded as final unless hitherto unknown evidence of a corrective character be discovered. In no case is praise or blame indiscriminately awarded; always the facts are subjected to a close and judicial examination from different points of view. Knowledge of this, consequently, goes far to increase the reader's confidence, not alone in the writer's integrity, but also in the justness of the judgments at which he finally arrives.

All in all, therefore, Dr. Rhodes's "History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877" must be deemed pre-eminently the standard work for the period with which it deals, and a work so exhaustive and so able that it will probably be long before its supremacy is challenged.

## Comment on Current Books

### Among the Novels

Mrs. Riggs is one of the very popular writers who give more than they receive; her stories have a sanity of aim and a genuineness of feeling which invigorate the best impulses of her older as well as her younger readers. It is this human quality that makes her stories acceptable to every stage of experience. She is clever without being cheap, breezy without being sensational, witty without forcing the note, and wholesome without climbing the pulpit stairs. The "New Chronicles of Rebecca"<sup>1</sup> have all the freshness of sentiment and humor which have made the "State o' Maine girl" one of the most engaging and lovable persons in American fiction. The adventures of her brave spirit and vivacious temperament are told with delightful lightness of touch, but without sacrifice of seriousness of mood; and incidentally the life of a little New England rural village is sketched with the intimacy born of sympathy and a quick sense of humor. "The Daughters of Zion"

is too good to be outlined, while the tragedy of the missing wedding-ring is heightened by the humor which inheres in Abner Simpson's vagrant character and the vein of quaint fun in Adam Ladd.

If Miss Laughlin had Mrs. Riggs's sense of proportion, her new story, "Felicity: The Making of a Comédienne,"<sup>2</sup> would have been a wholly successful novel. It is full of unusual qualities, but there are too many monologues and duets in it; everybody except Phineas Morton talks too much. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to be in such very human society as that of the free-handed, roving players who live and act in this romance; who neither sow nor reap, have no concern with money, and are not involved in the fierce competition which is the very breath of many current novels. Felicity has so much dignity, elevation of nature, such distinction of refinement, that she is not always convincing in the rôles she plays; one feels at times as if she belonged with the great tragedians. Morton, on the other hand, is

<sup>1</sup> *New Chronicles of Rebecca*. By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup> *Felicity: The Making of a Comédienne*. By Clara E. Laughlin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

always as credible as he is lovable, and belongs with the real creations in recent fiction. The story abounds in fresh interest in life, suggestive comment, graphic character-drawing; and lacks no element of dramatic incident and movement. It is much more worth while than most stories of the season.

After this fresh and original story Mrs. Thurston's "The Mystics"<sup>1</sup> is very disappointing. "The Masquerader" was a piece of clever invention, but it held the attention from start to finish; "The Gambler" was so striking a character study that it gave promise of genuine and vital fiction in the near future. "The Mystics," on the other hand, is a piece of manufacture, and not particularly interesting at that. Mrs. Thurston is off the track; she is trying to write clever tales rather than real ones. A Scotch boy, whose father has been disinherited, goes to live with a hard-headed old uncle, who keeps his nephew relentlessly at work. The boy discovers that his uncle belongs to a group of mystics whose chief doctrine is the coming of a great prophet, and whose purposes are recorded in a book kept in a shrine; on his death-bed the uncle exacts a promise from the boy not to open the book until the arrival of a fellow-mystic from London. The discovery that nearly all the patrimony which ought to come to him has been left to the society so infuriates the boy that he secretly makes a copy of the sacred book. To get back what he regards as his own the boy undergoes long discipline of study, prepares himself to fulfill the requirements of the prophet who is to come, returns to London, meets the tests, is accepted as the expected prophet, and plans to raid the treasury of the society, when he inadvertently falls in love with a fair devotee and incontinently becomes a man again. The tale is not lacking in invention or skill, but it is entirely unconvincing.

The transition from this artificial romance to Mr. Albert Kinross's "Davenant"<sup>2</sup> (Dodd, Mead & Co.) takes one into a wholly different atmosphere. So unconventional is this charming tale, so entirely apart from the stories of fortune or fate that strew the path of the reader of current novels, that it is difficult to describe it. An American publisher of brains and heart tells an Irish mother and her son in London his experience with a crippled, original, and brilliant hack writer in that city, whose work, rejected at home, finds acceptance here, and to whom America becomes

a symbol of free, generous, brotherly life; whose soul pours itself out in a kind of poetic idealism to the far West; whose devotion to the fair land beyond the sea is lavished on individual Americans who come in his way, and who becomes a perfectly unconventional and delightfully bohemian knight errant of crude American newspaper correspondents in England, of stranded adventurers come to wreck in the Old World; and who finally sees the Statue of Liberty in the harbor of New York only to end his long, heroic struggles and sleep on American soil. The story is wholly off the well-defined lines of fiction, is told in an unhackneyed way, with a vein of deep feeling and of unforced humor. There is a deeper strain in the book for those who read it with imagination; for it is safe to venture the assertion that Mr. Kinross had before him not only the America of gross materialism, but America as a symbol of great and beautiful ideas.

This sense of an inner meaning in "Davenant" prepares one for a story of a very different cast and quality—a simple tale of life in a small country town in Connecticut. "Prophet's Landing"<sup>3</sup> takes its name from an early settler of a not uncommon Puritan type, whose quiet vocation is interrupted in times of moral crisis by the descent of the gift of prophecy, and whose voice rings out in flaming denunciation of evil ways and becomes an inspiring summons to self denial and heroism. This gift descends from father to son, and the family is held in a kind of friendly awe by the community. There is an old-fashioned country store in the village, established by a just and kindly man and conducted with due regard for neighborly human relations. The founder dies, and his son succeeds him and begins to adopt what he regards as "up-to-date business methods." The author, Mr. Edwin Asa Dix, has shown in earlier books his knowledge of country ways and people and his sympathy for their kindly spirit, their homely humor, and their simple interests. In this story he strikes a deeper note by means of a very skillful illumination of heartless competition and manipulation of values against a narrow and simple background. When methods which have become tragically familiar in the last two years are employed in a great field, their inherent brutality is so distributed that they seem to lose something of their essential dishonesty. When great numbers of competitors are relentlessly driven out of business in all parts of the country, or stock values are manipulated in the great exchanges, these methods seem impersonal,

<sup>1</sup> The Mystics. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup> Davenant. By Albert Kinross. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> Prophet's Landing. By Edwin Asa Dix. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

and individual suffering and wrong are not brought home to those who are responsible for them. Mr. Dix has shown these methods as they are worked out in the expansion of the business of a country store and the manipulation of the stock of a little branch railway. The scale of action is so limited that its moral quality comes out with startling distinctness; and it needs only the clear voice of the prophet at the end to set the nature of these transactions in their real colors before the little world that suffers from them. The story is unpretentious, but distinctly effective; and its humor and sentiment give it variety and dramatic vitality.

An imaginary biography<sup>1</sup> of Raniero di Laudoccio dei Pagliaresi is founded upon a real though somewhat shadowy personality. Miss Scudder, with the modesty of a scholar, hesitates to represent Saint Catherine as a complete portrait, but she ventures to show her character as it influenced the life of her devoted secretary Neri. She achieves a marked success in that attempt. The prologue is a beautiful prose poem, lofty, yet touching the common earth in its simple delineation of a child's mind. All through the exquisitely elaborated story there are a reserve, a dignity of expression, and a comprehension of the required attitude of mind that are refreshing to the thoughtful reader. The book will not appeal to the general novel reader, nor is it intended for him. Those who enjoy Shorthouse will enjoy this delicately and carefully wrought picture of Saint Catherine's day, and follow with great interest the author's theory of a correspondence between religious experience in the last quarter of the fourteenth century and the present time.

A new novel<sup>2</sup> by Harold Begbie deals with a complex question, involving all the elements of modern English social life. A shrewd, beautiful society woman passes under a cloud of suspicion, and when the time comes to introduce her daughter into the desirable circles from which she has been shut out, she uses desperate means. These include secret ecclesiastical agencies and doubtful financial methods. The author devotes much space and considerable thought to the exposure of Jesuitical machinations within the Church of England, set in motion by the Church of Rome. A fine figure, though pathetic, is the old Bishop. An "old, sly fox" is the subtle priest working for the overthrow of Protestantism. The lovely daughter for whom all these evils are evoked is a less convincing

character. Several of the minor persons are most cleverly sketched, and the dignity and serious tone of the book make it quite worth while.

Miss Ray makes steady and noticeable progress in her successive books. In her last<sup>3</sup> there is decided strength—also seen in her "Hearts and Creeds"—in the analysis and management of character. The story is enacted in a university town, and has as much good local color as we find in English tales of cathedral towns. The two principal girl characters are happily contrasted and consistently drawn. Ackroyd, with the head of his department on one side, and his hard-working old mother on the other, preserves his loyalty to his profession and to his mother, with just the right degree of ill effect upon himself. While we concede the logical outcome of the romance, yet a doubt intrudes as to the prospects of the lovers when life quiets down about them. The story offers some unusual attractions to the discriminating reader.

In "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"<sup>4</sup> the little girl sitting on the back doorstep sewing quilt pieces and having her mother "praise her stitches" is so sweet and wholesome that the blithe, active old woman who tells her joys to her young friend is merely the natural development of old-fashioned, sensible training. Aunt Jane is perfectly delightful. Her merry, wise comments upon folks and their doings, her absolutely sane religion, her enjoyment of the present and her happy hope of the future, make her a character to set beside our friends to whom Miss Jewett has introduced us. Eliza Calvert Hall is the only writer we know at present who shares with Miss Jewett the keen sympathy for and perfect understanding of gentle-minded rural philosophers. Her stories of Aunt Jane's experiences are full of real human feeling, and awaken thoroughly wholesome emotion. If Aunt Jane is occasionally a little too discursive, it is only in character.

Given a Scotch youth, brought up by a good widowed mother, and set him down in Edinburgh to go through his university course, and you have many possibilities of intellectual, moral, and religious conflict. This novel<sup>5</sup> by Graham Travers has many unusual qualities. It brings together, within a small circle of perfectly natural people, examples of most of the variations in modern religious faith, and it is a tribute to the knowledge and skill of

<sup>1</sup>The Disciple of a Saint. By Vida D. Scudder. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>The Penalty. By Harold Begbie. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup>Ackroyd of the Faculty. By Anna Chapin Ray. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup>Aunt Jane of Kentucky. By Eliza Calvert Hall. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup>Growth. By Graham Travers (Margaret Todd, M.D.). Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50.

the author to say that the situation is not forced. The men range from the narrowest "chapel member" in Edinburgh through all shades of faith and unfaith, to the untidy Roman priest who venerates sacred relics. Among the women none are bad, but all have knowledge of both life and religious difficulties, from poor Miss Brown, the slatternly lodging-house keeper struggling with her habit of drink, to Rosie Blount, the good orthodox daughter of the senior deacon. The story is too serious to attract the regular novel reader, and perhaps too much occupied with past questions to absorb the lover of problems, but it is a well-constructed, interesting bit of work.

The harrow<sup>1</sup> in this case that prepared the ground for the seed was the common experience of humanity—labor, deprivation, and mental unrest. A group of young men and women are cared for by two old maid sisters, helped through their difficulties and cheered on to their successes. The story has its good points, but produces an uncomfortable impression at times from the effort of the author to incorporate in it like patchwork all the smart things possible to collect. Many of the patches are incongruous.

Miss Murfree has not deserted the region of the Great Smoky Mountains, and still uses them as background for her beautiful mountain maiden and groups of uncouth men, all speaking a distressing dialect. The hero of "The Windfall"<sup>2</sup> rises into remarkably fine language at times, with a startling effect. He is a showman of perfect Greek beauty, and when his good fortune arrives mingles with the proud old Southern families upon a social level not accounted for except through his ancestry. The plot is simple and somewhat obvious; the situations are not always logical, and the effect of the story is rather commonplace.

The keynote of Basil King's new novel<sup>3</sup> is expressed in its motto,

"O, it is excellent  
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous  
To use it like a giant."

The author, who has written some good stories, takes up the popular cry against the prosperous business man who is blind to the cruelty of his dealings in public, though he may be a high-minded man in all his private relations. One of Paul Trafford's victims, the son of a man whom he had ruined financially, determines to smite him in a vulnerable place, and the scheme is well conceived and thoroughly successful. Paul Trafford is

regarded as the richest man in the world. He has a daughter who idolizes him, and who has never had her eyes opened to the course her father pursues in business. This enlightenment comes finally and is a shock. The intricacies of the story should not be traced here, but the reader will be interested to note how the author tries to solve difficulties and yet keep within the bounds of possible human action. There will be a difference of opinion as to the probability of his solution. There is much to admire in the character-drawing, but occasional false notes indicate that the author had not fully mastered his material.

Gelett Burgess in "The White Cat"<sup>4</sup> discloses the tragedy of an alternating nature in the form of a beautiful girl. She is Joy, or Edna, good or evil according to no law of which she is conscious or over which she has any control. A scheming doctor who fosters the "Edna" possession for his own ends, and a noble youth who loves the "Joy" nature, fight for the poor harassed creature. The theme is old, the treatment is modern, and ends in a grand sensational scene where good triumphs in orthodox fashion.

Among recent volumes of short stories that by Mr. Winfield Scott Moody<sup>5</sup> deserves the reading of all those who care for a light touch, a charming atmosphere, and a graphic description of the joys and sorrows of the collector. The tale of the chase of the rare bric-à-brac has not often been so pleasantly told, with knowledge of its tricks, accidents, and catastrophes, of its immense interest, and of the fun of it. The people who appear are well drawn, and, what is better, they are well bred. After reading much of the fiction of the day, one feels as if in this modest volume he is really once more in good society.

**The Home Garden** The lover of the hardy garden can now find described in a single book<sup>6</sup> every perennial plant and flower that the most complete garden could conceivably contain. The flowers are arranged in tabular form, by months according to their season of bloom. The tables give concisely common and botanical names, height of plant, proper situation for planting, color of blossoms, and a few words of general description and individual peculiarities. A color chart, showing sixty-three shades, is appended to the volume; and reference to these shades by number helps

<sup>1</sup> *The Harrow*. By Ellis Meredith. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$3.50.

<sup>2</sup> *The Windfall*. By Charles Egbert Craddock. Duffield & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> *The Giant's Strength*. By Basil King. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> *The White Cat*. By Gelett Burgess. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

<sup>5</sup> *The Pickwick Ladle and Other Collector's Stories*. By Winfield Scott Moody. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>6</sup> *The Garden Month by Month*. By Mabel Cabot Sedgwick. Assisted by Robert Cameron. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$4. net. Postage, 30c.

to give the reader a definite idea of the color of each flower described. Additional lists recommend the best herbaceous plants, selections of water plants, log garden plants, plants conspicuous for their foliage, vines and climbers and ferns. Two hundred fine photographs of flowers and gardens offer inspiration for the ambitious gardener. The book should be a valuable reference volume for the experienced garden-maker who aims at elaborate color combinations or who wants to try experiments with new or little-known flowers. The beginner in this delightful pursuit would probably find some of the simpler and less exhaustive garden books more helpful and not so bewildering. Another volume<sup>1</sup> is full of suggestions for rendering the garden more homelike, more livable, and more picturesque by the appropriate addition of accessories. Summer-houses, garden temples, pergolas, trellises, bowers, green galleries, pleached alleys, sun-dials, gazing-globes, seats, tables, bird-houses, bee-skepess, fountains, pools, walls, terraces, balustrades, and other similar accessories to the garden, formal and informal, are described succinctly and helpfully; but especially are they illustrated. Every second page of the book is filled by an unusually fine picture of one of these features. A third volume<sup>2</sup> has the distinction of being a garden book without pictures. It contains what is really a group of essays on the principles of garden arrangement and tree planting and training for the securing of artistic landscape effects. A book<sup>3</sup> of more direct application, and one that will be of more value for the amateur garden and the home-maker than any of these three, is entitled "Four Seasons in the Garden." It contains clear and definite instruction on such subjects as the making and care of the lawn, and of flower-beds, backyard gardens and window-boxes, fall work in the garden, the growing of bulbs, the home greenhouse, table decoration, and many others. It is well illustrated.

**Seven Arts** Music, painting, sculpture, architecture, handicrafts, the drama, and dancing are the seven arts to suggest the essays collected in the present volume. Each paper is distinguished by a general excellence in the selection of material and by an extreme finish in the manner of its exposition; indeed, sometimes the reader can hardly escape a feeling of preciosity. The variety of subject represented

by Mr. Symons's latest volume<sup>4</sup> affords marked light and shadow of background, as contrasted with some of his other books, making each subject stand out distinctly from the rest; indeed, often also more sharply differentiating his particular opinions from other opinions. Here is a volume either to take up and open anywhere for a spare half-hour, or one equally to repay consecutive reading. This may be said of whatever Mr. Symons writes. He is too acute a thinker, too sincere a believer in the possibilities of whatever subject he may be engaged upon, too frank and fearless in his use both of matter and manner, ultimately to fail in his general appeal. There must always be a respect for the man who divines subtly, thinks independently, and knows how to give forceful impact to his thought. There must also arise some stimulation and suggestiveness from essays such as these, leading to further investigation and not improbably to original thinking. That is not saying, however, that every one will quite agree with all of Mr. Symons's opinions, especially where, as in the essay on M. Rodin in the present volume, for instance, he occasionally seems to over-emphasize the erotic, as does that sculptor. While for an instant there may be a faint reminder of the decadent school, it is soon dissipated. If one were to compare Mr. Symons with other critics and literary men, it would rather be with such an authority as the late Walter Pater. Yet what of Pater's opinions is more acute than Mr. Symons's estimate of Mr. McCall's "Nineteenth Century Art," "The bricks in his work are often better than the building," or the estimate of Carrière, one who did for human nature in painting what Corot did for landscape:

The rhythm of his mother and child almost evades the limit of the frame. . . . In Carrière as in Rodin there are no specimens, but growing things; the flower scarcely plucked, still alive from the root, a part not yet cut off from universal nature. And that is why Rodin leaves the foundation of his form unshaped in the marble, why he gives the animate being some foothold on the earth; and why Carrière evokes a mist or twilight, which clothes his humanity with that tenderness that lurks transformingly behind our eyes when we look upon one another.

**History of the Inquisition** The reading of this volume<sup>5</sup> emphasizes by contrast the value of those provisions of English law which have now come to be so wrought into Anglo-Saxon civilization that it is difficult for the men of this generation to realize the severity of the battles by which they were won. Not merely in the Inquisi-

<sup>1</sup> *The Garden and Its Accessories*. By Loring Underwood. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Garden Beautiful: Home Woods, Home Landscape*. By W. Robinson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4, net.

<sup>3</sup> *Four Seasons in the Garden*. By Eben E. Rexford. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50, net.

<sup>4</sup> *Studies in Seven Arts*. By Arthur Symons. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>5</sup> *A History of the Inquisition of Spain*. By Henry Charles Lea, LL.D. In Four Vols. Vol. III. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50, net.

tion, but in Spanish jurisprudence generally, those provisions were not only disregarded, they were unknown. The accused was habitually tortured, and torture was frequently applied to witnesses. It was always presumed that the accused was guilty. He not only must establish his innocence, but he must be able to resist torture applied to compel him to confess his guilt. Arrested and brought before the Holy Office, he was not told of what offense he was charged, but was exhorted to confess the crime of which he had been charged and of which he often knew nothing, and was tortured to extort some sort of confession. Of course he did not face his accuser or confront his witnesses, nor have any opportunity to examine them. An advocate was allowed to assist him, but the advocate was frequently, if not generally, appointed by the court, and instead of being prohibited from communicating the information derived from his client, he was required to repeat it if the communication would be of advantage to the inquisition. Under these conditions acquittal was virtually prohibited, and if by any chance an acquittal was secured, it constituted no bar to subsequent proceedings. When, as rarely was the case, acquittal was obtained, it was followed by an infliction of a fine or some other penalty in order to save the honor of the court. Finally, in lieu of the modern endeavor to secure the impartiality of the tribunal, the finances of the tribunal were made to depend on the fines which it inflicted, and the injustices and cruelties instigated by the perverted conscience of the times and the spirit of sordid selfishness which is, unhappily, peculiar to no time. This volume of Dr. Lea's is not so much an indictment of any ecclesiastical organization as it is a revelation of the spirit of despotic power, whatever the organization in which it may dwell. In fact, all the wrongs portrayed in this volume are being perpetrated to-day in Russian tribunals—the torture both of accused and of witnesses, the presumption of guilt, the refusal to communicate to the accused the accusation, the denial of any opportunity to confront either the accuser or the witnesses, and the use of the courts to gratify private greed and private revenge.

#### *New England Theology*

Forty years ago the New England Theology was a phrase that represented an active and influential school of religious thought, with a history of a century and a half behind it. Between 1880 and 1895 it had disappeared from its place of power in the

Congregational seminaries. To-day it is merely the shadow of a great name which has "perished from off the face of the earth." So writes its present historian,<sup>1</sup> himself one of its alumni, confessing that when he began to write its history, years ago, he thought it "destined, under whatever changes, to the exercise of a long extended influence." The distinctive spirit of the New England theology was ethical. In its ethical interest it endeavored to effect improvements in the Calvinistic system which it had inherited. The system under successive improvers changed—to use a phrase of Professor Park—to "Calvinistical and Calvinisticalish." When the system collapsed entirely in the Copernican revolution introduced by Darwinism, the work of improving it, of course, ended. The New England theology became in form defunct. Its spirit lives; its soul is marching on in the new direction of theological improvement which Darwinism introduced, and Biblical criticism, with a new psychology, is continuing. That spirit, awakening in the elder Edwards, was transmitted to his successors. It believed in theological development and progress, in meeting new conditions with new presentations of truth. Through this spirit the recent modernizing of religious thought has been effected, as Professor Foster notes, with less disturbance among the pupils of the New England theology than among others, and from them the leaders of the recent transition from old to new modes of thought and statement have mainly come. His history begins with the elder Edwards, of Northampton, and ends with Professor Park, of Andover. The famous teachers whom he brings in, each with his quota of constructive, reconstructive, and controversial thought, retain—excepting those hyphens between the old and the new, Samuel Harris and Horace Bushnell—slight hold on present interest, given, as it is, to largely modified conceptions of God and man, nature and the Bible. But a perennial interest will attach to their ethical effort to better a system false at its root in the now obsolete fiction of humanity wrecked in its launching into the world. Some unguarded expressions of their historian, *e.g.*, "God's supernatural interference;" "as for future punishment . . . he is a bold man who is willing to be known as believing in it," may raise doubt whether he has yet fully freed himself from the pull of the system whose collapse he records.

<sup>1</sup> *Genetic History of the New England Theology*. By the Rev. Frank Hugh Foster, D.D. University of Chicago Press, Chicago. 82

# Letters to *The Outlook*

## INJURIES TO EMPLOYEES

Referring to your editorial comment upon the decision of United States Judge Speer sustaining the constitutionality of the Federal law rendering common carriers, engaged in inter-State commerce, liable in damages to their employees for injuries received in the course of their employment, even though occasioned by the negligence of their co-employees, I wish to add a word or two.

The doctrine of non-liability of masters for injuries to servants from the negligence of fellow-servants was established, by judicial construction, in England, shortly after steam railways were put into operation. It was not long before the question presented itself to the courts in this country, and in Massachusetts, and in South Carolina at about the same time, the English precedent was followed. (*Farwell v. R. R. 4 Metc. 49*; *Murry v. S. C. R. R. Co., 1 McMullan, 385.*)

In Scotland, on the other hand, the introduction of the English doctrine of non-liability of the masters was stoutly resisted, the Scotch judges protesting to the last against its apparent injustice.

Lord Cockburn (afterwards Chief Justice) summed up his objection to it, in *Rankin v. Dickson* (Hay's "Law of Liability in Cases of Accident and Negligence," p. 136), in a few strong words:

It is said, as an illustration of this, that if a coachman kills a stranger by improper driving the employer of the coachman is liable; but that he is not liable if the coachman only kills the footman. If this be the law of England (I speak it with all due respect), it most certainly is not the law of Scotland.

See also 23 Ohio Weekly Law Bulletin, p. 84. W. S. WALKER.  
Cincinnati, Ohio.

## MEN'S WORK AND WOMEN'S WORK

In your editorial of April 6 you quote Miss Stephen as saying that "there is a certain absurdity about the mere suggestion of men's taking an increased part in woman's work; . . . what is, in fact, proposed is that women, while continuing to do all their own work, shall take an increased share in that of men," and you evidently consider this "an indisputable truth."

To my mind, ever since the beginning of machinery man has encroached on "woman's work," and is bound to continue the transference of work now done at home to places outside the home. Once all women were producers; to-day many are not. These latter are no more idle than the midge darting

over a summer pool, but they are unproductive. They no longer need to make yeast, vinegar, butter, cheese, candles, soap, collars, shirts, stockings, coats. They neither spin nor weave nor dye all the household textiles, as did their foremothers. They must have new avenues of productivity if they are not to be parasites. Man's invasion of their sphere has set them free for a more needed and more spiritual work. It is useless to speak of "man's work" and "woman's work" as if they were static. They are in constant flux. The electric cooker and endless possible helps to household labor must be reckoned with in the near future.

Moreover, as Miss Jane Addams, Miss Mary McDowell, Mrs. Florence Kelley, and other suffragists who are leading social reformers in this country are never weary in pointing out, not only must millions of women now earn their living outside the home, but the housekeeper as well as they is more and more dependent on outside conditions which only a voter can efficiently control. Pure food was once a matter of the housekeeper's care; now she must depend on legislation. She cannot make gas as she once made candles, or control her water or milk supply. Every year each household is growing more dependent on conditions that the woman who loves her home ought to desire to help control.

It is the failure to grasp the immense significance of the new industrial era as bearing on the woman and the home that seems to me to be the cause of much belated anti-suffrage argument. A century ago it might have applied.

It is interesting to note that at the great National Peace Congress in New York every woman who was asked to speak happened to be a woman suffragist. It is safe to say that four-fifths of the women who are doing noble service for the community are woman suffragists, and four-fifths of the women whose names are in the society columns in whist contests, competing for athletic prizes, and posing for beauty shows are positive anti-suffragists. Between these two the mass of husy women have not yet taken a decided stand, and are open to conviction. If they are to follow *The Outlook's* advice, and read Miss Stephen, I suggest that they also read Jane Addams before they decide to ignore the implications of democracy and modern industry.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.  
Boston, Massachusetts.



## THE PAY OF TEACHERS

I notice that you say in regard to the New York Teachers' Salary Bill that it will make it more difficult to provide a proper proportion of men teachers. I fail to see the cogency of this reasoning. As a man teacher myself, I have noticed that men now meet two difficulties as teachers: first, they often find it hard to obtain positions in secondary schools, because women can be hired to do the same work very creditably at salaries which men with families cannot accept; second, the salaries of men teachers are lowered because school boards know that if a man will not accept a stated salary, a woman with no one dependent on her doubtless will do so. And the average school board does not trouble itself too deeply about the need of men teachers, provided the routine work seems satisfactorily performed by women. As a result, the salaries now usually paid call many second-rate men, and fewer thoroughly competent ones; while with women this is less true, since teaching is perhaps the best profession that can be said to be wide open to women.

As *The Outlook* intimates, this lack of proportion between men and women teachers is undesirable. But if the salaries were equalized, and made high enough to be satisfactory to men, would not the tendency be for school boards to choose a proper proportion of men, since nothing could be saved by hiring women? The competition would then be on the basis of merit and fitness, not on the lower level of commercialism that now too often prevails.

It may be that the law is unwise and economically unsound, since it forces the principle of supply and demand, and that the only remedy lies in the education of the public to recognize the vital importance of the teacher's profession. Nevertheless, it is by no means clear that the law would add to the proportion of women teachers. Why should a school board give preference to a woman when the law provides that she shall receive the same salary as a man? It seems to me that the question would then be simply one of the comparative fitness of the candidates, and of a preference in sex.

W. E. AIKEN.

Mount Hermon, Massachusetts.

## NOT A POPULIST

I notice in *The Outlook* of April 6, p. 806, the statement is made that Frank Steunenberg "was elected Governor of Idaho as a Populist in 1897."

In view of the general character of Popu-

list leadership during that period, the statement does our lamented former Governor a great injustice. He was never a Populist, but was twice elected Governor as a Democrat.

J. M. ALDRICH,  
(Professor of Biology, University of Idaho.)  
Moscow, Idaho.

## DUE TRIBUTE

The interesting communication in your May issue headed "Creative Americans" has tempted an "honest old-timer"—not "pessimist"—into reminiscing. The present writer goes back in memory to the early and middle fifties of the nineteenth century. He remembers very distinctly that some four or five years before the epoch-making (?) address of Dr. William A. Stearns, of Amherst College, the University of Virginia had an accomplished physical director at the head of an up-to-date (for the time) gymnasium bearing the legend, "Mens sana in corpore sano." We had no "anthropometric measurement" or scientific system of hygienic instruction and all that. But well-nigh the whole student body would meet of afternoons in generous trial of strength and prowess on the gymnasium green. We had our exhilarating games of shinny, popularly known as "bandy," in which the "fellers" would upon occasion get a shin barked or a couple or more of teeth knocked down their throat. But their blood went tingling, and the sport was jolly and "fair play" the law. We had our football, too—not an eclectic club of eleven, but a whole-field full of eager contestants for the ball and the "high kick," and no broken spines, fractured skulls, or harvest of half a score of deaths in a season of forty or fifty days. The "anemics" might almost be counted on one-half the fingers of one hand. Appendicitis hadn't been heard of, "heart failure" wasn't the constant refuge for medical diagnosis. Typhoid was rare; and, not least, perhaps every third man or more one met did not wear the fashionable appendage of eyeglasses. I know not if all this was due to the "inwincible ignorance" of the day which could not see what "a sorry breed" it was producing. But at least we seemed to get along, and the "mens sana in corpore sano" was abundantly in evidence. As to the scholarship, it may have consisted in a thorough mastery given by concentration on a few things.

The writer recalls, at random, no less than three of his contemporaries who either have occupied or are now occupying honored chairs in such institutions as Harvard, Columbia, and Johns Hopkins.

(Rev.) W. H. MEADE.

Chapel Hill, North Carolina.

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# Swift's Premium

## What the Users Say

### INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

When I first began going to market, the butcher used to draw out a piece of bacon for my inspection, saying always, "Swift's Premium, ma'am, the best there is, ma'am." And so I naturally began buying it, and now though I sometimes try experiments with other brands, I always go back in the end to "Swift's Premium, the best there is."

### BARRE, VT.

Having just visited Swift & Company's great plant at Chicago, and seen with what neatness and despatch the work is done, I am more than ever convinced of the excellence of their products. At the Live Stock Show a large number of the animals that took premiums were marked "Bought by Swift & Co." This proves that their buyers believe the best is none too good for Swift's patrons.

### OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLA.

Swift's Bacon has a place on our breakfast table almost three hundred and sixty-five days a year. What more can I say of it! The proof of the pudding is in the eating. We ask for nothing better.

### ROCKFORD, ILL.

For the past ten years bacon has been considered an indispensable article of food at breakfast in our home. We have tried many brands, but long ago awarded the palm to Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon. Their crispness, delicacy, sweetness and peculiar nut-like flavor render them most agreeable and appetizing to the palate.

### MILWAUKEE, WIS.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon have a delicious, sweet, nut-like flavor. A big advantage they have over other hams and bacon, they need not be soaked in water before using, to draw out surplus salt. They are seasoned just right.

### BANGOR, ME.

I have eaten and enjoyed many a breakfast of Swift's delicious Premium Ham, which, when broiled in thin slices and accompanied by an egg, starts the day just right. On a morning when the appetite flags, a dish of Swift's Premium bacon in thin slices, fried crisp to a delicate golden shade makes a meal that revives the most drooping appetite.

### PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The "Don't Worry" problem has been solved for me many times by having in the house at all times a strip of Swift's Premium Bacon or a few slices of Swift's Premium Ham. I have several ways of using the ham which seems to meet the taste of friends visiting me. The bacon is always to be depended upon prepared in the good old way—browned crisp in the oven.

### ST. LOUIS, MO.

I am like an Englishman in one respect—I like bacon for breakfast every day in the year. I don't know what brand he uses, but I prefer Swift's Premium. And eating it as I do, 365 times a year, I think I am a competent judge.

### SIoux CITY, IA.

We are very fond of bacon for breakfast, and have used many different cures. But the best of all is Swift's Premium. We buy it by the slab and slice it as it is needed. Our visitors always eat heartily and claim they have enjoyed their meal immensely.

### CATSKILL, N. Y.

Swift & Company produce the best Hams and Bacon on the market. They are clean, sweet and delicious. Just enough salt and just the right flavor. A thin slice of one of Swift's Premium cold boiled hams, with its pink center and surrounding circle of pure white, sending forth a delicate aroma, is enough to tempt the appetite of a pronounced vegetarian.

### LOS ANGELES, CAL.

My order to the grocer when hams, bacon and lard are needed, is always, "send Swift's." The Silver Leaf Lard is by far the best procurable in this market, and the Premium hams are by far the best and sweetest I can find. As bacon is always on my breakfast table, no matter what else there is to eat, I can certainly be recognized as speaking from experience.

### MANNINGTON, W. VA.

Have used Swift's products a great deal in the five years I have kept house, and have found them "true blue." The Premium Bacon is always so deliciously sweet and appetizing, while Swift's Premium Hams and Silver Leaf Lard are always fresh and good. We used the articles in my girlhood home, so can speak from the experience a long acquaintance gives. They are very generally used here.

### KIRKTON, ONTARIO, CANADA.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon are the finest to be had. The curing and smoking seems to be perfect, giving us sweet, juicy meat and the crispest of bacon.

### DENVER, COLO.

Since trying Swift's Premium Ham and Bacon my family will not permit the use of any other brand. We think it the best on the market.

### DAYTON, O.

In our home we are of the opinion that a Swift & Company brand of goods cannot be anything but good. Swift's Premium Hams are the best we have ever eaten—so sweet and delicious—and we always feel sure of the healthiness of the meat, and its cleanliness preparation.

### WASHINGTON, D. C.

I find that Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon are most satisfactory in every way. The ham is rich, succulent and of delicious flavor; thoroughly cured and retaining all the sweetness of the meat. The bacon is particularly appetizing, and forms an almost daily part of our breakfasts, and requires but a few moments to transform it into crisp, dainty morsels.

### SEATTLE, WASH.

I have used Swift & Company's Premium Hams and Bacon for the last four years and have found them always satisfactory, the flavor being delicious and the quality of uniform standard.

### PITTSBURG, PA.

To my mind no breakfast dish can equal a few thin, crisp, fragrant slices of Swift's Premium bacon, and for several years in our home we have eaten with relish, Swift's products several times a week.

# Hams and Bacon

# Outlook

FOR JUNE

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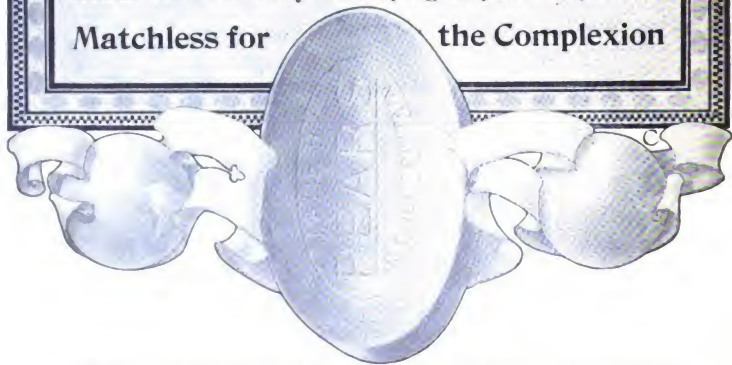
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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 4

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

*Senator Spooner's  
Successor*

No one believes that Isaac Stephenson, who was elected by the Wisconsin Legislature last week to take Mr. Spooner's place in the United States Senate for the remainder of the unexpired term, is unquestionably better equipped for the position than any other man who could have been selected; or even that he would have been the direct choice of the people of the State. He is a lumber king, one of the wealthiest men in Wisconsin. He served in the National House of Representatives in the days of Philetus Sawyer. There is little question that his politics helped his business, and his business helped his politics. Every one knows how timber lands of the West have fallen into the hands of men who have had advance knowledge about "entries;" Mr. Stephenson's opportunities for obtaining such advance knowledge certainly did him no material damage. Yet to-day he is Senator by virtue of the approval he has received from the man who in Wisconsin personifies opposition to special unearned privilege and advocacy of popular rights—Senator La Follette. It is as a convert from the ranks not of the rich men but of the plutocrats that Mr. Stephenson has gained the office of Senator. Soon after Mr. La Follette's appearance as a political leader in the State, Mr. Stephenson became one of his adherents. He has furnished Mr. La Follette with sinews of war. The accession of this man of power was welcomed by many of those whom the "stalwarts," or conservative Republicans, have termed the "half-breeds," and certainly added strength to the La Follette wing of the party. He will doubtless make a respectable member of the Senate, as would any one of his opponents. Mr. Hatten, Mr. Lenroot, Mr. Esch, and

Mr. Cooper have all rendered public service and have exhibited public spirit. Indeed, this Senatorial contest—which was a miniature deadlock—was distinguished for the quality of the men engaged in it. Mr. Stephenson has announced his platform, which includes tariff reform, further powers for the Inter-State Commerce Commission, direct popular election of Senators, and Federal income and inheritance taxes. He has pledged himself not to be a candidate for re-election two years hence.

*The Situation in  
San Francisco*

The partial confession of guilt made by Abraham Ruef last week in San Francisco, and the later report that the resignation of Mayor Schmitz is in the hands of a committee of seven citizens, indicate that the time has come when an honest and clean-handed municipal government may be established if citizens without regard to party will combine with that sole object in mind. While the manner of Ruef's statement in court and the reservations in his plea of guilty were extraordinary, it has long been known among those acquainted with the conditions of affairs in San Francisco that this arch-grafter and political boss has been trying to obtain immunity for himself by a partial disclosure of the criminal acts through which San Francisco has been plundered and shamed. The vigor and the searching intelligence of the prosecution have been such that apparently no other step remained to him. Fully two months ago The Outlook, relying upon information directly from San Francisco, intimated that both Ruef and Schmitz were trying to make terms with the prosecution. While any declaration of repentance and sorrow for ill doing ought to be met with appreciation and sympathy, it is hard to



regard Ruef's emotional and sentimental outpouring in court as anything but an attempt to avert punishment and opprobrium, and equally hard not to suspect that confession was resorted to only when legal defense no longer seemed possible. Ruef's reference to his alleged early high ideals of political conduct, his assertion that those nearest and dearest to him were on the verge of collapse with their lives hanging in the balance, and his grandiloquent declaration that hitherto there had been no stain upon his honor and that he proposed to help overthrow the terrible system of corruption and make San Francisco the scene of a future career of integrity and "the place of his eternal sleep," we find it difficult to accept at their face value. Moreover, his appeal was accompanied by misleading assertions of innocence, quite inconsistent with the facts or with an honorable intention to make a clean breast of his guilt. The case in which Ruef entered a plea of guilty was a despicable one of rank extortion from a disreputable saloon, yet it was precisely this class of cases as to which Ruef asserted his general innocence, while admitting that he had been guilty of conniving at the corruption of municipal officials by corporations. Further statements by him indicated that he proposed to pick and choose among the charges of municipal corruption shielding some wrong-doers and disclosing the evidence against others. Thus he remarked:

Only upon those who are guilty of deliberately tempting and corrupting public men will the odium of this thing fall. There are men who have paid moneys, we will say innocently enough, probably as courtesy. They did not realize what they were doing, nor did they expect to corrupt any official. There are other men, however, who have paid over sums of money for the specific purpose of corrupting public men, and these instigators of dishonesty in public life deserve to and shall be exposed.

If a distinction is to be made between the voluntary payment of bribe money to accomplish a desired object and the payment of tribute to blackmailers, the classification of these two grades of guilt should not be left to one of the criminals who has apparently participated in both forms of bribery. It is the invariable

defense of those who give bribes that they are obliged to do so to placate blackmailers or go out of business, and it is the invariable defense of those who accept bribes that they are tempted by greedy corporations who want special privileges and are willing to pay for them. Neither defense is a sound one, and it is to be hoped that the San Francisco reformers will not allow guilt to go unpunished, but will make an example for all time of both those who have given and taken bribes. Sentence upon Ruef was suspended for two weeks, and in the meanwhile he has been before the Grand Jury, and, if rumors are true, has given some evidence of value as regards the deal of city officials with the United Railroads; in this matter Ruef, Schmitz, and many of the Supervisors are said to have received large sums for privileges and franchises granted to the street railways.



#### *More Capitol Revelations in Pennsylvania*

The investigation of the cost of Pennsylvania's new Capitol continues to reveal peculiar methods of doing business.

Recently representatives of several firms of sub-contractors, who supplied fixtures and decorations for the building, appeared before the Commission. Their testimony disclosed a uniform practice on the part of the contractors, Payne & Co., of submitting their bills on bill-heads bearing the names of the sub-contractors—the stationery being supplied them, on request, by those contractors. The prices purported to be those charged by the sub-contractor. For example, a representative of the Robert Scott Engineering Construction Company testified that his firm had installed heating apparatus in the attic of the Capitol, for which its price was \$18,570. He was shown the bills for this work which the State paid, and, although they were all made out on the stationery of his company, he failed to identify them as the original bills. The amount of these bills and the amount which Payne & Co. received for the work was \$26,116. Representatives of other firms—wood-workers, plasterers, painters, and deco-

rators, metal-workers—stated that the bills for their work which were shown them, made out on their own bill-heads, were not the original bills which they had submitted. The natural inference is that Payne & Co. hoped, by this method of billing, to create the impression that the prices charged were those of the companies who were actually doing the work; a condition of the contract was that the contractors should furnish materials at actual market prices. Another startling disclosure was made in the testimony of Mr. S. M. Williams, of Pittsburg. Mr. Williams was a bidder on the contract for chandeliers for the Capitol. He was unsuccessful. His bid of twenty per cent. discount from the maximum price of five dollars per pound was three per cent. higher than that of Sanderson, contractor for all the decorating and furnishing. Mr. Williams incidentally made the charge that, although Sanderson's bid was twenty-three per cent. below the maximum, he collected for the work at a rate of only three per cent. below. This juggling of figures would permit Sanderson to make an extra profit of a dollar a pound over his original bid. This assertion, however, was merely an incident of Mr. Williams's testimony. It appears that when his bid was unsuccessful, he planned a political attack on Senator Penrose, who he felt had not done all he could to help him to get the contract, and an exposure of the political methods which he was convinced were being used in connection with the Capitol contracting. The attack was not pressed. At about this time Mr. Williams received, on his own unsecured note, a loan of \$10,000 from some prominent man whose name he declined to reveal. He did acknowledge, however, that the generous lender was a National office-holder. It has been strongly intimated by the press that this official is a Congressman who is the treasurer of a construction company which received large contracts for metal furnishings and other trimmings for the Capitol. In any case it is a reasonable deduction that the dropping by Mr. Williams of his planned exposure was worth \$10,000 to some one. Every

session of the Commission brings out additional bits of evidence of indirect and devious methods of awarding contracts and submitting accounts for work (presumably) done; of stupendous profits for favored contractors; of the use of materials and of workmanship which are not what they purport to be. Already sufficient evidence has been secured to convince the public, if not the authorities, that great frauds have been perpetrated in the construction of the Capitol.



*Municipal Efficiency* In Mr. Haskell's article on "The Texas Idea," in a recent issue of *The Outlook*, the aim and point of the Houston and Galveston experiments in city government were thus defined: "Having found the old form of government by municipal legislature a failure, they have not sought to abolish the council or even primarily to reform it. They have merely reduced it to such a size that its members may be held accountable, and then have given them the power essential to efficiency." Whether the voters delegate their powers to a board of forty aldermen or to a board of five is not material to the maintenance of the principles of democracy and representative government. But in these Texas towns it has been found that the small board, each member of which is the executive head of a city department, is immensely more efficient, first, because it works directly and with simplicity of machinery, and, secondly, because not only the Mayor, but his assistants, are selected at large and stand for the whole city. The first of these considerations obviates delay, debate, and log-rolling; the second does away with the usual clash of local rivalries, ward interests, and petty bargaining. The claim that this method is undemocratic is totally fallacious; but there is more point in the argument that the members of so small a governing body should be subject to careful counterchecks and to quick rebuke if they neglect the city's interest. To this end the "Des Moines plan," now gaining ground in Iowa and elsewhere in the Central West, requires a local referendum before the plan itself can be adopted by the munici-



pality. If one-fourth of the voters petition for the plan, it is submitted to the decision of the people at the ensuing election; and if the plan receives a majority vote, it goes into force for six years, when it may be abandoned if but a fourth of the qualified voters sign a petition to that effect and their wishes are confirmed at a general election. The recall of elective officers is also provided for by similar methods of petition and vote, while the powers of the Mayor and four Councilmen (elected by the city at large, as in Texas) are restricted as to new undertakings, such as purchasing or leasing street-car systems or electric light works, by the initiative and referendum, which are applied in much the same way as in Switzerland. Such a system of checks as is provided in this Des Moines plan is perfectly consistent with the basic idea contained in the Houston plan, the only question being whether or not sufficient executive power is left in the hands of the Mayor and heads of departments to make municipal government businesslike, prompt, and economical. A different method of attempting to get the special benefit of the Texas idea without abandoning the old-fashioned legislative principle is seen in the somewhat complex machinery which has been in operation for about a year in Newport, Rhode Island. Here again the executive force is in a small board of aldermen (five in this case), who act with the Mayor and have much the same power as do New England selectmen. But there is also a supervising body called a Representative Council, which meets at least twice a year. This consists of one hundred and ninety-five members, one-third of whom are elected each year. This Representative Council, theoretically at least, has all the powers of the ancient town-meeting; it elects city officers and appoints a budget committee of twenty-five, which makes a report to all the voters on city financial affairs. If at any time the board of aldermen gives dissatisfaction by its acts, it may be called to account through the Representative Council, while the principle of the referendum on matters of public importance is also included in the general plan. Practically

(despite the fact that the scheme is described as democratic, as opposed to autocratic), the underlying idea in the Newport system is that of the Texas experiment—namely, to secure executive efficiency by a small governing body, the members of which represent the whole city and not the several wards of the city. Whether these executive officers are responsible directly to the people or indirectly to a Representative Council seems to us of slight consequence and a matter, not of fundamental principle, but of practical convenience, although opponents of the "oligarchy" thought by them to exist in Houston and Galveston find in the Newport scheme a method of constant, as contrasted to intermittent, expression of the people's will.



**Teachers' Salaries** Mayor McClellan has vetoed the bill passed by the New York Legislature to equalize teachers' salaries in the schools of New York City. He states four objections to this measure: 1. That it is a violation of home rule in that it undertakes to force upon the authorities of New York City a specific measure upon which the authorities of that city are entirely competent to pass judgment, and which concerns only the interests of the city, and to do this in a way that will greatly increase its expenditures. 2. That the Board of Education already has ample power to take the action required by this law provided in its judgment the conditions require it. 3. That "it is class legislation, pure and simple, favoring women in certain grades and not in others," in that "in those schedules where men are employed the salaries of all women teachers are automatically raised to the same amounts as those of the men, but in those grades where there are no men the salaries remain unchanged." 4. That it would destroy the elasticity of the present system, and so seriously impair the efficiency of the service. He admits that there is injustice in the present conditions which should be cured, but as cure he would recommend giving to the city full power to regulate all salaries in the Department of Education. "If this is done, I think the local authorities can be

trusted to meet the demands of all its employees in a fair spirit, and to fix all salaries upon a just and equitable basis." The Legislature has passed the bill over the Mayor's veto by a majority vote, and it now goes before the Governor for his final action. In our judgment, the principle of home rule as it has been interpreted by the Governor would require him to veto it upon the simple ground that the question is one which should be left to the determination of the local authorities. The Outlook reiterates its conviction that there are inequalities in the teachers' salaries which ought to be corrected, but that a hard and fast rule requiring the Educational Department to give in all cases where men and women are working in the same school the same salaries to both sexes for the same quantum of work is not the way in which to correct those inequalities. We printed last week one letter giving a teacher's view, opposed to The Outlook's, and will publish one or two others next week.



*Peaceful Heroism  
Abroad*

Dr. Ernst Richard, of the Germanic Department of Columbia University and President of the German-American Peace Society, gave a most interesting account of a Franco-German peace movement in an illustrated lecture which he delivered in the grand ballroom of the Hotel Astor under the auspices of the Women's Peace Circle of New York City last week. In this lecture, with the aid of numerous lantern slides made from photographs taken on the spot, he told the story of the great mining disaster at Courrières, in France, which occurred just a year ago, and in which a small band of German miners performed heroic work as rescuers of their French brothers. About twelve hundred men were entombed in the mines by a terrible explosion. The French sent across the border into the Rhenish-Westphalian coal district of Germany for some special apparatus which had been perfected by German science for rescue work of this kind. Not only was the apparatus furnished, but twenty-one German miners, experts in the use of the appliance, volunteered to

serve both as rescuers and as instructors in the management of the apparatus. They marched into Courrières in military fashion, but on an expedition of peace and life-saving, and descended into the pit of death to face dangers more terrible than those of war. Those who have ever entered an underground mine can imagine what courage it takes to crawl, in pitch darkness, through narrow subterranean galleries filled with smoke and other noxious vapors, with constant danger of having retreat cut off by falling stone or fire. These terrifying dangers the Germans deliberately faced at their own volition to bring out such dead bodies as they could find and with the hope of rescuing a few of the living. It was at a time, too, when the German and French Governments were in a state of great irritation over the Moroccan question, and when Jingo newspapers were doing their best to stir up national hatred and jealousy. The noble heroism of these German miners aroused reciprocal feeling of grateful appreciation on the part of the French, and a sentiment of fraternal interdependence was developed which had more than local or temporary influence. Both French and German newspapers forgot their warlike feelings for the time to pay hearty and sincere tributes both to the heroism and the fraternal spirit displayed at Courrières. The apparatus which the German rescuers used is a very ingenious contrivance by which the miner who wears it is enabled to breathe in an atmosphere absolutely deadly to human lungs. By means of a supply of oxygen and chemicals carried in a sort of knapsack and with a light headpiece through which the mouth and nose are connected with the apparatus, the miner is enabled to breathe his own breath, so to speak, over and over again for two hours. The success of this expedition of German miners into a foreign territory on a mission of peace is not only an example which ought to be followed by the organization of permanent rescue societies, but is a testimonial to the efficiency of scientific industrial education in Germany. These German miners were trained not only for coal-mining but for rescue work in mining disasters in a model mining school car-

ried on by the mine owners' association of the town of Bochum. Dr. Richard's account of the dramatic phases of the disaster and of the rescuing party was human and picturesque, and his description and explanation of the technicalities of mining and of the scientific features of the remarkable German apparatus employed by the rescuers was clear and easily understood by the average layman. It would be well if this lecture could be repeated before other societies and organizations interested in preparing the public to understand the purposes and functions of the coming Hague Conference.



#### *Peaceful Heroism at Home*

The firemen of New York and the other great cities of this country are called upon almost daily to exhibit qualities of courage, bravery, and physical prowess that are demanded of the soldier only now and then in time of war. This dramatic heroism of peace, of which the events at Courrières furnish a signal example, was displayed in a thrilling manner at a serious fire which threatened the destruction of life and property in a Broadway office building at midday on Tuesday of last week. The building was occupied by a well-known typewriter company, and in the cellar and sub-cellar, where the fire broke out, there were stored quantities of rubber, carbon paper, and other materials whose combustion produced a dense volume of suffocating smoke and noxious gases. The upper floors were filled with employees, many of whom were young women. The fire threatened to be so serious a one that several fire companies were called to the scene. In order to get at the sources of the blaze the firemen had to get down into the sub-cellar with their hose. The men, without hesitation, plunged into the smoke-filled abyss, and worked until overcome, when they were pulled out by comrades who took their places. In this manner from thirty to forty firemen, one after another, succumbed to the poisonous fumes, and were brought out unconscious to be revived by the surgeons of nine ambulances which had been summoned to

the scene. A temporary emergency hospital was hastily arranged in a near-by store, in which many of the young women employed in the burning building acted as nurses. Several of the firemen who were dragged out unconscious from the blazing building plunged in again when they had been revived by the physicians in charge. The captain of one engine company was overcome three times by the smoke and flames, each time returning to the charge. It is believed that no lives were lost, but there were many hair-breadth escapes, and undoubtedly not a few of the men will suffer from the physical consequences of this courageous fire-fighting for some time to come. If there ever comes a time when military battles among civilized nations are as infrequent as duels among civilized men, there need be no fear that there will not be opportunity for the exercise of those qualities of physical bravery and faithfulness to duty in the face of death which have given to war its nobility. It appears to us that the breathing apparatus invented by the Germans for use in mine galleries and chambers filled with poisonous gases might be adopted by the Fire Department for use in just such fires as that above described.



#### *Jamestown Day*

The focal point of the Jamestown Exposition, so far as formal commemoration is concerned, was the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary, on Monday of last week, of the landing of the first permanent English settlers in America. The presence of General Kuroki and his staff, a parade of eight thousand men in line with marines and sailors from the different war-ships in the harbor and including some from the Spanish cruisers, a salute of three hundred guns at noon, a ball and dinner in the evening given on the flagship of the Italian fleet, and a brilliant illumination of the boats in Hampton Roads at night, were features of a memorable occasion. Governor Swanson, of Virginia, presided at the formal exercises, and the music was furnished by a choir of students from William and Mary College. The orator of the day, by a very happy choice, was

Mr. Bryce, than whom, on either side of the ocean, no one could have spoken with a larger vision of the historical significance and sequence of one of the greatest events in the history of the continent. Mr. Bryce characterized the landing at Jamestown as an event to be compared, for its consequences, with the overthrow of the Persian Empire by Alexander, with the destruction of Carthage by Rome, with the taking of Constantinople by the Turks. He commented charitably on the legends which cluster about some of the leading figures in the drama of early Virginia settlement, and especially about the figures of Captain John Smith and of Pocahontas, whom he called the Nausicaa of the Virginia Odyssey. He emphasized especially two qualities in the early Virginians—the spirit of adventure and the spirit of liberty. They came from a free country, and the love of self-government glowed in their hearts. They brought with them the principles and traditions of the English common law, the legal system “most fully pervaded with the spirit of liberty and the most favorable to the development of personal self-reliance and individual responsibility.” This spirit of liberty showed itself among the colonists from the very beginning. It inspired the greatest of all Virginians, and it was the keynote of Virginia statesmanship at a time when it gave to the Union four of its first five Presidents and its greatest Chief Justice. During the dark days of the Civil War it produced Robert E. Lee, “one of the finest characters of that age.” To-day the jealousies of States and the antagonisms of sections have vanished, and the battlefields where Lee and Grant won undying fame can now be looked upon by all without bitterness. To-day the clouds of misunderstanding between the old country and the new have also vanished, and have been succeeded by a new affection and sympathy. England rejoices in our prosperity and unity. “Among her many achievements there is none of which she is more proud than this, that she laid the foundation of your vast and splendid Republic;” and Mr. Bryce quoted the cordial words of greeting from King Edward VII. of England to

the President, sent across the sea on the opening of the Exposition:

On the occasion of the celebrations commemorating the tercentenary of the foundation of the first English settlement on the American Continent at Jamestown and the birth of the American nation, his Majesty's Government wish to offer their warmest congratulations to the United States Government on the magnificent progress and development which have brought the United States into the first rank among the greatest nations of the world, not only in material prosperity, but also in culture and peaceful civilization. The connection which must ever exist in history between the British and American nations will never be forgotten, and will contribute to increase and foster ties of affection between the two peoples.

The address closed with an earnest appeal to bind liberty and law together because they are inseparable.



*A Lesson to  
the Overworked*

It is reported that Dr. William J. Tucker has resigned the presidency of Dartmouth College. He has been offered a year's absence, and we trust that he may find it consonant with his conscience to accept this offer, for if he does so the acceptance will indicate that he is not without hope that he may be able to resume his work after a period of complete rest. His absolute retirement would be not only a calamity to Dartmouth but a serious loss to New England and indeed to the United States. At the same time Dr. William De Witt Hyde is laid aside temporarily from his work as President of Bowdoin College. Apparently the physical breakdown is not so serious in his case; he is still remaining with the College, though released from the bulk of his duties; and there is good reason to hope that a summer's complete rest will enable him to resume his position with fresh vigor in the fall. Both men were originally in the pastorate. Dr. Hyde was called directly from his parish in New Jersey to the presidency of Bowdoin College; Dr. Tucker, formerly a pastor in New York City, went thence to a professorship in Andover Theological Seminary, from which chair he was called to the presidency of Dartmouth College. Each man found the College in a weak condition; each, by distinguished intellectual leadership, un-

flagging industry, and unwearied attention to details, has built his College up until in each case it has attained a greater prosperity than it has ever before known in its history. In each case this has been done by no unworthy acts, no skillful advertising, no pertinacious begging, no flattery of either wealthy patrons or popular prejudices. In each case the College in its present prosperous condition is a monument to a noble service worthily performed. In each case the retirement, which we trust will prove but temporary, is partly at least a result of overwork, and the lesson to other and younger men is one which is continually being taught but never learned—that rest is as sacred a duty as toil, that no man can safely undertake to do all the work which comes in his way to be done, that a man's strength, not the demand upon it, is the measure of his duty, and that the wise man will treat his strength as he does his money—spend less than he acquires, and aim always to keep an unused reserve for possible exigencies. The Outlook hopes that both Dr. Hyde and Dr. Tucker will be able at no distant day to return to their respective posts, and that they will in their future service set an example of moderation in work which their most enthusiastic admirers cannot conscientiously say they have set in the past. "You Americans," said an English official to the writer of this paragraph, "when you find an able man, put the work of six men on him and kill him." It is very true. And the remedy is for the able men to refuse obstinately to do the work of six men even if some of the work remains undone.



### *The Ethical Culture Movement*

The recent meeting at New York of the Societies for Ethical Culture in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, and Philadelphia—now federated under the constitution of the American Ethical Union—should put an end, wherever fairly reported, to any apprehension among the ill informed of their non-religious character. Their unanimous refusal to adopt a resolution declaring the Union to be a religious organization should not be understood as expressing

more than repugnance to the ambiguous import of a conventional phrase. A religious organization commonly stands for some special form of religion, based on a particular belief or practice. The Ethical Union wishes not to be so understood. But it is none the less religious in spirit. Its representative speakers at the great meeting in Carnegie Hall on Sunday, May 12, put this beyond doubt. "Ethical religion is the necessary crown and completion of religious, thought." "Our success depends on whether we are religious." "What social effort needs to-day is religion." "The appeal of the moral ideal for social service is the appeal of religion." Dr. Adler, the founder of the New York society in 1876, closed the meeting with a fervid presentation of the call, "when the social world is now rocking as in an earthquake," to "a religious ministry" of such ethical preaching as that of the prophet Isaiah. "Blood-guiltiness," said he, is risked by refusal of the call. The Ethical Union doubtless includes many agnostics. But that the religious spirit is compatible with some agnosticism cannot be intelligently denied; agnostics may be found in the churches also. That the societies for ethical culture form but "one factor in a large movement" now advancing, and that many churches, as well as other bodies, are doing the same kind of work, was distinctly recognized, and also the duty of co-operating with such churches so far as permitted, disregarding theological barriers. It is time for the churches, on their part, to welcome and respond to such declarations. The professedly religious and the professedly ethical need each other, need to make common cause for their common interest, and they have their common ground in the truth expressed in Wundt's saying, "the moral ideal belongs to the realm of the infinite." Public conferences were held during the four days' meeting on "The Demand for Moral Regeneration in Industrial and Political Life," and on "Moral Education." The four American societies are now federated with a much larger number in Europe, under the constitution of the International Union, which affirms the supreme

worth of the ethical spirit apart from all metaphysical or theological doctrines. Many of the European societies are less imbued with a religious spirit, but must discover what is evidencing itself here—the truth of Sabatier's saying, "Man is incurably religious."



*General Kuroki and  
his Message*

"The Japanese people love peace. They fought for peace. My nation wants peace in which to develop the opportunities that are hers. We have no other desire. The profession which I have the misfortune to follow is noble only because sometimes it is necessary to establish conditions in which peace may be maintained and in which the arts of peace may flourish." Such was the formal and evidently carefully considered declaration made by General Kuroki at the great banquet held in his honor in New York last week. It is well that Japan's policy and purpose should thus be emphatically asserted by the hero of the Yalu and of Liaoyang; for, while well-informed people know that an aggressive attitude toward America is as far removed as possible from Japan's interest or desire, there seems to be growing in the Far West the groundless notion that Japan aspires to the ownership of the Philippines, and sooner or later will make them a cause of dispute with the United States. Not only General Kuroki but others high in the Japanese diplomatic world and in the councils of the Emperor of Japan have pointed out the absurdity of this fiction, and have made it clear that, apart from the old and sincere friendship between the two nations, Japan desires nothing so much as a long period of financial and industrial recuperation and expansion. A pleasant incident of the friendly relations between Japan and America is found in the visit of General Kuroki and Admiral Ijuin, while the presence in New York's waters of the first two Japanese war-ships which have ever come to this country has excited general public interest and has been accompanied by many picturesque features. One of these vessels, the *Tsukuba*, was built entirely in Japan, and is

a signal proof of Japanese industrial and naval advance. Most of the crews of the two ships took part in one or more of the fierce sea-fights of the Russo-Japanese War, and the street crowds were never tired of gazing at them, finding it difficult to reconcile the boyish and docile appearance of the men with the record of their battles. Among the addresses at the banquet above referred to none was more vigorous and significant than that of Secretary Straus, who, among other things, said:

Japan, alone among nations, has given the world an example of how a people can throw off the shackles of an oppressive autocracy and endow itself with all the safeguards of liberty and justice under a constitutional form of government, without going through the terrible struggles and devastation of bloody revolutions, by following along the paths of peaceful evolution.



*The American Court  
for China*

The protection of foreigners in countries like China and Turkey demands the exercise by the Powers of extraterritorial jurisdiction, conceded by those countries. Hence the Powers have clothed their Ministers and Consuls with judicial powers. But, as our officials in China have seldom been expert lawyers or men having had much judicial experience, the arrangement has proved very unsatisfactory, particularly as during recent years the intimacy of our relations with the Far East has prodigiously increased. Ever since Mr. Blaine's recommendation, successive Secretaries of State have endeavored to induce Congress to pass a law separating the diplomatic and consular from the judicial functions of our agents in China. Finally, nearly a year ago, chiefly through ex-Senator Spooner's efforts, a bill was passed creating a United States Court for China to sit at Shanghai, and Judge L. R. Wilfley, of North Carolina, was appointed to its charge. After opening the Court, Judge Wilfley's first act was to require all American attorneys, who desired to be enrolled as members of the American Bar at Shanghai, first to take the examinations prescribed by the Court on the subjects of equity, evidence, pleading, contracts, torts, criminal law,

and extraterritorial statutes, and, secondly, to furnish certificates acceptable to the Court of good moral character. Of course far more importance was attached to the latter than to the former qualification. Eight Shanghai American lawyers applied. Two qualified. The others were rejected. A protest on behalf of the latter has been made to the effect that it is customary in the United States to admit to practice lawyers who have been admitted to practice in other jurisdictions. But at all events it is essential that the candidate should produce evidence of moral character even more exacting than at home. A second important act of Judge Wilfley's court may be found in the trial, conviction, and sentence to imprisonment of a number of the leading swindlers and gambling-house keepers in Shanghai, who have long more than justified the offensive use of the name "sharper" as applied to certain Americans. But the most sensational cases have been those against American women, keepers of disorderly houses. Latterly many American prostitutes have collected in Shanghai, Hongkong, and other Pacific ports, and, repellent as it may seem, throughout the Far East the term "American girl" has in some degree carried a notorious significance. This, with the fact that the permanent keepers of many houses of ill fame have been Americans, has grievously damaged our prestige. In seven out of the eight cases brought before him, Judge Wilfley found the defendants guilty, the eighth case being thrown out only because of a doubt as to the defendant's nationality. The seven guilty women escaped with a heavy fine and a promise that they would close their houses at once, leave China and not return. The prosecutions caused more than fifty inmates of other disorderly houses also to depart under the impression that their turn would come next. It is no wonder that the Chinese have come to regard the too numerous immoral Americans in the treaty ports with suspicion and scorn, while the morally disposed Americans in China are welcoming Judge Wilfley as the reformer whose work in Shanghai may rehabilitate our former reputation.

#### *A Significant Novelist*

The works of Joris Karl Huysmans, the French novelist who died in Paris last week, will be eagerly read by those future historians who desire to understand the intellectual and spiritual processes of the last quarter of the nineteenth century in Europe. As literature his novels have certain great excellencies and certain equally great defects. They are not likely to live simply as pieces of art, but their value as human documents will be very great. The descendant of the famous Dutch painter Cornelius Huysmans, the son and grandson of painters on his father's side, and the grandson of a well-known sculptor on his mother's side, Huysmans's artistic tendency showed itself early, and led him to letters. His first excursion in fiction was in 1877, the year in which Zola published "*L'Assommoir*," and was an illustration in its crudest and baldest form of the extreme doctrine of the naturalist that every section of life is of equal value for the purposes of art. The first story, like some of its successors, dealt with the most sordid and painful subjects in the baldest and most uncompromising fashion. The Dutch love of detail and the Dutch keenness of perception combined to give Huysmans's early novels a peculiarly vivid, painful, and revolting impression of reality. His early story, "*Marthe*," was a study of the lowest kind of vice and the most sordid kind of wretchedness, worked out in a sneering spirit, with a great deal of skill. Then followed three or four other stories, each, if possible, more revolting than its predecessors, and combining in an unusual degree the insatiable curiosity, the abnormal sensitiveness, and the unwholesome interest in the passion side of life which were characteristic of this gifted but diseased man. When "*A Rebours*" was published, in 1884, there was a striking change of attitude. Huysmans had turned away from extreme materialism to excited and nervous spiritism. The book was a study in morbid psychology, the story of an abnormal attempt to heighten all the senses by combining them in what some one has called "a complete course in intellectual voluptuousness."

In "La Bas," which appeared in 1892, Huysmans formally abdicated the doctrine of naturalism in life and in art, and took refuge in a kind of renaissance of occultism, with a leaning towards Catholicism on the mystical side, though the story still bore the stamp of a kind of abnormal uncleanness. "En Route," which appeared five years later, was one of the most characteristic novels of the last quarter of a century: the story of a human soul weary with its own questions, eager for something pure and true to believe, and drawn to the Church as a "hospital for souls." The succeeding novel, "La Cathédrale," is stamped by wonderful descriptive beauty, and shows the author escaping into the cloister as a refuge from the monstrosities of the world with which he had been dealing. From this résumé it will be seen that the history of the writer, whose first story was so frank in dealing with forbidden topics that it could not be published in France, but was brought out in Belgium, and whose latest story, "L'Oblat," was written when the author had entered a Benedictine Abbey without taking vows, is representative and symbolic in high degree, and in its way will furnish the historian of the future with a definite record of the progress of a human soul from the baldest materialism to religious mysticism.



#### *American Schools in Turkey*

After long-continued negotiations, Abdul Hamid II., Sultan of Turkey, agreed last week to treat American institutions in his Empire just as he treats those of other nations. In particular, he confirmed regular title deeds to our schools and other establishments, and ordered the authorities at various Mediterranean ports to grant to them the same customs immunities enjoyed by other similar foreign establishments. For many years it has seemed as if the Sultan were discriminating against our institutions. However, when protests were made to his Government, lists of our schools and other institutions in Turkey, Asia Minor, and Syria were asked for by him, with a view to their official recognition. The lists were fur-

nished, but they seemed to be used only as indicating establishments towards which oppressive and even suppressive measures might be directed. Not only was the policy of delay apparently employed at every turn, but title deeds for the real estate involved were questioned and customs duties and taxes were not remitted. This contrasted humiliatingly with Abdul Hamid's policy towards other nations also having schools, colleges, and philanthropic institutions in the Empire. As to title deeds, few of them in Turkey would stand close scrutiny. The Government's position seems to have been that the property upon which our schools were built had not been held with unquestioned title, and that it could find ground, by calling witnesses, for withholding recognition in every case. We do not understand that with regard to German, French, English, and Russian institutions such a position has been taken. There would seem to be little hope of securing anything from the Sultan if our Government should definitely concede the point that, in order to have an institution American, the title, held by an American, must be absolutely without flaw. It was not unnatural, however, among Turkish officials, to think that our Government might take such a view, because, applied to a country like America or England, their contention would have good ground. According to many observers, however, the contention really had for its object only one thing—a reason for refusing our Government's request. Whether this suspicion was justified or not, Abdul Hamid's present desire to increase the Turkish general customs dues by three per cent. has now given to the Powers represented at Constantinople the necessary leverage to obtain settlement of certain pending questions. As to the question between the American and Turkish Governments, it is at least a striking coincidence that the Sultan's consent to our long standing request comes at a time when he would like to obtain the approval of all the Ambassadors at Constantinople to the tariff increase. His consent is, we think, doubly fortunate. Not only does it grant deserved recognition to our missionaries



and teachers, but it will doubtless be welcomed by all broad-minded Turkish officials. They and our diplomatic, commercial, educational, and religious representatives should now find themselves in more self-respecting and mutually helpful relations.



*A World Conference  
in Japan*

For the first time in history, Japan has been the seat of a great international gathering. Over six hundred delegates, representing organizations in twenty-five countries, assembled last month in Tokyo. They constituted the seventh Conference of the World's Student Christian Federation. The body represented is a federation of various national associations of Christian students. Some of them are Young Men's Christian Associations, organized in the colleges; some of them are student organizations, not affiliated with the Young Men's Christian Association. The delegates received many messages of greeting from officials of high station; among these were messages from Viscount Hayashi, the Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs; Marquis Ito, who sent a letter from Korea accompanied with a gift of five thousand dollars; Count Okuma, Elder Statesman; the President of the United States, the King of England, and the King of Norway. The meetings were thronged by ten thousand students, mainly Japanese and Chinese. The Conference was of course distinctively Christian in character; it had a definite purpose of proclaiming a Christian message; it advocated ethical and intellectual progress by means of the Christian religion; it assembled in a non-Christian land; yet its existence, so far from arousing resentment or opposition, evoked rather the warmest expression of appreciation and even gratitude. That it stimulated emulation is not surprising. A Buddhist Conference, for example, was summoned in the same city at the same time; but at that Conference resolutions expressing its "profound respect" to the gathering of Christians were passed, and a deputation to convey these resolutions was chosen. Similarly, a Conference of Shinto priests sent a let-

ter to the Christian Conference expressing their sense of the honor which the Federation had shown to Japan by convening in Tokyo, and, in lieu of a reception which could not be arranged for lack of time, presented material "mementoes and tokens of esteem," in order, to use their own words, "to express our deep appreciation of your coming, and to commemorate this bright event in Japan's history." The press of Japan was emphatic in its expression of good will. Recognition of the influence which the Conference would have upon international relations, and particularly upon the growth of good will between the East and the West, appreciation of the contribution which the Conference would make toward the reinforcement of moral influence, especially on Japan at this period in its history, and even gratitude for the spiritual message which the Conference had to convey, found expression in editorial articles in many newspapers. For example, the Kobe Herald, a newspaper printed in English but edited by Japanese, has this to say:

The fact is, we believe, that both the authorities of Tokyo and the nation at large are coming more and more to recognize the need of encouraging the spread of spiritual and ethical influences to act as steadying and inspiring forces in the transition from the old ideas to the new through which Japan is passing, and this more particularly among the rising generation, to which the Student Christian Federation especially appeals.

The Herald explains that it does not suggest that the statesmen or the people of Japan desire to abandon traditional beliefs, but that Christianity is regarded as a beneficent force in the development of the nation. The Herald also adds, in reply to the criticism often leveled against Christian missionaries in Japan, that, in spite of the justification for some of this criticism,

The very fact that Japan is so ready to welcome with pleasure and friendship a great Christian organization and to encourage its work among the youth of the land is in itself the strongest of proofs that the Christian missions in this country have in general performed their tasks in a wise, tactful, and beneficent manner.

At the close of the Conference nearly twenty deputations visited the other

cities throughout the Empire. Everywhere these deputations were received with cordiality by the highest municipal and provincial officials and the financial and educational leaders of the people. These deputations spoke emphatically on behalf of the religion of Christ. Never before has the Christian message been so widely proclaimed to the educated classes of any nation. There is good ground for calling this Conference, as Marquis Ito declared it to be, "one of the most memorable events in the history of Japan."



## *The Federation of the World*

We publish elsewhere answers from five contributors to the question, What should be the next step toward securing a world peace? These answers are furnished by the President of the United States, to whose influence the success of the Hague Tribunal thus far is largely due; Andrew Carnegie, to whom the success of the recent Peace Congress is to be in no small measure attributed; Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the organizer of the Conciliation Internationale; Edward Everett Hale, who may not improperly be designated as the prophet and forerunner of the movement; and Lyman Abbott. We here venture to supplement what these contributors say respecting the "next step" by an interpretation of the movement and a forecast of the remoter future toward which it leads. That future we believe to be the "Federation of the World." Mr. Seth Low at the Peace Banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria put the question, Is the Federation of the World the dream of a dreamer or the vision of a prophet? We believe that it is a true vision of a prophet; and we here state our reasons for this belief.

The primordial cell which is the foundation of all society is the family. This family is an industrial organization; but its industrial relations are those of mutual service—of co-operation, not of competition. Difficulties arise in this

family; they are settled, not by war, but by conciliation, and occasionally by arbitration. There is a public opinion in this family, and conferences upon the common interests; the father, who is the executive head, guides these conferences to a wise conclusion and is the will to execute them. Out of the family grows the tribe. Neighboring tribes are fused into a province or a State. The provinces or States in turn are combined into a nation. The United States of America furnishes a striking illustration of the last stage in this progress toward organization. Thirteen colonies, rivals of one another, envious of one another, jealous of one another, instinctively hostile, in the dangers of a common peril laid aside their jealousies and animosities and formed a union of States. These States are united in one Nation by a triple bond—commercial, judicial, political. Freedom of trade and freedom of intercourse are guaranteed between them. A permanent tribunal is created to which, as a matter of course, go all questions that may arise between these several States, including those affecting integrity of territory and State honor. A Congress is created representing these various States, reflecting their various opinions and interests, and expressing through national legislation all that is common in those opinions and interests.

This organization of the thirteen colonies, grown since into a union of forty-six States with outlying territories, furnishes a striking but not a wholly unique illustration of national development. In form different, in spirit essentially the same, was historically the creation of England out of the early Saxon kingdoms; of Germany out of separate principalities; of France, Spain, Italy, out of often antagonistic provinces. Different in form, but alike in essentials, is the process now going on in Russia, by which, with many a growing-pain, hostile races and classes are being fused into a united people, sure to become in time the citizens and the rulers of a great empire.

In all these cases the hostilities which are bred by mutual ignorance and prejudice, differences of dialect, divers interests, all of them inflamed by pride, passion, and prejudice, have been overcome

by the triple bond—commerce, law, and organized public opinion. Commerce between these States and provinces ceases to be war, setting them one against the other, and becomes a mutual interchange of products and of services, binding them together by the bonds of a common interest. Customs which were local and provincial are modified and merged into a common law administered by a tribunal which all respect. And a representative forum, variously designated as Parliament, or Reichstag, or Assembly, or Congress, brings together the provincial opinions, by free intercourse gradually lessens and finally eliminates local misunderstandings, and creates out of these fragmentary and isolated thoughts a public opinion pervaded by the spirit of national patriotism and directed to securing national welfare.

This evolution of the nation out of the province, the tribe, and the family points unerringly to a world organization which is perhaps nearer its consummation than any of us suppose. The object of this great movement toward peace, of which the Hague Tribunal is a manifestation, is not merely the cessation of war, still less a mere diminution of its horrors. It is the fusing of the nations of the world in one great brotherhood, as the principalities of Germany, the provinces of France, the kingdoms of England, and the States of America have been fused in great nations. It is the allaying of national prejudices as provincial prejudices have been allayed, and the discovery that the interests of humanity are one, as it has been discovered that the interests of all Germans in Germany, all Englishmen in England, all Frenchmen in France, and all Americans in the United States are one. The processes by which this world unification is to be brought about are the same as those by which national unification has been brought about. The nations of the earth are yet to be united in one great world confederacy, as provinces, kingdoms, and States have been united in one great nationality—by commerce, by law, and by organized public opinion.

For this purpose we need to learn that commerce is not war and that the inspiration of commerce is not an eager greed,

whether in the individual or in the nation, to get all one can and to keep all one gets. We shall hear less about the balance of trade being for one nation and against another nation; we shall discover that between nations, as between individuals, that only is a truly good bargain which benefits both parties to it; we shall prohibit commercial wars and the bloody encounters which have too often grown out of commercial wars; we shall gradually take down the trade barriers which now separate the nations as once trade barriers separated the States and provinces; we shall recognize the truth that commerce really is what its name indicates, mutuality of service; and our watchword will become, not competition but co-operation, or co-operation in mutual service and competition in an eager ambition to render the greatest service. We shall invest the Hague Tribunal, already created, with powers analogous to those possessed by the King's Bench in England and the Supreme Court in the United States. Its writs will run throughout all the world, carrying their messages of justice and peace, as the writs of the King's Bench run through all England and those of the Supreme Court through all the States of the Union. We shall cease to resort to force to determine what is justice; we shall resort instead to the reason and conscience of the civilized world interpreted through its ablest judicial experts. We shall learn war no more, but we shall have learned law. The prediction of the ancient Hebrew prophet will be fulfilled. Because out of Zion, that is, out of the voice of God speaking in the conscience of man, shall go forth law, and because through that voice of conscience God shall judge among the nations, they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks. The peasant will no longer carry a soldier on his back; the human energy which has been employed in destruction will be directed in productive energy. Public opinion, which at first was only tribal, then provincial, last of all national, will become human. America will not disdain the public opinion of the civilized world which condemns her barbarous lynchings; terror-

ists in Russia, whether they be bureaucratic or democratic, will listen to the protests of the civilized world against organized anarchy and assassination. International public opinion, already finding sporadic expressions in what is called international law, will create a parliament or congress of the nations to give to it expression. The Hague Conference, or its successors, will no longer meet merely on special call to deal with special exigencies; it will become the recognized voice of the nations of the earth—the international forum where opinions are interchanged, divers interests are discussed, misunderstandings are corrected, prejudices are allayed.

We are perhaps nearer this consummation than even the prophetic souls of our time imagine. Events move swiftly; and many concurrent events have, during the last century and a half, led onward toward this world federation. Electricity has brought all civilized peoples within speaking distance of one another; steam has made easy the material interchange of the products of their industry. On this side of the Atlantic thirteen feeble colonies have grown into a Republic which embraces half a continent, and a Pan-American Union is bringing the Republics of both continents into closer relations. Across the sea petty German principalities have been formed into a German Empire, and hostile Italian provinces into a Kingdom of Italy. Autocracy has been supplanted in all western Europe by popular representative governments. Japan has thrown off feudalism and adopted free institutions, and a hitherto amorphous China has begun to grow into a vertebrate nation. International law has passed from a vague aspiration to a custom possessing a real though undefined authority. A Postal Union, an Agricultural Union, an Interparliamentary Union, have all been organized for conference of the nations on their common interests. International arbitration has been substituted for war in an increasing number of cases, and cases of increasing importance. An International Tribunal has been formed, with the approval of all the civilized nations, to which they may if they will submit the justice of their respective

claims whenever difficulties arise between them. And, finally, a Conference of the Nations is this summer to be held to consider, among other questions, this, How can this Tribunal be made efficient, not merely, not even mainly, to prevent war, but to promote and to secure justice among the nations of the earth?

The approaching Hague Conference is not a mere contrivance to lighten the taxes of war, alleviate the horrors of war, and lessen the number of wars. It is an important step in the great process of the unification of the world. It is one among the many signs which presage the coming of a world federation in which the nations of the earth will be bound together by a triple cord—an unrestricted commerce, international law, and organized public opinion: a commerce the inspiration of which will be mutual service, the object of which will be the common welfare; international law interpreted by an international tribunal which will substitute in all differences between nations the appeal to conscience for the appeal to force; organized public opinion expressing itself through a parliament or congress of the nations which will speak for the thought and the will of the civilized peoples of the globe. If we read aright the history of the past and the signs of the present, we are nearing the consummation of history in the organization of a hitherto unorganized world.



## *Bookless Homes*

College teachers report almost incredible ignorance of standard literature among classes that come up to secure the higher education. An examination of the minds of many freshmen brings to light cavities of appalling magnitude; young men from well-to-do homes arrive at the college gates without any of the passwords which admit men to educated society. They have a hazy idea that the Bible is an old book which belongs with "The New England Primer" on the dusty shelves where obsolete publications are put out of the way. They have heard of Shakespeare, but are under the impression that he was a popular novel-

ist. They have no knowledge of Colonel Esmond, Mr. Pickwick, Sir Roger de Coverley, Miles Coverdale, or Evangeline. They know something about Rip Van Winkle because they have been to the theater, and for the same reason they are not without impressions of Hamlet, though they fail to associate his tragic career with Shakespeare. The examination papers in English are sometimes far more amusing than the journals which make joking a profession. If it were not for the entrance requirements, some students who knock at college doors would be as innocent of knowledge of the literature which is supposed to be the common possession of educated men as if they had just arrived from Mars.

For this lamentable ignorance concerning things that every youth ought to know from his childhood up it is idle to hold students responsible; they are the victims of parents who have abdicated their authority and neglected their duty. Many of the faults charged against the American school should be laid at the door of the American home; there are too many fathers and mothers in this country who act as if the whole duty of a parent were met when house, food, and clothes are provided. They exercise no authority over their children, and have no knowledge of or concern with their reading, their friends, their amusements. They never go near the schools in which these children are spending five or six hours a day, and their only relation with the teachers who are trying to give their children those rudimentary lessons in conduct, manners, and speech which they ought to have learned without effort at home is the writing of excuses that ought not to be granted. So far as any real education for life is concerned, there are many luxurious homes in America that are worse than tenement-houses.

It is just as much the duty of the home to feed the mind of a child as to feed its body; to select what is to be read as to select what is to be eaten; to provide good books as good clothing. In the most straitened home there ought to be a few good books, and as children grow older these books ought to increase in number. They cost little, and by

forethought and a little self-sacrifice every home may have the beginnings of a library. Good books, and only good books, ought to be within the reach of every child, and every child ought to form the reading habit before the many diversions of later childhood multiply interests and divide attention.

There are many parents who are eager to give their children the best books, but do not know how to select them. That knowledge is easily accessible in these days of public libraries, and of librarians whose chief business and pleasure it is to give information about books and help people to choose wisely what they will read. In almost every school there are teachers well qualified to advise parents about the books they ought to have in their homes; there are carefully prepared lists of books for different ages to be had for the asking; and a recently published book by Mr. Walter Taylor Field, "Fingerposts to Children's Reading" (McClurg), is admirably planned to awaken parents to the crying need of the best books in the home, and to give practical guidance in their selection. Bookless homes are merely boarding-houses for neglected children.



## *The Rule of the Bramble*

A Hindu doctor of laws had been glorifying the primitive civilization of India. "Would you, then," one of his American companions asked, "wish to see the English withdraw, and leave India to take care of itself?" "No!" he replied; "the English do police duty, they do it very well, they are quite proud of their ability to do it, and thus they leave the native population at leisure for higher things." That this view of government as a police function which may be left to the politicians to attend to while the "best citizens" devote themselves to "higher things" is not confined to India, Elihu Root makes very clear in the remarkable series of addresses which he is giving at Yale University. We quote:

A large part of mankind still regard governments as something quite apart from the

main business of life, something which is undoubtedly necessary to enable them to attend to their business, but only incidental or accessory to it. They plow and sow and harvest; they manufacture and buy and sell; they practice the professions and the arts; they write and preach; they work and they play—under a subconscious impression that government is something outside all this real business, a function to be performed by some one else with whom they have little or no concern, as the janitor of an apartment-house whom somebody or other had hired to keep out thieves and keep the furnace running.

This conception is natural in India, where the Anglo-Saxon race govern and the native races are governed; or in Russia, where the bureaucracy govern and the peasants are governed. But it is wholly out of place in America, where the people govern themselves. "Popular government is organized self-control—organized capacity for the development of the race." To take no part in this organized self-control of a great people, when the opportunity is offered to take part in it, is to be recreant to one's highest duty. There are no "higher things" than the "organized capacity for the development of the race."

The essential feature of the present condition is that the burden and the duty of government rest on all men; and no man can retire to his business or his pleasures and ignore his right to share in government without shirking a duty. The selfish men who have selfish interests to subserve are going to take part; the corrupt men who want to make something out of government are going to take part; the demagogues who wish to attain place and power through pandering to prejudices of their fellows are going to take part. The scheme of popular government upon which so much depends cannot be worked successfully unless the great body of such men as are now in this room do their share; and no one of us can fail to do his share without forfeiting something of his title to self-respect.

It is sometimes said that our best citizens take no interest in politics. This is distinctly not true. The man who can contribute to the National welfare and refuses to do so because he has no interest in the National welfare is not one of our best citizens; he is one of our worst citizens. The higher his social position, the greater his wealth, the larger his influence, the worse citizen such a man is. The secret of political apathy is per-

sonal selfishness, and personal selfishness is always ignoble whatever disguise it may adopt, by whatever euphonious alias it may call itself. A public office is a public trust. Every voter in America holds a public office; he is trustee for the non-voters and for generations yet to come. And if he refuses to fulfill its duties, he is a recreant trustee. He wants to take all the advantages of good government and shirk all its burdens. The secret of bad government among a free people has never been better told than in the ancient Hebrew Parable of the Trees:

The trees went forth on a time to anoint a king over them; and they said unto the olive tree, Reign thou over us. But the olive tree said unto them, Should I leave my fatness, wherewith by me they honor God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? And the trees said to the fig tree, Come thou, and reign over us. But the fig tree said unto them, Should I forsake my sweetness, and my good fruit, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said the trees unto the vine, Come thou, and reign over us. And the vine said unto them, Should I leave my wine, which cheereth God and man, and go to be promoted over the trees? Then said all the trees unto the bramble, Come thou, and reign over us. And the bramble said unto the trees, If in truth ye anoint me king over you, then come and put your trust in my shadow; and if not, let fire come out of the bramble, and devour the cedars of Lebanon.

One of the most characteristic vices of our American life is impatient eagerness to get great results from little labor. This spirit is the cause of our speculative fever—the ambition to become rich quickly, to get something for nothing. The same spirit is seen in our Church life—our futile discussions in sermons and ecclesiastical conventions of the question how to get the non-church-goers into church, unaccompanied with patient, persistent, self-denying work to carry the message of the Church to the non-church-goer. We put a card on our doors, "All are welcome," and think we have done our whole duty. We want a great result with little labor. The same spirit is seen in our politics. We would like honesty, economy, efficiency, in our public service; but we do not want them enough to pay the price for them. The "best citizen" sits at home and reads

his evening paper before the fire, or swings in his summer hammock on his porch with the last ten-cent magazine exposure of political corruption in his hand, and lazily wonders why somebody does not do something to better our political conditions. "To write and read," says Dogberry, "comes by nature." Many an American Dogberry is of like opinion respecting popular government. Mr. Root holds a different opinion:

The art of self-government does not come to men by nature. It has to be learned. Facility in it has to be acquired by practice. Men must be willing to sacrifice something of their own apparent individual interest to the larger interest of city, State, country, and without that willingness successful popular government is impossible.

What Mr. Root says has been often said before. What gives his speech

especial value is that his life illustrates it. One of the encouraging signs of the times is the increasing number of men who are showing themselves willing to lay aside their private interests in order to serve the public welfare. The olive-tree and the fig-tree and the vine are leaving their fruits in order to serve the trees. But such notable illustrations of public spirit, however much they may reflect honor on the Nation, can render it but a moderate degree of service unless their spirit is caught and their example is followed by those of us who have not their political talent and cannot hope to render like distinguished service, but in our city, town, or village can in humbler ways give ourselves to like service of the community animated by a like unselfish interest in the public welfare.

## THE MEN ON THE DOCKS

BY ERNEST POOLE

The strike of the longshoremen now going on in New York makes it of special interest and importance to know how these men live and work. Mr. Poole's sketch is a graphic presentation of the "men on the docks."—THE EDITORS.

**P**EOPLE have a queer idea of dockers." The speaker was a young giant of an Irishman, a foreman on one of the New York ocean liner docks. It was late at night, but the rush was still at its height. "When you say longshoreman," he continued, "they think you mean a bum who spends most of his time on the Bowery, in bar-rooms, and jail. Now watch this gang, and see if you think a bum—or even a smart young reporter—could hold the job." He grinned and hurried off to give an order.

I stood watching the great roaring dock, with the bluish arc lights glaring just under the ceiling—watching the teams that came rumbling in, the bales and barrels and boxes and bags that came rolling, tumbling, and crashing toward the gangway, to be gathered in clumsy black rope nets and swung by the crane up, into the darkness; watching the four hundred rough, burly Irish and Germans, the short, huge-shouldered

Italians, with faces that glistened and muscles that jumped on hairy arms and chests and shoulders.

"Not exactly bums." The foreman was smiling behind me. "And that's the first reason why *twenty hours* ain't too long a stretch of work. The second is that when the ship sails they're all laid off, sometimes for three or four days. So while the ship's in dock they want to get all the job there is." He pulled out his watch. "It's now eleven-thirty. This gang went on at seven this morning, and they've been at it ever since. They'll finish at three in the morning. The next gang will go on soon after. But there's lots of these men will stay for the second gang, and work thirty, thirty-five, or even forty hours! . . . People have a queer idea of dockers," he repeated.

In all the fierce rush of American industry there is no work so heavy and so irregular as this; nor is there one more full of danger. And as elsewhere in

America, so here, the danger is taken as a matter of course. On the docks of New York are some thirty thousand Irish and Germans, Italians and Negroes, Norwegians and Swedes and Poles. In the six weeks spent among them I heard many angry demands for more wages, but never for shorter hours or safeguards to lessen the risk.

The rate of accidents is high. At each large dock along the North River a policeman is stationed night and day; every "ambulance accident" must be jotted into his note-book; and, looking through these note-books, I found that each dock averaged one man killed or injured every week.

One evening about nine o'clock I stood by a busy freight hatchway, where some fifty men were hard at work. I had watched this particular gang many times, and to-night they seemed quite the same as ever—the same jokes and shouts and curses. Only, as one big Scotchman tipped a crate from his truck, he turned to the man next to him, and they looked at each other hard. The big man's face contracted in a gloomy, puzzled expression.

"It's Molly I keep thinkin' of," he said. "Don't just see how she'll keep alive. . . . Mike was such a"—he turned suddenly and rattled his empty truck off over the dock.

Mike had been killed an hour before, on this very spot, by an enormous crate that tumbled. In this gang most of the men had been his close friends. They had simply gone on working.

"It's all in the game," said a humorous, muscular, round-shouldered Irishman. "The ship comes in and she's got to be loaded quick, and in the rush somebody's got to be hurted, and there's no use discussin' it. Most men don't want to live in cradles except in early youth. But here's something there *is* use in discussin'." His face suddenly changed and he leaned forward. "Who ought to pay for it?" he asked me.

"Who's to blame? You can't put it all on the company."

"Well," he said, "now suppose we do say the man get's hurt because he's careless. Why is he careless? Because he's been on the job for eighteen hours, or

maybe thirty, an' maybe he's tired, an' again he may have drunk too much with his supper to keep him going. Don't it seem unreasonable to tell that man when he's killed that it's all his fault? That's what the law does. They call it 'negligence,' and his widow can't collect a cent."

"How about 'contributory negligence?'" I asked. His gray eyes twinkled.

"Some people," he said, "will tell you that longshoremen ain't careful in their language. If you want to find how untrue that is, just you walk on to any dock and shout, 'Hooray for contributory negligence!'"

"Here's one story," he continued, "to show you how it works out. I was down in the bottom of the ship with two men. Call 'em Pat and Bill. Me and Bill was loosening the chain on a big steel beam that had just come down. Pat was twenty feet away, ready to wave his hand to the engineer on deck to go ahead. Pat waved before we was ready. The beam fell, only about two feet, but even in two feet a steel beam of that size can get going awful fast.

"Well, after Bill had lost his leg the lawyers began to make it legal, and they found that Bill was guilty of contributory negligence for working next to such an all-fired careless criminal as Pat. He ought to have seen Pat's murderous guilt in his eyes that mornin'—an' refused to work near such an Indian!"

This view of the legal system is calm compared to some other opinions I heard. Such was the case of a little Italian whose cousin Giuseppe had lost his right arm.

Giuseppe had lived joyously in a two-room tenement with his little wife, a light-haired Italian girl with broad, stolid face and serious blue eyes that looked at you steadily trying to understand. They had been here two years. She was only nineteen, but she had already two babies, and the time was near when another was to be born. Just as in Italy, so here, they had used every cent of Giuseppe's weekly wage. When he made four dollars they spent it, and they did the same one glorious week when he made seventeen. At this moment they



happened to have five dollars and thirty cents, of which one dollar was due the installment man to pay for a gorgeous flimsy bureau.

The day after the accident she spent fifty cents on red carnations to take to Giuseppe's hospital cot. The rest of the money was soon used for food. And then the corner grocer began giving her spaghetti and garlic on credit.

At last Giuseppe came out, weak and feeling very blue, with an empty sleeve hanging in place of the right arm that had stood between them and want.

Soon after this an Italian lawyer came up one night; he said he was their friend and offered to give them fifty brand-new one-dollar bills, in return for which Giuseppe had only to put his mark to a paper.

It was a miracle! Giuseppe stared at the man, his dark face growing radiant. He wanted to sign at once. The stolid little wife made him wait, and she looked steadily at the lawyer—trying to understand. But the man talked very kindly; and, anyway, one of her babies had just begun to cry. So at last she gave in. Witnesses were found, and Giuseppe signed the paper.

When the man had gone away, she sat looking hard at the money. All at once she started slightly, and a moment later two tears trickled slowly down her cheeks. And when her husband angrily seized her arm, she said,

"Giuseppe, no one would give us money free. This money must be false." At this he grew furious, and ran down with it to the corner grocery. But in a few minutes back he came, triumphant, with forty-four dollars. The grocer had taken six dollars to settle his bill, and was sure that the money was real!

So for five weeks, until the third baby came, they lived easily again. After that began the dreary winter months that had made Giuseppe's cousin so angry. For he had been helping to support them ever since.

"Who's to pay for it?" The law has given one answer—careful and complex. The dockers have given another—careless and rough, but rather more human. It is this:

One Saturday afternoon I went along

the North River docks. At almost every dock entrance I found long lines of burly longshoremen before the pay windows; and at almost every window stood a man with an empty cigar-box, into which each docker dropped fifty cents or a quarter out of his pay. This was done as a regular custom, and the money went to the man on that dock who had "had bad luck" that week. To him or to his widow. At one dock only I found no box. At one the money was going to a German who had lost his leg three weeks before, while the names of two more recent unfortunates were still on the waiting list.

There were negroes in the line, whose dusky vigilant landladies stood waiting just outside the dock entrance, but, like the others, they all put their money into the box. Only once I saw a young docker turn quickly from the window with his money, and from all along the line he received low curses and looks of contempt.

I had a good look at longshoremen that day—lined up by hundreds and thousands. Thirty thousand laborers, rough, huge of limb and tough of muscle, quick-tempered, hard-swearing, big-hearted. They are like the men of the lumber camps, with this difference, that all along the river fronts are hundreds of snug, warm saloons, waiting for the men who have just finished from twenty to forty hours' exhausting labor, and are now laid off—perhaps for the rest of the week.

The popular idea is wrong. No bums and drunkards can stick at such work. And as a class the dockers are probably the strongest and healthiest men in New York. But here, as all through America's quickening rush, there are the ten per cent. who give out. Go up and down the docks any day in New York, Hoboken, and Brooklyn, and you will find the cost of it all—the three or four thousand men who now hunt only for odd jobs to get money for drink, the wrecks of the rush—"the Shinangos."

"It's all a part of the game." The game of the twentieth century—thrilling, tense, and dramatic! Whatever it may cost in human life, the ship must sail on time!

# THE NEXT STEP FOR PEACE

BY

THEODORE ROOSEVELT  
ANDREW CARNEGIE  
BARON d'ESTOURNELLES  
de CONSTANT  
EDWARD EVERETT HALE  
LYMAN ABBOTT

*From the President of the United States*

*My dear Dr. Abbott:*

June 8, 1905.<sup>1</sup>

When the next Hague Conference is held, I trust that all the nations there represented will join in framing a general arbitration treaty. In the first Hague Convention the nations, through their representatives, declared that they recognized arbitration "as the most efficacious and at the same time the most equitable method of deciding controversies which have not been settled by diplomatic methods." It seems to me that the signatory powers at the next Hague Convention ought to take steps to put this declaration into effect. It is neither possible nor desirable in the present stage of the world's progress to agree to arbitrate all questions that may come up between different nations. But it is entirely possible and exceedingly desirable to limit the classes of cases which it is not possible definitely to promise beforehand to arbitrate, and to provide not only that all other questions shall be arbitrated, but so far as possible the manner and method of proceeding to such arbitration. Such a convention should be approved by the treaty-making powers of the several nations in form that would, of course, permit arbitration to be entered into without any subsequent treaties, but in accordance with the procedure agreed to when the original treaty or convention was ratified. The Executive must be given power to arrange the details indispensable to the execution of the general treaty, as applied in each special case that arises.

Yours truly,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

<sup>1</sup> This letter was written, as its date will indicate, shortly after the second Hague Conference was determined upon. Under date of April 30, 1907, the President authorizes its publication.—THE EDITORS.



DRAWN FOR THE OUTLOOK BY GEORGE T. TOWN

#### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In October, 1914, President Roosevelt suggested to the nations of the world a second Conference at The Hague to continue the work of the first. The President subsequently yielded to the Czar of Russia, the originator of the first Conference, the honor of calling the second.

# THE NEXT STEP—INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION

BY BARON DESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT

WE are not dreamers. We have not the slightest illusions as to the results of the second Hague Conference. We simply consider it our duty to do what can be done. If it is very little compared to what ought to be done, it will be better than nothing. We have to go step by step. I do not speak as a member of the Hague Court (and I do not even know whether or not I shall be among the representatives of France at the coming Conference),<sup>1</sup> but on my own private account, as I have always spoken in the French Parliament or anywhere in public. I have never said a word about perpetual or universal peace, nor about disarmament. Speaking only for the present time, I think we can do a good deal, if we are only content to begin at the beginning. At the first Hague Conference a great deal was done to lay the foundations of a permanent international court. But this is not enough. There remain all the bad traditions which may lead to war among nations. For instance, we have to give a definition of what are the rights and duties of neutral Powers. This is one of the great points that an international conference can discuss. If we could find a way of preventing neutral Powers from supporting war, we would be suppressing at the same time one of the principal elements of war; and if we can define the rights of a neutral, we shall suppress one of the present advantages of war. We have to discuss also the protection of private property at sea, and this, too, is a very important problem.

I might also mention the Red Cross question. Although I greatly respect what has been done, I do not believe in the amelioration of the conditions of war; I believe only in the amelioration of the conditions of peace. When they speak of humanizing war, I cannot accept the conflict of those two words. The worse

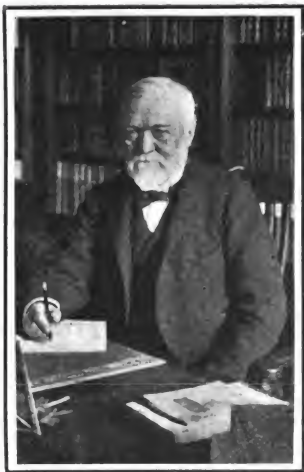
war remains, the better it is. We ought not to try to dissimulate its horrors.

The most important thing to do now is to generalize the applications of arbitration. Until now arbitration has been much too limited in its application; it is supposed to be of no use when the vital interest and honor of the countries are involved; but I am sure all the nations will now be ready to extend arbitration to as many cases as possible.

We ought to try to have the Hague Court as permanent a tribunal as possible. The general wish is that the international tribunal should be something like your Supreme Court, comprising not only the best men one can choose, but the most independent as well—I mean independent enough to forget entirely, in the cases they have to decide, the national and patriotic point of view. The arbitrators have to be judges, not diplomats. They have to decide according to justice only, and not to depend, more or less, on national instructions, or even indirect pressure. I know that this is a difficult thing to realize. You cannot expect a man to forget his country; he would not be a good judge were he unfaithful to his country or to his family; but he will have to harmonize his faithfulness and his independence. This is not impossible; you find it quite natural at home to ask a judge to sacrifice his personality or his family interests, and to decide only according to the right and his conscience. International jurisdiction will be improved in proportion to the confidence and respect in which the arbitrators are held by the Governments and by the public in general; and no arbitrator will be trusted if he is not known as an independent personality. You see at once how complicated a matter it is to start an international organization of justice. But all these complications were the same with a national organization, and they exist no more.

I will hardly speak of the question of military expenditures. I started in the

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written the appointment of Baron d'Estournelles as a delegate has been announced.—THE EDITORS.



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#### ANDREW CARNEGIE

Mr. Carnegie, by a gift of \$1,500,000, has made possible the construction at The Hague of a Temple of Peace, as a permanent home for the Hague Tribunal.

French Parliament in the year 1902 a group of international arbitration, which now numbers four hundred and fifty out of nine hundred members of Parliament. This group gave a definition, which has no need to be modified, of the problem. We said in our programme that, before speaking or even thinking of general disarmament, we ought to realize some reduction of armament, and before speaking of reduction, to limit the actual burden of military expenses. Still, I believe that the discussion of the limitation of armament can be very useful, because it will be a new warning to the public in general of the importance and the urgency of this problem. The more people think and speak of these burdens, the more fully they realize the necessity of getting rid of them. In any case, it is impossible for the coming Hague Conference to seem to be indifferent to the solution of such a difficulty. If it is not possible for the Conference to settle it, as the question has not yet been studied enough, still the Conference can very



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#### RICHARD BARTHOLDT

Mr. Bartholdt introduced, at the meeting of the Inter-Parliamentary Union in 1904, the resolution which suggested to the President the action that led to the Second Hague Conference.

well urge its consideration and ask for a speedy solution from the different governments. That is what I have been asking so many times from the French Parliament and from the different Governments. I never thought the question could be settled by a general and international discussion previous to a national study. I said and I say that all the Governments have to understand now that the present increase of armaments cannot last, and that it is to the interest of every Government to try to limit them. Supposing that three or four great military countries would agree by a solemn declaration not to increase any more their expenses for armaments, this agreement would be a kind of electric appeal sufficient to determine all the others, willingly or not, to follow. Yes, they would be obliged to follow, under the pressure not only of the general example but of the national opinion. I am convinced that if France, Great Britain, and the United States, for instance, had signed a pacific *entente* of

this kind, it would have been a moral and a material victory for them. Far from weakening them, this *entente* would have enabled them to develop the maximum of their military defense and of national security with the minimum of sacrifices. I have tried to explain this from the tribune of the French Senate several times, with no success as yet.

The Hague Conference can do something else than discuss the limitation of armaments and the questions I have just referred to. It is well to try to substitute arbitration for war. But there is something still better than arbitration. To settle the difficulties when they arise is not enough; let us try to remedy them before they arise. Let us organize what is more and more known as International Conciliation. I do not say that the function of the Conference is to organize conciliation, any more than it is the function of the various Governments. This is an enterprise of individual char-

acter; this is our personal duty. It lies in the conscience and is the duty of all good citizens of all countries, acting together, to institute, and then to improve, day by day, this new organization. Were it to be an official organization, it would be useless, because we already have diplomacy. If it is individual, if through it the good people of all countries come into relation one with another, exchange visits, correspondence, ideas, this will do more to prevent misunderstanding than any official organization. Our association, the "International Conciliation," is an entirely new organ, corresponding to an entirely new need of modern society. The nations, being now in daily, constant contact, by means of railways, telegraphs, ocean cables, and all manner of steam and electrical inventions, cannot remain morally isolated as they were when distant from one another and ignorant of one another's customs, hopes, desires, and ideals.



REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF THE AMERICAN ARCHITECT

#### DESIGN FOR THE TEMPLE OF PEACE AT THE HAGUE

This design, made by L. M. Cardonnier, of Lille, France, received the first prize in the competition. It is probable, however, in view of the widespread criticism of some of its features, that it will not be carried out without modification



### THE CZAR OF RUSSIA

In August, 1898, the Czar invited the nations to a Conference at The Hague to discuss the question of disarmament. In September, 1905, he issued an invitation, following the suggestion of President Roosevelt, to a second Conference

What can the Hague Conference do with that new organization if the latter is to be private? The Conference may give it official encouragement, recognize it as a new and very useful private institution. Just as the Conference has recognized the utility of the organization which aids wounded soldiers on the battlefield, so the Conference can recognize

the desirability of preventing international conflicts.

If the coming Hague Conference can only do what I have tried to outline, it will be, I know, very little compared with what I should like to see and what every civilized man would like to see realized; but it will be a great deal compared to what existed only ten years ago.

## THE NEXT STEP—A LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY ANDREW CARNEGIE

I BELIEVE the next step to universal peace to be the formation of a League of Nations similar to that formed in China recently for a specific object, which was successfully accomplished. Germany, Britain, France, Russia, Japan, and ourselves participated. A German general was in command. If the Emperor of Germany asked the Powers at The Hague to join him in such a league, I believe a sufficient number would do so to insure the peace of the civilized world without ever requiring the exercise of the overwhelming force at command.

A material basis, apart from the moral, for such international police force lies in the fact that civilized nations have now become members of one body in instant communication, and their international commerce reaches the enormous aggregate of twenty-six thousand millions of dollars per year. They are becoming more and more interdependent, and no one nation should any longer have the right to disturb the peace in which all nations are interested.

This is no novel suggestion, but only an extension of the practice of nations. In many instances they have combined and taken joint action. It is a path they have trod for some distance with satisfactory results.

Apart from this, the step that would do most for peace is to make reference of international disputes to the Hague Conference obligatory. We should probably have to except those touching their "integrity and so-called honor," but this

is not very objectionable, since neither is likely to be involved.

The treaty between Norway and Sweden excludes "integrity" because Norway's independence has just been attained, but whether a dispute does or does not involve it is to be determined by the Hague Court.

Failing in getting all disputes referred (the two named excepted), then an extension of the causes to be referred becomes vitally important. We widen the boundaries of peace by every dispute referred to The Hague.

Ranking in importance with this is mediation before declaring war. We should draw here upon the code of honor and urge that contending nations call in consulting nations as friends, and to these refer the questions, "Is war imperative?" "Is there no honorable escape?" A remarkable editorial in the New York Sun (April 22) upon this point is well worth reading. Mr. Bryan proposed something like this in London, and the Inter-Parliamentary Council adopted it. Anything that brings disinterested parties into the dispute is a gain. Every day's delay is precious, that "over the heat of their distemper we may sprinkle cool patience."

These and many other suggestions are only steps in the right direction, each of which will probably prove as difficult of accomplishment as a trial of a combined International Police Force for a term of years—which is not only a step forward, but which solves the problem and abolishes at one stroke the kill-



ing of men by men in battle like wild beasts.

It involves no bitter contentions, arouses no suspicions such as disarmament inevitably will, since it allows every nation undisturbed control of her own domestic policy and only asks co-operation for a term for one specific purpose—the maintenance of peace.

Not seldom the easiest way to secure agreement in a great problem is to treat it boldly as a whole, go to the root, and settle it upon permanent foundations. I believe the world peace problem to be a case in point. Petty details often arouse more hostility in meetings of men than the sweep of large principles.

## THE NEXT STEP—THE APPEAL TO REASON

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE new Hague Conference is soon to meet. The most important subject which it can consider is: What measures can be taken to convert the Hague Tribunal from an international ideal into a practical working international reality?

The creation of the Hague Tribunal has provided for an appeal to reason as a substitute for the appeal to force in the settlement of international difficulties. The Hague Tribunal is not a Board of Arbitration; it is a Court. A Board of Arbitration is constituted after the controversy has arisen; a Court is a permanent tribunal, unaffected by the passions of the hour. A Board of Arbitration is a bi-partisan tribunal, in which each side is represented by advocates and an umpire is selected to choose between them; a Court is an impartial tribunal, from which interested advocates are carefully excluded. It is not a substitute for diplomacy. Diplomacy secures an agreement between nations. A Court settles a disagreement between nations. It cannot always serve as a substitute for war. War decides which party is stronger; a Court decides which cause is just.

The Hague Tribunal marks a great advance in civilization. It does for nations what supplanting wage of battle by courts of justice has done for individuals, what the creation of the Supreme Court of the United States has done for the States of the Union.

The Court has been created. Its practical value has been established by some important controversies submitted

to its adjudication. What remains? That the nations should establish a habit of submitting their controversies to it. To constitute a court by international agreement was a first step. To initiate a habit of referring international disputes to it for decision is the second step, and is as important as the first. An unused court is no better than no court at all.

No summons can require a nation to appear before the Tribunal; no police can compel attendance. Public opinion, embodied in international agreements to submit international differences to this international tribunal, must take the place of summons enforced by officers of the law.

Separate treaties of arbitration between different nations point the way. The first Hague Conference by general treaty founded a Hague Tribunal; the second Hague Conference has no duty so important as to frame a second general treaty providing for the submission to the Hague Tribunal of all international differences. If exceptions must be made, they should be carefully defined. The example of Sweden and Norway may well be followed, and the Tribunal itself left to determine whether any case brought before it comes within the specified exceptions. Such a general treaty is more important than provisions for the amelioration of war, the protection of neutrals, or the lessening of armaments; for it is more important to get rid of war than to ameliorate its evils; more important to abolish war than to protect the neutrals while war wages; more im-



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JOSEPH H. CHOATE

Mr. Choate will head the American delegation at the second Hague Conference



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GENERAL HORACE PORTER

General Porter will be the second member of the American delegation at the second Hague Conference

portant to provide an appeal to reason than to deprive combatants of their arms. Disarmament must follow, not precede, the established habit of international justice.

Humanity's appeal to the approaching

Hague Conference is this: You have provided an International Court; provide for its use. Substitute the appeal to reason for the appeal to force. Leave international controversies to a Court of Justice instead of to a wager of battle.

## THE NEXT STEP—JUSTICE BETWEEN NATIONS

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

**I**F we can simply remember that the business of the Hague Conference is to establish justice between nations, that we need not even talk of Peace, for that Peace will follow Justice—that will be a great thing.

*One.* But the Philistine world asks for detail. Let the Congress, then, determine what is contraband. The world has agreed that neutral Powers may not deliver powder or saltpeter, for instance, to belligerent Powers. These are con-

traband. Now in Mr. Straus's admirable speech he suggests that money may be made contraband. A neutral nation, or the subject of a neutral nation, should not lend money to a belligerent any more than it should lend gunpowder. If the second Conference could establish this, it would be an immense advance.

*Two.* Next to this, I should say that a decree prohibiting the seizure of private property at sea would alone justify the existence of the Conference. This



M. NELIDOFF

The leader of the Russian delegation  
at the second Hague Conference



BARON MARSCHALL VON BIEBERSTEIN

The leader of the German delegation  
at the second Hague Conference

is nothing new in our United States diplomacy. It appeared in our treaty with Frederick the Great in the Revolution, and has been steadily urged in our treaties with all nations from that hour to this.

*Three.* We have established, or say we have, a "permanent tribunal." It is, I cannot say an assemblage, but a company of eighty or more distinguished jurists named by the covenanting nations. From this list of jurists any two nations in controversy may name the special court which is to sit in that controversy.

Would it not be a good thing if an arrangement could be made by which, twice a year at least, better four times, a commission selected from these jurists should meet at The Hague, and be ready there for anything brought before them? I cited, at New York, the familiar fact that the Supreme Court of the United States met nine times in the first three years of its existence before any question between State and State was brought before it. But those sessions were not

useless. They prepared the way. It is easy to conceive of minor questions which, if the Tribunal were in session at The Hague, would be brought before it, at least for inquiry, for which you would not summon a specific court from the ends of the world.

*Four.* And, in very large letters, International Law. International Law is now to be found in several hundred treaties. Strictly speaking, the International Law which exists between America and Italy is different from the International Law between America and England and the International Law between England and France.

Appoint a commission of five or ten jurists who should codify International Law. It is just as our State of Massachusetts once in a generation appoints a High Commission to codify its statute law. The code we make is then submitted to a special meeting of the Legislature for revision and new enactment. That is a rough illustration of what the Hague Conference might do. The permanent commission, suggested in Num-

ber Three above, might be engaged in this affair.

If the People of the United States will highly resolve that the Conference shall do something, and will say that, the Conference will lead the world upward and forward in civilization. But this must be done by the People of the United States. In church meetings, in Boards of Trade, in Chambers of Commerce, in Trades Unions, in Health Congresses, in Jamestown Exposition, wherever men can come together, the People of America for the next three months must be demanding that the Conference must do something.

The thirty Baptist ministers in Oregon who chipped in each a dollar apiece to pay for a message of thirty words to the first Hague Conference do not know how much good their message did. I do not know. But the Good God knows, and I know, and you know, and every man who was at The Hague knows, that the great basket full of such messages as were emptied on the table of the American Commission there from day to day did the work which they were expected to do.

I understand from Captain Amundsen that when a Patagonian school-boy rolls up a great snowball in South America, he affects the position of the Magnetic Pole.

## THE FIRST HAGUE CONFERENCE AND THE SECOND A HISTORICAL RÉSUMÉ

IN August, 1898, the Emperor of Russia proposed to the nations an international Conference at The Hague, Holland. His Minister of Foreign Affairs handed to all the foreign representatives in St. Petersburg the following communication:

The maintenance of general peace and the possible reduction of the excessive armaments which weigh upon all nations present themselves in existing conditions to the whole world as an ideal toward which the endeavors of all governments should be directed.

The humanitarian and magnanimous ideas of his Majesty the Emperor, my august master, have been won over to this view in the conviction that this lofty aim is in conformity with the most essential interests and legitimate views of all the Powers; and the Imperial Government thinks the present moment would be very favorable to seeking the means.

International discussion is the most effectual means of insuring all peoples' benefit—a real, durable peace, above all, putting an end to the progressive development of the present armaments.

In the course of the last twenty years the longing for general appeasement has grown especially pronounced in the consciences of civilized nations; and the preservation of peace has been put forward as an object of international policy. It is in its name that great States have concluded between themselves powerful alliances.

It is the better to guarantee peace that

they have developed, in proportion hitherto unprecedented, their military forces, and still continue to increase them, without shrinking from any sacrifice.

Nevertheless, all these efforts have not yet been able to bring about the beneficent result desired—pacification.

The financial charges following the upward march strike at the very root of public prosperity. The intellectual and physical strength of the nations' labor and capital are mostly diverted from their natural application and are unproductively consumed.

Hundreds of millions are devoted to acquiring terrible engines of destruction, which, though to-day regarded as the last word of science, are destined to-morrow to lose all their value in consequence of some fresh discovery in the same fields.

National culture, economic progress, and the production of wealth are either paralyzed or checked in development. Moreover, in proportion as the armaments of the Powers increase, they less and less fulfill the objects the governments have set before themselves.

The economic crisis, due in great part to the system of armaments *à outrance*, and the continual danger which lies in this massing of war material, are transforming the armed peace of our days into a crushing burden which the peoples have more and more difficulty in bearing.

It appears evident that if this state of things were to be prolonged it would inevitably lead to the very cataclysm it is desired to avert, and the horrors whereof make every thinking being shudder in advance.

To put an end to these incessant arma-

ments and to seek the means of warding off the calamities which are threatening the whole world—such is the supreme duty to-day imposed upon all States.

Filled with this idea, his Majesty has been pleased to command me to propose to all the Governments whose representatives are accredited to the Imperial Court, the assembling of a Conference which shall occupy itself with this grave problem.

This Conference will be, by the help of God, a happy presage for the century which is about to open. It would converge into one powerful focus the efforts of all States sincerely seeking to make the great conception of universal peace triumph over the elements of trouble and discord, and it would, at the same time, cement their agreement by a corporate consecration of the principles of equity and right whereon rest the security of States and the welfare of peoples.

In addition to the Governments represented at St. Petersburg, invitations were also issued to Luxembourg, Montenegro, and Siam, but none were sent to the American republics, with the exception of our own and the Mexican Governments. Our delegates at this Conference were the Hon. Andrew Dickson White, who had represented the United States in Germany, and who was to represent us in Russia; the Hon. Seth Low, President of Columbia University; the Hon. Stanford Newel, American Minister at The Hague; the Hon. Frederick William Holls, Secretary of the Commission; Captain Alfred T. Mahan, the eminent publicist; and Captain, now General, William Crozier, head of the Ordnance Bureau in the War Department.

The Conference was composed of one hundred delegates, representing twenty-six Powers. It met on May 18, 1899, and continued in session until July 29.

It was admirably presided over by Baron de Staal, the able head of the Russian delegation, who recently died at the age of eighty-three. The conclusions of the Conference were embodied in a final act signed by all the States represented. The Conference tried to facilitate the peaceful adjustment of international differences by providing for mediation in certain cases; for a commission of inquiry to examine controverted questions of fact, such as are susceptible of judicial

ascertainment, and report the result to the disputing Powers for their acceptance or rejection; and for a Permanent Court of Arbitration. It also made more definite and uniform the general rules of warfare on land and sea, specially adapting to maritime warfare the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864. It prohibited the throwing of projectiles and explosives from balloons, and also the use of projectiles having as their sole object the diffusion of deleterious gases, and, finally, the use of bullets which easily expand or flatten in the human body. It then recommended a limitation of armed forces on land and sea, and of war budgets; and agreed that a future Conference should discuss questions relating to the rights and duties of neutrals; a revision of the Geneva Convention humanizing maritime warfare; the inviolability of private property in naval warfare; the types and calibers of rifles and naval guns, and the bombardment of ports and towns by naval forces.

Thus closed the first diplomatic gathering ever called for the discussion of guarantees of peace, without reference



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**BARON D'ESTOURNELLES DE CONSTANT**  
A member of the French delegation at the forthcoming Conference; President of the Conciliation Internationale

to any particular war, past, present, or future. In that discussion the American delegation distinguished itself particularly with regard to the subjects of arbitration, mediation, and the amelioration of warfare. While the feeling regarding the establishment of a permanent tribunal was evidently chaotic on the assembling of the Conference, Messrs. White, Low, and Holls from the first had a carefully devised plan for such a tribunal. It differed from that adopted mainly in contemplating a tribunal capable of meeting permanently and in full bench in the exercise of its functions. As to mediation, Mr. Holls's plan was unanimously adopted, first by the special committee and then by the entire Conference. As to revision of the laws and customs of war and in the interdiction of sundry arms, explosives, and mechanical agencies, the reports of Captains Mahan and Crozier formed the basis of action, though the action patently needs further detailed consideration.

The first resort to the Permanent Court of Arbitration, opened in 1901, was made by the United States and Mexico in 1902 for the settlement of the controversy in regard to the Pious Fund Claims. If in the Court's establishment the American Government had played a prominent part, it was a grateful privilege to be a party to the first case before it. Three other controversies have been settled by the Court—the Japanese House Tax case between Japan on the one side and Great Britain, France, and Germany on the other; the Venezuelan Preferential Payment case, between the three Powers which blockaded the ports of Venezuela and the seven pacific Powers having claims against the Venezuelan Government; finally, the Muscat controversy between Great Britain and France over their respective treaty rights in that country.

At the meeting at St. Louis, in September, 1904, of the Inter-Parliamentary Union, a body composed of more than two thousand members of National Parliaments, a resolution introduced by the American delegation was unanimously adopted, requesting the President of the United States to invite the nations of the

world to a second Peace Conference. The resolution was presented to President Roosevelt, and he announced that he would gladly carry out the suggestion embodied in it. Accordingly, in October, 1904, John Hay, Secretary of State, through our representatives at foreign capitals, consulted the Governments signatory to the first Hague Conference as to their willingness to réassemble at The Hague for the continuation of the work there begun in 1899. Cordial and unconditional assurances were received from all of the Governments, with the exception of that of Russia. Nicholas II. assented to the plan for another Conference, but stated that his country could not take part in it while it was still engaged in war. The question of the date of the Conference was therefore left in abeyance until after the treaty of peace between Russia and Japan had been signed. In September, 1905, the Emperor issued a formal invitation to fifty-three nations to send representatives to a second Peace Conference at The Hague, President Roosevelt having gracefully yielded to the originator of the first Conference the honor of calling the second. In his invitation the Emperor said: "As the course of the late war has given rise to a number of questions which are of the greatest importance, and closely related to the Acts of the first Conference, the plenipotentiaries of Russia at the future meeting will lay before the Conference a detailed programme which could serve as a starting-point for its deliberations." In April, 1906, the Russian Government sent out this programme:

First—Improvements to be made in the provisions of the Convention in regard to the peaceful settlement of international disputes as regards the Court of Arbitration and the International Commission of Inquiry.

Second—Additions to be made to the provisions of the Convention of 1899 in regard to the laws and customs of war on land—among others, those concerning the opening of hostilities, the rights of neutrals on land, etc. One of the declarations of 1899 [the prohibition of the throwing of projectiles from balloons] having expired, the question of its being revived.

Third—Framing of a convention in regard to the laws and customs of maritime warfare, concerning the special operations of mari-

time warfare, such as the bombardment of ports, cities, and villages by a naval force; the laying of torpedoes, etc.; the transformation of merchant vessels into war-ships; the private property of belligerents at sea; the length of time to be granted to merchant ships for their departure from ports either of neutrals or of the enemy after the opening of hostilities; the rights and duties of neutrals at sea; among others, the questions of contraband, the rules applicable to belligerent vessels in neutral ports, and the destruction, in cases of *vis major*, of neutral merchant vessels captured as prizes. In the said convention to be drafted there would be introduced the provisions relative to war on land that would be also applicable to maritime warfare.

Fourth—Additions to be made to the Convention of 1899 for the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva Convention of 1864.

This memorandum is in striking contrast with the Emperor's letter of 1898. Limitation of armaments, the very subject given as a cause for calling the first Peace Conference, is omitted entirely from the programme of the second. The Emperor proposed that the second Conference should be held in the summer of 1906, but the Pan-American Congress already announced made a postponement necessary until the summer of 1907. Last April the Russian Government sent out this circular note:

The undersigned Ambassador of Russia, by order of his Government, has the honor to make the following communication to his Excellency the Secretary of State of the United States:

Before the second Peace Conference is called the Imperial Government deems it an obligation to submit to the Powers which have accepted its invitation a statement of the present situation.

All the Powers to which the Imperial Government communicated in April, 1906, its tentative programme of the labors of the new Conference have declared their adherence thereto.

However, the following remarks have been made with respect to that programme.

The Government of the United States has reserved to itself the liberty of submitting to the second Conference two additional questions, viz.: That of the reduction or limitation of armaments, and that of bringing about an agreement to observe certain limitations in the use of force in collecting ordinary public debts accruing from contracts.

The Spanish Government has expressed a desire to discuss the limitation of armaments, reserving to itself the right to deal with this question at the next meeting at The Hague.

The British Government has given notice that it attaches great importance to having

the question of expenditures for armament discussed at the Conference, and has reserved to itself the right of raising it; it has also reserved to itself the right of taking no part in the discussion of any question mentioned in the Russian programme which would be unlikely to produce any useful result.

Japan is of the opinion that certain questions not especially enumerated in the programme might be conveniently included among the subjects for consideration, and reserves to itself the right to take no part in or withdraw from any discussion taking or tending to take a trend which in its judgment would not be conducive to any useful result.

The Governments of Bolivia, Denmark, Greece, and the Netherlands have also reserved to themselves, in a general way, the right to submit to the consideration of the Conference other subjects similar to those explicitly mentioned in the Russian programme.

The Imperial Government deems it its duty to declare for its part that it maintains its programme of the month of April, 1906, as the basis for the deliberations of the Conference, and that if the Conference should broach a question that would appear to it unlikely to end in any practical issue, it reserves to itself, in its turn, the right to take no part in such a discussion.

Remarks similar to this last have been made by the German and Austro-Hungarian Governments, which have likewise reserved to themselves the right to take no part in the discussion by the Conference of any question which would appear unlikely to end in any practical issue.

In bringing these reservations to the knowledge of the Powers, and with the hope that the labors of the second Peace Conference will create new guarantees for the good understanding of the nations of the civilized world, the Imperial Government has addressed to the Government of the Netherlands a request that it may be pleased to call the Conference for the first days of June.

The opening session of the second Hague Conference has now been announced for June 15, 1907. What will it accomplish?

It is expected that the delegates will pay special attention to some of the recommendations of the recent Peace Congress in New York City, particularly to the opening of the Hague Court to all nations; the evolution of the Hague Conferences into a more permanent and comprehensive international union, with representatives from all the nations, to insure regularly and systematically the efficient co-operation of the Powers in the development and application of international law—in other words, an inter-

national parliament; a general arbitration treaty providing for the reference to the Hague Court of international disputes not to be adjusted by diplomacy, and, in case of disputes not possible to be included in an arbitration convention, a mediation treaty, by which the disputants, before resorting to force, shall *always* invoke the services of an international commission of inquiry or the mediation of one or more friendly powers.

The emphasis on the permanence of the Hague Court could be increased by adopting the recommendation that members of the Court should receive a uniform salary to be paid to each by an appropriation made by the Government appointing him, no member of the Court to be permitted to act as legal adviser of any nation in any controversy submitted for arbitration to any tribunal of the Court, nor to hold any office under any Government during his term of office at The Hague. In other words, the Hague Court should not only be comprehensive and permanent, but also self-supporting. Each nation signatory to the treaty, having a member in the Hague Court, should appropriate to the Court's treasury the yearly sum of a thousand dollars where the nation has a population of less than ten million; two thousand dollars where the nation has a population of more than ten million but less than twenty million, and five thousand dollars where the nation has a population of more than ten million—the fund to be used to defray the salaries of treasurer, clerk, marshal, and other court expenses.

A closely allied subject which surely will receive attention is the systemization and codification of the international rules and customs which we call international law.

The subject brought up by Mr. Bryan at the Peace Congress may also be considered, and a mandate issued that any neutral nation supplying a warring nation with money should be adjudged guilty of a hostile act.

Another interesting subject is that of neutral ocean highways or steamship lanes in time of war, as recommended

by certain publicists: fleets could then fight only within certain limits.

An allied subject is the permanent neutralization of straits and canals, following the neutralization of the Danish Sound and the Suez Canal, already secured.

Finally, a subject sure to arouse discussion is that proposed by Mr. Carnegie at the recent Peace Congress—the establishment of an international peace force, which, without interfering with State militia and police service, should replace rival armies and navies.

In addition to the subjects in the Russian programme concerning actual warfare, there will doubtless be a proposal to extend the three-mile limit for all territorial purposes, since the marine league—three geographical miles—no longer satisfies the demands of modern requirements of defense.

In this connection there is equal certainty that a proposal will be made providing for the return of prisoners of war to their own countrymen, with the understanding, first, that they shall not again bear arms either against the enemy or against his allies during the remainder of a particular war; secondly, to make assurance doubly sure, that they shall be interned by their own Governments in districts appointed for the purpose and under supervision, making it impossible for them, either singly or collectively, to take any further part in the war without cognizance of all the Powers concerning their breach of faith. In other words, the prerogatives of parole, now restricted to commissioned officers, should be extended to the rank and file of the army.

The American delegates to the forthcoming Conference will be the Hon. Joseph H. Choate, former Ambassador to England; General Horace Porter, former Ambassador to France; Judge U. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Arkansas; the Hon. William I. Buchanan, former Minister to Argentina and later to Panama; Brigadier-General George B. Davis, Judge-Advocate-General of the Army; and Captain Charles S. Sperry, President of the Naval War College.





THE MAIN STREET OF DEERFIELD

# ART AND DEMOCRACY

## THIRD PAPER

### THE SMALL TOWN OF DEERFIELD

BY ELIZABETH McCRACKEN



MY first knowledge of Deerfield came to me rather a long time ago. It was a compound of indisputable fact and unfounded legend: a woman of Deerfield whom I met last summer said that I might not allow this circumstance to seem so particular with me; that the initiatory information of the town received by most persons had usually been of an identically same kind.

One morning, during Carnival time, there appeared, at the small private primary school in New Orleans of which I was a pupil, a strange little girl, who later, during recess, informed us wondering Southern children that her home was away up North, but that while she and her mother were visiting her Southern aunt in New Orleans for a few weeks she would attend our school with her cousin, a new pupil.

"Tell us about it there—up North," we suggested.

"I will, if you'll tell me about it here, first," she promptly replied.

We agreed; and knowing from the conversation of our elders that orange-blossoms, alligators, and the French market interested grown-up Northerners, we would have told her about those things. But she interrupted. "I want to hear *stories*," she directed; "history stories, about how places got their names, and about the dreadful things that happened in them."

Neither she, nor any of us, was older than eleven years. "History stories?" we faltered.

However, we told her that Louisiana got its name from a French king; and that our city was the namesake of an Orleans in Europe, in which a girl who had been a soldier had lived.

"The only dreadful thing that ever happened down here was the War," we assured her in conclusion; and then, as she pressed us no further, we added, "Now tell us about the North."

She explained very soberly the meaning of the word Vermont and the significance of the naming of Providence. Then, with an onrush of vivid interest, she told us about the French and Indian massacre at Deerfield. "*I was there*, last summer!" she said, with the effect of a climax.

We urged her for details, I recollect; and they were not denied us. The small Northerner had been an intensely attentive pilgrim; she had forgotten nothing; and all that she remembered we heard.

"What awful people Indians must be!" we exclaimed.

"Yes," said the stranger within our gates, fervently; "and so are French people."

We Southern children had never seen an Indian. Neither, it was reluctantly admitted, had the Northern child. But we were accustomed to seeing many French people. "They are *not* savage," we maintained; and we instanced our mild-mannered native teacher of French as proof.

Our new companion still persisted. So very amiable indeed was the French



THE OLD TAVERN

member of our Faculty that finally, unable to decide it ourselves, we took the debated question to her for settlement. "In old times, *ver'* savage they were, the French," she unexpectedly affirmed. And then she, in her turn, told history stories of dreadful things that had happened. We heard about the French Revolution; we learned something of Marie Antoinette. Best of all, to my mind, we made acquaintance with the lost Dauphin. "The small town of Deerfield," she cried, when we had given a lengthy and involved explanation of our sudden desire for information concerning the French character, "it is *there* it is thought one time the Dauphin he is taken in secret; and there grow to a man!"

The small girl from the North returned home at the end of a month. I never again saw her; and had it not been for the lost Dauphin I might have forgotten her; and would certainly not have remembered that from her lips I first heard the thrilling tale of the village of Deerfield. That little French prince remained clearly in my mind for many months. The teacher of French told me his age at the time of his disappear-

ance, and the approximate date of that occurrence; another teacher gave me the date of the massacre at Deerfield. Gradually I made out for myself that when the Dauphin arrived at Deerfield there just possibly were very old persons still living there who just could remember the massacre, and who, no doubt, told him about it in return for the terrible tales he no doubt told them about the Revolution.

Very clearly could I see in my mind's eye a frail little boy leaning against the knee of a feeble old man—a son, possibly, of the Reverend John Williams. Quite distinctly could I hear them speak—the old man of the capture of his parents, the little boy of the taking prisoner of his. It was all very real to me, and it had happened in Deerfield. I remembered the name of the place; I found it on the map, away up North.

With the years, other accounts of Deerfield came to me. Strangely enough, not one of these but seemed to have some connecting link with the time of the French and Indian massacre, and the date of the disappearance of the Dauphin.

A landscape painter whom I met

several years ago at a tea in New York mentioned casually that he had just returned from a summer and autumn spent in the Berkshires. "Deerfield" he particularized.

"Tell me about it—there," I found myself saying.

"Oh," he replied, "it is a small town. It has just one Street; a long, wide one. And you feel that it ought always to be spelled with a capital. There are lines of wonderful trees arching over it; they are very old; they have been there since Colonial days, and you feel that they know it, and glory in it. Most of the houses are old, too. Amazing things have happened in them. You can find out about these things; but, when you look at the houses, you feel that still other things, more amazing, must have happened in them; things that you can't find out about, because there is no one who knows, who can tell you."

I confided to him my dear fancy concerning the last of the Bourbon princes. "Of course," I hastily forestalled any chilling annotation on his part, "there is no historical foundation for supposing

that any such thing *did* occur, and yet—"

"And yet," he interposed with delightfully spontaneous sympathy, "it *might* have occurred. Why not?"

Considerably later, in Chicago, at Hull House, I made acquaintance with a woman who was an enthusiast on the subject of arts and crafts. I had visited the Newcomb Pottery, and had frequently lingered in the salesrooms of the Boston Arts and Crafts Society, so I had some material to contribute to the discussion to which she invited me. She had infinitely more; for she had visited many potteries, and inspected the shops of more than one society of arts and crafts, not only in America, but in England and on the Continent.

"They are all interesting and significant," she observed. "Every movement to establish a new art or a new craft, or to revive an old art or an old craft, is significant. But none about which I have known has been more interesting and more significant than the movement begun in Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1896."



"LINES OF WONDERFUL TREES ARCHING OVER IT"



MRS. THORN WEAVING

"Deerfield!" I exclaimed involuntarily; and as unpremeditatedly appended: "Tell me about it—there."

"Well, it is a small town, you know—" she commenced.

"Yes, I know," I put in; "and very old."

"Exactly," said my new chronicler. She added, but quite decidedly, as though this were in the nature of a digression, "It is one of the oldest towns in New England; some of the people who live there are descendants of the first settlers. There is a house there that was built very nearly two hundred years ago; it has never been in the possession of any one except the original owner and his descendants. One of them owns it now."

She paused, in order to allow me to comment upon this remarkable circum-

stance; and then went back to her main subject.

"The work of the Arts and Crafts Society there is almost wholly a revival of Colonial home industries. It is done by the women of the town in their homes. Sometimes orders for work from outsiders are taken to be filled; but aside from that, no articles are offered for sale anywhere except right in Deerfield; and the only salesrooms there are in private houses."

"What are the articles made?" I inquired.

"Household embroidery done with blue linen thread, on a white linen ground, after designs modeled on those used in Colonial times," was the reply.

"But who knows what those were?" I ventured, tentatively.

"The women who started this craft in Deerfield have found some of them," answered my informant;

"they discovered pieces of the old household embroideries, in museums chiefly, but also among the heirlooms of various families. From these they have made new designs—and they are continually making others—which are true to the plan of the old designs, and still are not in any sense imitations, or even literal copies."

In response to my further questioning she told me that other things reminiscent of Colonial days besides curtains, bed-coverings, and table linens wrought in blue linen threads on white linen grounds were made by the women of the town. "There are the rag carpet rugs," she enumerated; "and the tufted dimity bedspreads, trimmed with netted fringe; the palm-leaf baskets, and the baskets made of raffia—the raffia is dyed by people in the town Society of Arts and Crafts, and



so is the linen used for the embroidery, and it is dyed in the old-fashioned way, with the old-fashioned dyestuffs."

"And who buys all these things?" I queried, with an access of practicality.

"The tourists who visit the town every year. There are hundreds of them. They come to see the points of historic interest and to look at the relics in the Museum."

"Relics?" I repeated. "Antique furniture, I suppose, and Indian weapons?"

"Yes," was the answer; "and old china, and cooking utensils, and antiquated clothing—"

"Is any of the clothing French—and small?" I asked.

"No," replied my narrator. "What conceivable reason is there why it should be?"

I made no offer of any reason at all, and she would have gone on to tell me more, but we were interrupted. "Never mind," she said, noting my disappointment; "you can go to Deerfield when you return to the East, and find out the remainder for yourself."

"But tell me this," I asked, as we were parting, "were there any fleurs-de-lis in any of the designs?"

"Fleurs-de-lis!" she echoed. "The early Massachusetts colonists were English. Why should they have thought of fleurs-de-lis?"

I had no opportunity to say why. Perhaps it was just as well.

But I took the advice she offered me. As soon as I was able after I returned to the East, I went to Deerfield, and found out the remainder for myself.

I was the possessor of a letter of introduction to a member of the Arts and Crafts Society of Deerfield, who



MAKING RAFFIA BASKETS

lived in the town during the summer months; but, though the month was August, I hesitated about sending the letter in advance, for, like Deerfield itself, the letter was old—more than three years old. The Secretary of the Society engaged a room for me in advance, for I had determined to tarry more than one day. It was one of those felicitous accidents of fate that the name of my landlady was an obviously French name, the only such. I afterward learned, in all Deerfield.

"I expected you sooner," were her first words.

"But I came on the earliest train," I began.

"Train!" she exclaimed. "Most people come on the trolley."

No one had told me about the trolley. It ran the whole length of the single



PLANNING THE RUG

Street, which the landscape painter had wished spelled always with a capital. It brought the tourists; it brought the mail; it even brought the New York Herald and the Boston Transcript. Nevertheless, it did not bring me any disillusionment. Though it passed under the old trees and by the old houses, it did not pass more often than half-hourly; and the roadside grass and the dust partly hid its tracks. After all, it was something added to, not anything taken from, the Deerfield I knew.

Indeed, my days in Deerfield seemed happily destined to do nothing so much as to give something to me without taking anything from me. The people whom I met not only corroborated the historic stories I had heard; they told me still others. The Museum was larger, and its relics were much more numerous, as well as distinctive and unique in their interest, than I had been informed. All the arts and crafts which had been cited to me proved to be in existence, and that after the manner mentioned; and there were additional ones, such as the weaving of fabrics by hand, the making of bayberry candles, and, though in a class each by itself, photography, and ornamental metal and leather work, and jewelry. As for the Street, the one long wide Street, with its line of arching trees and its old houses, in spite of the trolley, it was all that the landscape painter had said, and more. For he had not told me about the katyids. There are surely hundreds, perhaps thousands, of them, on the Street.

I soon learned that each craft was a separate and independent organization, with a separate and independent self-constituted government of its own; and that the Arts and Crafts Society was a union of all these guilds, with a Board of Directors including one member from each guild. The Secretary of the Society was quick to say that not so much from her as from the several secretaries of the various groups of craftsmen could I gain detailed information regarding their especial crafts.

So I went to each salesroom, from that one in a house at the end of the Street nearer Greenfield, in which the tufted dimity bedspreads, with their



A CUPBOARD IN ONE OF THE OLD HOUSES

trimmings of netted fringe, were shown, to the house at the other end, nearer the old Indian camp, in which hand-woven fabrics were on exhibition. In one of the old houses of which I had heard I saw the embroidery, not only done in blue and white, as I had been led to expect, but also in other natural colors. Even had I had no guide, it would not have been difficult to find the salesrooms, for there were signs on the houses containing them. The rugs were next the Post-Office; and the baskets were on the road over which, in olden days, the stage-coach came from Albany.

Without exception, the several secretaries told me that very nearly every woman in Deerfield was in at least one



of the guilds; and that they were also otherwise so occupied with family or other duties that they gave only their spare time to the particular craft chosen; and that no worker earned enough in any craft to suffice for her entire support. "It isn't everything to them; it is only one thing," was the general consensus of opinion.

They had many other things, as I easily discovered. Deerfield is a hospitable place. The people who live in the old, and new houses too, aid, with friendly courtesy, the endeavors of the eager visitor to see and to hear. So sympathetic did I find one dweller in the town that on my last evening, while the katydid was arguing their old, old case,

I spoke to her of my cherished legend. "What gave rise to it?" I asked.

"An early settler here, who had, people thought, the Bourbon contour of face—"

"Perhaps—" I began.

"No," asserted my new friend firmly; "he was not the Dauphin."

"And so the legend had no foundation!" I said.

"Oh," she consoled me, "it had as much as any of the other legends about the disappearance of the poor child."

And as we walked up the Street, dark except for the light of the stars, I found myself wondering if there had been katydids in Deerfield in the early days—and what the little prince had thought of them.

## THERE IS A GARDEN IN MY HEART

BY MERIBAH ABBOTT

My neighbor hath a garden,  
A garden good to see;  
In lovely row the flowers grow  
To lure the vagrant bee,  
And all the air is sweet with scent  
From leaf and bud and blossom blent.

High on my window ledge is set  
A box of modest mignonette—  
Only this . . . but I envy not  
My neighbor, rich in his rainbow plot.

There is a garden in my heart  
Bright as a crownèd king's,  
And love lives there beyond compare,  
And faith undying springs;  
And all its walks are warm with sun  
From blessings known and friendships won.

My neighbor, glancing o'er his rosy hedge,  
Smiles at the box upon my window ledge,  
Nor dreams that—till'd in poverty and pain—  
*Mine* is the fairer garden of the twain.

# *An Alaskan Wonderplace*

*By Oscar von Engeln*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR



THE CASCADING GLACIER

**Y**AKUTAT BAY is a lonely fiord-arm of the sea, which reaches from the North Pacific Ocean into the land, near the base of Mount St. Elias, long famous as the highest peak on the continent. Along the shores of this fiord some of Nature's titan forces, by which all the earth was once rough-hewn, are even now exerting themselves tremendously; and the story of their efforts is here written large upon its face. The region is a show-place of the might of Nature, whose offer of combat has ever been the lure which drew men into the wilderness, and now beckons them in increasing numbers to the North—one of her last strongholds. As members of a government survey expedition, we spent the summer of 1906 in this

sub-arctic country, and the following pages contain some account of the unique grandeur of its natural phenomena.

Nothing could be more romantic to one who had long dreamed of life in unexplored wilds than the manner of our disembarkment on those shores. The ship had sailed as far as she dared up the uncharted bay. It was one o'clock in the morning, and the long Alaskan June day was just breaking from the semi-darkness of the two-hour night. Our belongings were being heaped into a small dory by the ship's crew, as we bade good-by to the more ambitious of our passenger friends, who had crept shivering from their berths at that hour for the double purpose of seeing us off

and having a chance to view this scene, afforded from a ship's deck perhaps only three times in history. Then we clambered down the side and the men pulled and thrust their way toward the beach through the numerous icebergs which clattered incessantly as they ground against one another in the long swell. Ten minutes, fifteen minutes, elapsed, and then the shore, which had seemed a mere shelf at the base of the tremendous snow-capped ridges, opened out, and with a rush we rode in upon the sandy beach on the crest of a great roller. There was a scurry as every one jumped overboard and aided in dragging the boat up beyond the reach of the next

their mass. Around us on all sides, from the beach to the base of the hills, and high up on their slopes, ran a very riot of flowers, in hues the most gorgeous. Blue and white lupines predominated, while red, yellow, and orange gentians, white lace-leaved yarrows, purple epilobium, great rank plants of wild celery with broad white blooms, and along the ground trailing pea-vines with myriads of blossoms—a profusion of color indescribable—were all marshaled in military array by the slender stalks of the wild-oat. Clumps of green willow and cottonwood relieved the monotony, and from blossom to blossom flitted shadowy humming-birds, seemingly in a very ecstasy



"THE MOUNTAINS BEAMED A WELCOME"

wave; succeeded by a silence as we stood and watched the ship, which had remained to see us safely ashore, now steam slowly away toward the open ocean. We turned our faces landward, and through the gray dawn there came the plaintive, repeated whistles of the marmots on the slopes above; that was all. Then we shook ourselves instinctively, and in a trice the tents were up, supplies under cover, and ourselves tucked comfortably in our sleeping-bags.

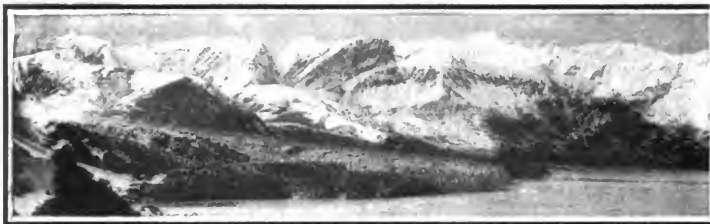
When we turned out again, the day had far advanced and the surroundings taken on a new aspect. The mountains no longer threatened, but rather beamed a welcome from beneath their snowy helmets, while out on the bay the iceberg squadron, in white splendor, moved in solemn procession, countermarching under command of the deep, strong tidal currents encompassing seven-eighths of

of haste lest there be not time for them to visit all the flowers. It was a scene which would be the despair of the landscape gardener, and which he could not hope to rival if he should cast his most precious flower seeds in reckless profusion over the most fertile of acres.

To understand such a seeming anomaly, in what we are pleased to think an altogether desolate land, one must pause to consider the climatic conditions. The great westerly winds, blowing untrammelled over the wide reaches of the warm Pacific, are here buffeted back and robbed of their moisture by the lofty peaks of the St. Elias range. On the mountains the condensed moisture falls as snow the year round; along the coastal foreland, in summer, as rain. And, although summer is the dry season, yet only one day in five, on the average, is perfectly clear; meanwhile the temperature is compara-



"WE CREPT AS NEAR AS WE DARED TO THE GREAT ICE WALL."



A WALL OF ICE FIVE MILES LONG—THE ICE

tively high, thus giving the region almost hot-house conditions. The growing season, moreover, is short; therefore all species, to survive, must blossom and come to fruition with one accord.

If, postulates our elementary geology, the snow which falls on the lofty mountain peaks (or in high latitudes) were released only by melting, all the moisture on our planet would soon be locked up. Fortunately, this is not the case. The snow accumulates in the upland valleys, and by surface melting and the pressure of succeeding falls it is compacted into ice, and then slowly, probably by alternate movements of the component crystals, it moves from the high elevations down the mountain-side

until it reaches the sea or the lowland—an ice stream which we call a glacier.

There is probably nowhere in the world a region more favorable for the formation of these ice streams in their grandest proportions than this southeast corner of Alaska. Around Yakutat Bay and its narrower fiord extensions they exist in such numbers that they are not counted, yet the smallest would compare favorably with the largest of the Alpine glaciers, while these latter would be mere threads beside the grander of the ones which here fill the valleys. To visit them was part of our projected summer's plans.

It was on the third of July that we rowed past Haenke Island, which all but shuts out the view of the largest glaciers from the lower bay, and on which the disappointed Malaspina stood more than a century ago, and found, blocked by a solid wall of ice, an opening which he had fondly hoped would prove to be the long sought Northwest passage. Poor Malaspina! his voyage has been lost sight of in the light of the greater achievements of other and even contemporary explorers. One can well imagine his emotions standing on this island; he named the passage "Disengango Bayo," which translated is Disenchantment Bay. Since his time the ice has retreated, and one can now round the point and enter Russel and the Nunatak fiord which lie beyond.



"THE MALASPINA—PUSHING FORWARD VISIBLY"

Note the great ice-blocks, and the trees overturned and uprooted after coming into foliage



CLIFF OF THE TURNER AND HUBBARD GLACIERS

Just at the bend of the bay we camped for the night, which was dark and cloudy enough to shut out all the view but the immediate foreground; and all through its hours there sounded a distant booming, as of heavy artillery—the thunder of great icebergs crashing from the ice cliff into the sea—and followed minutes later by a sullen wash of the resulting waves over the pebble beach on which our tents were pitched. No more impressive salute to the approaching Fourth of July could be imagined.

In the morning the sun rose bright and clear, not a cloud flecked the sky, and what a spectacle was then revealed! There was the battery unveiled—a solid, practically uninterrupted wall of ice, five miles long and two hundred and eighty-three feet high, gleaming and sparkling in the strong light, the ice cliff of the Turner and Hubbard Glaciers. Behind the ice cliff, dwarfing the distance by their elevations, so that, although miles away, they seemed to tower straight up, were ranged the mighty summits of Mounts Vancouver, Seattle, Hubbard, Turner, and Cook, each fifteen thousand, or more feet high, with their every spur, every crag, boldly outlined against the sky. And from every valley on their slopes, from behind every flank, from every corner, came a glacier; one thought involuntarily of the gathering of the clans. All

helped to swell the mighty ice-flood which pushed back the sea and covered its surface with a shimmering flotilla of icebergs, heaving ceaselessly as, with distant boom or near-by roar, hull after hull was added to the fleet and set the waters in a turmoil with its launching.

We crept as near as we dared to the great ice wall, and rocked for hours among the bergs, lost in wonder. Truly, here "the force of Nature could no further go;" here was abundant food for the fine frenzy of the poet. With stone of alabaster whiteness and purity, and ornament of the clearest sapphire blue, a magic mason kept fashioning along its front tower and minaret, arch and colon-



"TWOFOLD DESTRUCTION OF THE FOREST"

A forest of spruce being overwhelmed by a solid wall of ice. Taken in the rain



"WHOSE SHEEN WAS TRANSMITTED TO THE HEAVING SURFACE OF THE ICE-DOTTED BAY BELOW"



nade, cathedral spire and dome, each production seeming to rival or surpass the last in beauty, or in grandeur, or in subtle charm. A doomed structure would tremble; then, with a blinding rush, the whole would crumble into iridescent bits and slide into the sea, while a veil of white vapor shrouded its former site. When this curtain again lifted, behold, a new fancy of the creating artisan occupied the place.

In grandeur and in size the Hubbard Glacier, in conjunction with its immediate neighbor, the Turner, easily surpasses every other tidal glacier on the North American continent, so far as known. But for pure beauty it is far too vast to rival the Nunatak Glacier, which lies at the far end of a deep, narrow fiord of the same name, deploying at right angles from Disenchantment Bay. The Nunatak may be best likened to a narrow white ribbon rolled down from the mountains to the fiord basin below, between precipitous rock walls, the lower a thousand feet high. It is the color, the solid masses of pure color, that give this ice stream its fascination. Imagine Nature producing a lithograph of the most gorgeous type: she has done so at the Nunatak. The waters of the fiord are of a creamy gray, due to the suspended rock flour from the glacier mill which they carry; the ice is white and tinged with pale green, and has a texture of beaten silver; the fiord walls are of warm brown, and the sky above the clearest of blues—each tint one unbroken expanse. Artists are wont to supply hues where Nature has put only grays, but here imagination is at a discount, and the veriest tyro could block in the colors. The steep fiord walls enable one to look perpendicularly down upon the great seracs of its crevassed front and watch the "calving" of the bergs. Employed thus, one gives no heed to time, but simply revels in the scene before him.

A farwider interest attaches to glaciers than to other equally spectacular natural phenomena, for in geologically very recent time practically all the northern half of Europe and North America was covered by an ice mass flowing in the same manner as these present-day streams. The

larger part of the North American mass originated in two points, the eastern portion wholly in Labrador; and in its southward progress over the land it wrought remarkable changes in the topography of the country. It swept away the vegetation and the accumulated soil of centuries, and ground away the solid rock below. It dammed and diverted streams, carved out valleys, formed ridges, made lakes and waterfalls; to it, in fact, much of the scenic interest of our land is owing. Niagara would not exist had there been no continental glacier. The changes wrought by Nature are, in general, slow, progressing in long cycles, but the glaciers are among the exceptional forces, by whose aid she accomplishes the work of years in a day.

Think back into that time of the continental glacier. In Labrador the ice mass started, and, growing ever, moved out in all directions, overwhelming the land, razing the forests, driving south the animal life, turning first from their courses and then locking the streams in its icy grip, until all the smiling land was naught but an arctic waste. For years the glacier remained, while from its southern border there poured great floods of water, laden to the utmost with the scourings of this giant mill grinding continuously all the rock to the north, and depositing the débris in great sheets, sometimes three hundred feet in thickness, over the surface of the south. Then consider its recession when the climate changed, and the rate of melting exceeded the forward movement, and the ice front shrunk slowly back to the north, while the plants, following closely its retreat, again established themselves on the freed land. It is perhaps the most tremendous drama that Nature ever staged.

There is a general belief that the present time is a last remnant of the glacial age, and this belief finds confirmation in the fact that practically all the known glaciers of the world are dwindling in size. A few instances of slight forward movement have been discovered, but only sufficient in amount to whet the curiosity of the scientist as to the nature of the phenomena attending the advance





"DIVIDED AND SUBDIVIDED, FORMING A PERFECT NETWORK OF CHANNELS"

The picture is taken from a mountain summit, and shows snow in the corner. The streams which start in the middle distance, having no apparent connection with large trunks, are from springs due to melting of buried detached ice-masses, overwhelmed by stream deposits before they could melt. The distance to the seashore is five or six miles.

of a really great ice sheet. Therefore the front of each new glacier has been eagerly examined, and the known ones watched in the hope of securing data bearing on this fascinating topic. How fast does the ice mass grind away the surface over which it rides? where does it use its tools most effectively—near the melting end, in the middle, or far up toward its source? does the advancing front act as a great plow gouging an enormous furrow into the earth? does the water of its melting escape over the surface, or from beneath the mass? what is the effect of different kinds of topography on its rate of movement? fundamentally, how does it move? These and similar questions, alike thus of scientific and popular interest, are the ones on which all observers are trying to gain information.

In this study various types of glaciers have been differentiated, and of these types many find an illustration among the ice tongues which contribute to Yakutat Bay. The Hubbard, Turner, and Nunatak ice streams are known as tidal glaciers, emptying directly into the sea. Near the last of these is the Cascading Glacier, a veritable ice cascade.

I know of no more curious feeling than that which one has on standing at its foot—a feeling that here is a tremendous fossil waterfall sculptured in marble on the dark cliff. Yet the thought comes that it has an abundant endowment of life, as is well testified to by the fact that in the previous year a similar cascading glacier slipped with one great rush into the sea, thereby setting up a wave which swept one hundred and thirty feet high upon the surrounding coast, and scared the seal-hunting Thlinket Indians, whose camp it carried away, half to death.

The Indians have a superstitious terror of all the glaciers, calling them the "Ghosts;" and whenever they come to any of the numerous gloomy arched cave passages which lead under the ice, they will not go on without hurling a number of large boulders into the opening, hoping to harm "Father Hoo," the evil spirit who dwells under the ice.

Across the fiord from the Cascading Glacier is the Hidden Glacier, which contrasts with it remarkably. This ice tongue descends from the mountains in a broad "U"-shaped, typically glacial valley of easy slope which it has eroded for itself down to tide-water. It would

seem that, having completed this task, it immediately retired from the scene, for it has already retreated behind a spur of the mountain, and is now completely hidden from the bay. As it retreats it is carefully smoothing out the highway to the sea, which it rough-carved in its advance, grading and graveling by means of its silt-carrying streams. This is the type of glacier most common to-day.

Not so easily won as this highway would have been was the pathway which opened up early one morning, vista-like, while we were encamped on the west shore of the bay proper. To the south the great incandescent summits of the mountains behind the Hubbard Glacier were bathed in a sky of the palest green, possessing a luster whose sheen was transmitted to the heaving surface of the ice-dotted bay below. The lower mountain slopes, on the other hand, wore streamers of the filmiest white mist, long and intricately parallel; these moved slowly, like ghost trails, into the deep rich purple of the shadowed buttresses. Between the peaks themselves, with the splendid width and smoothness of an imperial highway, the Hubbard Glacier invited a dash to the seat of the

Winter King's palace, surely not far beyond that great gateway.

But the adventurous spirit tempted to seize upon this opportunity to storm the seat of power of the genie of the North would have found at his feet the edge of a grim barrier to be surmounted before that open pathway could be attained. Great frosty icebergs, sullenly gray, crunched and ground one another over all the wide water area between, incited to the fray by the malicious fury of the mob-waves of the surf which rolled continuously along the shore. Every few minutes one of the larger bergs would turn completely, splashing wide the foaming spray, and adding to the intensity of the turmoil on the beach. It needed only the thunder of ever new bergs detaching themselves from the glacier front to join in the combat to complete the setting. And if then the bold spirit had looked up again to the shining heights for inspiration, he would have found that meanwhile leaden clouds of vapor had blotted them out, and that the opportunity was for always lost.

I have noted, in a previous paragraph, the fact that practically all the known glaciers of the world are retreating and



THE HIDDEN GLACIER

The foreground is composed of clay and sand, which the waters of the melting glacier are spreading over the surface. Note the V-shape of the valley

dwindling in size. Imagine, then, our surprise when we approached the western front of the Malaspina Glacier, a great plain of ice which mantles the foot of Mount St. Elias, and has been considered ever since its discovery as the most dormant of ice sheets, to find it pushing forward visibly, overturning, uprooting, and literally tearing out the young forest which opposed its advance. The front of this glacier, which had been described by former explorers, notably I. Russel, as a long, easy, and in part forest-covered slope, could now best be likened to a high cliff of much broken, dark granite, the dirt film on its outcropping surface so completely masking its real character that one without foreknowledge would never have suspected it, except on close inspection, to be ice.

We followed around this cliff for many miles, and everywhere the same conditions prevailed. The rapidity of the advance may be judged by the fact that most of the trees had come into foliage that spring before being disturbed. On such a glacier Mark Twain might perhaps have voyaged without suffering from ennui. The destruction of the forest was not wrought by the thrust of the ice mass alone, but also by its being continually bombarded and overwhelmed by moraine boulders, large and small, bounding from the top of the glacier. Many fell forty feet from the base of the cliff. During a rain-storm we came to a point where this was especially impressive, and our attempt to get a photograph of the twofold destruction here in progress was a unique experience, though the resulting picture was not a great success. The tripod was set up on the sliding débris, inside what might be called the firing line of the glacier, and then, moving carefully to avoid jarring the instrument, after wiping the lens momentarily free from moisture, and casting an apprehensive eye upward as if to measure the chance of a fifty-pound boulder selecting as a landing-place the spot upon which you were perched, it was necessary to duck under the cloth and focus the camera. Then, with wide-open lens and a three-second exposure, a semblance of a record was secured. Fortunately, with the exception of a

small pebble, the camera site escaped being struck during these moments.

If the glaciers were here destroying the land, the water which had its source in their melting was making herculean efforts to repair the damage. Near the point at which we took the rainy-day photograph there gushed forth from beneath the ice a tremendous torrent, so laden with sediment that it had the consistency of liquid brown mud. Such were its velocity and volume, however, that boulders weighing hundreds of pounds were rolled along its bottom, giving rise to a horrid grinding sound. But soon the first force was checked, and then the stream divided and subdivided, until it formed a perfect network of channels, over the plain which it had itself built up by dropping its load as the current was progressively slowed.

Where the stream entered the bay was a great flat of quicksand and mud, and the material ever increased in coarseness, and the channels became deeper, as one approached the source. One can hardly conceive of the amount of material that a glacial stream of this magnitude carries in suspension alone. It was often necessary for us to wade the streams in their lower courses. The network of this particular stream we crossed completely twice, the water being about the temperature of melting ice, and on reaching the far side our coat-pockets were full of fine silt, deposited because of the momentary eddy forming about us while crossing. By such streams, issuing from the front of the continental glacier during the great Ice Age, and flowing southward in vast floods, the great blanket of clay and sand, sometimes three hundred feet thick, was spread over all the area of the northern half of our Middle West.

If the efforts which the glacial streams are making to counteract the destructive erosion of the ice are termed herculean, then titanic must be the word applied to the force which in a single upthrust lifted the land surface around Yakutat Bay, mountains and all, forty feet higher above sea level than they had been previously. Never before in the history of geological science has a recent uplift of such magnitude been



LOOKING ACROSS THE FRONT OF THE NUNATAK GLACIER  
The great seracs of the ice cliff, one hundred and eighty feet high

recorded. Moreover, the evidence regarding the lesser ones is very obscure, so that we have here our first direct knowledge of tremendous crustal movements.

The whole uplift took place during the latter half of September, 1899, being practically continuous during that time, with occasional sharp shocks; it caused great waves in the bay, probably as the water rushed out from it, for its bottom also was raised, as is proven by the appearance of new reefs and islands in its confines. To-day one may walk for miles along its shores, over dry beaches, high above the reach of the highest storm wave, crunching underfoot the yet undecomposed seaweed and the whitened barnacles clinging still to the rocks on which they once grew, and around which the surf once rolled continuously. The evidence of the uplift is complete. Old sea caves and wave-cut cliffs, areas where the plants have not yet had time to gain a foothold, all help to tell the story. If one has wondered how the sediments of old sea bottoms may form the summit rocks of the highest mountains, here is an illustration of a force at work adequate to lift them to such a height. It was probably this same crustal movement that made the Malaspina Glacier so active, as no climatic change could have affected it so markedly within a few years' time.

Perhaps, too, it was this uplift, or a related one, that shattered the front of the Muir Glacier to the south, and thus packed the bay into which it flows with detached icebergs so closely as to make it impossible for the tourist steamers to approach its ice cliff. If this condition shall induce a first visit by these boats to Yakutat Bay, it is bound to become one of the show-places of the world, for the number and variety of the impressive natural phenomena around its shores cannot fail to give the region the prominence it deserves in the tourist's catalogue of the earth's wonder-places whose sights take fast hold on the imagination.

Mount St. Elias, towering serene and pyramid-like from the desert of snow at its foot, above even all the great peaks which encompass it, would alone repay the additional northward journey.

The two weeks during which this uplift occurred were a period of almost uninterrupted earthquakes in the Yakutat Bay vicinity. As reported by the missionary at the Indian settlement situated at the mouth of the bay, and by prospectors encamped near by, some of the shocks were of great violence.

Thus this earthquake, consequent upon the uplifting of a great block of the earth's crust, in connection with the California earthquake, where the movement was mainly lateral, points decisively to the correctness of the theory of earthquakes recently elaborated in a paper by Professor William H. Hobbs. Earthquakes of great magnitude have formerly been ascribed to the concussion—and the resulting vibration waves sent out—produced by the thrusting up against the superficial crust of the earth, comparatively thinner than an egg-shell, of a molten mass from the dense interior, in much the manner of the blow of a water-hammer in a vacuum glass tube, or the explosion of volcanic gases at such a point, called the *epicentrum* of the earthquake, from which waves were supposed to radiate in all directions.

While some minor earthquakes have no doubt such an origin, the evidence now at hand locates the greatest damage done by an earthquake of the first importance always along a line which passes through the affected points. This would indicate that the tremblings are due to the frictional resistance offered to the adjustment to stress, by movement along fault lines, between two great orographic blocks into which Hobbs assumes all the outer earth crust to be divided. If this be true, and if we can locate these lines with accuracy, we could in the future so found our cities as to avoid the greater part of the damage done by earthquakes by shunning these lines of disturbance.

# IN THE EVERGLADES—WITH CAMERA AND CANOE

BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



A YOUNG EVERGLADITE

THE Everglades—the mysterious, the unexplored—lay before me. From the head of Harney's River I looked out upon them, and, instead of an interminable stretch of impenetrable saw-grass, beheld a multitude of islands, so many that only here and there could the horizon be seen.

From a tree the eye could follow the courses of three bonnet-choked streams for several miles. Tentatively we pushed ahead with the skiff. The grass, clinging to the sides of the boat, held it back. Hard work would rob the trip of its romance. For the heavier craft we substituted our little Canadian canoe, and this passed through the obstructions unheeded of them. I had been in the wildernesses of the North, the West, and the South, but nowhere had I found adventure. Here, at last, it seemed within my reach; I determined to become an explorer!

The Baby (as the canoe was called from the canvas nightie which she wore as a protection from the tropical sun) was outfitted with camera equipment, lunch, rifle,

poles, and paddles. Early the next morning the two hunter-boys and I left the big boat. For five hours we pushed in a northerly direction, straight toward the heart of this watery land of mystery. The sloughs were open and continuous, branching and coming together again, but always leaving an open way. Poling and paddling were both easy, the limestone rock giving a secure hold for the pole, sometimes too secure, as it would occasionally catch in some crevice. This was announced by a big splash, for the boys had been drilled for months to keep the camera dry at any cost. To recover the pole from the canoe was to risk a capsizing, while to fall overboard after it was only to get wet.

By noon we were probably thirty miles from the Gulf at the mouth of Harney's River. The character of the Glades had not changed. They were thickly studded with islands; the rock continued from one to five feet below the surface and was covered with a varying depth of muck, averaging perhaps eighteen inches; there were fish in the waters and birds in the air. As we pushed to a group of trees, hoping to find land enough on which to make a fire for lunch, I was mentally determining to bring my best girl, that she might be the first of her sex to penetrate this region. The land was there—a square yard—and carved on one of the tree-trunks was K-A-T-E!

The return trip was interrupted by camera work. The daily showers of the rainy season were around us, and the cloud effects were becoming propitious. Ground for a tripod was absent. Sometimes this could be remedied by standing in the water and holding the camera on my head, while the boys in the canoe furnished the human-interest foreground. When the mud and water were too deep for this, and I had to have the view, we brought branches and brush from the nearest island and piled them on the muck bottom until the footing was fairly solid. Once it happened that one of the branches was the home of a colony

of big ants, and as I stood upon it balancing a heavy camera on my head, I was reminded of the darkey's explanation of the chicken in his hat—"must have crawled up my trouser leg."

We tried, vainly, to start a blaze in the saw-grass. All hunters, here, burn the grass of the prairies. Although they give various excuses for so doing, I think that the real reason sometimes is to help them find their way home. When ours refused to burn, we were sorry. Later we were sorrier.

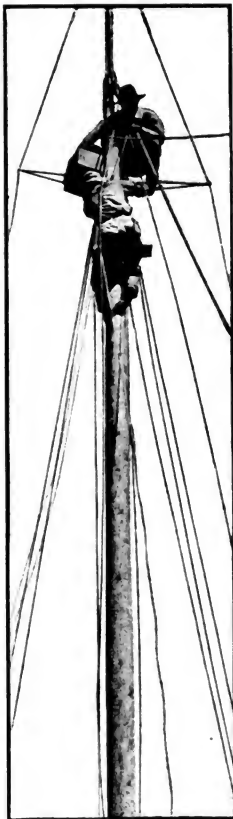
The usual shower overtook us. The camera was wrapped in rubber blankets to shield it from the falling torrents. As the deluge continued, I lifted it to my knees to protect it from the rising flood. As I was ballast, I retained my seat on the bottom of the canoe. The horizon was a matter of rods away, but we pushed ahead, I wishing for the compass which the boys had scorned in the morning. When we neared the edge of the Glades, the landmarks which had distinguished the head of the river in the morning had been duplicated by every clump of trees in sight. The boy in the bow recognized those to the south, while the one in the stern swore by those to the north. I was ballast. We went to the north. Needless to say, we should have turned south, and paid for our mistake by having to cross through a strand of heavy saw-grass. To accomplish this all hands went over-

board and we pushed the canoe through ahead of us.

We reached the big boat with the darkness, finding the Scribe preparing supper for one, as he supposed that we were destined to spend the night in the Glades. He and I then planned to cross the Everglades to Miami. The story of that trip belongs to him, but this much of it is mine: to be lost in the Everglades is a condition of the mind. On this night I had been "lost" within seeing distance of the big boat, accompanied by two competent hunters, and with the risk confined to the chance of spending an uncomfortable night and the loss of one meal. On the longer trip we did not know where we were, we had no place on which to sleep, and we did not know when we could get out. But we were in the frame of mind of the Indian—"Injun not lost, Injun here; wigwam lost."

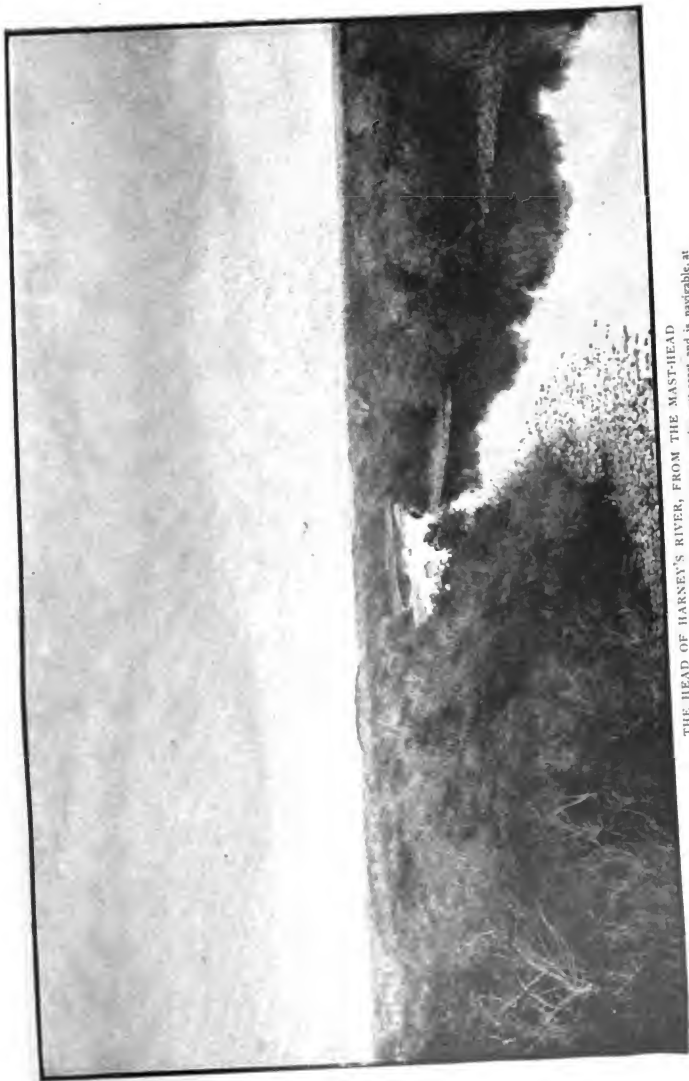
At the end of that trip we slowly steamed down the Miami River (for we crossed in a power boat) to the haunts of civilization. Our party could not muster a coat or a necktie, but we dined and slept at one of Miami's hotels, though, as the hunter-boy explained, it couldn't be a very good one, for the proprietor forgot to leave a comb and hair-brush in his room.

But we had crossed the trackless Everglades; my paddle had carried me where white man had not been before. I was an explorer!



THE CAMERA AT THE MAST-HEAD

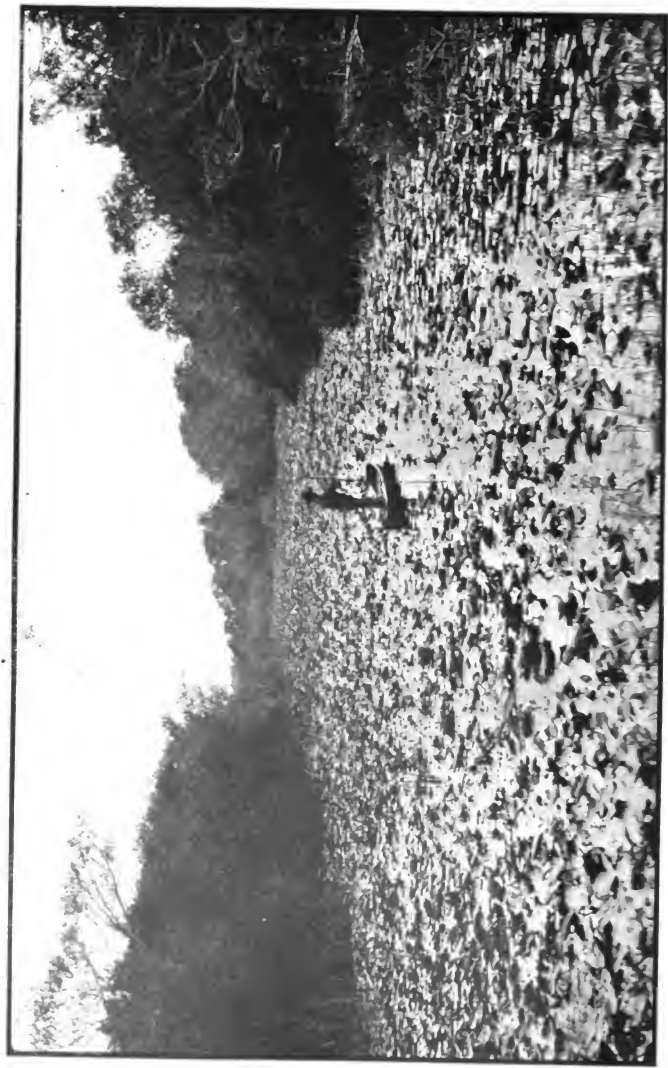
A certain excuse for the evident care of the camera-man may be found in the fact that on his first ascent the ropes of the boatswain's chair parted in mid-air. The picture on the opposite page was made from the mast-head.



THE HEAD OF HARNEY'S RIVER, FROM THE MAST-HEAD

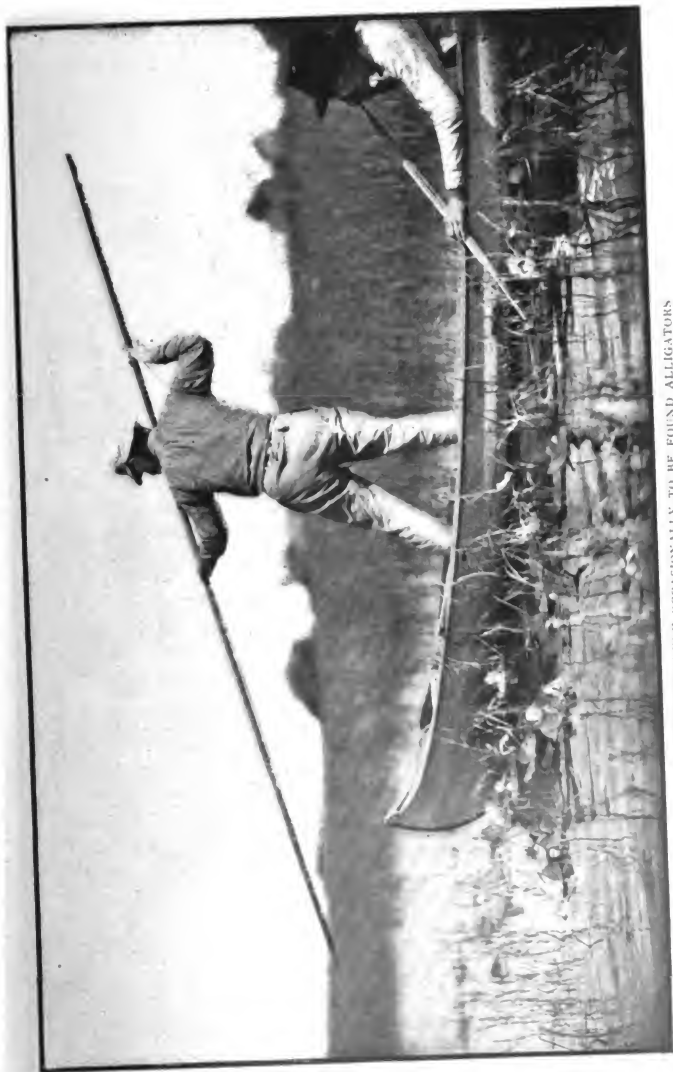
This stream penetrates the Glades further than any other river on the west coast, and is navigable, at certain seasons, to the very head. We had an eighteen-ton boat with her bowsprit over the saw-grass itself



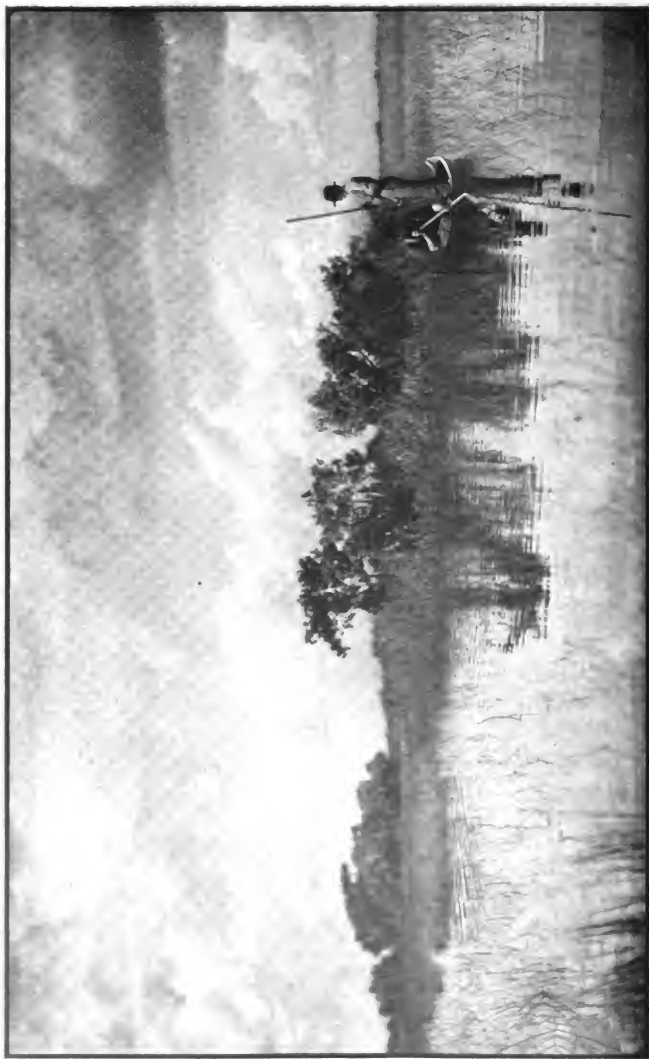


AN EVERGLADE RIVER

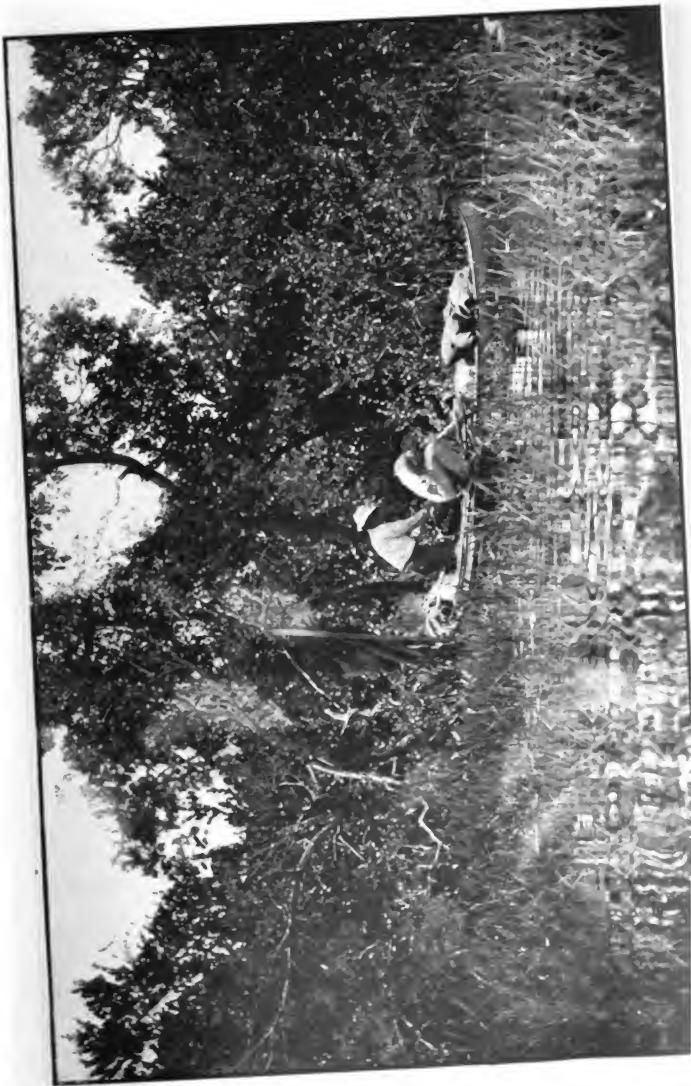
Bonnets (a kind of water-ily) and a heavy growth of grass and moss choke the streams and bayous for much of the year. A canoe is the only craft to go easily through these obstructions

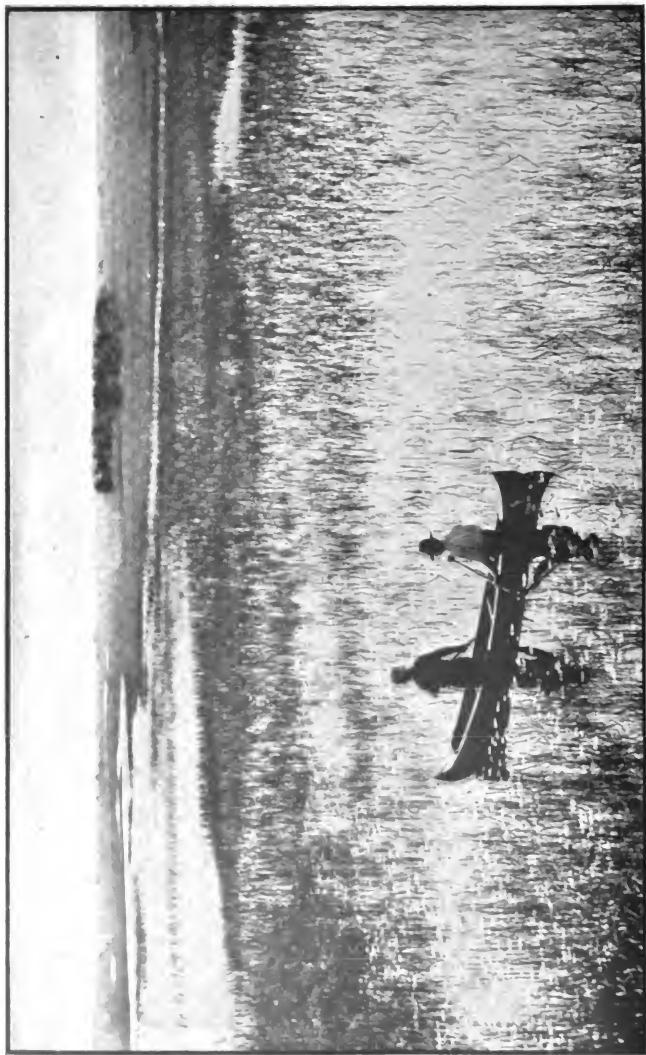


THERE ARE VERY OCCASIONALLY TO BE FOUND ALLIGATORS



WARM SUNSHINE, BEAUTIFUL CLOUDS, FRAGRANT FLOWERS, LIMPID WATER, AND THE PEACE OF THE WILDERNESS





THE EVERGLADES FROM A TREE-TOP  
Taken about twenty-five miles from the Gulf coast. This is typical of the entire route from Harney's River to Miami







FROM STEREOGRAPH, COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

**GEORGE STAPLES RICE**

# CREATIVE AMERICANS

## GEORGE STAPLES RICE

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

**M**R. GEORGE STAPLES RICE, Chief Engineer to the Board of Rapid Transit Railroad Commissioners of the city of New York, is a noteworthy example of the kind of public servant the democracy must increasingly produce and foster if it is to fulfill its great destiny in the world. One of the genuinely humiliating spectacles which during the past few years Americans have too frequently been called upon to witness has been the desertion or abuse of positions of high public trust by men who have been willing to forego the honor of faithful service to the people for the sake either of unearned dividends or of the diminished responsibility and higher wages offered them by private corporations. With the exception of about seven years in his long career, Mr. Rice has devoted his skill and energy to the honorable execution of important public trusts, because he is primarily an engineer rather than a self-interested promoter, a public-spirited citizen rather than an over-zealous runner in the race for wealth.

What one means by saying that Mr. Rice is primarily an engineer rather than a self-interested promoter is well illustrated by an incident that occurred at the very outset of his career. He had graduated from Harvard in 1870. Before graduating he had received his first professional experience as an assistant in the construction of the splendid Chestnut Hill Reservoir in Boston. In 1870 the distinguished engineer, Joseph P. Davis—to whom New York owes Prospect Park in Brooklyn, Boston its admirable drainage system, St. Louis its modern water supply—called him to the post of assistant engineer on the Lowell, Massachusetts, water-works, then in process of construction. In the following year the

Commissioner of Docks, etc., in New York City was in search of an engineer for his department, and a friend of Mr. Rice, who had the requisite authority, offered the position in the metropolis to him. The salary named by the Commissioner was about two and a half times what Mr. Rice was getting at Lowell, and might well have made the young man feel that his fortune was about to be made. "George," said Mr. Davis—Mr. Rice was the one of Mr. Davis's assistants whom he always called by his given name—"this offer may be a good thing. Possibly the dock department in New York can give you wider opportunities to gain experience in your profession than you can get here. But this is the only point I should advise you to consider. As for the money, any man can ask for a large salary, but very few men have either the ability, the patience, or the conscience to deserve it." Mr. Rice knew that Mr. Davis was one of the ablest engineers in the country, and that to work under him was to receive a training that would be as invaluable from a professional point of view as it would be technically sound. Of course he kept his hands off the larger salary, ignored the allurements of the metropolis, and remained at Lowell. For twenty years after that day he never knew in advance what his salary was going to be. His choice of position was invariably determined by its significance as an engineering problem. It was not until he was invited to become chief engineer to the Boston Rapid Transit Commission, in 1892, that he named his salary before entering upon the duties of his office, and in that case his action was taken at the request of the Commission.

To be a master of one's profession, to place excellence of workmanship before



money, is inevitably to be a good public servant. Mr. Rice continued his work in the East until 1887. In that year Mr. Davis made him his active assistant in the construction of the main drainage works in Boston, and in 1887 he was placed in charge of what is considered by engineers the most complete sewerage system in existence.

With this preparation, to which he added a number of years of rugged engineering adventure in the mining regions of Arizona and Colorado with a friend who is to-day manager for the Amalgamated Copper Company, Mr. Rice came to New York in 1887 to take charge, as deputy chief engineer, of the new Croton Aqueduct, which at that time was supposed to be nearing completion. He found that this most important of the great municipal enterprises had fallen into the hands of a group of unscrupulous contractors in whose mind public works existed only for their quick enrichment. The Croton aqueduct, it will be remembered, runs, for a distance of approximately thirty miles, from Croton Lake in northern Westchester County to One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Street in Manhattan, at an average depth of one hundred and seventy feet below the surface, through gneiss and limestone rock. One of the conditions of the contract under which the aqueduct was being built required that the aqueduct tunnel should be lined with from three to four courses of brick, laid in cement, and that the cavities left about the tunnel lining by the dynamite should be filled in solidly with rubble masonry, at a cost to the city of five dollars a cubic yard. Instead, therefore, of making the drills and blastings conform as closely as possible to the actual specified dimensions of the aqueduct tunnel, the contractors in charge of the work tore out as much stone as possible. Rough rubble masonry—the mere dumping, often, as these contractors interpreted it, of loose rock and mortar into the excavations—paid better than the careful construction of the tunnel itself, or of the tunnel lining, which, being of brick, required high-priced skilled labor. But even rough masonry, when the blastings were large enough, took time, and as a

consequence of this brazen grafting game, the tunnel, to be finished within the period of the contract, had to be thrown together hurriedly and carelessly. Many of the cavities about the tunnel lining were not filled in at all, and frequently the outer courses of brick were left as clean as when they had left the kiln—without soil or stain from mortar. Now think of a young Bostonian opposing his force to a gang of dishonest political jobbers! But Mr. Rice, heedless of attempts at blackmail, heedless, too, of bribery and threats, fought hard and effectually. The greater part of thirty miles of the aqueduct was ripped out and done over; Mr. Rice thoroughly examined and overhauled the entire work; and after having established military discipline among his forces, swiftly carried the aqueduct to satisfactory completion, under the inspiration of Mr. Davis's teaching that the first business of an engineer is good engineering, and that an efficient engineer, in a democracy of crowded cities, holds the most responsible of public trusts.

This aqueduct episode of Mr. Rice's career is abundantly worth dwelling upon, because the attitude which he then assumed towards a trying situation is far from universal, and because it is imperative to the welfare of the democracy that it should become so.

What the usual attitude is, all the world knows. In the course of a recent investigation of the transportation facilities of New York it was my fortune to discuss the relation of the democracy to public utilities with a gentleman who for some years had been prominently associated with them, but who had withdrawn from the public service because, as he frankly put it, he preferred the arbitrary tyranny of the capitalist to the capricious tyranny of the people. "My friend," he said, growing seriously pragmatic, "I tell you, the people have no imagination. They do not know what is good for them. Besides, the men whom they send to Albany and Washington do not understand the business of capitalists as the capitalists do."

"If, then," I somewhat playfully interpolated, "the people enact statutes which seem to the capitalists to interfere

with what they consider the satisfactory operation of their enterprises—?"

"It is the capitalist's right and duty to violate the statutes, and take the unjust penalty of persecution."

This is one way of looking at the case: the people are blind, and there is no good either in heeding their will or in attempting to enlighten them. It is the attitude, not of the lover of the democracy, but of the condescending adherent of our modern benevolently feudalistic order.

Now, Mr. Rice's point of view, like that, happily, of an ever-increasing number of able men, is quite the opposite. He prefers the service of the public, because he believes in the essential, the fundamental justice and wisdom of the people. As the engineer in charge of the Croton aqueduct, he was hampered in the execution of his work by political contractors of the worst sort. He might readily have permitted himself to identify these contractors with the people, and might well have felt himself justified in resigning his charge. But he realized the importance of the aqueduct to the public welfare; he believed that if he made the facts of the situation known to the people, they would support him in his determination to root out graft and set the enterprise right. Just because he was an engineer, and understood the problem before him, he held it incumbent upon him to enlighten the public—in short, to regard himself as a citizen even more than an engineer. And, as he had foreseen, the public did admirably support him in his fight. It is largely to Mr. Rice's conception of his duty, which involves a belief in the fairness and intelligence of the people, that New York owes the exposure of the defective work in the aqueduct and consequently the present security of her water supply.

When he had ended his work upon the Croton aqueduct, Mr. Rice went to Boston, at the request of the Boston Rapid Transit Commission, to make an ideal study of the transportation problem of that city. The volume in which this study was printed has come to be one of the classic works upon municipal transportation. When Mr. Dalrymple, of Glasgow, came to the United States at

the request of Mayor Dunne, of Chicago, to lend his aid in the reorganization of the street railways of Chicago, he pointed to Boston as the city in America in which the transportation problem was meeting its best solution. Now, almost all of the improvements that have been made in the transportation facilities of Boston during the past fifteen years are the direct outgrowth of the studies made by Mr. Rice for the Rapid Transit Commission of that city, and it was upon his advice, given at a time when most people considered the elevated roads the last word in transportation, that the Boston subway, the first of its kind in the country, was designed and built.

The expected and reasonable thing happened, therefore, when Mr. Rice was invited to come to New York as deputy chief engineer to the Board of Rapid Transit Railroad Commissioners in 1900, the year when the New York subway, after almost a decade of discussion and doubt, was on the point of actually being built. As the engineer of possibly the largest experience of any even at that time associated with the project, he shared largely in working out the technical details of subway construction, exercised immediate supervision over the admirable tunnels under the Harlem River, and finally directed the survey of the route beneath the East River, through which the magnificent Battery tunnel, from Battery Park in Manhattan to Joralemon Street in Brooklyn, has since been built. Possibly no single piece of work that Mr. Rice has done more nicely illustrates his competence as an engineer than this survey. So accurately was the work done that his original drawings of the stratification of the river-bed, based upon wash and diamond-drill borings, correspond in almost every slightest detail to the conditions actually found when the tunnel was driven through. Because of the consistent excellence of his work, Mr. Rice was elected Chief Engineer to the Board of Rapid Transit Railroad Commissioners upon the withdrawal of Mr. William Barclay Parsons, on the first of June, 1905.

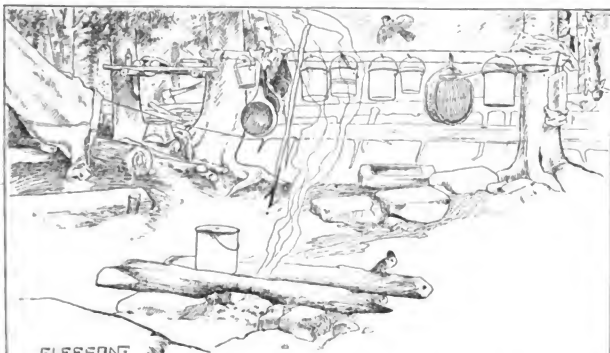
How well adapted Mr. Rice is to a position which requires in its holder a happy combination of tact, patience, and

diplomacy with a high degree of engineering skill, was shown by the manner in which he handled the problem of the ventilation of the subways. When the subway tunnels were first opened, the public made a great clamor against the condition of the air in the tunnel tubes. The temptation was to take the first best device for conciliating criticism, to adopt the best available ventilating apparatus, and make a pretense of at least trying to eradicate the difficulty. But at the time the subway was opened there were no data which could serve as an accurate guide to the solution of the problem of subway ventilation. As soon, however, as the subway was put into operation, appropriate thermostatic instruments were installed, data were accumulated, and when the conditions of the problem were thoroughly understood, apparatus was devised and put into operation by means of which the subway can now, at need, be kept at a constant temperature throughout the year.

This capacity to meet an administrative emergency, to listen to public protest, and yet to act with scientific discretion, is not one a man comes by without foresight and self-discipline. If ever the reader should have occasion to enter Mr. Rice's office, he would find at the side of the engineer's desk a heap of newspapers, the upper corners of which are covered with rows of figures in pencil. These are the notes which Mr. Rice makes each morning on his way to his office, recording the hour and minute when, and the spot where, he enters the surface, elevated, or subway cars, and the exact time required to reach his destination. These notes, with remarks upon the condition of the cars, the extent and character of the traffic, etc., he regularly enters in his journal. "I am frequently called to the witness-stand or asked to speak at public hearings," he one day explained to me. "When I give evidence, I like to be able to speak from my own observation. People prefer fact to hearsay." To glance through the little red volumes which contain Mr. Rice's engineering diary is to realize that he takes as great delight in observing the behavior of the transportation system of New York as Darwin took in the somersaults of

his tumbler pigeons. No doubt it is this vitally scientific interest in his profession that more than any other circumstance accounts for the fact that while the usual cost of the engineering work upon large engineering contracts is twelve per cent, and more of the total expenditure, the cost of the engineering work upon the rapid transit system of New York has, during the administration of the present Rapid Transit Board, averaged less than five per cent, of the total cost of the improvements.

Mr. Rice possesses the qualities of an able engineer and a scholarly gentleman, but beyond these he has cultivated in a high degree the quality of public-spirited citizenship. Some years ago a number of young men, imbued with the spirit of the labor unions, organized a society which they called the Society of Municipal Engineers. Their intention, as then reported, was to establish a wage scale and to forward the financial prosperity of their profession. Now, Mr. Rice believes as much as any other man in the right function of the labor union; but he does not believe that an organization which is essential to the welfare of the manual trades is adapted to the engineering profession. The spirit of the engineer, he believes, should be that of a scholar, rather than that of the wage-earner or business man as these are ordinarily understood. He became a member of the Society, and threw his weight in the direction of municipal engineering research. At the present time the membership of the Society approaches five hundred, its roll contains the names of many of the ablest engineers of the city, and it has become the repository of an invaluable body of information upon the engineering problems and needs of the metropolis. The spirit which Mr. Davis inculcated in him, Mr. Rice, as President of the Society of Municipal Engineers, is trying to hand on to the younger men in his profession. He believes that one of the most serious problems of the democracy will have been solved when the men of his profession have learned to put the opportunity to become efficient above money, and to hold the privilege of serving the Nation as their highest possible reward.



GLEESON

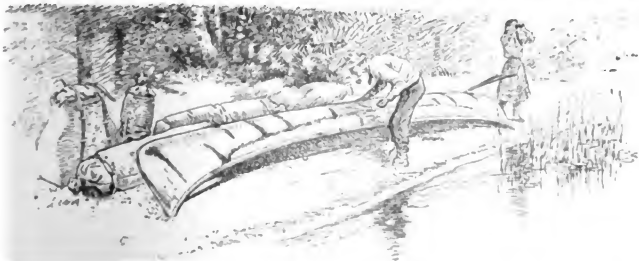
## GOOD HOUSEKEEPING IN THE WILDERNESS

BY FLORENCE STEBBINS GLEESON



WHEN we go really camping, we journey north as far as the railway goes, then as far as the little steamers can take us, and after that as far as a wagon can be dragged over a logger's road (and a logger's road is indeed a revelation to a tenderfoot); and after all that, and the wagon has dropped our canoe and other things on the sedgy shore of a lake, and taken itself off with creaks and groans and strong language, we launch our canoe tenderly and watch it solicitously, for if it has not sprung a leak on that tempestuous voyage in the logger's wagon it must indeed be a stanch craft.

If it leaks, then we go over the cracks temporarily with lard well rubbed in; that will have to do until we have more time, when we will pitch it. Now we are in a hurry to find a suitable site for our camp, so we carefully deposit our dunnage amidships; I crawl over it, paddle in hand, balancing like a tight-rope walker, and



GREASING THE CANOE

take my place, kneeling in the bow, while my husband, holding the keel well up from the bottom, gently shoves off and slips softly into his place.

We explore the shore until a tiny strip of sandy beach, facing the south, is found, and here we land and proceed to establish our permanent camp.

While I am busy untying bags and assorting things, my husband's ax rings out in the silent forest, as he clears a pocket into the wall of trees where our tent is to be placed.

The ground is soon leveled, the tent pitched, and a temporary fireplace made of logs; later stones will take their place.

Now, a camp is never a good home until you have some kind of a floor and a raised bed. Of course these are made only in a permanent camp, for it is a good deal of work.

The first strong impression one receives of wood life is that everything, no matter how trivial, means a good deal of labor. I am speaking of those people who dare to go into the woods without one or more servants in the persons of guides. For instance, take the making of the bed. Having leveled the ground in the tent, cut out and torn up all the roots and plants—itsself no small undertaking—we plunge into the woods and select a balsam-tree with a heavy growth of needles near the top. This soon comes crashing down and the top is dragged into the camp, where with a heavy knife I cut off the tips of the branches. Meantime my husband fetches two logs, cut from fallen trees, just the length of the tent. These are placed lengthwise in the tent, and about two and a half feet apart; then two short pieces are laid across the head and foot. This makes the frame of the bed.

A layer of branches on the ground serves as springs, and on this the balsam tips laid shingle-wise complete the bed. Now for the floor. For this a hemlock-tree must be felled, wooden wedges and mallet made, and the log split into boards. It is a lot of the hardest kind of work, but the reward is great. If you have a few feet of spare canvas to spread across the rough boards, your floor is complete, and with a broom made from a bundle of balsam tips you can keep it as clean as you wish. We always save a small box that provisions have been packed in for a stand at the head of our bed. This, spread with a red handkerchief and arranged with our few toilet articles, gives a bright bit of color and a homelike feeling immediately. Two crotched sticks nailed to the floor on the other side of the tent serve as a gun-rack, and in a camp-basket in the corner we keep our clothes. The house is ready for occupancy. Now comes the building of the kitchen. And this to me is of great importance, for I am the cook.

As I write I can imagine how old campers will smile at the trouble we go to, but they must remember that ours is a permanent camp of three or four months, or possibly all winter, and that from this point of comfort and



THE LAUNCH



A LOGGER'S ROAD



PERMANENTLY ESTABLISHED

BRINGING IN  
THE BED

Next we bury a box in the ground, beneath the cool shade of the trees, for our cold storage. Just in front of the kitchen, where the ground dips, we make our fireplace of four big flat stones, one at each corner. On these, two five-foot logs are laid parallel, so that at one end we have a flame for boiling, and at the other embers for frying. Unless the logs are smooth and uniform one will get into lots of trouble, for the pots must rest on them, and they have not yet acquired the art of balancing.

We are always very particular to have plenty of dry kindling, which we keep in a little thatched-roofed lean-to, opening on to the kitchen. Then once a week we go a-birch-barking. Nothing is better for lighting fires, and we tear yards and yards of it from the great silvery folds that encircle the trees, stuffing it into the camp-bags we carry with us. In a high wind we found the quickest way to start a fire was to hold a strip of bark over a lighted candle in the bottom of a pail.

To many, the fact of living in the woods means a diet of canned goods. I do not know how it is with other campers, but we never even take any with us.

The first time we were in Ontario I learned to cook over a camp fire (which is an art in itself) from a squaw who lived a few miles distant from

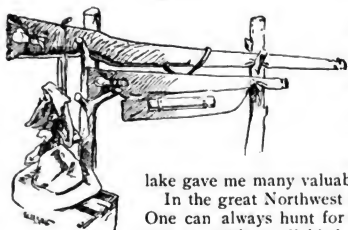
security we make trips of "one night stands" all through the surrounding wilderness, frequently being absent two or three weeks at a time. But, as I was saying, we now commence the kitchen. We level a space in front of the tent, some five by eight feet, and grade it slightly, so that it will shed water. In each corner we drive a pole the height the kitchen is to be, and nail cross-pieces to them. The roof is made of saplings, slanting from the projecting ridge-pole of the tent to the cross-pieces, and covered with bark. Lower down other cross-pieces, with a row of nails, are convenient for pots and kettles.

The outfitters supply one with small waterproof bags that are excellent for holding supplies of all kinds. Gradually, however, one accumulates empty lard and molasses cans that answer the same purpose. But best of all, and by far the most attractive, are the little kick-ke-punagas, or birch-bark baskets that the Indians make. A more charming sight than a row of these in one's woodland kitchen cannot be imagined.

A packing-box also serves as a cupboard. This my husband arranges with a shelf and a drop lid. It is nailed securely against the cross-pieces that are the walls of our kitchen, and is dry and convenient for dishes and table commodities.



ME-JEK-WAY



GUN-RACK

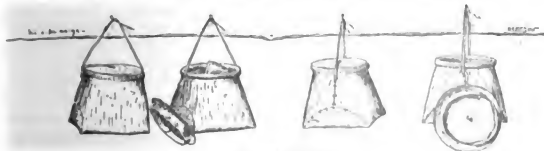
lake gave me many valuable receipts.

In the great Northwest the game laws are discreetly enforced. One can always hunt for food. Once a month or so we shot a moose. This we divided with the three Indian families scattered within a radius of ten miles, and the remainder we boiled, fried, stewed, or made into meat pies. In any form moose meat is delicious. When the moose gave out we lived on partridges, duck, fish, and rabbits. I think our *chef-d'œuvre* was our partridge pies. I made a paste with flour and lard and salt and a little water, and left it over night to freeze, which, as every housewife knows, improves piecrust; then I lined a small frying-pan with it, put in the cooked partridge cut into small pieces, added the seasoning, spread the top with another layer of paste, and covered the whole thing with a frying-pan turned upside down. This I placed in a bed of hot ashes, being careful to keep the pans well surrounded and covered; then I sat on one of the big hearthstones and threw twigs and bits of wood on to the ashes to keep them hot. Never did pies bake better or taste more delicious. In the same way I made pies of prunes and raisins, first boiling the fruit and seeding it. Fish rolled in corn-meal and fried, or planked with a piece of bacon, is always good. For this latter my husband split a birch log and propped it by the glowing coals, with the fish opened and nailed to it, and the bacon tacked at the top to drip over it. Nothing is better than this dish. Then we could always have hot biscuit. Roll the dough with a bottle, cut it out with the top of the baking-powder can, and bake it in the reflector, such as the outfitters sell, or even in a frying-pan stood up by the coals.

We also had cake made of flour and lard and sugar and baking-powder. We baked it as we did the pies. While it was not particularly good when cold, it was delicious split and toasted. Then we made fudge with condensed milk and English walnuts. And never was there such fudge! It was the only receipt our friends the Indians asked us for. Frequently we had baked beans. And Me-jek-way, the old squaw, brought us bread and potatoes and occasionally onions. She had a stubborn little garden that reluctantly yielded these two vegetables.



PLANKED PICKEREL



KICK-KE-PU-NAGAS





Her son, a fine strong young Indian, made monthly portages across the logger's road to the frontier town for our mail and provisions, frequently carrying two hundred pounds on his back along twenty miles of the roughest trail in Ontario.

I always kept a supply of boiled oatmeal and cornmeal. Either of these can be fried at a moment's notice, and served with molasses. My husband made me a long wooden spoon to do my stirring with, also a toaster for the bread, birch-bark dippers, tables, and chairs, and ramrods for cleaning the guns, of long stout twigs with the bark peeled to one end. One becomes resourceful in the woods.

Our little table was as smooth and clean as a skillfully wielded ax and soap and water could make it. And during the splendid days of Indian summer we lifted it to the edge of the water, and ate our dinner where the tiny waves lapped the shore and the red stalks of the broken reeds floated by. And across the lake the brilliant hues of the autumnal forests waved out on to the water in rippling banners of orange and purple and gold. In the early mornings we knelt at the end of our pier, and bathed in the clear, cold water until we were all aglow, and breakfasted where the early mists rose in veils of pink and blue, sweeping up from the bosom of the lake, draping and mantling the hills and shores, forming unknown bays and fleeting islands, until a fairy world spread out before us. When the sun rose, the mists fled and the wet rocks flashed in a circle of light around the lake.

With the coming of winter we put up a tiny stove in our tent, and here on wet, wild nights we ate our supper of cold partridge, toast and tea, and prune pie, while the rain beat against our stout little home, and we were as cozy as possible, with the flaps well tied together, a couple of candles to give us light, and a volume of Kipling's verse to read.

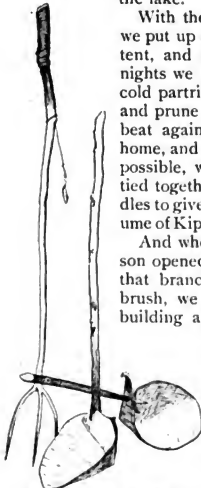
And when the hunting season opened we were off in our canoe, paddling up the little creeks that branch from the great lakes, and here, hiding the boat in the brush, we took to the pathless forests, our packs on our backs, building a lean-to where night overtook us, and sometimes traveling for days through the forests alive with partridges and splendid with deep glades, gray with morning dew, before we found our moose.

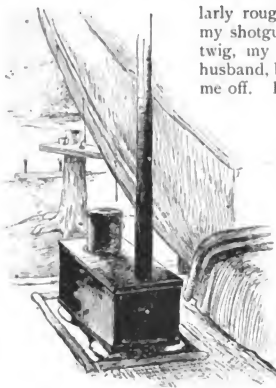
On these trips I carried the provision bag, containing tea, salt, sugar, oatmeal, broiled partridge, or a meat pie (this latter so that we would not have to shoot and disturb the big game). It usually weighed—the bag, not the pie—from fifteen to twenty pounds, but after I had traversed a few miles of windfall it seemed as though it weighed a hundred. Once, coming through a particu-



SOLID COMFORT

GLEASON

BIRCH-BARK TOASTER AND  
DIPPER



THE STOVE

larly rough bit of timber, with the bag on my back and my shotgun in my hand, my skirt caught on a stubborn twig, my hair on another, and there I hung, until my husband, laughing despite himself, came back and picked me off. Frequently we ran considerable risks on these

hunting expeditions, for often the portages were masses of boulders, covered with the treacherous skin-moss, that slips like an onion-skin under one's foot, and if the woods were wet the fallen trees were dangerous balancing-places. The tump-line seems especially designed for such contingencies. It is a long leather strap, passing around the forehead, and holding the pack together in the back. It can be slipped in a moment, permitting the wearer to stand upright, unincumbered.

Once during the open season my husband, accompanied by old Me-jek-way's son, went on a moose hunt, and Sarah, Me-jek-way's daughter, came to keep me company. Sarah had come under the influence of

the priests and so had a Christian name. Old Me-jek-way, who was not to be converted, had held to her pagan name along with her pagan freedom.

As Sarah stepped from her brother's canoe the morning he came for my husband, she appeared to me a most unsympathetic companion. She stood in the cold light of the dawn, drawing her old black coat close about her, and looking as though her features had all been boiled. As the canoe was lost to sight, I turned with some misgivings to my silent guest, who had not moved or spoken since her arrival. I pointed to a seat, and she sat.

She did not speak English, and as I was not very fluent in Ojibway, our conversations were not animated. But for all that, and despite her unresponsiveness, we had a most amiable and dignified time.

At night she disrobed to the extent of taking off her stays and shoes. These she rolled up and used as a pillow; then, wrapping her blanket about her, she lay down and never moved until I touched her on the arm in the morning. Instantly she would spring up, put on her pillow, and go forth to start the fire.

The way in which she started that fire was a constant source of amazement and interest to me. During the five days she was with me I never knew her to use a match. Where she kept a live coal I do not know, but she always produced one. And from the smallest possible beginnings she soon had a glowing mass of embers.

I showed her how to make meat



THE COOK

pies, and a strange sight we must have presented as we sat each on one of the great hearthstones, with a small pile of twigs in our laps, solemnly throwing them on the little mound of hot ashes where the pans were buried.

In the afternoons we wandered in the forests, Sarah leading the way with the unerring instinct of a wild creature. And at night we sat by the camp fire, the lake gleaming in front of us, the wilderness closing in behind us, with the great horned owl hooting in the distance, and further away, miles and miles, the call of a wolf. Somehow I was not lonesome, and I sat dreaming of many things until the logs crashed into the red coals, and the flames spurted up, and we arose to make ready for the night.

Then, late one afternoon, when Sarah was giving me a lesson in Ojibway, and I was teaching her a few words of English, the hunters returned, and Sarah left me. Impassive she came and impassive she went. The dignity of the forests was on her, and she glided away as unemotional as a cloud.

A few days more and we too took our departure, returning the way we came, over the rough trail to the frontier town twenty miles away.

## THE SOWER

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a man who wanted to write a play. He wanted it all his life long, but there was never any time for it, because he had to be busy through the day and even a part of the night, scattering seed that never came up. He bought the best seed that was to be had, but the ground or the wind or the sun always seemed to be wrong, and he despaired of ever seeing a green shoot. Still he kept on sowing, though he was very tired, for this was the business he was called upon to do. Finally he died and went somewhere else, and at the first minute of his arrival he noticed the people surging by in crowds, as if they were all going to one place. He felt light and happy, and the people, as he looked at them, also seemed happy. But though the place where he found himself was quite unlike anything he had seen before, he could not stop to look at it because he was so interested by the moving crowds. Finally he touched the arm of a man who was passing him.

"Where are they going?" he asked.

The man stopped at once.

"We are going," said he, "to the play."

"Ah! The play?" For he had not yet forgotten what he wanted to do, and a play still seemed to him one of the most desirable things in the world.

"Come with us," said the other.

"Will there be room?" asked the man, as he turned about and hastened with the rest. "I have no ticket."

"There is always room."

"Then why are you all hurrying so?"

"Because we are so delighted to see the play. We can hardly wait to be in our places and talk about it until it begins. It is the greatest play we have had."

"What is it called?"

"The Sower.' And the way it was written is the best of all. You see it really happened, and one of us saw it happening. Then he sat down and wrote."

"Where did it happen?" asked the man.

"On the earth. Why, that is where you've been living, isn't it?"

They came to a large green place surrounded by white columns, and sat down together before a great stage. The sun was bright outside, and all the shade was the shade of laurels. Presently there was a clapping of hands, and a man came in and sat quite near them. He smiled at the people who greeted him, and they, when they saw he had withdrawn into his own thoughts, ceased looking at him. It was as if they revered him as much as they loved him.

"Who is that?" asked the newcomer; and the other answered:

"That is the writer of the play."

"Has he just returned from the earth?"

"No, he has been here a long time."

"But you said he saw the story on the earth!"

"Yes, but his eyes are so strong that he sees a long way off. Now it is going to begin."

After that the man could only listen and look, for the play was the most beautiful thing he had ever imagined. It made everything just and right and wonderful, and if any discontent had been in his heart, the play would have stilled it. Above all, he was filled with amazement because the story was his story, just as it happened, only it was all as it appeared to one a long way off. Finally, he could not look to one side or the other, because it seemed to him as

if every one must know it was his story. And as the curtain went down, and men and women laughed and cried with happiness, this man said to himself in wonder:

"But there is one difference in the play. All the seed came up."

"Yes," said a voice at his side, and he turned and saw the writer of the play, who was gazing at him and smiling from the eyes that could see a long way off. "Of course it came up. It always comes up."

Then it seemed to the man that his heart would break with joy, and he asked timidly:

"Are you sure?"

"Yes," said the other. "It comes up—after a long time."

## A DAY IN THE OPEN

BY L. M. MONTGOMERY

Ho, a day

Whereon we may up and away  
With a fetterless wind that is out on the downs,  
And there piping a call to the fallow and shore,  
Where the sea evermore  
Surgeth over the gray reef, and drowns  
The fierce rocks with white foam;  
It is ours with untired feet to roam  
Where the pines in green gloom of wide vales make their murmuring home,  
Or the pools that the sunlight hath kissed  
Mirror back a blue sky that is winnowed of cloud and of mist!

Ho, a day

Whereon we may up and away  
Through the orient distances hazy and pied,  
Hand in hand with the gypsy breezes that blow  
Here and there, to and fro,  
O'er the meadows all rosy and wide,  
Where a lyric of flowers  
Is sweet sung to the frolicking hours,  
And the merry buds letter the footsteps of tiptoeing showers;  
We may climb where the steep is beset  
With a turbulent waterfall, loving to clamor and fret!

Ho, a day

Whereon we may up and away  
To the year that is holding her cup of wild wine;  
If we drink we shall be as the gods of the wold  
In the blithe days of old,  
Elate with a laughter divine;  
Yea, and then we shall know  
The rare magic of solitude so  
We shall nevermore wish its delight and its dreams to forego,  
And our blood will upstir and upleap  
With a fellowship splendid, a gladness impassioned and deep!



CHARLES DICKENS

From a painting made in 1839 by Daniel Maclise, R.A.

# DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS

BY CHARLES DICKENS

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IF the number of copies sold affords a basis for opinion, the books of Charles Dickens are more widely read to-day in England than during his lifetime, when his popularity was regarded as unique in the history of English writing. It is almost inevitable that a great enthusiasm for a man in any walk of life should be followed by a reaction when he disappears from the stage of action and the spell of his personality is no longer felt. Idolatry is the mother of iconoclasm, and sooner or later fierce-eyed reformers invade the temple and with sacrilegious hands tear down the image and scatter the votive offerings. For a time after the death of Dickens his reputation suffered many things at the hands of critics, some of whom were wont to declare, with that air of superiority which never loses its interest for those who enjoy the self-revelations of criticism, that he was steeped in sentimentalism, exaggeration, and humanitarianism; drowned, as it were, in the milk of human kindness. All these charges could be proved in the high court of ultimate judgment; there is the evidence of "Dombey and Son," of "The Old Curiosity Shop," of chapters and passages scattered through all the books. Andrew Lang accuses Dickens of "wallowing naked in the pathetic," and it is certainly true that he wades in at times beyond his depth. But Dickens is saved, as Scott has been saved, by certain large endowments of human feeling, insight, imagination, humor, and power of portraiture. The critics were so eager in their pursuit of the craftsman that they ran in full cry past the genius of the man, and long ago they began to steal quietly back, as if they had never made the welkin ring with their bayings.

Meanwhile the selective process of time has quietly sifted the grain from the chaff; has dropped the sentimental, exaggerated, and unreal work, and set the stamp of fame on what was characteristic, not of the mannerisms, but of the genius of Dickens. "David Copperfield," "Nicholas Nickleby," "Our Mutual Friend," and "The Tale of Two Cities" have a long life before them. The brilliant story of Sidney Carton is a *tour de force* rather than a creation of the Dickens genius; it shows the influence of Carlyle's powerful and dramatic rendering of the French Revolution; but it has such vitality of portraiture, such inherent nobility, such interest of incident and narrative, that it will long survive as an evidence of the power of Dickens to use material not vitally related to him as if it were his own.

The note of exaggeration in Dickens was due in part to his overflowing vitality and in part to a certain lack of taste in the man. Those who heard him read "Dr. Marigold" will never forget with what consummate skill he liberated the little group in the cart from the book and set them moving like living creatures before the eye; nor will they forget the over-emphasis of the heavy double chain of gold across the waistcoat, and the excess of flowers in the lapel of the coat. But these things were forgotten in the living power of a dramatic artist who would have

made a place for himself on the stage if he had not made it in a kindred art. The kindness; the deep and contagious human interest; the broad humor, full of laughter and never far from tears; the wonderful power of visualizing places and people—these survive as the memories of those fascinating readings.

It must be remembered also that Cruikshank contributed not a little to the impression of exaggeration in many of Dickens's most striking and popular characters. The illustrations were as rich in humor as the text in which they were set; but they emphasized every line that was out of normal drawing, and threw the exaggerations into bold relief by diverting attention from the accessories and background which gave the human figures their setting. It must also be remembered that the humorous studies in Dickens's novels need the gloss of the life they reproduced; the form and habit of that life have greatly changed, but enough remains to give valuable clues to the student of the "Pickwick Papers." In the stable yards of the old inns there are figures which make one realize how faithfully Dickens could draw from the life; on the highways one continually comes upon men who have strayed out of the stories; and a day in the East End of London makes the oddest and most unreal of the novelist's semi-humorous, semi-tragical creations credible. Times and tastes have changed; a new point of view has been reached; another and far more sophisticated manner has succeeded the broad, leisurely, effective style of the author of "Dr. Marigold;" but the vitality of heart, imagination, and style of this master of laughter and of tears has not parted with its power in losing its novelty. The story or sketch, as reprinted here, has been shortened by the omission of passages not essential to its development.

H. W. M.

## CHAPTER I.

### TO BE TAKEN IMMEDIATELY

**I** AM a Cheap Jack, and my own father's name was Willum Marigold. It was in his lifetime supposed by some that his name was William, but my own father always consistently said, No, it was Willum. On which point I content myself with looking at the argument this way: If a man is not allowed to know his own name in a free country, how much is he allowed to know in a land of slavery?

I was born on the Queen's highway, but it was the King's at that time. A doctor was fetched to my own mother by my own father, when it took place on a common; and in consequence of his being a very kind gentleman, and accepting no fee but a tea-tray, I was named Doctor, out of gratitude and compliment to him. There you have me. Doctor Marigold.

I am at present a middle-aged man of a broadish build, in cords, leggings, and a sleeved waistcoat the strings of which

is always gone behind. Repair them how you will, they go like fiddle-strings. You have been to the theater, and you have seen one of the violin-players screw up his violin, after listening to it as if it had been whispering the secret to him that it feared it was out of order, and then you have heard it snap. That's as exactly similar to my waistcoat as a waistcoat and a violin can be like one another.

I am partial to a white hat, and I like a shawl round my neck wore loose and easy. Sitting down is my favorite posture. If I have a taste in point of personal jewelry, it is mother-of-pearl buttons. There you have me again, as large as life.

The doctor having accepted a tea-tray, you'll guess that my father was a Cheap Jack before me. You are right. He was. It was a pretty tray. It represented a large lady going along a serpentine up-hill gravel-walk, to attend a little church. Two swans had likewise come astray with the same intentions. When I call her a large lady I don't mean in point of breadth, for there she fell

below my views, but she more than made it up in height; her height and slimness was—in short *THE* height of both.

I often saw that tray, after I was the innocently smiling cause (or more likely screeching one) of the doctor's standing it up on a table against the wall in his consulting-room. Whenever my own father and mother were in that part of the country, I used to put my head (I have heard my own mother say 'it was flaxen curls at that time, though you wouldn't know an old hearth-broom from it now until you come to the handle, and found it wasn't me) in at the doctor's door, and the doctor was always glad to see me, and said, "Aha, my brother practitioner! Come in, little M.D. How are your inclinations as to sixpence?"

You can't go on forever, you'll find, nor yet could my father nor yet my mother. If you don't go off as a whole when you are about due, you're liable to go off in part, and two to one your head's the part. Gradually my father went off his, and my mother went off hers. It was in a harmless way, but it put out the family where I boarded them. The old couple, though retired, got to be wholly and solely devoted to the Cheap Jack business, and were always selling the family off. Whenever the cloth was laid for dinner, my father began rattling the plates and dishes, as we do in our line when we put up crockery for a bid, only he had lost the trick of it, and mostly let 'em drop and broke 'em. As the old lady had been used to sit in the cart, and hand the articles out one by one to the old gentleman on the footboard to sell, just in the same way she handed him every item of the family's property, and they disposed of it in their own imaginations from morning to night. At last the old gentleman, lying bedridden in the same room with the old lady, cries out in the old patter, fluent, after having been silent for two days and nights: "Now here, my jolly companions every one—which the Nightingale club in a village was held, At the sign of the Cabbage and Shears, Where the singers no doubt would have greatly excelled, But for want of taste, voices, and ears—now, here, my jolly companions, every one, is a working model of a used-up old Cheap

Jack, without a tooth in his head, and with a pain in every bone: so like life that it would be just as good if it wasn't better, just as bad if it wasn't worse, and just as new if it wasn't worn out. Bid for the working model of the old Cheap Jack, who has drunk more gunpowder-tea with the ladies in his time than would blow the lid off a washerwoman's copper, and carry it as many thousands of miles higher than the moon as naught nix naught, divided by the national debt, carry nothing to the poor-rates, three under, and two over. Now, my hearts of oak and men of straw, what do you say for the lot? Two shillings, a shilling, tenpence, eightpence, sixpence, fourpence. Twopence? Who said twopence? The gentleman in the scarecrow's hat? I am ashamed of the gentleman in the scarecrow's hat. I really am ashamed of him for his want of public spirit. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Come! I'll throw you in a working model of a old woman that was married to the old Cheap Jack so long ago that upon my word and honor it took place in Noah's Ark, before the Unicorn could get in to forbid the banns by blowing a tune upon his horn. There now! Come! What do you say for both? I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I don't bear you malice for being so backward. Here! If you make me a bid that'll only reflect a little credit on your town, I'll throw you in a warming pan for nothing, and lend you a toasting-fork for life. Now come; what do you say after that splendid offer? Say two pound, say thirty shillings, say a pound, say ten shillings, say five, say two and six. You don't say even two and six? You say two and three? No. You sha'n't have the lot for two and three. I'd sooner give it to you, if you was good looking enough. Here! Missis! Chuck the old man and woman into the cart, put the horse to, and drive 'em away and bury 'em!" Such were the last words of Willum Marigold, my own father, and they were carried out by him and by his wife, my own mother, on one and the same day, as I ought to know, having followed as mourner.

I courted my wife from the footboard of the cart. I did indeed. She was a Suffolk young woman, and it was in Ips-



wich market-place right opposite the corn-chandler's shop. I had noticed her up at a window last Saturday that was, appreciating highly. I had took to her, and I had said to myself, "If not already disposed of, I'll have that lot." Next Saturday that come, I pitched the cart on the same pitch, and I was in very high feather indeed, keeping 'em laughing the whole of the time, and getting off the goods briskly. At last I took out of my waistcoat-pocket a small lot wrapped in soft paper, and I put it this way (looking up at the window where she was). "Now here, my blooming English maidens, is an article, the last article of the present evening's sale, which I offer to only you, the lovely Suffolk Dumplings biling over with beauty, and I won't take a bid of a thousand pounds for from any man alive. Now what is it? Why, I'll tell you what it is. It's made of fine gold, and it's not broke, though there's a hole in the middle of it, and it's stronger than any fetter that ever was forged, though it's smaller than any finger in my set of ten. Why ten? Because, when my parents made over my property to me, I tell you true, there was twelve sheets, twelve towels, twelve tablecloths, twelve knives, twelve forks, twelve tablespoons, and twelve teaspoons, but my set of fingers was two short of a dozen, and could never since be matched. Now what else is it? Come, I'll tell you. It's a hoop of solid gold, wrapped in a silver curl-paper, that I myself took off the shining locks of the ever beautiful old lady in Threadneedle Street, London city; I wouldn't tell you so if I hadn't the paper to show, or you mightn't believe it even of me. Now what else is it? It's a man-trap and a handcuff, the parish stocks and a leg-lock, all in gold and all in one. Now what else is it? It's a wedding-ring. Now I'll tell you what I'm a-going to do with it. I'm not a-going to offer this lot for money; but I mean to give it to the next of you beauties that laughs, and I'll pay her a visit to-morrow morning at exactly half after nine o'clock as the chimes go, and I'll take her out for a walk to put up the banns." *She* laughed, and got the ring handed up to her. When I called in the morning she says, "O dear! It's never you, and you never mean it?" "It's ever

me," says I, "and I am ever yours, and I ever mean it." So we got married, after being put up three times—which, by the by, is quite in the Cheap Jack way again, and shows once more how the Cheap Jack customs pervade society.

*She* wasn't a bad wife, but she had a temper. If she could have parted with that one article at a sacrifice, I wouldn't have swopped her away in exchange for any other woman in England. Not that I ever did swop her away, for we lived together till she died, and that was thirteen year. Now, my lords and ladies and gentlefolks all, I'll let you into a secret, though you won't believe it. Thirteen year of temper in a Palace would try the worst of you, but thirteen year of temper in a Cart would try the best of you. You are kept so very close to it in a cart, you see. There's thousands of couples among you getting on like sweet ile upon a whetstone in houses five and six pairs of stairs high, that would go to the Divorce Court in a cart. Whether the jolting makes it worse, I don't undertake to decide; but in a cart it does come home to you, and stick to you. *Violence in a cart is so* violent, and *aggravation in a cart is so* aggravating.

We might have had such a pleasant life! A roomy cart, with the large goods hung outside, and the bed slung underneath it when on the road, an iron pot and a kettle, a fireplace for the cold weather, a chimney for the smoke, a hanging-shelf and a cupboard, a dog and a horse. What more do you want? You draw off upon a bit of turf in a green lane or by the roadside, you hobble your old horse and turn him grazing, you light your fire upon the ashes of the last visitors, you cook your stew, and you wouldn't call the Emperor of France your father. But have a temper in the cart, flinging language and the hardest goods in stock at you, and where are you then? Put a name to your feelings.

My dog knew as well when she was on the turn as I did. Before she broke out, he would give a howl, and bolt. How he knew it, was a mystery to me; but the sure and certain knowledge of it would wake him out of his soundest sleep, and he would give a howl, and bolt. At such times I wished I was him.

The worst of it was, we had a daughter born to us, and I love children with all my heart. When she was in her furies she beat the child. This got to be so shocking, as the child got to be four or five year old, that I have many a time gone on with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head, sobbing and crying worse than ever little Sophy did. For how could I prevent it? Such a thing is not to be tried with such a temper—in a cart—without coming to a fight. It's in the natural size and formation of a cart to bring it to a fight. And then the poor child got worse terrified than before, as well as worse hurt generally, and her mother made complaints to the next people we lighted on, and the word went round, "Here's a wretch of a Cheap Jack been a-beating his wife."

Little Sophy was such a brave child! She grew to be quite devoted to her poor father, though he could do so little to help her. She had a wonderful quantity of shining, dark hair, all curling natural about her. It is quite astonishing to me now that I didn't go tearing mad when I used to see her run from her mother before the cart, and her mother catch her by this hair, and pull her down by it, and beat her.

Such a brave child I said she was! Ah! with reason.

"Don't you mind next time, father dear," she would whisper to me, with her little face still flushed, and her bright eyes still wet; "if I don't cry out, you may know I am not much hurt. And even if I do cry out, it will only be to get mother to let go and leave off." What I have seen the little spirit bear—for me—without crying out!

Yet, in other respects, her mother took great care of her. Her clothes were always clean and neat, and her mother was never tired of working at 'em. Such is the inconsistency in things. Our being down in the marsh country in unhealthy weather, I consider the cause of Sophy's taking bad low fever; but, however she took it, once she got it she turned away from her mother for evermore, and nothing would persuade her to be touched by her mother's hand. She would shiver and say, "No, no, no," when it was offered at, and would hide her face on

my shoulder, and hold me tighter round the neck.

The Cheap Jack business had been worse than ever I had known it, what with one thing and what with another (and not least with railroads, which will cut it all to pieces. I expect, at last), and I was run dry of money. For which reason, one night at that period of little Sophy's being so bad, either we must have come to a deadlock for victuals and drink, or I must have pitched the cart as I did.

I couldn't get the dear child to lie down or leave go of me, and indeed I hadn't the heart to try, so I stepped out on the footboard with her holding round my neck. They all set up a laugh when they see us, and one chuckle-headed Joskin (that I hated for it) made the bidding, "Tuppence for her!"

"Now, you country boobies," says I, feeling as if my heart was a heavy weight at the end of a broken sash-line, "I give you notice that I am a-going to charm the money out of your pockets, and to give you so much more than your money's worth that you'll only persuade yourselves to draw your Saturday night's wages ever again arterwards by the hopes of meeting me to lay 'em out with, which you never will, and why not? Because I've made my fortune by selling my goods on a large scale for seventy-five per cent. less than I give for 'em, and I am consequently to be elevated to the House of Peers next week, by the title of the Duke of Cheap and Markis Jackaloorul. Now let's know what you want to-night, and you shall have it. But first of all, shall I tell you why I have got this little girl round my neck? You don't want to know? Then you shall. She belongs to the Fairies. She's a fortune-teller. \* She can tell me all about you in a whisper, and can put me up to whether you're going to buy a lot or leave it. Now do you want a saw? No, she says you don't, because you're too clumsy to use one. Else here's a saw which would be a lifelong blessing to a handy man, at four shillings, at three and six, at three, at two and six, at two, at eighteen-pence. But none of you shall have it at any price, on account of your well-known awkwardness, which would make it man-

slaughter. The same objection applies to this set of three planes which I won't let you have neither, so don't bid for 'em. Now I am a-going to ask her what you do want." (Then I whispered, "Your head burns so that I am afraid it hurts you bad, my pet," and she answered, without opening her heavy eyes, "Just a little, father.") "O! This little fortune-teller says it's a memorandum-book you want. Then why didn't you mention it? Here it is. Look at it. Two hundred superfine, hot-pressed, wire-wove pages—if you don't believe me, count 'em—ready ruled for your expenses, an everlastingly pointed pencil to put 'em down with, a double-bladed penknife to scratch 'em out with, a book of printed tables to calculate your income with, and a campstool to sit down upon while you give your mind to it! Stop! And an umbrella to keep the moon off when you give your mind to it on a pitch-dark night. Now I won't ask you how much for the lot, but how little? How little are you thinking of? Don't be ashamed to mention it, because my fortune-teller knows already." (Then, making believe to whisper, I kissed her, and she kissed me.) "Why, she says you are thinking of as little as three and threepence! I couldn't have believed it, even of you, unless she told me. Three and threepence! And a set of printed tables in the lot that'll calculate your income up to forty thousand a year! With an income of forty thousand a year, you grudge three and sixpence. Well, then, I'll tell you my opinion. I so despise the threepence, that I'd sooner take three shillings. There. For three shillings, three shillings, three shillings! Gone. Hand 'em over to the lucky man."

As there had been no bid at all, everybody looked about and grinned at everybody, while I touched little Sophy's face and asked her if she felt faint, or giddy. "Not very, father. It will soon be over." Then, turning from the pretty, patient eyes, which were opened now, and seeing nothing but grins across my lighted grease-pot, I went on again in my Cheap Jack style. "Where's the butcher?" (My sorrowful eye had just caught sight of a fat young butcher on the outside of the crowd.) "She says the good luck is

the butcher's. Where is he?" Everybody handed on the blushing butcher to the front, and there was a roar, and the butcher felt himself obliged to put his hand in his pocket, and take the lot. The party so picked out, in general, does feel obliged to take the lot—good four times out of six. Then we had another lot, the counterpart of that one, and sold it sixpence cheaper, which is always very much enjoyed. Then we had the spectacles. It ain't a special profitable lot, but I put 'em on, and I see what the Chancellor of the Exchequer is going to take off the taxes, and I see what the sweetheart of the young woman in the shawl is doing at home, and I see what the Bishops has got for dinner, and a deal more that seldom fails to fetch 'em up in their spirits; and the better their spirits, the better their bids. Then we had the ladies' lot—the teapot, tea-caddy, glass sugar-basin, half a dozen spoons, and caudle-cup—and all the time I was making similar excuses to give a look or two and say a word or two to my poor child. It was while the second ladies' lot was holding 'em enchained that I felt her lift herself a little on my shoulder, to look across the dark street. "What troubles you, darling?" "Nothing troubles me, father. I am not at all troubled. But don't I see a pretty churchyard over there?" "Yes, my dear." "Kiss me twice, dear father, and lay me down to rest upon that churchyard grass so soft and green." I staggered back into the cart with her head dropped on my shoulder, and I says to her mother, "Quick! Shut the door! Don't let those laughing people see!" "What's the matter?" she cries. "O woman, woman," I tells her, "you'll never catch my little Sophy by her hair again, for she has flown away from you!"

Maybe those were harder words than I meant 'em; but from that time forth my wife took to brooding, and would sit in the cart or walk beside it, hours at a stretch, with her arms crossed, and her eyes looking on the ground. When her furies took her (which was rather seldomer than before), they took her in a new way, and she banged herself about to that extent that I was forced to hold

her. She got none the better for a little drink now and then, and through some years I used to wonder, as I plodded along at the old horse's head, whether there was many carts upon the road that held so much dreariness as mine, for all my being looked up to as the King of the Cheap Jacks. So sad our lives went on till one summer evening, when, as we were coming into Exeter, out of the farther West of England, we saw a woman beating a child in a cruel manner, who screamed, "Don't beat me! O mother, mother, mother!" Then my wife stopped her ears, and ran away like a wild thing, and next day she was found in the river.

Me and my dog were all the company left in the cart now; and the dog learned to give a short bark when they wouldn't bid, and to give another and a nod of his head when I asked him, "Who said half a crown? Are you the gentleman, sir, that offered half a crown?" He attained to an immense height of popularity, and I shall always believe taught himself entirely out of his own head to growl at any person in the crowd that bid as low as sixpence. But he got to be well on in years, and one night when I was convulsing York with the spectacles, he took a convulsion on his own account upon the very footboard by me, and it finished him.

Being naturally of a tender turn, I had dreadful lonely feelings on me arter this. I conquered 'em at selling times, having a reputation to keep (not to mention keeping myself), but they got me down in private, and rolled upon me. That's often the way with us public characters. See us on the footboard, and you'd give pretty well anything you possess to be us. See us off the footboard, and you'd add a trifle to be off your bargain. It was under those circumstances that I come acquainted with a giant. I might have been too high to fall into conversation with him, had it not been for my lonely feelings. For the general rule is, going round the country, to draw the line at dressing up. When a man can't trust his getting a living to his undisguised abilities, you consider him below your sort. And this giant when on view figured as a Roman.

He was a languid young man, which I

attribute to the distance betwixt his extremities. He had a little head and less in it, he had weak eyes and weak knees, and altogether you couldn't look at him without feeling that there was greatly too much of him both for his joints and his mind. But he was an amiable though timid young man (his mother let him out, and spent the money), and we come acquainted when he was walking to ease the horse betwixt two fairs. He was called Rinaldo di Velasco, his name being Pickleson.

This giant, otherwise Pickleson, mentioned to me under the seal of confidence that, beyond being a burthen to himself, his life was made a burden to him by the cruelty of his master towards a step-daughter who was deaf and dumb. Her mother was dead, and she had no living soul to take her part, and was used most hard. She traveled with her master's caravan only because there was nowhere to leave her, and this giant, otherwise Pickleson, did go so far as to believe that his master often tried to lose her. He was such a very languid young man that I don't know how long it didn't take him to get this story out, but it passed through his defective circulation to his top extremity in course of time.

When I heard this account from the giant, otherwise Pickleson, and likewise that the poor girl had beautiful long dark hair, and was often pulled down by it and beaten, I couldn't see the giant through what stood in my eyes. Having wiped 'em, I give him sixpence (for he was kept as short as he was long), and he laid it out in two threepenn'orths of gin-and-water, which so brisked him up that he sang the Favorite Comic of Shivery Shakey, ain't it cold?—a popular effect which his master had tried every other means to get out of him as a Roman wholly in vain.

His master's name was Mim, a wery hoarse man, and I knew him to speak to. I went to that Fair as a mere civilian, leaving the cart outside the town, and I looked about the back of the Vans while the performing was going on, and at last, sitting dozing against a muddy cart-wheel, I come upon the poor girl who was deaf and dumb. At the first look I might almost have judged that she had escaped

from the Wild Beast Show; but at the second I thought better of her, and thought that if she was more cared for and more kindly used she would be like my child. She was just the same age that my own daughter would have been, if her pretty head had not fell down upon my shoulder that unfortunate night.

To cut it short, I spoke confidential to Mim while he was beating the gong outside betwixt two lots of Pickleson's publics, and I put it to him, "She lies heavy on your own hands; what'll you take for her?" Mim was a most ferocious swearer. Suppressing that part of his reply which was much the longest part, his reply was, "A pair of braces." "Now I'll tell you," says I, "what I'm a-going to do with you. I'm a-going to fetch you half a dozen pair of the primest braces in the cart, and then to take her away with me." Says Mim (again ferocious), "I'll believe it when I've got the goods, and no sooner." I made all the haste I could, lest he should think twice of it, and the bargain was completed, which Pickleson he was thereby so relieved in his mind that he come out at his little back door, longways like a serpent, and give us Shivery Shakey in a whisper among the wheels at parting.

It was happy days for both of us when Sophy and me began to travel in the cart.

I at once give her the name of Sophy, to put her ever towards me in the attitude of my own daughter. We soon made out to begin to understand one another, through the goodness of the Heavens, when she knowed that I meant true and kind by her. In a very little time she was wonderful fond of me. You have no idea what it is to have anybody wonderful fond of you unless you have been got down and rolled upon by the lonely feelings that I have mentioned as having once got the better of me.

You'd have laughed—or the reverse—it's according to your disposition—if you could have seen me trying to teach Sophy. At first I was helped—you'd never guess by what—milestones. I got some large alphabets in a box, all the letters separate on bits of bone, and, saying we was going to WINDSOR, I give her those letters in that order, and then at every milestone I showed her those same letters in that

same order again, and pointed towards the abode of royalty. Another time I give her CART, and then chalked the same upon the cart. Another time I give her DOCTOR MARIGOLD, and hung a corresponding inscription outside my waistcoat. People that met us might stare a bit and laugh, but what did I care if she caught the idea? She caught it after long patience and trouble, and then we did begin to get on swimmingly, I believe you! At first she was a little given to consider me the cart, and the cart the abode of royalty, but that soon wore off.

We had our signs, too, and they were hundreds in number. Sometimes she would sit looking at me and considering hard how to communicate with me about something fresh—how to ask me what she wanted explained—and then she was (or I thought she was; what does it signify?) so like my child with those years added to her, that I half believed it was herself, trying to tell me where she had been to up in the skies, and what she had seen since that unhappy night when she flied away. She had a pretty face, and now that there was no one to drag at her bright dark hair, and it was all in order, there was a something touching in her looks that made the cart most peaceful and most quiet, though not at all melancholy. [N.B. In the Cheap Jack patter, we generally sound it lemon-jolly, and it gets a laugh.]

The way she learnt to understand any look of mine was truly surprising. When I sold of a night, she would sit in the cart unseen by them outside, and would give a eager look into my eyes when I looked in, and would hand me straight the precise article or articles I wanted. And then she would clap her hands and laugh for joy. And as for me, seeing her so bright, and remembering what she was when I first lighted on her, starved and beaten and ragged, leaning asleep against the muddy cart-wheel, it give me such heart that I gained a greater height of reputation than ever, and I put Pickleson down (by the name of Mim's Traveling Giant, otherwise Pickleson) for a fypunnote in my will.

This happiness went on in the cart till she was sixteen year old. By which

time I began to feel not satisfied that I had done my whole duty by her, and to consider that she ought to have better teaching than I could give her. It drew a many tears on both sides when I commenced explaining my views to her; but what's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character.

So I took her hand in mine, and I went with her one day to the Deaf and Dumb Establishment in London, and when the gentleman came to speak to us, I says to him: "Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you, sir. I am nothing but a Cheap Jack, but of late years I have laid by for a rainy day notwithstanding. This is my only daughter (adopted), and you can't produce a deafer nor a dumber. Teach her the most that can be taught her in the shortest separation that can be named—state the figure for it—and I am game to put the money down. I won't bate you a single farthing, sir, but I'll put down the money here and now, and I'll thankfully throw you in a pound to take it. There!" The gentleman smiled, and then, "Well, well," says he, "I must first know what she has learned already. How do you communicate with her?" Then I showed him, and she wrote in printed writing many names of things and so forth; and we held some sprightly conversation, Sophy and me, about a little story in a book which the gentleman showed her, and which she was able to read. "This is most extraordinary," says the gentleman; "is it possible that you have been her only teacher?" "I have been her only teacher, sir," I says, "besides herself." "Then," says the gentleman, and more acceptable words was never spoke to me, "you're a clever fellow, and a good fellow." This he makes known to Sophy, who kisses his hands, claps her own, and laughs and cries upon it.

We saw the gentleman four times in all, and when he took down my name and asked how in the world it ever chanced to be Doctor, it come out that he was own nephew by the sister's side, if you'll believe me, to the very Doctor that I was called after. This made our footing still easier, and he says to me:

"Now, Marigold, tell me what more

do you want your adopted daughter to know?"

"I want her, sir, to be cut off from the world as little as can be, considering her deprivations, and therefore to be able to read whatever is wrote with perfect ease and pleasure."

"My good fellow," urges the gentleman, opening his eyes wide, "why, I can't do that myself!"

I took his joke, and gave him a laugh (knowing by experience how flat you fall without it), and I mended my words accordingly.

"What do you mean to do with her afterwards?" asks the gentleman, with a sort of a doubtful eye. "To take her about the country?"

"In the cart, sir, but only in the cart. She will live a private life, you understand, in the cart. I should never think of bringing her infirmities before the public. I wouldn't make a show of her for any money."

The gentleman nodded, and seemed to approve.

"Well," says he, "can you part with her for two years?"

"To do her that good—yes, sir."

"There's another question," says the gentleman, looking towards her—"can she part with you for two years?"

I don't know that it was a harder matter of itself (for the other was hard enough to me), but it was harder to get over. However, she was pacified to it at last, and the separation betwixt us was settled. How it cut up both of us when it took place, and when I left her at the door in the dark of an evening, I don't tell. But I know this: remembering that night, I shall never pass that same establishment without a heartache and a swelling in the throat; and I couldn't put you up the best of lots in sight of it with my usual spirit—no, not even the gun, nor the pair of spectacles—for five hundred pound reward from the Secretary of State for the Home Department, and throw in the honor of putting my legs under his mahogany arderwards.

Still, the loneliness that followed in the cart was not the old loneliness, because there was a term put to it, however long to look forward to; and because I could think, when I was anyways down,

that she belonged to me and I belonged to her. Always planning for her coming back, I bought in a few months' time another cart, and what do you think I planned to do with it? I'll tell you. I planned to fit it up with shelves and books for her reading, and to have a seat in it where I could sit and see her read, and think that I had been her first teacher. Not hurrying over the job, I had the fittings knocked together in contriving ways under my own inspection, and here was her bed in a berth with curtains, and there was her reading table, and here was her writing-desk, and elsewhere was her books in rows upon rows, pictures and no pictures, bindings and no bindings, gilt-edged and plain, just as I could pick 'em up for her in lots up and down the country, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away. And when I had got together pretty well as many books as the cart would neatly hold, a new scheme come into my head, which, as it turned out, kept my time and attention a good deal employed, and helped me over the two years' stile.

Without being of an avaricious temper, I like to be the owner of things. I shouldn't wish, for instance, to go partners with yourself in the Cheap Jack cart. It's not that I mistrust you, but that I'd rather know it was mine. Similarly, very likely you'd rather know it was yours. Well! A kind of a jealousy began to creep into my mind when I reflected that all those books would have been read by other people long before they was read by her. It seemed to take away from her being the owner of 'em like. In this way the question got into my head: Couldn't I have a book new-made express for her, which she should be the first to read?

It pleased me, that thought did; and as I never was a man to let a thought sleep (you must wake up all the whole family of thoughts you've got and burn their nightcaps, or you won't do in the Cheap Jack line), I set to work at it. Considering that I was in the habit of changing so much about the country, and that I should have to find out a literary character here to make a deal with, and

another literary character there to make a deal with, as opportunities presented, I hit on the plan that this same book should be a general miscellaneous lot—like the razors, flat-iron, chronometer watch, dinner plates, rolling-pin, and looking-glass—and shouldn't be offered as a single individual article, like the spectacles or the gun. When I had come to that conclusion, I come to another, which shall likewise be yours.

Often had I regretted that she never had heard me on the footboard, and that she never could hear me. It ain't that I am vain, but that *you* don't like to put your own light under a bushel. What's the worth of your reputation, if you can't convey the reason for it to the person you most wish to value it? Now I'll put it to you. Is it worth sixpence, fippence, fourpence, threepence, twopence, a penny, a halfpenny, a farthing? No, it ain't. Not worth a farthing. Very well, then. My conclusion was that I would begin her book with some account of myself. So that, through reading a specimen or two of me on the footboard, she might form an idea of my merits there. I was aware that I couldn't do myself justice. A man can't write his eye (at least I don't know how to), nor yet can a man write his voice, nor the rate of his talk, nor the quickness of his action, nor his general spicy way. But he can write his turns of speech, when he is a public speaker—and indeed I have heard that he very often does before he speaks 'em.

Well! Having formed that resolution, then come the question of a name. How did I hammer that hot iron into shape? This way. The most difficult explanation I had ever had with her was, how I come to be called Doctor and yet was no Doctor. After all, I felt that I had failed of getting it correctly into her mind, with my utmost pains. But trusting to her improvement in the two years, I thought that I might trust to her understanding it when she should come to read it as put down by my own hand. Then I thought I would try a joke with her and watch how it took, by which of itself I might fully judge of her understanding it. We had first discovered the mistake we had dropped into, through her having asked me to prescribe for her when she had

supposed me to be a Doctor from a medical point of view; so, thinks I, "Now if I give this book the name of my Prescriptions, and if she catches the idea that my only Prescriptions are for her amusement and interest—to make her laugh in a pleasant way, or to make her cry in a pleasant way—it will be a delightful proof to both of us that we have got over our difficulty." It fell out to absolute perfection. For when she saw the book, as I had it got up—the printed and pressed book—lying on her desk in her cart, and saw the title, DOCTOR MARIGOLD'S PRESCRIPTIONS, she looked at me for a moment with astonishment, then fluttered the leaves, then broke out a-laughing in the charmingest way, then felt her pulse and shook her head, then turned the pages pretending to read them most attentive, then kissed the book to me, and put it to her bosom with both her hands. I never was better pleased in all my life!

But let me not anticipate. (I take that expression out of a lot of romances I bought for her. I never opened a single one of 'em—and I have opened many—but I found the romancer saying "let me not anticipate." Which being so, I wonder why he did anticipate, or who asked him to do it.) Let me not, I say, anticipate. This same book took up all my spare time. It was no play to get the other articles together in the general miscellaneous lot, but when it come to my own article! There! I couldn't have believed the blotting, nor yet the buckling to at it, nor the patience over it.

At last it was done, and the two years' time was gone after all the other time before it, and where it's all gone to, who knows? The new cart was finished—yellow outside, relieved with vermilion and brass fittings—the old horse was put in it, a new 'un and a boy being laid on for the Cheap Jack cart, and I cleaned myself up to go and fetch her. Bright cold weather it was, cart chimneys smoking, carts pitched private on a piece of waste ground over at Wandsworth, where you may see 'em from the Sou'western Railway when not upon the road. (Look out of the right-hand window going down.)

"Marigold," says the gentleman, giving his hand hearty, "I am very glad to see you."

"Yet I have my doubts, sir," says I, "if you can be half as glad to see me as I am to see you."

"The time has appeared so long—has it, Marigold?"

"I won't say that, sir, considering its real length; but—"

"What a start, my good fellow!"

Ah! I should think it was! Grown such a woman, so pretty, so intelligent, so expressive! I knew then that she must be really like my child, or I could never have known her, standing quiet by the door.

"You are affected," says the gentleman in a kindly manner.

"I feel, sir," says I, "that I am but a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat."

"I feel," says the gentleman, "that it was you who raised her from misery and degradation, and brought her into communication with her kind. But why do we converse alone together, when we can converse so well with her? Address her in your own way."

"I am such a rough chap in a sleeved waistcoat, sir," says I, "and she is such a graceful woman and she stands so quiet at the door!"

"Try if she moves at the old sign," says the gentleman.

They had got it up together o' purpose to please me! For when I give her the old sign, she rushed to my feet, and dropped upon her knees, holding up her hands to me with pouring tears of love and joy; and when I took her hands and lifted her, she clasped me round the neck, and lay there; and I don't know what a fool I didn't make of myself, until we all three settled down into talking without sound, as if there was a something soft and pleasant spread over the whole world for us.

## CHAPTER II.

### TO BE TAKEN FOR LIFE

So every item of my plan was crowned with success. Our reunited life was more than all that we had looked forward to. Content and joy went with us as the wheels of the carts went round, and the same stopped with us when the two carts stopped. I was as pleased and as proud as a Pug-Dog with his muzzle black-leaded for a evening party, and his tail extra curled by machinery.



But I had left something out of my calculations. Now what had I left out? To help you to guess, I'll say, a figure. Come. Make a guess and guess right. Nought? No. Nine? No. Eight? No. Seven? No. Six? No. Five? No. Four? No. Three? No. Two? No. One? No. Now I'll tell you what I'll do with you. I'll say it's another sort of figure altogether. There. Why then, says you, it's a mortal figure. No, nor yet a mortal figure. By such means you get yourself penned into a corner, and you can't help guessing a *immortal* figure. That's about it. Why didn't you say so sooner?

Yes. It was a immortal figure that I had altogether left out of my calculations. Neither man's, nor woman's, but a child's. Girl's or boy's? Boy's. "I, says the sparrow, with my bow- and arrow." Now you have got it.

We were down at Lancaster, and I had done two nights more than fair average business (though I cannot in honor recommend them as a quick audience) in the open square there, near the end of the street where Mr. Sly's King's Arms and Royal Hotel stands. Mim's traveling giant, otherwise Pickleson, happened at the self-same time to be trying it on in the town. The genteel lay was adopted with him. No hint of a van. Green baize alcove leading up to Pickleson in a Auction Room. Printed poster, "Free list suspended, with the exception of that proud boast of an enlightened country, a free press. Schools admitted by private arrangement. Nothing to raise a blush in the cheek of youth or shock the most fastidious." Mim swearing most horrible and terrific, in a pink calico pay-place, at the slackness of the public. Serious handbill in the shops, importing that it was all but impossible to come to a right understanding of the history of David without seeing Pickleson.

I went to the Auction Room in question, and I found it entirely empty of everything but echoes and moldiness, with the single exception of Pickleson on a piece of red drugget. This suited my purpose, as I wanted a private and confidential word with him, which was: "Pickleson. Owing much happiness to you, I put you in my will for a fypun-

note; but, to save trouble, here's four-punten down, which may equally suit your views, and let us so conclude the transaction." Pickleson, who up to that remark had had the dejected appearance of a long Roman rushlight that couldn't anyhow get lighted, brightened up at his top extremity, and made his acknowledgments in a way which (for him) was parliamentary eloquence. He likewise did add that, having ceased to draw as a Roman, Mim had made proposals for his going in as a converted Indian Giant worked upon by The Diaryman's Daughter. This, Pickleson, having no acquaintance with the tract named after that young woman, and not being willing to couple gag with his serious views, had declined to do, thereby leading to words and the total stoppage of the unfortunate young man's beer.

But what was to the present point in the remarks of the traveling giant, otherwise Pickleson, was this: "Doctor Marigold"—I give his words without a hope of conveying their feebleness—"who is the strange young man that hangs about your carts?"—"The strange young *man*?" I gives him back, thinking that he meant her, and his languid circulation had dropped a syllable. "Doctor," he returns, with a pathos calculated to draw a tear from even a manly eye, "I am weak, but not so weak yet as that I don't know my words. I repeat them, Doctor. The strange young man." It then appeared that Pickleson, being forced to stretch his legs (not that they wanted it) only at times when he couldn't be seen for nothing, to wit, in the dead of the night and towards daybreak, had twice seen hanging about my carts, in that same town of Lancaster where I had been only two nights, this same unknown young man.

It put me rather out of sorts. What it meant as to particulars I no more foreboded then than you forebode now, but it put me rather out of sorts. Howsoever, I made light of it to Pickleson, and I took leave of Pickleson, advising him to spend his legacy in getting up his stamina, and to continue to stand by his religion. Towards morning I kept a look out for the strange young man, and—what was more—I saw the strange

young man. He was well dressed and well looking. He loitered very nigh my carts, watching them like as if he was taking care of them, and soon after day-break turned and went away. I sent a hail after him, but he never started or looked round, or took the smallest notice.

We left Lancaster within an hour or two, on our way towards Carlisle. Next morning, at daybreak, I looked out again for the strange young man. I did not see him. But next morning I looked out again, and there he was once more. I sent another hail after him, but as before he gave not the slightest sign of being anyways disturbed. This put a thought into my head. Acting on it, I watched him in different manners and at different times not necessary to enter into, till I found that this strange young man was deaf and dumb.

The discovery turned me over, because I knew that a part of that establishment where she had been was allotted to young men (some of them well off), and I thought to myself, "If she favors him, where am I? and where is all that I have worked and planned for?" Hoping—I must confess to the selfishness—that she might *not* favor him, I set myself to find out. At last I was by accident present at a meeting between them in the open air, looking on leaning behind a fir-tree without their knowing of it. It was a moving meeting for all the three parties concerned. I knew every syllable that passed between them as well as they did. I listened with my eyes, which had come to be as quick and true with deaf and dumb conversation as my ears with the talk of people that can speak. He was a-going out to China as clerk in a merchant's house, which his father had been before him. He was in circumstances to keep a wife, and he wanted her to marry him and go along with him. She persisted, no. He asked if she didn't love him. Yes, she loved him, dearly, dearly; but she could never disappoint her beloved, good, noble, generous, and I-don't-know-what-all father (meaning me, the Cheap Jack in the sleeved waistcoat), and she would stay with him, Heaven bless him! though it was to break her heart. Then she cried most bitterly, and that made up my mind.

While my mind had been in an unsettled state about her favoring this young man, I had felt that unreasonable towards Pickleson that it was well for him he had got his legacy down. For I often thought, "If it hadn't been for this same weak-minded giant, I might never have come to trouble my head and wex my soul about the young man." But, once that I knew she loved him—once that I had seen her weep for him—it was a different thing. I made it right in my mind with Pickleson on the spot, and I shook myself together to do what was right by all.

She had left the young man by that time (for it took a few minutes to get me thoroughly well shook together), and the young man was leaning against another of the fir-trees—of which there was a cluster—with his face upon his arm. I touched him on the back. Looking up and seeing me, he says, in our deaf-and-dumb talk, "Do not be angry."

"I am not angry, good boy. I am your friend. Come with me."

I left him at the foot of the steps of the Library Cart, and I went up alone. She was drying her eyes.

"You have been crying, my dear."

"Yes, father."

"Why?"

"A headache."

"Not a heartache?"

"I said a headache, father."

"Doctor Marigold must prescribe for that headache."

She took up the book of my Prescriptions, and held it up with a forced smile; but seeing me keep still and look earnest, she softly laid it down again, and her eyes were very attentive.

"The Prescription is not there, Sophy."

"Where is it?"

"Here, my dear."

I brought her young husband in, and I put her hand in his, and my only farther words to both of them were these: "Doctor Marigold's last Prescription. To be taken for life." After which I bolted.

When the wedding come off, I mounted a coat (blue, and bright buttons), for the first and last time in all my days, and I give Sophy away with my own hand. There were only us three and the gentle-

man who had had charge of her for those two years. I give the wedding dinner of four in the Library Cart. Pigeon pie, a leg of pickled pork, a pair of fowls, and suitable garden stuff. The best of drinks. I give them a speech, and the gentleman give us a speech, and all our jokes told, and the whole went off like a sky-rocket. In the course of the entertainment I explained to Sophy that I should keep the Library Cart as my living-cart when not upon the road, and that I should keep all her books for her just as they stood, till she come back to claim them. So she went to China with her young husband, and it was a parting sorrowful and heavy, and I got the boy I had another service; and so as of old, when my child and wife were gone, I went plodding along alone, with my whip over my shoulder, at the old horse's head.

Sophy wrote me many letters, and I wrote her many letters. About the end of the first year she sent me one in an unsteady hand: "Dearest father, not a week ago I had a darling little daughter, but I am so well that they let me write these words to you. Dearest and best father, I hope my child may not be deaf and dumb, but I do not yet know."

Five years, odd months, had gone since Sophy went away. I was still the King of the Cheap Jacks, and at a greater height of popularity than ever. I had had a first-rate autumn of it, and on the twenty-third of December, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-four, I found myself at Uxbridge, Middlesex, clean sold out. So I jogged up to London with the old horse, light and easy, to have my Christmas-eve and Christmas-day alone by the fire in the Library Cart, and then to buy a regular new stock of goods all round, to sell 'em again and get the money.

I am a neat hand at cookery, and I'll tell you what I knocked up for my Christmas-eve dinner in the Library Cart. I knocked up a beefsteak pudding for one, with two kidneys, a dozen oysters, and a couple of mushrooms thrown in. It's a pudding to put a man in good humor with everything, except the two bottom buttons of his waistcoat. Having relished that pudding and cleared away, I

turned the lamp low, and sat down by the light of the fire, watching it as it shone upon the backs of Sophy's books.

Sophy's books so brought up Sophy's self that I saw her touching face quite plainly before I dropped off dozing by the fire. This may be a reason why Sophy, with her deaf-and-dumb child in her arms, seemed to stand silent by me all through my nap. I was on the road, off the road, in all sorts of places, North and South and West and East, Winds liked best and winds liked least, Here and there and gone astray, Over the hills and far away, and still she stood silent by me, with her silent child in her arms. Even when I woke with a start, she seemed to vanish, as if she had stood by me in that very place only a single instant before.

I had started at a real sound, and the sound was on the steps of the cart. It was the light, hurried tread of a child, coming clambering up. That tread of a child had once been so familiar to me that for half a moment I believed I was a-going to see a little ghost.

But the touch of a real child was laid upon the outer handle of the door, and the handle turned, and the door opened a little way, and a real child peeped in. A bright little comely girl with large dark eyes.

Looking full at me, the tiny creature took off her mite of a straw hat, and a quantity of dark curls fell all about her face. Then she opened her lips, and said in a pretty voice,

"Grandfather!"

"Ah, my God!" I cries out. "She can speak!"

"Yes, dear grandfather. And I am to ask you whether there was ever any one that I remind you of?"

In a moment Sophy was round my neck, as well as the child, and her husband was a-wringing my hand with his face hid, and we all had to shake ourselves together before we could get over it. And when we did begin to get over it, and I saw the pretty child a-talking, pleased and quick and eager and busy, to her mother, in the signs that I had first taught her mother, the happy and yet pitying tears fell rolling down my face.

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# The ✓ Outlook

*Saturday, June 1, 1907*

## DIVORCE IN AMERICA THE PROBLEM

BY E. RAY STEVENS

JUDGE OF THE NINTH JUDICIAL CIRCUIT, WISCONSIN

## THE JAPANESE IN THE SAN FRANCISCO SCHOOLS

BY GEORGE KENNAN

## THE MAN UNDER THE YOKE

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

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**STANDARD OIL COMPANY**  
(INCORPORATED)



# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JUNE 1, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 5

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

The Mohonk Conference	219	Japan and America	231
The Standard Oil Report	220	Reformed Judaism	232
A Civil Pension List	220	Many Minds, One Heart	233
The New York Utilities Bill	221	The Spectator	235
Measures in Contrast	223	Divorce in America: The Problem. By E. Ray Stevens	237
Industrial Legislation	224	The Man Under the Yoke. By Nicholas V. Lindsay	243
A Governor Keeps His Pledges	225	The Japanese in the San Francisco Schools. By George Kenian	246
The Negro and Civic Problems	226	Industrial America: Berlin Lectures of 1906 (Laughlin)	252
The Presbyterian Assembly	226	Comment on Current Books	254
An Old Denomination Newly Organized	227	Letters to The Outlook	259
Canadian Readers and American Periodicals	228		
Military China	229		
The Irish Councils Bill	229		

The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy. Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage. Change of address: When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect. Copyright, 1907, by the Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

THE OUTLOOK  
287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

### The Mohonk Conference

The thirteenth Annual Meeting of the Lake Mohonk Conference on International Arbitration held last week (May 21-25) was in its personnel the most notable of the series. Fifty-two commercial and business organizations were represented by regularly appointed delegates. There were present ten judges of the higher courts, State and Federal, eight well-known college presidents, fourteen college professors, eight editors of journals and periodicals of National importance, three Commissioners of Education, and half a score of men who have occupied or are now occupying positions of prominence in public life, including two Ministers from foreign countries and three American ex-Ministers to foreign countries. One session was devoted to reports from business men which gave an encouraging account of the active interest taken in business circles in this movement to substitute law for war as a means for the settlement of international

difficulties. Another session was devoted to a discussion of the relation of the schools and colleges to this movement. It elicited, on the one hand, a general opinion among educators, especially in the secondary schools, that special education respecting international law or arbitration is not practicable; on the other hand, a frank recognition of the fact that more might be done to teach fundamental ethical principles and to inspire in the young a spirit of universal fraternalism. Two Intercollegiate Peace Associations have been organized during the year, and an interesting account was given of one school celebration of the anniversary of the first Hague Conference, in which over forty thousand school-children participated. The general sentiment of the Conference was clearly in favor of pushing forward the more immediate and practical measures rather than in discussing more distant ideals, a spirit which was expressed by the platform adopted. This platform, after a preliminary declaration of gratification in the progress already made, summed up the judgment of the Conference as to "the next steps" to be taken in the following succinct declaration:

We urge as the more immediate and important action to be taken by this [Hague] Conference the following provisions:

- (1) A provision for stated meetings of the Hague Conference.
- (2) Such changes in the Hague Court as may be necessary to establish a definite judicial tribunal, always open for the adjudication of international questions.
- (3) A general arbitration treaty for the settlement of international disputes.
- (4) The establishment of the principle of the inviolability of innocent private property at sea in time of war.
- (5) A declaration to the effect that there should be no armed intervention for the collection of private claims when the debtor nation is willing to submit such claims to arbitration.

After some discussion, the Conference also adopted a resolution commending.



"in accordance with our resolution of last year, the consideration by the Hague Conference of a plan for the neutralization of ocean trade routes."

### *The Standard Oil Report*

In considering the Standard Oil monopoly, three features stand out conspicuously—its general restraint of competition, its particular restraint by means of pipe lines, and the much-mooted question of the cost to the consumer. When Commissioner of Corporations, Mr. Garfield, now Secretary of the Interior, performed a notable service for the Administration in investigating the Standard Oil Company and in furnishing information to the Government, the basis for recent and present action in the courts. Last week Mr. Garfield's successor, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, formerly Deputy Commissioner, submitted to President Roosevelt his first report on the subject. In accordance with the President's instructions, part of it has been made public, but that part has been withheld which might interfere with the prosecution of the Government's suits against the Standard Oil and its subsidiary companies. Mr. Smith's very lucid report has to do mainly with pipe lines, and is noteworthy as the first official statement since the passage of the act making pipe lines common carriers, and also since the conviction at Chicago of the Standard Oil Company, secured on nearly fifteen hundred counts, of violations of the Inter-State Commerce Act. The report contains the net results of Mr. Garfield and Mr. Smith's study of the petroleum business during the year 1904. As they have shown, the Standard's monopoly has never rested on ownership of the source of supply of crude oil, for not over one-sixth of the total amount produced comes from wells owned by its interests. Its growth and present power rest primarily on its control of transportation facilities. In 1904, for instance, the Standard refined over 84 per cent. of the crude oil run through the refineries, and showed a similar dominance in the export trade. It transported through its pipe lines nine-tenths of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana crude

oil, and no less than 98 per cent. of the crude oil of Kansas and the Territories. These pipe lines aggregate forty thousand miles in extent, and the Company has been able, it is alleged, to prevent any extensive construction of rival lines. Mr. Smith estimates that twenty cents per barrel from the Lima field to seaboard would cover transportation cost and yield a return of ten per cent. on the investment. But the pipe line rate is 53½ cents. Now, under the Inter-State Commerce Act, as amended last June, the pipe line company, henceforth classified as a common carrier, is put under the control of the Inter State Commerce Commission. It is therefore within the Government's power to force the Standard to treat all shippers alike. In that way, independent refiners should be put upon a basis of equality with the combination. But the independent refiners and producers allege that the Standard refuses to transport their oil, and that it has neglected to file schedules of rates, required by law of common carriers, or has done so in such manner as to reduce its apparent compliance to an absurdity. It is in our opinion debatable whether pipe lines should have been made common carriers, but they have been made common carriers and are therefore amenable to the supervision of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is within the power of the Commission to determine whether the pipe lines are actually accepting shipments without discrimination and carrying them at a reasonable rate.

### *A Civil Pension List*

President Roosevelt's expectation as to the ultimate necessity of some sort of a Civil Pension List is being emphasized in the modernization of the Department of the Interior. For many years this Department has been a kind of dumping-ground for inadequately equipped persons—both men and women—in search of a "job." Particularly has this been noted as affected by the famous "P. D." or per diem system. When Civil Service Reform finally triumphed over most of the old spoils system, disappointed Congressmen created the "P. D." roll. In

contrast to the permanent positions filled by success in the Civil Service Commission's examinations, an applicant might be appointed to the "P. D." roll as an extra daily helper in one of the Departments. Of course the "P. D.'s," appointed without examination as to fitness, have made the more glaring any signs of inadequacy and incompetence in the personnel of the classified service. When he assumed his present office last March, Secretary Garfield found certain unnecessary divisions or sub-bureaus in the various bureaus composing his department. He has already done away with those divisions; they were presumably created simply to accommodate a larger number of Congressional favorites. But Mr. Garfield also found himself confronted with the inability of many employees to keep pace with modern methods. In order to show every possible consideration to those appointed long ago under the old spoils system, he directed his heads of bureaus not to discharge employees if their efficiency was equal to positions of less responsibility and less salary, but to transfer them to such positions. If employees displayed manifest inefficiency, he indicated a certain average of excellence, which, if unattained in a month's time, should be followed by dismissal. Inveterately bad habits and patently gross incompetency formed, of course, sufficient grounds for instant dismissal. In accordance with the above, and with the Secretary's approval, Judge Ballinger, the new Land Commissioner in the Department, dismissed last week no less than seventeen employees who had outlived their clerical usefulness. In so doing the Commissioner carried into effect for the first time an enactment of Congress now ten years old! It provides that typewriting must be substituted for long-hand in the writing of patents and in the keeping of records. But the copies were still being made in the old way, and not always accurately. With the installation of typewriters, however, not only can each employee perform three times the former work, but the increased legibility is a safeguard against error. Hence the Commissioner deemed it his duty to install the writing-machines, and

dismissed such employees as could not measure up to the standard. In making dismissals every consideration has been shown to those who have a real claim upon the country's regard, as in the case of one man who in the Civil War had given practically everything but his very life to his country. On the other hand, no consideration, we are glad to say, has been shown to those employees having mere political influence. One of the men dropped was President Roosevelt's classmate at college, and others were relatives and close friends of Congressmen. If the work of the executive departments is to be done accurately and expeditiously, other bureaus than the Land Office may have an overhauling. In the opinion of most of the heads of the important administrative bureaus, a Civil Pension List should be created by Congress to provide for those employees who have given their lives to the Government service, but who, in order to maintain efficiency, must be removed from active work when affected by the disabilities of age. The humane principle of providing in some degree for the old age of worthy workers is finding increasing recognition by legislators throughout the world.



#### *The New York Utilities Bill*

By the passage of the Public Service Commissions Bill—or, as it is popularly known, the "Utilities Bill"—the Legislature of New York has committed the State to a most comprehensive policy concerning corporations engaged in the public service. It is comprehensive in two respects—it affects not only such common carriers as railways and street railways, but also gas companies and electric light and power companies; and it affects almost every sort of activity in which such companies can engage. The very comprehensiveness of the bill has been the chief cause for the attacks upon it. Not merely corporation managers, but even commercial bodies, have been troubled by the attempt of the State, through a single instrumentality, to regulate not only the rates, but also the capitalization, the issue and transfer of stock, the franchises,



the appliances, the labor conditions, the equipment, and the character of the service of public service corporations. The chief argument against the bill has been that men appointed by the Governor, who have no financial interests at stake in these corporations, are given powers so great that they will practically supersede the boards of directors of such corporations. Great calamity has been predicted as a necessary consequence of the enactment of the bill. The opposition has been persistent and sincere. As *The Outlook* has reported, this bill creates two Commissions which between them share control of the public utilities of the State, each exercising jurisdiction over one of the two districts into which the State is divided for the purpose. The attacks have been directed principally to the power of removal which is given to the Governor and to the lack of any provision in the bill for reviewing in the courts the reasonableness of the Commissions' administrative acts. The principal provisions of the bill have already been outlined in *The Outlook*. In certain particulars the bill, while in committee, was amended. Some of the amendments adopted affect only administrative details and questions of technical procedure. The other more important amendments have made the bill more equitable, consistent, and in some respects even more rigorous. The two most important changes in the bill since we last reported it are those which alter the salaries of the Commissioners from \$10,000 to \$15,000, and which require the Governor, in removing a Commissioner, to confront him with charges, allow him a hearing, and file the record of the proceedings. In spite of the attacks against it, the bill last week passed the Assembly by a unanimous vote, and the Senate by the overwhelming vote of 41 to 6. It will undoubtedly survive the expected veto of the Mayor of New York City (who opposes it chiefly because it puts the appointing power of the New York City Commission in the hands, not of the Mayor of the city, but the Governor of the State), and will receive the signature of Governor Hughes. Beyond all question this measure presents the most important part of

Governor Hughes's programme. With it his name will remain associated. Its passage is his triumph. He has succeeded because he has had the insight to understand the will of the people and the ability to embody that will in a practical form.

⊗

*The Principles of the Bill*      The Public Utilities Bill is a great measure, not merely because it is comprehensive, but because it embodies certain fundamental principles. Briefly stated, the first of these principles is this: That government, if it is to be efficient, must control its creatures. As these creatures grow in power, the government must acquire new power; as these creatures grow in complexity, the government must forge new and more flexible instruments through which to exercise control. Cities have in recent years greatly increased in population, and urban conditions of life have extended into villages and even rural districts. This means that people have become more dependent than ever upon what we call public utilities—upon trolley lines, gas supply, electric light, electric power. Unless the people whose very livelihood depends upon the transportation, the light, the power, are to become vassals of the concerns which supply these necessities, the people themselves through their government must have the means of exercising the mastery. This is the first principle recognized in this bill. By it the people say to these corporations, You shall not be free to do wholly as you please; you shall be subject to such agents as we, through our Governor, shall select. The second principle is this: Mastery in a free government is dependent upon just dealing, and there can be no just dealing without a uniform and comprehensive policy. If the people themselves act toward their creatures despotically or whimsically, they will bring disaster upon themselves. In a monarchy or an oligarchy the government may survive the ruin of the people. Not so in a free government; there any disaster which falls upon the servants of the people falls upon the people, and thus falls upon the government which is constituted of the people. This is the second principle

embodied in the Utilities Bill. By it the commissions which act on behalf of the people are enabled not only to treat all corporations of the same kind uniformly, but also to take into consideration in any case all the factors involved—capital, equipment, wages, franchises, efficiency of management, rates of charges—whatever they may be. The very breadth of power granted to the Commissioners is the requisite for just dealing. Whether the Commissioners use wisely and beneficially this power will depend, in this case as in other acts of government, upon the ability and integrity of the men whom the people, through their Governor, select. If the agents of the people act unjustly, the penalty will fall not only on the corporations but also upon the people. The third principle embodied in the bill is this: The control of public utilities is an administrative function, and should be intrusted to an administrative body responsible to the executive. It is not judicial, and therefore should not be laid upon the courts. For that reason a provision making the courts responsible for the wisdom and reasonableness of the acts of the Commissioners was wisely omitted from the bill. Of course the courts have and always will have the power to decide as to the legality and justness of all administrative acts. Control in detail cannot practicably be laid upon a Legislature, nor can the supervision of such control be required of so intermittent and cumbersome a body as the Legislature, or either legislative house. Therefore the provision making the Commissioners responsible to neither house of the Legislature, but solely to the Governor, was wisely included in the bill. Never, so far as we know, has any other State, or even the Federal Government, attempted to embody these three fundamental principles in one law. That is why no bill before any State Legislature has won the interest of people in other States more generally than Governor Hughes's Utility Bill; and that is why no bill has had more conspicuously within the State the emphatic support of public opinion. The actual working of this comprehensive measure will be watched with the most intense interest in New York and throughout the country.

### *Measures in Contrast*

In contrast to the Utilities Bill stand two measures—one a law on the statute-books of New York, the other a bill passed by the New York Legislature but not as yet signed by the Governor. The one is the so-called Eighty-Cent Gas Law, the other is the so-called Two-Cent-a-Mile Rate Bill. In both cases the Legislature has violated one of the principles observed in the Utilities Bill, namely, that the detailed control of public utilities is essentially an administrative, not directly a legislative, function. In both cases a legislative body, incapable as constituted of expert knowledge of all the factors in the operation of a public utility, has undertaken to determine what is a just rate for the service rendered. In the one case it reduced the rate for a thousand cubic feet of gas to eighty cents; in the other it reduced the passenger rate on all railways operating more than a hundred and fifty miles of track to two cents a mile. The constitutionality of the gas law has been argued pro and con before the courts. Recently a master in chancery of a United States Circuit Court has rendered his opinion that the law is unconstitutional. We do not now consider the grounds on which he rests his opinion; we may consider them at another time. The point here is that this law, drawn up with care after investigation, represents probably the best that a cumbersome legislative body can do in dealing with one aspect of one form of public utility. Similarly, the bill fixing passenger rates (passed, strange to say, by the same body of men that passed the Utilities Bill) deals with but one aspect of another form of public utility. No one imagines that these bills really settle justly or comprehensively the relations that these two forms of public utility bear to the people. They are attempts merely to defend the public from supposed exorbitant charges. Nothing more could be expected from a legislature. From a commission such as that created by the Utilities Bill, on the other hand, a much more effectual and equitable procedure should be expected. By such a commission the question of franchises of a gas company, which is only incidental to the issue as to rates, the equipment of trains,

which is only incidental to the matter of fares, and many other problems, would be considered. We hope the railway passenger fare bill will be vetoed, and that ultimately the whole question of rates for gas as well as the franchises of the gas companies will be intrusted to the bodies competent to settle them—the Commissions created by the Utilities Bill. In the meantime it is interesting to note that Mr. Masten, the master appointed by the United States Court to investigate the question whether the Consolidated Gas Company can earn a reasonable return on its investment with an eighty-cent gas rate, estimates the total assets of the company to be \$83,000,000, including \$20,000,000 for the value of its franchises. The issued capital of the company is to-day \$100,000,000 of stocks and bonds. One question that the Public Service Commission may well discuss is whether the gas consumers should pay the interest or dividends on this apparent overcapitalization.



#### *Industrial Legislation*

The recently adjourned Legislature of the State of Illinois gave a forcible example of the power of the growing sentiment toward the governmental protection of the working class. The members of the Legislature were controlled, in the mass, by purely political or else by purely commercial ideals. There were practically no radicals in either house. Every concession to the labor lobby was made with genuine and honest reluctance and after prolonged opposition. Nevertheless, before the Legislature adjourned for the summer it had passed the following laws, all of which were criticised by the ultra-conservatives as invasions of the rights of private business: 1. A law providing that all accidents, fatal or non-fatal, happening to any employee while in the discharge of his duty must be reported by the employer to the Secretary of the State Bureau of Labor Statistics. Under this law, within five or six years, the State Bureau of Labor Statistics will know, for the first time, the exact numbers and percentages of working people killed, burned, bruised, and maimed in the pur-

suit of their occupations. Mr. Harrison F. Jones, attorney for the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad, has made the statement, publicly, that in eighty accidents out of a hundred in Illinois to-day, under the present laws, there is no liability thrown upon the employer, and that in consequence the workman who has lost the hands with which he earns his living is thrown for support upon either public or private benevolence. Exact information as to the number and character of industrial accidents will undoubtedly be the stepping-stone toward a wide agitation for some kind of compulsory industrial insurance. 2. A law providing for the safety and comfort of persons employed in building operations. In the Chicago Structural Iron Workers' Union last year one member in nine was disabled, and one member in forty was killed. These men work on sky-scrapers. The new law prescribes certain measures which must be taken for their protection. It will be enforced by the Factory Inspection Department of the State Government. 3. A law placing ice-cream and butterine factories under the supervision of the Factory Inspection Department. These establishments must hereafter have licenses. 4. A law enlarging and strengthening the Factory Inspection Department. The head of this department, Mr. Edgar T. Davies, starting out as a political appointee of whom nothing was expected, has developed into an earnest, public-spirited official who is rapidly making his department an important part of the State Government. 5. A law providing that women employees shall be furnished with seating accommodations, and that they shall be allowed to use them when not obliged to stand by the proper and necessary requirements of the business. 6. A law providing that a State Commission shall be appointed to investigate dangerous machinery and improper sanitation in industrial establishments. 7. A law providing that a State Commission shall be appointed to investigate the question of occupational diseases. A recent report of the Metal Polishers' Union showed that more than ninety per cent. of the deaths among members of the union

were caused by diseases of the lungs. Such facts as these were strong arguments for the appointment of the Commission. A summary of these seven laws, enacted by an unfriendly Legislature, is the best possible commentary on the spirit of the times in Illinois. Even if the Dangerous Machinery Bill was defeated (largely through 24,000 letters sent out by the Illinois Manufacturers' Association), even if the Industrial Insurance Bill was defeated (largely through the suspicions and criticisms of the labor unions), the fact remains that much effective work was done in the general direction of public supervision of the public aspects of private business. The wisdom of this work is not here discussed. Attention is drawn simply to the actual existence of a tendency which is so strong that it was able to affect profoundly a Legislature in which it had practically no personal representatives.

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#### *A Governor Keeps His Pledges*

The 1907 session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, which has just adjourned, earned a fairly good name for itself. This was mainly due, however, to Governor Stuart, who took his campaign pledges seriously and insisted upon the Legislature doing the same. The lower house was independent and practically free from boss dictation. The Senate was more amenable to machine rule, but yielded its opposition when the Governor suggested (or threatened) an extra session if the present one failed to carry out the Republican platform pledges. As a consequence the Legislature this year fulfilled a much larger number of such pledges than most Legislatures. Governor Stuart exercised his influence to promote good measures and to defeat bad ones. The most important pledge, however, which Governor Stuart gave was in regard to a thoroughgoing investigation of the State Capitol scandal. In the first place, he succeeded in having a just committee appointed; in giving the committee ample opportunity to get at the facts; and in extending its sessions so as to have plenty of time in which to do its work. The committee has more than justified its

appointment, and the end is not yet in sight. Criminal prosecutions are anticipated; and the Governor has given his word that no one suspected of guilty complicity in the frauds will be spared. Other pledges have been transformed into law by the enactment of the Two-Cent-a-Mile Rate Bill, the Railroad Commission Bill, and the Trolley Freight Bill, and measures affecting the indigent and criminal insane. The failure of bills drawn for the purpose of abolishing the State constabulary was in part due to the influence of the Governor. The enactment of any of these bills would have been a disaster. By an appropriation of six hundred thousand dollars for buildings and equipment, the Legislature has reinforced the army that is fighting tuberculosis. It has also placed Pennsylvania well to the front among those States that have regulated employment agencies and have undertaken to prevent the abuses which have made these agencies when unregulated often places of peril and of destruction to women. In matters of political reform the balance struck is apparently about even; a bill completing the personal registration legislation of a year ago was passed; on the other hand, a bill providing for a straight Australian ballot was killed in committee. It is interesting to note that it was only by one or two votes in the upper house that a bill providing for a direct popular election of United States Senators failed. To a very large degree the credit of whatever constructive legislation issued from the recent session of the Pennsylvania Legislature belongs to Governor Stuart. There is one great blot, however, upon this record. The Pennsylvania Legislature neglected, in the face of urgent appeals, to pass a Child Labor Law to take the place of the one declared unconstitutional in 1905. Working children in Pennsylvania, who in 1900 numbered more than in any other State in the Union, are now left free to work at any age, under the perjured and unverified affidavits of parents, and have no educational standards to attain before entering their working life. Humanity has claims precedent to those either of politics or money-making.

*The Negro  
and Civic Problems*

A reasonable ground of faith in the solution of the negro problem and of the ultimate uplifting of the black race was offered recently in a colored audience addressed by Booker T. Washington in Baltimore. The race problem is rapidly shifting from the fields of the South to the cities of the North, and Baltimore, with her one hundred thousand colored population, must be one of the centers of this betterment. Already the negro is an important element in many of its civic problems. Dr. Washington was guest of the Colored Men's Business League, which represents very substantial commercial achievement. He addressed a picked thousand of his own people, reiterating his practical gospel of work, of faith in their race, and of clean living. His words were followed with eager intelligence. It was not an audience which came to be flattered, to be amused, or to be fed with racial bitterness; it was made up of men and women honestly trying to find the way out for their people. They have already won a well-established business position, clean, wholesome home life, and racial self-respect. Prosperity and character were written unmistakably across the audience, who were, as Mr. Washington said, a living illustration of his principles. "Your part in the race problem," said the speaker, "is to make each negro of this city of yours as much of a man as possible. The condition of the poorest negro in Baltimore who lives in squalor in a one-room apartment helps to mold public feeling toward your race. We must learn that we stand together." He then spoke of the housing, the employment, the education, and the moral life of his people. He spoke forcibly against idleness and improvidence. "Possession of property," he declared, "is absolutely necessary for our advancement. Not that money will buy everything, but it indicates the ability to sacrifice to-day that one may control to-morrow. Most of our people live merely by the muscle of to-day. When we get money ahead, it will work for us, and will work all the time." In closing, he said: "Unless we are strong enough, wise enough, and

brave enough to found ourselves deeply, there can be no hope for the race. An embittered folk is weak, and the element of joy in our race, which no lawmaker can reach, has been one of our chief sources of strength. In the economy of race-building there are times to speak out boldly against wrong, but progressive, creative, constructive effort must be our dominant note." Outlook readers will recognize that this has been said by Mr. Washington many times and in many places before. The special significance of this speech is that it was uttered in and approved by Baltimore, the one great city in the country which is neither Northern nor Southern, but combines in a peculiar fashion the typical characteristics of both sections.



*The Presbyterian  
Assembly*

The recent meeting of the General Assembly at Columbus, Ohio, consummated the reunion with the Cumberland Presbyterians, approved by the Assembly of 1904. A minority of the Cumberlands, dissatisfied with this, propose to continue a separate organization. Misunderstandings are apparently at the bottom of the opposition, and its permanence is not yet beyond question. The projected reunion with the Reformed Presbyterians has been indefinitely postponed by the refusal of their General Synod, but individual ministers and churches of that body have come in. Ninety-five per cent. of the Cumberland denomination live west and south of Columbus. Appropriate was the text, "Possess thou the west and the south" (Deut. xxxiii. 23), from which Dr. Landrith, of Nashville, Tennessee, the retiring Moderator of the Cumberland Assembly, preached the annual sermon at Columbus. It was a plea for keeping religious interests in the lead of the growing material interests of the country. It pledged the Church to combat plain wrongs, "no matter what political or other agencies may favor or condemn the Church's attitude." The first duty of the reunited Church was affirmed to be "the removal of the organized, legalized, and therefore popularized iniquities that hinder the salva-

tion of souls." The Presbyterian Church South, and, indeed, all American churches, would do well to make common cause in such a work for civic righteousness. The interest of the Assembly in promoting a better understanding between the churches and the labor unions was shown in 1905 by creating the Department of Church and Labor in its Board of Home Missions, with the Rev. Charles Stelzle, himself formerly a laborer, as its Superintendent. It was freshly accented at Columbus by a great meeting on Sunday, May 19. Two thousand men of the labor unions marched in procession with a brass band to Memorial Hall, where they found an audience of two thousand, besides thousands unable to enter, and were addressed by Mr. Stelzle, whose statements of the community of interest between them and the churches were greeted with applause. Among other social questions the Assembly pronounced against the marriage of divorced persons except in the case of an innocent party divorced on Scriptural grounds, and warned ministers of church discipline for participation in any marriage forbidden by the Church. The Anti-Saloon League was indorsed by the Assembly as "safe, sane, and effective," and the co-operation of the Church was pledged to it. The past year was reported to have been "the most remarkable for evangelism in the Church's history." Nearly eighty thousand members have been received on confession of faith. The Presbyterian Brotherhood of America, recently formed "to stimulate and guide all forms of organization of men for definite Christian service," has already enrolled between three and four hundred local societies of laymen. The Moderator chosen for the present year is Dr. William H. Roberts, of Philadelphia.



#### *An Old Denomination Newly Organized*

The provisional organization of the Northern Baptist Convention effected at the Baptist Anniversaries at Washington last week marks an epoch in the history of the denomination. No such forward step has been taken in a generation. Since

1845 the Baptists of the North have had no denominational organization. The general work of the denomination has been carried on by "Societies," incorporated bodies, each with its own requirements for membership, to which the independent churches have contributed their offerings. These Societies, among which the principal are the American Baptist Missionary Union, the American Baptist Home Mission Society, and the American Baptist Publication Society, have been accustomed to meet each year at a concerted time and place, to report to their members, and to consider questions of interest to their work. There has been no platform upon which Baptists could speak as Baptists, no opportunity for the expression of the denominational self-consciousness, no getting together for action upon other questions than those that come within the sphere of one or another of the Societies. Upon great questions of the day, though individuals have been free to speak, the denomination has perforce been dumb. Hitherto Baptists have met "as fractions bent on specific work, adjourned as fractions, to meet again as fractions." They have had denominational "arms," societies to carry on foreign, home, and publication activities, but no denominational "body." The organization that has been effected is provisional for one year, to be referred to a delegated body for ratification at the May Anniversaries in 1908. It is advisory and representative only, recognizing the independence of the local church, which is the denominational unit. It is not antagonistic to the "Societies," nor, in its present form, can it interfere with the independence of the Societies, each of which, for the present, must report to its own members. The proposition of General Shallenberger to require the three Societies to report to the Convention on the first day of its annual meeting was very evidently in harmony with the spirit and desire of the assemblage at Washington, but because of practical difficulties it was referred to the Executive Committee of the new organization. But the spirited discussion very clearly indicated the desire and expectation on the part of the representative assemblage present that



the Missionary Union, the Home Mission Society, and the Publication Society shall ultimately become in some manner affiliated with the Convention, so that at the anniversary there shall be but one society meeting to consider reports on foreign and home missions and on publication work, and to transact all business relating to these and all other possible denominational activities. In the Northern Baptist Convention the denomination may be said to have "found itself," to have come to its own. The plan is now before the denomination for approval, for amendment, or for rejection. All signs point to its enthusiastic approval. The new society fills the one great gap in the organization of the Baptists of the land. Southern Baptists have their Southern Baptist Convention; Northern Baptists have their local associations, their State Conventions, and now, in this provisional form, their Northern Baptist Convention. The organization a year ago at St. Louis of the General Baptist Convention of the Baptists of North America, which held its second successful meeting at Jamestown May 23 and 24, completes the plan, and binds the Baptists of the continent into a new unity and promises new efficiency.

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*Canadian Readers  
and American Periodicals*

Under the caption "Literary Taste and Postal Discrimination," The Outlook two weeks ago described the effort of the Canadian authorities to discourage the reading by people in Canada of papers and magazines coming from the United States. This has been done by insisting on a high rate of postage in place of the American second-class rate which has hitherto been legal between the two countries by mutual agreement. The extra postage on The Outlook for a year, for example, would be about \$1.20. Since this account was published in The Outlook we have received many letters from Canadian subscribers protesting against their Government's attempt to apply the doctrine of high protection to their reading matter. We quote one such letter:

I sincerely regret, as a Canadian, the change in our postal laws that makes it

necessary for you to increase the price of The Outlook, and I still have hope that this error on the part of our authorities may be soon remedied, and that you may be able to supply your Canadian customers at the former rates. As you have not sent The Outlook since May 1, I suppose you must think, or take it for granted, that it cannot be worth \$4.20 to a Canadian. I must say that I have missed it very much even these two weeks, and can hardly reconcile myself to give it up after having had it without a break for fifteen years. I have been wondering why you could not give your Canadian subscribers the benefit of a special price (\$2) and add the postage (\$1.20) to that. I would be willing to continue my subscription at \$3, but feel that \$4.20 is quite prohibitive.  
M. E. A.

We have been obliged to reply to this and other letters from Canadian friends which make the suggestion that the price of The Outlook should be lowered to meet the increased postage that we do not think it desirable or practicable to have one subscription price for The Outlook in the United States and another in Canada. In common with most other American periodicals, we shall, therefore, be obliged to charge Canadian subscribers the full amount of postage in addition to the subscription price. And as we have not thought it quite fair to our Canadian subscribers to assume that they are willing to pay four dollars and twenty cents for The Outlook, we have arranged to discontinue at their expiration all Canadian subscriptions, giving ample opportunity, however, for renewal at the new rate. We are convinced that if the new and short-sighted policy is ever to be changed, it must be as the result of protest on behalf of Canadian readers of American periodicals, who will, after all, feel the matter with most annoyance. We see no other way than that those in Canada who—since the Canadian Government is a representative government—are in the last analysis responsible for this policy, should meet the situation in accordance with whatever their own point of view may be. The oppression of Canadian readers by a tax regulation established for the supposed benefit of Canadians illustrates the inherent fallacy of an artificial protective system. It is not surprising, however, that Canada should confuse oppression and protection in this way when she has for so many

years suffered from the same confusion practiced on a large scale by her nearest neighbor—the United States.

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#### *Military China*

Both Russia and Japan have now evacuated the Chinese territory of Manchuria in less than the limit of time fixed by the Treaty of Portsmouth. One might have expected this of punctilious Japan. But, wonderful to relate, the hitherto procrastinating Russia was the first to leave. The difference in Russia's present action and her promised action some years ago in this very matter is striking and significant. Her evasion and delay at that time formed one of the contributory causes of the Japanese war. Russia's gratifying present celerity has now been followed by an exhibition of celerity from a far slower-moving nation. Close upon the evacuation came an Imperial Chinese Edict creating a new form of government for Manchuria. A startling change from the usual custom is noted. Although the Imperial family is Manchu, the chief offices in the new Manchurian Government are intrusted to Chinese. Moreover, the new officials are credited with being militarists. The Chinese northern army already numbers seventy thousand men, and is being continually increased. But the Government's plan for the Empire contemplates a national army of a million and a half of men. For centuries a deep prejudice has existed in China against military service. To overcome this, the Throne has ordered that military instruction shall be compulsory in the public schools, that criminals, opium-smokers, and unworthy persons shall not be accepted for enlistment, that the local authorities shall present a sufficient number of eligibles on pain of severe penalties for failure, that enlisted men shall receive a scale of pay of heretofore unknown liberality, that their families shall be exempt from the land tax, that all nobles and officials shall send one or more of their sons to the new Peking military academy, and, finally, that in social standing army officers shall be assimilated to the class of Mandarins. These changes would be remarkable if for nothing else than as confirming the Gov-

ernment's new attitude when it recently established national schools with international instruction, thus discouraging the age-long notion that a thorough knowledge of the Chinese classics was sufficient for any emergency. The army organization is practically that of the Japanese, with minor changes to suit certain Chinese conditions.

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#### *Irish Opposition to the Irish Councils Bill*

At a Convention of the Irish National party held in Dublin last week, the Irish Councils Bill, brought forward by the British Prime Minister, and reported at length in these columns two weeks ago, was unanimously rejected. The hall in the Mansion House building was packed by two thousand delegates, including a large number of Roman Catholic priests, and the meeting was presided over by Mr. Redmond, who also moved the rejection of the bill. In a vigorous speech against the acceptance of the bill he declared himself unalterably in favor of Home Rule; protested that, although the bill was better than Lord Dunraven's, it was inadequate; that his advice had been rejected; that the provisions of the measure were not workable; denied any alliance between the Liberal and Irish parties, and said that no such alliance was possible until Home Rule was again in the front rank of the Liberal programme. The Liberal Government must drop the Rosebery idea and take up again the Gladstone idea before such alliance was possible. There were several Irish-Americans present, among them Mr. Richard Croker. The resolution which summed up the sentiment calls upon the Irish party to oppose the bill in the House of Commons, and to urge upon the Government the introduction of a measure for the establishment of a native Parliament, having power over all purely Irish affairs, and calls upon all the nationalistic forces of the country to unite and support their representatives in Parliament. On the night when this bill was introduced it was generally felt that it would satisfy neither conservative Englishmen nor radical Irishmen, but no one expected that the Irish would turn

from it with such unanimity; and the action of the Convention is very questionable from the standpoint of the interests of Ireland. The presentation of a measure establishing an Irish Parliament, with a responsible executive and jurisdiction over all Irish affairs, cannot be made by the Liberal Ministry without dividing it, three of the most important members, Mr. Asquith, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Haldane, having definitely announced that before conceding a distinct Irish Legislature they would resign. The Premier undoubtedly believes in Home Rule, and has offered Ireland the best that he could. It looks as if the Irish Nationalists, under Mr. Redmond's leadership, instead of taking advantage of the short step forward, have put their Liberal friends in an embarrassing position and have taken a barren attitude themselves. It is well known that Mr. Redmond was constantly consulted by members of the Ministry while the measure which he now unqualifiedly condemns was in process of elaboration, and Liberals are at a loss to understand how Mr. Redmond can consistently take the position he has now assumed. It is suggested that the provision which places the control of education in the hands of Catholic laymen has awakened the vigorous opposition of the Catholic hierarchy in Ireland, and that it was the influence of the Roman Catholic bishops that secured the defeat of the bill. It is not easy to believe that the Irish bishops so thoroughly distrust all Irish laymen. Priests, whether Catholic or Protestant, Christian or non-Christian, have a great and important part to play in the world, but they are very rarely wise political leaders. Their function lies in a different field; their service to humanity is of a different kind. The Irish Nationalists materially helped to swell the great Liberal majority at the last election, but they have refused to accept the best measure that the head of the Liberal Cabinet could offer, and they have now taken the position of accepting the whole loaf or none, with no prospect of getting the whole loaf in the near future. As an expression of feeling, the action of the Dublin Convention was dramatic; as a way of dealing with practical affairs

of the highest importance its wisdom is very questionable. The Irish-Americans in the Convention who took the liberty of defining the policy of this country towards Great Britain furnished the only element of Irish humor reported on this occasion.



## *Japan and America*

The enthusiasm with which General Kuroki has been received everywhere was an expression of the real feeling of the great body of Americans towards the Japanese people as a people; and one fortunate result of the visit of the distinguished soldier is the formation of a Japan Society, with Dr. John H. Finley, President of the College of the City of New York, at its head, for the purpose of promoting friendly relations between this country and Japan. What the two sides of the world most greatly need is fuller and more intimate acquaintance. It is highly probable that the historian of three centuries hence will note as the most significant fact of the twentieth century the coming together of the East and the West. It is a commonly accepted doctrine in some quarters that these two parts of the world, separated for centuries by infrequent intercourse and by fundamentally divergent views of truth, of practical philosophy, and habits and modes of life, cannot understand each other. This is a curious reflection on the intelligence of the East and the West. It is as absurd to indict the East as untrustworthy, indirect, subtle, and deceitful, as to indict the West as wholly commercial, entirely lacking in ideals, wholly given over to the worship of money. The East needs clearer insight into the spirit of the West, and the West sorely needs a broader and more intelligent view of the East. The Occidental and the Oriental must learn to live together with mutual self-respect; that is written on the blackboard as one of the great lessons of this century. Those who learn it most quickly will get the benefit which always comes with knowledge; those who refuse to learn it will suffer the penalties which always follow ignorance.

That there are very undesirable Japanese is beyond question, and it is equally beyond question that there are eminently undesirable Americans. That Japanese immigration may need direction and control is quite possible; these questions are matters of detail; but the notion held by some provincial Americans that the Eastern peoples are inferior peoples must be taken out, root and branch, by an educational process. Americans as a whole do not subscribe to any such doctrine; they are too well informed. They know too much about the extraordinary ability of the Chinese, the Japanese, the Hindu, and the Persian; but there is still in this country, as among Western peoples generally, an ancient sense of superiority, which has no basis in fact; as there is in the East a general sense of superiority to the West, which has equally small basis in fact.

It ought to be a part of the business of every teacher in every school to teach the right racial attitude; to implant deep in the minds of children the equality of the great races; to make them understand the immense contributions of Far Eastern countries to the sum total of civilization, the enormous accumulations of capital in the arts, industries, and general intelligence which these peoples have contributed to the common wealth of the world. A great deal of mischief has been done by the partisan teaching of history. Antagonism to England was kept up for years by the partial statements in regard to the war of the Revolution. Since these chapters in our school histories have been amended there has been a marked disappearance of the old prejudices and misconceptions. Such antagonisms belong to the past ages as much as the thumb-screw and the rack. They were pardonable in our ancestors, because our ancestors did not understand, but they are unpardonable in us. Every child in every school in America ought to be given a right view of the rank of the great peoples of the Far East. The halt in their progress, the imperfections of their civilization, ought to be pointed out, but it ought also to be suggested that Western progress has not been without its drawbacks,

and that Western civilization is not yet an entirely harmonious creation.

As for the talk about war, it can only be said that it is mischievous if it is serious, and it is in very bad taste if it is a mere form of political humor. There is an element in this country which is always ready for war. Its sleep is haunted by nightmares of German invasion, of the violation of the Monroe Doctrine in South America, of combinations in Europe to hinder the development of American trade. Only a few years ago many gentlemen went about as if possessed of inside information, and declared with bated breath that we should be at war with Germany within three years. These gentlemen were perfectly familiar with the subtle schemes of the Emperor; they could predict to a date the time of his descent on South America; they could give almost the hour of the declaration of war. These prophets have now given place to another group of gentlemen who are confident that Japan is waiting for the opportunity of administering a fatal blow to American institutions, crippling American commerce and humiliating the American spirit. Disregarding all tangible and visible evidence of the Japanese attitude and temper, they insist that the recent triumph of a nation which had to stand up for its existence has so inflamed Japanese pride that nothing short of a devastating triumph over the United States will meet the national desires. Nothing could have been more irrational, mischievous, and silly than the war talk in which these gentlemen promptly indulged when the school situation, which Mr. Kennan describes on another page, arose. The Japanese are being as grossly misrepresented by these men as were Americans by the larger part of Europe before and during the Spanish War. If any one had believed many leading European journals at that time, America had started on a career of conquest. She meant to seize and keep Cuba; she was meditating a descent on the coast of Spain; she had gotten a footing in the Philippines simply for the purpose of founding an Oriental Empire. In short, she was brute force and insolent selfishness incarnate. Europe has awakened from this ridiculous nightmare,

Americans ought to know better, by reason of injustice which has been done them, than to take the same ignorant attitude and pursue the same mischievous policy in regard to a great friendly people.

If the Japan Society helps in any way to give people more information, broader views, and the right feeling toward Japan, it will render a real service. From the beginning of its intercourse with the world, Japan had nothing but friendship from this Government. The confidence and friendly feeling secured so far are of inestimable importance in ways which short-sighted demagogues and labor leaders do not understand.



## Reformed Judaism

Among the many hundred Jewish congregations in this country a few hold regular services on Sunday at the usual hour of worship. This is practically all that Christian churches and the general public are aware of concerning one of the most interesting and significant religious movements of our time—the reform movement in Judaism. An impulse toward it was given in the eighteenth century by Moses Mendelssohn, as the apostle of culture among the Jews, in sympathy with the general movement historically known as the *Aufklärung*, or enlightenment. The effect of this upon the petrified usages of the synagogue appeared in 1815 at Berlin, in the gathering of a congregation for worship with choir-singing, organ music, and a sermon and prayers in the vernacular—innovations stoutly resisted. The same resistance opposed a similar venture at Charleston, South Carolina, in 1824. It was not till 1842 that the first reformed congregation was permanently organized at Baltimore, next after which, in 1845, came Emanu-El in New York, now the largest in the country. In the congenial air of this Republic the Jewish reformation has obtained a freer and fuller development than in its birthplace, so that there are few congregations of note which have not been more or less affected by it.

The distinctive affirmation of the reformers is that Judaism is not a ritual, or a dogma, but a life, and a Messianic mission to bring mankind to the knowledge of God and his righteousness. Only the moral and religious precepts of the Old Testament are held to be permanently valid, all the merely ceremonial ordinances that are incompatible with modern civilization being discarded. As in the English Puritan movement, the sermon, not the ritual, is the dominant element in religious services. The attitude of the reform rabbi to the Talmud and other rabbinical literature is precisely the same as that of the Protestant theologian to the works of the early Christian Fathers—respectful but independent. The attitude of each to the Scriptures has been similarly modified by the results of modern historical criticism. The supply of scholarly rabbis is well provided for by such institutions as the Union College at Cincinnati and the Jewish Theological School at New York.

The reform movement has effected a great change in the position assigned to women: from Oriental it has become Occidental. The "women's gallery" is no more; mixed choirs and family pews have come instead. A confirmation service at Pentecost has been introduced, in which no longer boys alone, but boys and girls, come forward. In a number of congregations women enjoy full membership in equality of rights with men. Since 1893 the Council of Jewish Women has taken an active part in the social religious life.

There are, however, only about sixteen congregations, all in the larger cities, in which, because of the difficulty of a strict observance of the Saturday Sabbath, the Sunday service has been instituted, but merely as a supplementary provision for religious needs, like the mid-week meetings of churches. In 1887 the congregation of Dr. Hirsch, in Chicago, transferred its Sabbath service to Sunday. Some have sympathized with this sacrifice of the letter to the spirit, but it has had no followers till now, when the Free Synagogue in New York is to do so. As long as some Christian sects insist on the seventh-day Sabbath, it is not

strange that the Jewish reformer clings to it. Yet his central aim—identical with Paul's, to universalize a national religion—logically tends to the ultimate transfer of the Mosaic Sabbath to the modern rest-day, on the Pauline principle that whatever interferes with the central aim must be suffered to go. On this principle the Central Conference of Rabbis in 1892 set aside the immemorial requirement of circumcision, as the sacramental initiation of a Gentile convert into the house of Israel.

Between the reformed and the orthodox Jews, who have been heavily reinforced of late by immigrants from eastern Europe and are wedded to Levitical rites and rabbinical traditions, there is little in common but the racial spirit. The orthodox still expect the advent of a personal Messiah of the house of David. The reformed, renouncing this, expect the ancient hope to be fulfilled by Israel as the Messianic people, with a mission to establish justice, truth, and peace on earth. Within the comprehensiveness of Judaism extreme differences in doctrine are as compatible now as when it was roomy enough for the antagonistic sects of Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes to dwell together. This comprehensiveness is favored by the decentralized polity of Judaism. Each local congregation is autonomous. None may excommunicate another. No ban is in store for heresy. Each rabbi is accorded the independence due to a scholar and theologian, with a larger freedom than that of most ministers of Christian churches.

Signs show here and there something like that temporary arrest of development which overtook the Lutheran reformation in the post-Lutheran age. That modernized worship and intellectual culture for the well-to-do are not its goal is attested by the recent organization of the Free Synagogue in New York after three months of preparatory preaching. Free it is, not only to follow the torchbearers of modern learning, but also for the true prophetic work announced by Isaiah, and by Jesus in Isaiah's words at Nazareth. This basal note of reformed Judaism was struck at the Pittsburgh Conference of Rabbis in 1885—

"to solve on the basis of justice and righteousness the problems presented by the contrasts and evils of the present organization of society." Reaffirming this, Dr. Hirsch, of Chicago, says: "He is the loyal Jew who strives to make righteousness real in all the relations between man and man." The Mosaic books represent a fraternal democracy as the social ideal of Israel. This the Free Synagogue reasserts. Discarding fixed dues and pew rents for voluntary contributions, it welcomes poor and rich to membership on equal terms. "Social service building upon the rock of social justice" is its watchword. There are tens of thousands of Jews without synagogue anchorage, whom it is its primary hope thus to reach by a ministry equally divided between the East Side and the central district of the city. From both rich and poor its rabbi, Dr. Stephen S. Wise, a man of high personal qualities, has already gathered numbers and pledges assuring a permanent and growing work when it sets forward after the summer pause. The Free Synagogue, says Dr. Wise, will be "as free as the ancient prophets of Israel" in applying eternal principles to the problems of the time. Reformed Judaism has certainly a hereditary part in the moral leadership of the community. The Free Synagogue is a clear accession to the mobilized moral forces of the city.

## *Many Minds, One Heart*

That the idea of personality held by many people is crude and narrow is evident to all who read books or hear addresses and sermons. It is often written and talked about as if it were a simple assertion of individual passions, appetites, and desires, an elementary putting forth of personal energy. There are many men and women who live in America (though it is a misuse of language to call them Americans) whose idea of liberty is to do precisely what they please, without reference to the health, comfort, peace, or even life of

others; who translate the noble word liberty, with all its implications of self-restraint and self-sacrifice, into the anarchy of lawless self-assertion. By liberty they mean an unlimited opportunity of being selfish, discourteous, and disagreeable; by freedom they mean a chance to make life harder for their neighbors. They constitute an unresolved residuum of barbarism in a civilized society, and they make popular government unpopular with all who care enough for the people to be anxious for their morals or their manners.

Personality is not manifested by emphasizing those things in ourselves which set us at variance with other people, as righteousness is not demonstrated by disagreeing with all our neighbors and being anxious on all occasions to take up the rôle of Athanasius against the world. To be intensely conscious of one's own rectitude and excessively suspicious of the rectitude of everybody else is to be a fanatic, not a saint.

The soul of personality comes to light in the unfolding of the forces and energies of our spirits along the highest lines—those lines upon which all must travel who approach the kingdom of heaven. As we draw near to heaven we draw near to one another, because we are steadily outgrowing and casting away the ignorance, selfishness, and hardness of spirit which make us suspicious, irritating, self-asserting; and continually developing the love, helpfulness, joy in the happiness of others, which unite men in the peace and bliss of heaven. Those who think that personality is a limitation of time and earth do not interpret it largely or nobly enough; they accept its elementary and crude manifestations as the showing forth of its soul, and find in its emphasis on difference the secret of a power which is fulfilled only in unity. When the mists of ignorance have vanished; when we all seek those best things which, because they are best, are common to all men; when we shall all see eye to eye, and can all say with utter sincerity, "Not my will but Thine be done," we shall reveal the soul of personality. To be at one with one another does not involve the obliteration of that personality in which the moral signifi-

cance of life is rooted; to reach the unity of spirit and purpose which we have in mind when we speak of heaven does not involve the destruction of that variety of temperament and nature which gives life its zest and unfailing interest, and in which the possibilities of humanity are fulfilled. The final unity of heaven is expressed not in uniformity but in variety; and its richness and completeness are suggested in these words from a recently published sermon on "The New Song in Heaven" by that master of the deep things of the spirit, Phillips Brooks:

It seems to me that in this variety of Christian anticipation there is a great tribute to the essential divinity of the Gospel picture of our Lord. How is it that all sorts of men have been able to idealize the personality of Jesus of Nazareth, and find in him a satisfaction for all their infinite variety of want? Does it not bear witness to a certain universality in the picture that the Bible gives us, which is nothing less than divine? Only the whole God can satisfy the whole man and all men. Can you conceive of any other of the great helpers of the human race being idealized with such infiniteness of help? When we see how the times and the minds which, mentally, morally, and spiritually, have had the largest and keenest appetites have been perfectly satisfied with the anticipation of a heaven in which they should see Jesus and be with him, must we not own that there was in his early life some suggestion of this mysterious and divine abundance which has gathered around it, and which mankind has found in it?

When we speak of this part of the joy of heaven—a joy in communion with Christ—that part of the description of the new song that none can learn but they who have been redeemed becomes peculiarly intelligible. It has passed into a region where only the personal experience can follow it, the region of most intimate personal companionship and love. None but those who love Christ can rejoice and sing for his presence. Nay, more than this, since each redemption is a separate and peculiar thing, since each redeemed soul passes through its experience of grace, a new feature enters here into the singing of the new song—that, though the song will be but one because redemption is one, it must also be many because redemptions are so manifold. Each voice that sings will sing like all the rest, and yet sing differently. Each singer will sing to his own Saviour. Each will remember his own calling, his own gradual conviction, especially the moment apart from all other Christians' holiest moments, when Jesus made the covenant with his individual soul. Each song will ring with peculiar memories

of the paths, the open plains, the dark mountain passes, when it was practiced alone upon the upward journey.

And thus there will be forever in the new song of the redeemed that mingling of singleness with manifoldness, of combined unity with distinct personality, which is the beauty of all music and character and life.

## *The Spectator*

During a recent Western trip the Spectator became a part of a home-seekers' excursion. Every-day travelers are of little importance to Western railways compared with prospective settlers, and regular trains are ruthlessly divided into sections, while time-tables are apparently forgotten, in the frantic effort to transport several hundred followers of the star of empire to the unbroken plains. This particular company was bound for the Panhandle of Texas, and probably not ten persons in the four coach-loads had ever before been west of the Missouri River. The Spectator left the comfortable Pullman and made a pilgrimage to the home-seekers. It is a good thing for a traveler to visit the chair cars and smokers occasionally. It tends to contentment and satisfaction to see how the "other half" fares on long journeys.

Yet this "other half" was by no means limited in means or unable to secure the best accommodations on the train had it so desired. The men had a sturdy, prosperous, yet frugal look. They were a high average of Americanism, and most of them were over thirty years old. They wore "store clothes," to be sure, but the land agent in charge of the party said that practically every one had enough money or credit to buy a farm at the journey's end. Few women were in the party. Two accompanied their husbands; three others were widows going to select land for themselves; two school-teachers were bent on the same errand. Children of all ages were in abundance. All were from northern Illinois, southern Wisconsin, and Michigan, and all came from farming communities. They ate at the lunch-counters—after their baskets gave out—and many would sleep in the tourist car sleeper. This was a far different

pioneering than that of the travelers in prairie schooners in early days.

"Yes, it's a long way to move at our time of life," agreed a thoughtful-faced member of the party, in response to the Spectator's remark. "But it seemed the best thing to do. I had a chance to sell my hundred acres for a good price. I could clear up the mortgage and have enough left to buy two hundred acres down in the Southwest—free of debt. I've paid interest on that mortgage a good while," with a half-sigh. The prospect of freedom from debt leads many a home-seeker to make the change.

"But how do you know that you can raise crops there?"

"I don't know it, but others are doing it, and if they can, I am willing to try. One of our neighbors has been in Oklahoma four years. He came back on a visit, and told us how well he has done. His land has doubled in value, and he is worth twice what he was in other ways. He got us in the notion of going." This is the turning-point in the decision of the home-seeker—the reports of acquaintances.

"How many are going from your neighborhood?"

"Ten families altogether—three have gone already. Probably I wouldn't have changed if the rest hadn't. I said I would go if the Smiths did, and others agreed to go if we did, and when the agent got us all together, and showed the samples of grain and pictures of the land, we just shook hands on it and got ready. We are going to buy land close together, and we expect to feel just as much at home as we were in Illinois."

That is one secret of much of the new westward movement. The new country is so expansive that there is opportunity for old neighbors to be neighbors still, and they encourage one another in taking the momentous step. One finds these transplanted neighborhoods all through the plains region, and they usually include much happiness and contentment in their surroundings.

The women were not so sure of the proposition. "It seems as though we



were going out to the edge of nowhere," one expressed it. "I've always lived close to folks, and when they talked about settling ten miles from a railroad I refused to think of it. Finally, there were so many of our friends going, and the men who went last fall and looked at the land were so pleased with it, that I gave up. But it is going to be pretty lonesome for a while, I guess." Probably she is right. Life in a new country is "pretty lonesome" for the farmers' wives. It is not quite so bad as it used to be before the advent of the rural carrier and the telephone, but it is not the same as the old home back East. The Texas Panhandle did not look enticing to these wives who had been used to close neighbors and the associations of lifetime friends. Yet it showed the courage of the American woman that, when the fathers and husbands said it was best, they stifled every sigh and started uncomplainingly across a half-dozen States to find a home on a treeless farm where a low-roofed frame dwelling and a windmill must for a long time be the substitute for a shaded yard and a familiar, roomy house. Some summer days will seem very long, and the homesickness will be very real for many of these home-seekers—but the sacrifice is made, even in later middle life, cheerfully, for the benefit of the children. One of the travelers showed a letter from her sister who had gone to north-western Canada, and was forty miles from a railway, where snow in March was in huge banks against the house. "We will not have that to go through, anyhow," she remarked, thankfully.

For most of the home-seekers the experiment will prove a happy one. There is no cessation or limit to this modern exodus. Our train that day ran in four sections; five other roads had similar passenger business; two thousand excursionists went through the St. Louis gateway alone that month—not to mention Kansas City, Omaha, and St. Paul. It is estimated that over three hundred thousand home-seekers move westward every spring—and practically none

move back. So they must prosper. The forebodings attending the unfamiliar journey soon vanish when they get in touch with the new constructive life going on along the frontier—if the mid-prairie region can be called frontier at this advanced age.

Unconsciously, one of the home-seekers gave the psychological reason for the movement when he said, "It is going to be worth while to start a farm right once and not take what somebody else has begun." The constructive idea, the instinct to build from the bottom, absorbs the Westerner and is the lure that goes far with these emigrants from established communities. And the children! How much the American father and mother are willing to do for the children! In this case it means real hardship; for, unquestionably, after middle life—which had been reached by half the party—it is far more comfortable to stay on the old farm. There is no romance in moving eight hundred miles, whether it be in wagons or in chair cars, and many of the familiar belongings are missed when household goods have been jolted on freight trains and hauled overland in hay-racks to the new home.

Not a single regret was expressed by the members of the party. The little folks naturally were wide-eyed in enjoyment of the trip's novelty; the parents were tired but hopeful; none was sorry that the change had been undertaken. Nor will any real regrets come later. Like the other tens of thousands who have sought new homes, they will find cheer and prosperity, good neighbors, and advantages of which they did not dream. The Spectator was almost convinced by their optimism, and half wished to follow their fortunes as a partaker in their lot. They would be practically out of debt; they were strong and intelligent—why should they not prosper? However, it was only a half-wish. The breaking in of a new farm is not for every one—and the Pullman seat with its heap of magazines and papers looked better than ever after the visit to the home-seekers' car.

# Divorce in America: The Problem

BY E. RAY STEVENS

Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, Wisconsin

THE court loungers and hangers-on showed evident signs of interest and surprise as the accused told that he had been married to two wives, both of whom lived with him in his scanty quarters in the capitol city of Wisconsin. A few days later, seated in his cell in the jail, this same man wrote on long strips of cardboard, his only writing material: "I want to say a word to the people of the State. . . . I feel in my own heart that I am not a bigamist, for I and my first wife had parted before I married my second wife. My wife and myself agreed to part for good, and we told one another that we could do as we liked. We had troubles on both sides, and thought we best to separate for good. . . . As far as all of us living in the same house is concerned, I want to say that my first wife was badly in need of help. We were going to keep her with us for about two months."

In his thought this man takes us back to the time when man claimed the right to change his spouse as often as we procure new garments. Like the Iroquois, he believed in the right of either party to dissolve the marriage bond at will.

To this man marriage and divorce are purely matters of agreement between the man and the woman—a contract that may be made and unmade at the will of these two persons alone—a relationship in which the people as a whole have not so much interest as in the agreement that one may make to have his walks cleared of snow.

Herein arises the divorce problem, which, like Banquo's ghost, will not down—a problem which will never be solved until we recognize that the public has a vital interest in every marriage performed and in every divorce granted.

One marriage in ten ends in divorce. In some States the ratio is as great as one to five. In the twenty years follow-

ing the close of the Civil War (1867–1886) 328,716 divorces were granted in the United States, an average of about forty-five for every day of every week during these twenty years. During that period the number of divorces increased two and a half times as fast as the population. In England and Wales there were 718 marriages to each divorce, while during the same twenty years there was an average of only twenty marriages to each divorce in Wisconsin. In Milwaukee County, Wisconsin, during the twenty years subsequent to this period there were only ten marriages to each divorce.

A dozen States have collected the statistics of divorce for the past twenty years. In all of them except Connecticut the flood of divorces has been steadily increasing during this period. The same is true of European countries, although no civilized nation except Japan has so great a percentage of divorce as the United States. When we read that more divorces are granted in the United States each year than in all of the rest of the Christian world, Protestant, Catholic, and Greek, more than in all Europe outside the Balkan Peninsula, with all civilized Australia and Africa thrown in; when we recall that authors like Dickens, statesmen like Sumner, rulers like Napoleon, naval heroes like Nelson, musicians like Patti, actors like Forrest, orators like Cicero, have all been divorced from their spouses, we are apt to forget that there is a bright side to the picture.

In their consideration of the problems connected with marriage and divorce men have often gone to extremes. A man of sufficient balance and mental power to be Lord Chancellor of England (Lord Hetherley) declared that, if marriage with a deceased wife's sister became legal, the decadence of England was inevitable; he would rather see three

A second article by Judge Stevens, entitled "Divorce in America: The Solution" will appear in *The Outlook* next week.—THE EDITORS

hundred thousand Frenchmen land on the English coasts. At a meeting held in the capitol of this Nation in February, 1906, it was solemnly recommended that the divorce problem be solved by attaching a divorce coupon to every marriage certificate, which coupon would doubtless be good for one divorce whenever and wherever presented.

We are liable to jump at the conclusion that the increasing number of divorces marks degeneracy and an increasing sway of passions, that it means an absolute decline in social morality. Absence of divorce does not prove ideal conditions of domestic life, more than powder proves the pure white complexion. There were fewer divorces in England in the two centuries preceding the enactment of the Divorce Act of 1857, during which time only the wealthy could afford the luxury of a Parliamentary divorce, than in the single year 1902.

Nor does the number of divorces equal the number of families in which there is serious trouble, imperfect or vicious domestic conditions, homes like that of Charles Dickens, where "nothing can put them right," to use Dickens's own words, "until we are all dead, buried, and risen." These divorces show only the number of those who are willing to disclose to the public their intimate personal family relationships rather than longer endure the real or imaginary troubles from which they suffer.

Milton perceived that there would be some hesitation in rehearsing family troubles in court. As a matter of justice to women, he contended that the head of the family should in all cases determine whether there should be a separation. He writes, speaking of the women: It is "an unseemly affront to the sequestered and veiled modesty of that sex to have her unpleasingness and other concealments bandied up and down and aggravated in open court by those hired masters of tongue fence."

The procedure advocated by Milton was a strictly private trial in which the husband discharged the function of prosecutor, furnished the evidence, and played the part of judge. He convinced himself that there is no injustice to the wife in such procedure, for, if the separation

is deserved, it is right. If it is not deserved, the man who puts her away is in all likelihood unjust, and to part from an unjust man is a happiness and no injury to be lamented. This argument must have been formulated during the bitter days when Milton's wife dwelt with her father and refused "to comfort and refresh him against the evil of a solitary life."

Back of the divorce problem are fundamental instincts which may be regulated, but not destroyed nor completely changed. Cicero by his oratory ruled men, but at the age of sixty could not resist the charms of a young heiress, rich in physical beauty and worldly goods, so he put aside the wife of his early manhood, who was old, faded, and poor like himself. Henry VIII, was destined for the priesthood and a life of celibacy, until the accident of the death of his elder brother left him heir apparent to the throne. Patti moved an audience as if each obeyed her command, yet fell into such relations with her tenor that even her spendthrift husband was forced to divorce her, and thereby lose his "gold mine," as he called her. Warren Hastings preserved the British Empire in India, yet lost himself to one who was then the wife of another, with whom he lived an ideal married life for nearly fifty years after she had obtained a divorce from her husband that she might marry Hastings.

These instincts have prompted the marriage and separation of men and women throughout the ages. Primitive people separated with little formality; the husband's clothing was thrown from the house, or the purchase price paid for the wife returned to the husband.

Whatever the formalities required to bring about a separation, ways have always been found to release the unhappy spouse. Where the person seeking separation had sufficient means, the old ecclesiastical courts usually found some impediment to the original marriage which rendered it null and void and thus left the parties as if there had been no marriage.

When spouses quarreled, they straightway became as much interested in their pedigrees as does the modern Daughter

of the American Revolution. Spiritual relationships and those gained in baptism, as well as natural relationships, were resorted to when necessary. Coke tells of a marriage declared null and void because the husband stood godfather to a cousin of the wife. Margaret Tudor (daughter of Henry VII.) was divorced on the plea that her first husband, James IV. of Scotland, who had in fact been killed on the field of Flodden three years before, was alive at the time of the second marriage. It was not until Louis XII. met a young and wealthy widow that he found that his wife of twenty-two years was his fourth cousin, whose father had been his godfather; for this impediment he was divorced, then married the widow. When Henry VIII. wished to marry his brother's widow, he procured a papal dispensation permitting the marriage; but later, when fascinated by Ann Boleyn, the marriage was declared null and void because the Pope had no power to grant such dispensation. Napoleon found formal justification for his separation from Josephine in the fact that the nuptial blessing lacked a formality prescribed by canon law—the presence of the parish priest and witnesses. Not content with this, the further ground was assigned that Napoleon himself did not consent to the marriage.

Divorce is but the outward manifestation of underlying social evils, a part of the movement for social liberation which has been gaining strength and volume since the days of the Reformation. Formerly woman was dependent upon her father and brothers until some man assumed the burden of her support. Spinsters were looked upon with commiseration, helpless, dependent creatures. The identity of the wife was merged in that of the husband. Milton had his Adam pray for an "equal inferior" to share the garden with him.

Since many women are economically independent before marriage, they are not of necessity dependent on their husbands for support after marriage. They will no longer accept conditions of life meekly endured by their mothers in the days when the husband exercised his common-law right to beat the wife with

a "stick no larger than his thumb." There is pathos in the belated awakening of the aged woman who for forty years had been knocked down and dragged about by her hair, over whose head chairs and other like objects had been broken, who finally prayed for divorce because she feared that, if longer compelled to live with the defendant, she might suffer some personal violence at his hands!

The divorce movement, in so far as it is influenced by woman's growing independence, is but the evidence of a healthy discontent with such conditions. We are now in the transition stage that shall ultimately lead to a higher and more permanent type of family, consisting of self-respecting and mutually respected equals, knit together by ties that shall be far more tenacious than any bond fashioned by an age of dependence and subjugation. The great majority of divorces in Wisconsin come from the walks of life where the wife is still economically dependent, where she has bartered herself for life support.

The husband, likewise, is less dependent on the wife. The boarding-house, the hotel, the club, are taking the place of the home. The tailor, the Chinaman, and the button that may be sewed on with a hammer are factors in his liberation. The man who finishes a day's business in Chicago in time to catch a train that shall take him to New York to transact business on the morrow is not satisfied, in matters of marriage or divorce, with the ways of his ancestors who traveled with the ox team.

The man who toils all day in the shop and the woman who attempts to care for home and children in some crowded tenement have less of sweetness and light than their forbears on some fair New England farm. The tenement home ceases to attract; drink, cruelty, failure to support, infidelity, these and other ills follow in the wake of far too many lives passed under such conditions.

As we ascend the social scale we find the husband engrossed in his profession or business, the wife wrapped up in society or philanthropy and the home—each with interests that leave scarcely an hour for real family life. The tie that



binds becomes weaker and its dissolution easier.

Social discontent plays its part. Girls who dream of marriage with a peer of the realm or a captain in the army find life with a wage-earner rather irksome. The young married couple with an income of fifteen hundred dollars, but living as if it were five thousand, need not be far-sighted to see the divorce court at the other end of the path that leads from the church door. Lessened belief in the sacredness of marriage permits many to seek legal separation who otherwise would be restrained by religious convictions.

The chief cause for the flood of divorce is the great number of hasty, ill-considered, wholly bad marriages performed each year. Any genuine reform of our divorce system must commence at the beginning rather than at the end of the marriage. The improper marriages each year greatly exceed in number the improper divorces. Outside certain limitations as to age, blood relationship, and mental capacity, people may marry from mere impulse or caprice, fleeting fancy, pique, or jealousy, without the slightest recognition of the earnestness or the seriousness of the step that is taken. Any county fair or street carnival can find some couple ready to be married in a balloon for notoriety's sake.

Every now and then the papers tell the story of a village dance where three couples out of four in a quadrille were married before the music began, or of some village justice who arose late at night, and, without change of clothing, through an open window, married some wandering twain by the light of a match dimly burning. The other day, as I left the court-house, four couples of young people passed the building. One girl said, "Let's go in and get married." Had some dare-devil responded, "All right," we might have had four more couples on the way to the divorce court. Recently the papers recorded the fact that a tramp, walking on a wager across the continent, had less difficulty in finding a maiden and a minister to make him a benedict on the way than he had in covering the required number of miles per day.

A Western paper of recognized standing (Portland Oregonian) recently said, with more zeal than justice, perhaps, that "a large share of this mischief is done by lazy and greedy preachers who ought to be sawing wood for fifty cents a cord, instead of marrying babies for a few dollars apiece." Be this as it may, any man and woman, however unfit to assume this relationship, can always find some magistrate or minister to unite them for life or for the divorce court. We can never have a proper regulation of marriage while the State permits the magistrate or minister who is to receive the fee to determine whether the marriage shall be performed.

Most States still recognize the common-law marriage. Without the presence of magistrate or minister, with no witness present and no record made, the common-law marriage may be consummated in some dark and cozy corner long after the lawyer has laid aside his pen and left his briefs and his books; yet we do not think of transferring an acre of land or of taking security for a loan without the assistance of a lawyer.

When we in Wisconsin propose legislation that shall in some way regulate marriage, the bill is laughed out of the Legislature, and classed with legislation taxing old bachelors to provide for the support of old maids. In fact, there are more laws to tax bachelors than properly to regulate marriage. Texas some years ago imposed a penalty of fifty dollars a year on every unmarried man over thirty who did not exercise due diligence in an endeavor to marry. Due diligence under this law was shown by producing an affidavit of some respectable woman that he had offered himself in marriage during the year. Missouri adopted a "Single Tax Law" in 1897, which provided that any maiden or widow who rejected an offer of marriage should be sentenced to six months darning the socks and sewing on the buttons of the rejected suitor.

Society has established tribunals to pass on the right of the husband and wife to leave the married state; why should it not regulate their right to enter upon the same estate? Yet we must recognize that the most that legislation

can do is to so regulate marriage that it shall be surrounded by the most favorable legal environments. Legislation too far in advance of the thought of the people produces evil results. Bavaria prohibited the marriage of all persons who were not able to support themselves. As a result, one-fourth of the whole number of children were born out of wedlock. Immediately upon the repeal of the law the marriages increased fifty per cent., and there was a corresponding decrease in the number of illegitimate children. In Mexico, after the church lands were confiscated, the priests, in order to maintain their revenues, raised the marriage fee. The fee did not bring an increased revenue, but there was no decrease in the birth-rate or in the number of new homes established.

Our apathy and lack of care as to preparation for the responsibilities of married life are well-nigh incredible. We carefully instruct our children as to their behavior in the ball-room and at the dinner-table, in the office and at the shop; yet, through some sort of false modesty, we often leave them to work out their own salvation in this, the most important relationship of their lives—leave them to learn by sad experience, when too late, that which we should have taught them long before they yielded to some sudden impulse in selecting a mate for life.

If all parents could sit in the divorce court and listen to the tales of suffering undergone through these unfortunate marriages, they would awake to a realizing sense of their duty; our homes, our schools, our churches, would prepare young men and women for these responsibilities. Better marriages, happier homes, fewer divorces, would be the result. So long as we leave recklessly wide the door that leads to wedlock, there must of necessity be a broad way out. In the words of Milton, we must have tender pity for "those who have unwarily, in a thing they never practiced before, made themselves the bondmen of a luckless and helpless matrimony."

The physician usually learns of the ruined home and the broken health of its inmates before the lawyer. Four hundred leading physicians throughout the United States agree almost without

exception that the causes of divorce are improper marriages, or improper conditions after marriage; that the statutory grounds alleged are simply the methods whereby the parties comply with the law regulating their separation, not the real ground for the divorce. Ninety-seven per cent. of these physicians said that education in sexual matters would overcome the evils arising from these improper marriages.

Society protects itself from epidemics of smallpox and cholera; it should adopt some safeguard against marriages that shall burden it with generation after generation of physical weaklings, moral degenerates, and criminals. Experts tell us that one-half of the insane now confined in asylums have hereditary tendencies to insanity. Penologists have traced the history of such families as the Jukes, which have, through successive generations, preyed on society. We cannot tolerate the Spartan law of exposing weakly children, but we ought to protect ourselves by preventing improper marriages and by putting an end to such improper marriages as become a menace to society.

The success of the Jews as a race is largely due to their regulation of marriage. Some of the higher class in Brazil, by self-imposed rule, require the proposed spouse to present the certificate of a physician that he is not afflicted with certain diseases. Recently a women's congress at Paris voted to require such certificates as a protection to their daughters.

In America we need more of the English idea that marriage is a life settlement, in which parents and guardians should play a larger part. If this idea prevailed, we should have fewer homes in which such scenes are enacted as those that have been rehearsed under oath upon the witness-stand.

A wife testifies of her husband:

"He was drunk, and I was getting ready to leave. I got half-way down the stairs, and he pulled me down the stairs and choked me."

"What happened downstairs?"

"He struck me, and choked me, and struck me in the face with his foot."

"Were you lying on the floor?"

"I was lying on the floor. And that continued for over an hour, and he struck me in the face until I was unconscious, and he struck me when I came to."

A witness testified as to the wife's condition:

"I didn't hardly know her. Her face was all black and blue, and all beat out of shape."

Another wife testifies:

"Has he ever beaten the children?"

"Well, yes. He was the cause of the oldest one's nervousness. He used to take him down and kick him like a horse."

Still another wife:

"What did the defendant do when he came home, while your daughter Katherine was sick in your house?"

"He did the same he always did, he chased us out, and we had to carry her out of the house. . . . A day or two after that he came home and chased us all out, and he drew a knife and told us that he was going to kill us all."

Because another wife told her little son to go in and warm himself, when at work, the father "kicked him all around the room; and I [the wife] began to keep him off, and he took me up against the door and choked me. And that was about three months before one of the little children was born."

A husband, after describing the drunken sprees of his wife, who was then the mother of a babe and a child two years old, testified:

"When I came home at night, she was so drunk she could not move away from the table. She wanted the baby to nurse, and because the child wouldn't she started to spank it. I got up and took the child away from her . . . and she started to pound me and pull my hair, and of course I would shove her away; and every time I would shove her she would fall down."

We need quote no more.

These brief extracts were selected almost at random from the official records of the forty-one cases in which divorce was granted in the county that contains the capital city of Wisconsin, in 1905. The records of any other year in this county, the records of any other

county of Wisconsin, show parallel cases. In fact, the records disclose cases so much worse than these that we cannot present them.

No one can say that any child, any woman, any man, should continue for a day within the four walls of any building where such scenes are enacted. When a man, day after day, week in and week out, beats his children, knocks his wife down, kicks her in the face and drags her about by the hair, spends his earnings on liquor, leaving his wife and children naked and starving but for the wife's feeble effort at the washtub and the charity of others; when a woman neglects her home and children and spends her days and nights in drunken debauches; when these things happen, and the wronged spouse has done all that can be done to reform the erring one, to no effect, then there is no remedy, no escape, from a relationship that has become a hideous nightmare and a martyrdom, except divorce.

One who listens to divorce cases day after day almost concludes with Stevenson that "marriage is a field of battle and not a bed of roses." He will at least conclude that there is no purgatory in matrimony, it is either paradise or the inferno.

Divorce is a remedy, not a disease. Some sixteenth-century writer said that it was a medicine for the disease of marriage. It is at best pure surgery to which resort should be had in the extremity, but which should never be tolerated when milder remedies will suffice. But we may as well expect to cure tumors by ignoring them as to right blighted marriages and ruined homes by abolishing divorce.

We hear it said that divorce is immoral. Nothing can be more immoral than to doom sensitive women to a life worse than slavery, in constant fear of physical injury, if not death, at the hands of some brutal, drunken husband; than to condemn innocent little children to the dominion of mothers not worthy of the name, of fathers brutal in the extreme; than to compel men to live with drunken, profligate wives.

Churches differ in their interpretation of the Gospels. Most churches so interpret divine law as to permit divorce

in case of unfaithfulness. It is not easy to see how, in its effect on the divine ends to be worked out through family life, a transient lapse from the cardinal virtue is any better cause for dissolving the marriage bond than is an attempt to kill the other spouse; than is the steady grinding out of the fountains of life by repressive contempt, by threats, by ever-present fear, by oft-repeated blows; than is the desertion of a wife and little ones in the dead of winter, without clothing, fuel, or food; than is the habitual drunkenness of either party, whose homecoming is looked forward to with fear, whose presence in the home converts it into a hell.

Some writers arrive at the conclusion that modern divorce statutes are not in conflict with the strict letter of the Scriptures by asserting that God does not join together those who are led to the union by lust of the flesh, lust of the eye, or pride of life; that therefore they do not come within the command, "What therefore God hath joined together, let not

man put asunder." These writers say that it is an insult and an affront to the wisdom and goodness of the Supreme Being to charge him with joining together those who throng our divorce courts.

Luther reasoned that the magistrate decreeing the separation was the representative of the Supreme Being, therefore it is not man who puts asunder that which God has joined together. Three centuries ago Milton reached the conclusion that the Creator's responsibility ceased when he ordained marriage, for every-day experience proves that he could not have determined what particular men and women should be united in wedlock. Certain it is, if the marriages that end in our divorce courts are made in heaven, the contracting parties soon become earthly examples of the fallen angels.

By some process of reasoning, the great mass of men conclude that there are cases in which legal separation must be decreed as long as existing conditions as to marriage prevail.

## THE MAN UNDER THE YOKE

### AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF A LITERARY TRAMP

BY NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

IT was Sunday morning, the middle of March. I was stranded in Jacksonville, Florida. After breakfast I had five cents left. Joyously I purchased a sack of peanuts, then started northwest on the railway ties straight toward that part of Georgia marked swamp on the map.

Sunset found me in a pine forest. I decided to ask for a meal and lodging at the white house looming half a mile ahead, just by the track. I prepared a speech to this effect:

"I am the peddler of dreams. I am the sole active member of the ancient brotherhood of Troubadours. It is against the rules of our order to receive money. We have the habit of asking a night's lodging in exchange for repeating verses and fairy tales."

As I approached the house I forgot the speech. All the turkeys gobbled at me. The two dogs almost tore down the fence trying to get a taste of me. I went to the side gate to appeal to the proud old lady in the cap enthroned in the porch rocker. Her son, the proprietor, appeared. He shall ever be named the dog-man. His tone of voice was such that, to speak in metaphor, he bit me in the throat. He refused me a place in his white kennel. He would not share his dog-biscuit. The being on the porch assured me in a whanging yelp that they did not "take nobody in under no circumstances." Then the dog-man, mollified by my serene grin, pointed with his thumb into the woods, saying, "There is a man in there who will take you in sure." He said it as





though it were a reflection on the neighbor's dignity. That I might not seem to be hurrying, I asked if his friend kept watch-dogs. He assured me the neighbor could not afford them.

That night with the man around the corner was like a chapter from that curious document, "The Gospel according to St. John." He "could not afford to turn a man away, because once he slept three nights in the rain when he walked here from West Georgia. No one would give him shelter. After that he decided that when he had a roof he would go shares with whoever asked. Some strangers were good, some bad, but he would risk them all." Imagine this amplified in the drawling wheeze of the cracker, sucking his corn-cob pipe for emphasis.

His real name and his address are in my note-book. Let us call him the man under the yoke. He was lean as an old opium-smoker. He was sooty as a pair of tongs. His Egyptian-mummy jaws bore a two weeks' beard. His shirt had not been washed since the flood. His ankles were innocent of socks. His hat had no band. I verily believe his pipe was hereditary, smoked first by a bond-slave in Jamestown, Virginia.

He could not read. I presume his wife could not. They were much embarrassed when I wanted them to show me Lakeland on the map. They had warned me against that village as a place where itinerant strangers were shot full of holes. Well, I found that town pretty soon on the map, and made the brief, snappy memorandum in my note-book, "Avoid Lakeland."

There were three uncertain chairs on the porch, one a broken rocker. Therefore the company sat on the railing loafing against the pillars. The plump wife was frozen with diffidence. The genial, stubby neighbor, a man from 'way back in the woods, after telling me how to hop freight-cars, departed through an aperture in the wandering fence.

The two babies on the floor, squealing like shoats, succeeded in being good without being clean. They wrestled with the puppies who emerged from somewhere to the number of four. I wondered if the man under the yoke

would turn to a dog-man when the puppies grew up and learned to bark.

Supper was announced by the admonition, "Bring the chairs." The rocking-chair would not fit the kitchen table. Therefore the two babies occupied one chair, the lord of the house another, and the kitchen chair was allotted to your servant. The mother hastened to explain that she was "not hungry." After snuffing the smoking lamp that had no chimney, she paced at regular intervals between the stove and her lord, piling hot biscuits before him.

I could not offer my chair and make it plain that some one must stand. I expressed my regret at her lack of appetite, and fell to. Their hospitality did not fade when I considered that they ate such provisions every day. There was a dish of salt pork that tasted like a salt mine. We had one deep plate in common, containing a soup of lukewarm water, tallow, half-raw fat pork, and wilted greens. This dish was innocent of any enhancing condiment. I turned to the biscuit-pile.

They were raw in the middle. I kept up courage by watching the children consume the tallow soup with zest. After taking one biscuit for meat and another for vegetables, I ate a third for good-fellowship. The mother was anxious that her children should be a credit, and shook them, too strictly, I thought, for burying their hands in the main dish.

Meanwhile the man under the yoke told me how his bosses in the lumber camp kept his wages down to the point where the grocery bill took all his pay, how he was forced to trade at the "company store" there in the heart of the pine woods. He had cut himself in the saw-pit, had been laid up for a month, and, "like a fool," had gone back to the same business. Last year he had saved a little money, expecting to get things "fixed up nice," but the whole family was sick from June to October. He liked his fellow-workmen. They had to stand all he did. They loved the woods, and because of this love would not move to happier fortunes. Few had been to any place beyond Jacksonville. They did not understand traveling. They did not understand the traveler, and were

"likely to be mean to him." Then he asked me whether I thought "niggers" had souls. I answered "Yes." He agreed reluctantly. "They have a soul, of course, but it's a mighty small one."

We adjourned to the front room, carrying our chairs down a corridor, where the open doorways we passed displayed uncarpeted floors and no furniture. The echo of the slow steps of the man under the yoke reverberated through the wide house like muffled drums at a giant's funeral. Yet the largeness of the empty house was wealth. I have been entertained since in many a poorer castle. For instance, in Tennessee, where a deaf old man, a crone and her sister, a lame man, a slug of a girl, and a little orphan boy ate, cooked, and slept by an open fire, having neither stove, lamp, nor candle, I was made sacredly welcome for the night, though it was a one-room cabin, with a low roof and a narrow door.

Thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, pine knots cost nothing in a forest. New York has no such fireplaces as that in the front room of the man under the yoke. I thought of an essay by a New England sage on Compensation. There were many old scriptures rising in my heart as I looked into that blaze. The one I remembered most was, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in." But I did not quote Scripture to my host, though it was Sunday night.

It was seven o'clock. The wife had put her babies to bed. She sat on the opposite side of the fire from us. Eight o'clock was bedtime, the host had to go to work so early. But our three hearts were bright as the burning pine for an hour.

You have enjoyed the golden embossed brocades of Hokusai. You have felt the charm of Maeterlinck's "The Blind." Think of these, then think of the shoulders of the man under the yoke embossed by the flame. Think of his voice as an

occult instrument, while he burned a bit of crackling brush, and spoke of the love he bore that fireplace, the memory of the evenings his neighbors had spent there with him, the stories told, the pipes smoked, the good silent times with wife and children. It was said by hints and repetitions and broken syllables, but it was said. We ate and drank in the land of heart's desire. This man and his wife sighed at the fitting times, and smiled when to smile was to understand, when I recited a few of the rhymes of the dear singers of to-day and yesterday, Yeats, and Lanier, Burns, and even Milton. This fire was as the treasure at the end of the rainbow. I had not been rainbow-chasing in vain.

As my host rose and knocked out his pipe, he told how interesting lumbering with oxen could be made, if a man once understood how they were driven. He assured me that the most striking thing in all these woods was a team of ten oxen. He directed me to a road whereby I would be sure to see half a dozen to-morrow. He said that if ever I met a literary man, to have him write them into verses. Therefore the next day I took the route and observed; and be sure, if ever I meet the proper minstrel, I shall exhort him with my strength to write the poem of the yoke.

As to that night, I slept in that room in the corner away from the fireplace, looking into it. One comfort was over me, one comfort and pillow between me and the dark floor. The pillow was laundried at the same time as the shirt of my host. There is every reason to infer that the pillow and comfort came from his bed.

They slept far away, in some mysterious part of the empty house. I hoped they were not cold. I looked into the rejoicing fire. I said, "This is what I came out into the wilderness to see. This man had nothing, and gave me half of it, and we both had abundance."

# The Japanese in the San Francisco Schools

BY GEORGE KENNAN

SOON after the almost complete destruction of San Francisco by earthquake and fire, in April, 1906, the Government of Japan telegraphed to the Government of the United States assurances of its sympathy and condolence, and a little later forwarded to the San Francisco Relief Committee and the American National Red Cross the sum of 492,000 yen (\$246,000 gold) to be used in relieving the sufferings of the homeless people in the stricken city. Judged by American standards of wealth and charity, the amount thus sent was not so great as to be especially noteworthy; but it exceeded the contributions of all the other foreign peoples of the earth put together, and, in view of the fact that it came from a comparatively poor nation, struggling to meet its financial obligations at the close of a great war, it was not only a generous gift, but a striking evidence of friendliness and good will.<sup>1</sup>

A few weeks after the receipt of this money, and while the San Francisco Relief Committee was drawing checks against the fund of which it formed a part, Professor Omori, an eminent Japanese scientist—a man who enjoyed in his own country a reputation corresponding to that which the late Professor Langley had in ours—was stoned by hoodlums in the streets of the very city to which Japan had extended a friendly

hand of sympathy and help; and on the 8th of July his face was slapped by a labor union man in the California town of Eureka. In May, Professor Nakamura, a member of Professor Omori's party, was personally assaulted by hoodlums in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, and on the 8th of June he was covered with dust and ashes thrown at him by boys in the burnt district, where he was making scientific observations. In the months that immediately followed, attacks were made upon Japanese in many parts of San Francisco, and, in one case at least, upon Japanese Christians who were going peaceably to church. So far as I have been able to ascertain, such cases of violence were exceptional and sporadic, rather than general; but if American Christians had been assaulted, and if Alexander Graham Bell and Simon Newcomb had been stoned, slapped, and covered with dust and ashes by Oriental hoodlums in the streets of Sendai, just after we had sent a generous contribution for the relief of sufferers from famine in northern Japan, we should have been surprised, to say the least, and should have regarded the violence as an extraordinary return for American sympathy and help.

On the 11th of last October, less than six months after the San Francisco Relief Committee had accepted with thanks the Japanese contribution of \$246,000, the San Francisco Board of Education adopted a resolution directing the principals of all the primary and grammar schools of the city to exclude Japanese pupils, and to segregate them in a so-called "Oriental School," established, originally, for the Chinese, under the provisions of a law enacted thirty-four years ago.

At first sight there would seem to be a certain strangeness and incongruity in

<sup>1</sup> The foreign contributions to the San Francisco relief fund were as follows:

Canada.....	\$1,4451 40	Japanese Gov't..	\$100,000
China.....	30,000 00	" Red Cross	140,000
France.....	18,000 00		
Mexico.....	13,269 43		
England.....	6,522 58		
Australia.....	385 00		
U. S. of Co-			
lombia.....	200 00		
Russia.....	51 45		
Belgium.....	50 00		
Germany.....	50 00		
Cuba.....	5 00		
	\$213,074 86		\$246,000

Report of San Francisco Relief and Red Cross Funds, November 17, 1906, pp. 11, 17, and 43.  
2-6

this sequence of events. The Japanese send to the San Franciscans \$246,000 as a token of helpful friendliness and sympathy, and the San Franciscans reciprocate by stoning eminent Japanese scientists in the streets, by attacking Japanese Christians who are on their way to a Sunday church service, and by excluding Japanese scholars from primary and grammar schools which they have attended for years and which are open to Italians, Germans, Scandinavians, Russians, Poles, Armenians, Mexicans, Greeks, Jews, and representatives of nearly all the nationalities of the Old World. What are the reasons for this intolerant hatred of the Japanese, which not only effaces remembrance of courtesy and kindness, but seems, in some of its manifestations, to overstep the bounds of decency and law? It must be a very strong feeling, and it must rest upon elemental facts and emotions of human nature. It is my purpose, in this article, to give the results of such study as I have been able to make of the Japanese school question on the Pacific Coast.

As the exclusion of Japanese children from the white public schools brought about the clash between the Federal authorities and the San Francisco Board of Education, I shall take up that subject first. It is, in itself, a comparatively trivial episode, but in it are involved all the factors of the Japanese problem, and it may properly serve, therefore, as an introduction to the larger and more important questions of economic competition and race antipathy.

The law under which the San Francisco Board of Education acted, when it barred the Japanese out of primary and grammar schools attended by whites, was enacted March 12, 1872,<sup>1</sup> and was aimed exclusively at the Chinese. There was no Japanese immigration at that time, and the words "separate schools for children of Mongolian or Chinese descent" were evidently intended to apply only to immigrants from the Asiatic mainland. The "segregation" school established under the provisions of this law was situated in the heart of China-

town, and was officially known, for many years, as the "Chinese School." When Japanese immigrants in considerable numbers began to arrive in San Francisco, their children were not "segregated" in the Chinese School, but were admitted, without question or objection, to the schools attended by whites; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, it was not until 1901, when the labor unions obtained control of the city government, that any concerted action was taken against the Japanese, in the schools or out of them. After that time there slowly grew up a feeling of hostility to the Japanese, based partly upon their alleged untrustworthiness, partly on a fear of economic competition, and partly upon a feeling of race antipathy; and the Board of Education began to receive letters from the parents of white scholars, complaining of the enforced association of their children with the children of Japanese immigrants in the public schools. The Board, which was the creation of a labor union administration, sympathized, apparently, with these complaints, but was unable to take action upon them, owing to the fact that the Chinese School was already full, and there was no money available for a second school of segregation.

In the early part of 1905 the Board made an effort to secure an appropriation for the opening and maintenance of a distinctively Japanese school, but, on account, apparently, of the indifference of the municipal administration, which was busily engaged in grafting, this effort had no result. It attracted the attention, however, of the Japanese Consul, and in March, 1905, that officer, learning that the chief objection to Japanese scholars in the primary and grammar schools was their advanced age, suggested to the Japanese newspapers of the city that they advise the voluntary withdrawal of the older pupils. The papers acted upon this suggestion, and most of the older pupils did withdraw. I refer to this incident only as a proof that the Japanese were amenable to reason, and were willing to act in a friendly way on a complaint that seemed to be well founded.

On the 7th of May, 1905, a number of

<sup>1</sup> It was amended April 7, 1888; March 30, 1891; March 23, 1893; and March 5, 1903.

trades union leaders founded the "Japanese and Korean Exclusion League," and this organization, by means of its meetings and its literature, soon increased the feeling of hostility to the Japanese, not only in San Francisco, but to some extent in the State. The earthquake and fire of April 18 destroyed the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, and drove so many of its residents to Oakland and Alameda that, when the Chinese School was reopened, there was room in it not only for all the Chinese scholars who presented themselves, but also for the Japanese, who at that time were distributed among twenty-three other schools. The Board of Education thereupon changed the name of the Chinese School, called it the "Oriental School," and attempted to segregate in it the Japanese scholars of the city, who for years had been attending primary and grammar schools on terms of perfect equality with children of American and European descent. When this discrimination against Japanese led to an international complication and forced the Federal Government to interfere, the Board of Education attempted to justify its action by pleading, first, that the provisions of the State law of 1872 were mandatory and gave the Board no discretion; and, second, that an overwhelming majority of the so-called Japanese "school-boys" were grown men, who ought not to be allowed to sit beside young children, and especially young girls, in primary schools. In the public and private discussion of the subject that immediately followed, the Board of Education, the California delegation in Congress, the San Francisco newspapers, the Exclusion League, and trade union leaders without exception, laid most stress upon the age of Japanese "boys" in the primary schools. Nobody attempted to ascertain the facts, but all declared, without inquiry or investigation, that the association of Japanese men with school-girls of tender years in the intimacy of school life was an intolerable evil which could no longer be endured. President Altmann, of the Board of Education, said: "We do not care to have our little children mixing with adult Japanese." (San Francisco Chronicle, December 7.) Senator

Perkins declared that there were "not forty Japanese children of school age in San Francisco." (San Francisco Examiner, December 7.) Representative Hayes said: "Most of the Japanese pupils are youths from fifteen to twenty-five. It is nothing more than right and just to prohibit their attending school with young children." (San Francisco Chronicle, December 4.) The San Francisco Call said (December 4): "It is deemed inexpedient that adults should associate with little children in the intimate relations of school life." According to the San Francisco Newsletter (December 8): "A city ordinance eliminating all children, of whatever race or color, from the primary schools, when over sixteen, would eliminate ninety-five per cent. of the Japanese." Alfred Roncovieri, Superintendent of Schools, declared that "these so-called Japanese children are, ninety-five per cent. of them, young men. We object to an adult Japanese sitting beside a twelve-year-old girl. If this be prejudice, we are the most prejudiced people in the world." (San Francisco Examiner, December 5.) Misled by these confident assertions, the usually accurate and well-informed correspondent of a prominent New York journal said: "It will be news to most Easterners that almost none of the Japanese school-boys are boys. Practically without exception, they are fullgrown men, between the ages of twenty and thirty. Yet Japan expects them to be allowed to sit side by side, day after day, with American boys, and, more extraordinary yet, girls of tender years." (New York Sun, December 13.)

Persons and newspapers hostile to the Japanese, however, did not base their opposition to the presence of the latter in white schools solely upon age. Without investigation or inquiry, they began to attribute to "adult" Japanese "school-boys" a low moral standard and corrupting influence. The Berkeley Gazette, for example, asked: "Is there a power lodged anywhere in the universe that may oblige our young children to associate with men, in or out of school, who are not up to our standard of morals?" It might pertinently be asked, perhaps, whether the standard of morals

referred to is that of the municipal administration which has excluded the Japanese from the white schools, and whether the record of graft, frauds, assaults, hold-ups, burglaries, rapes, and murders, which has recently given San Francisco unenviable fame, could have been paralleled in Japan at any period of its history.

Taking practically the same view of "adults" in primary schools that is taken by the *Berkeley Gazette*, the conservative Sacramento Union said: "We will not consent that our little ones shall suffer infection, in mind, in morals, or in manners, to please anybody." The idea that an American boy might deteriorate mentally, or lose his good manners, as a result of associating with Japanese of any age, strikes an American who has lived in Japan as somewhat ludicrous; but I do not wish to be hypercritical.

Adopting, apparently, the view of the California papers with regard to the character of Japanese scholars, the Chicago Inter-Ocean inquired: "How would people in the East like to have their little daughters forced to associate in school with grown men, whose morals may be doubtful and whose moral ideas are certainly not American?" The San Francisco Call said: "We regard the public schools as part of the home, and we are not willing that our children should meet Asiatics in intimate association. This is 'race prejudice,' and we stand by it. If the Japanese want to fight about trifles, they can be accommodated." The Call does not say who is going to accommodate them—the United States or the State of California; but the latter is by no means lacking in self-confidence. P. H. McCarthy, President of the San Francisco Building Trades Council, declared, at a mass-meeting of the Exclusion League, that "the States west of the Rockies could whip Japan at a moment's notice." He had perhaps forgotten, in the heat of oratorical excitement, the boasts of Russia in January, 1904.

Now, what conclusion would a disinterested and dispassionate reader draw from the statements, interviews, editorials, and speeches above set forth?

Would he not be forced to believe that Japanese scholars swarm in the primary and grammar schools of San Francisco; that they are all males; that ninety-five per cent. of them are full-grown men; that they sit in the class-rooms beside "twelve-year-old girls" and "children of tender years"; that their ethical standard is low, and that their influence, generally, is demoralizing and corrupting? I do not see myself what other conclusion he could draw, when the President of the Board of Education, the Superintendent of Schools, the San Francisco newspapers, the Exclusion League, and the California delegation in Congress are all in substantial agreement as to the alleged facts. Now what are the real facts?

I talked with the Superintendent of Schools and every member of the Board of Education; I interviewed the Japanese Consul; I obtained and compared statistics from the Board of Education on one side and from the Japanese Association on the other, and availed myself, generally, of every source of information open to me. I found that the situation when the Japanese were excluded from the primary and grammar schools was as follows:

The total number of pupils in the San Francisco public schools was 28,736 (December 8, 1906). Judging from their names, they comprised representatives of almost every nationality in Europe. The Superintendent of Schools, Mr. Roncovieri, was an Italian, and the President of the Board of Education, Mr. Altmann, was a Jew—a representative of a race that is still excluded from schools, wholly or partially, in one of the greatest Empires of the Old World. Of the 28,736 school-children in San Francisco on the 8th of last December, there were, in primary and grammar schools, just 93 Japanese, or a little more than one to a school building. Of these 93 Japanese nearly one-third were born in the United States, and 28 were girls. Of the 65 boys 34 were under fifteen years of age. Of the 31 who were over fifteen only two had reached the age of twenty, and the average age of the remainder was 17.2. Twenty-five of them were in grammar schools, so that the number "sitting

beside children of tender age" in primary schools was six, as follows:

Dudley Stone Primary.....	3
Grant Primary.....	1
Henry Durant Primary.....	1
Laguna Honda Primary.....	1
Total.....	6

Six Japanese over fifteen years of age, attending primary schools, in a total school population of 28,736, would not seem to constitute a very serious menace to American morality, even if they were all depraved, and even if it were not possible to seat them at a distance from infant girls; but *are* Japanese school-boys depraved, or morally objectionable in any way? In an interview with a reporter of the San Francisco Chronicle, Mr. Altmann, President of the Board of Education, admitted that "nothing can be said against the general character and deportment of Japanese scholars." (San Francisco Chronicle, December 9.) In reply to a direct and comprehensive question on the subject, Mr. Alfred Roncovieri, Superintendent of Schools, said to me personally: "No complaint of bad conduct, on the part of a Japanese scholar, has ever come to my knowledge." In a private letter now in my possession, one of the oldest and most experienced teachers in the San Francisco public schools says: "The statement that the influence of the Japanese in our schools has a tendency toward immorality is false and absolutely without foundation. From all I have ever heard in conferences with other school men, as well as from my own continuous and careful observation, there has never been the slightest cause for a shadow of suspicion affecting the conduct of one of these Japanese pupils. On the contrary, I have found that they have furnished examples of industry, patience, unobtrusiveness, obedience, and honesty in their work, which have greatly helped many efficient teachers to create the proper moral atmosphere for their class-rooms. Japanese and American children have always been on good terms in my class-rooms, and in others concerning which I was informed. They work side by side without interference or friction, and often a Japanese student would be a

great favorite among his American classmates. In all my years of experience there has never come to me, orally or in writing, from the parents whose children have attended my school, one hint of complaint or dissatisfaction concerning the instruction of their children in the same school or in the same rooms with Japanese; nor has there ever been complaint or protest from teachers with regard to this co-education."

Mr. E. C. Moore, Superintendent of Schools in Los Angeles, says, in another private letter: "Replying to your inquiry as to the status of Japanese pupils in the schools of Los Angeles, I beg to say that during all the time I have been in the office of Superintendent of Schools here I have not heard a single word of protest against them. They are given every opportunity to attend school that American boys and girls have. We find them quiet and industrious in their school work, and such good students that our principals and teachers believe them to have a most helpful influence upon the other pupils with whom they associate. As a California school man, I bitterly regret the action of the San Francisco school authorities. It was wholly unnecessary, in my view, and is, I am glad to say, not representative of public opinion in California."

Judging from my own observation of Japanese school-boys in Japan, I should say that the more American school-boys associate with them, the better for the latter's morals and manners. I once asked an Englishman, of mature years, who was teaching in a middle-class school in Kyoto, why there was so little misconduct in Japanese class-rooms. "I have been through dozens of schools," I said, "of all grades, and have listened to recitations in hundreds of class-rooms; but I have never seen any inattention, whispering, throwing of spit-balls, making of faces, or disorder of any sort. What is the reason?" He looked at me searchingly for a moment, as if to take my measure, and then replied quietly: "The Japanese are born civilized."

"Do you mean to suggest that we Westerners are not born civilized?" I demanded.

"Exactly that," he replied. "We,

Englishmen and Americans, are born barbarians. Most of us become civilized, but we elevate ourselves, in youth, by effort and struggle. Japanese boys inherit the results of centuries of civilized training, and they have better control of themselves and are far more amenable to discipline than our boys are. At least that's my explanation of the fact that you have noticed."

When the English teacher made this reply to me, in January, 1906, I little thought that, before the end of the year, I should hear the exclusion of Japanese scholars from the San Francisco schools defended on the ground that they were likely to "infect the minds, morals, and manners" of American children. I should have said that the infection was far more likely to proceed in the opposite direction.

In scholarship the Japanese pupils have everywhere taken high rank. In a letter written on the 29th of December, 1906, to the Electrical Workers' Union of Oakland, the Secretary of the San Francisco Board of Education said: "You are doubtless aware that Japanese pupils, coming to this city partly educated, have been able so successfully to compete with our white children as to win from the latter the class medals that were intended for the children of our taxpayers." In other words, the Japanese, coming to America with an imperfect knowledge of the English language, or with no knowledge of it at all, have been so studious and diligent as to carry off most of the honors; and this is urged as a reason for their exclusion!

Although the ninety-three Japanese scholars in San Francisco were distributed among twenty-three schools, forty-two of them, or nearly one-half, were in two schools, viz., the Redding Primary and the Pacific Heights Grammar. In the former their average age was 9.6 years and in the latter 16.5. Most of the grammar school Japanese were probably older than the majority of their associates; but as the Board of Education could not give me age statistics of the latter in detail, I am unable to say how much older. The difference may have amounted to two or three years at the time of graduation. If, however,

this difference was undesirable, and if there was objection to the six Japanese who were more than fifteen years old in the primary schools, the Board of Education had two simple and perfectly effective remedies: viz., first, the opening of a separate school for pupils of all nationalities who were advanced in age and backward in scholarship; and, second, the establishment of an indiscriminating age limit for all scholars in primary and grammar schools. Neither of these remedies would have raised a question of race or nationality, and neither would have given offense. Non-discriminating restriction, however, would not have met the approval of parents who objected to the association of their children with Japanese of any age (if there really were any such parents), nor would it have satisfied the Exclusion League and the labor union leaders, who feared the economic competition of Japanese adults, and who saw in the school question an excellent opportunity to excite feeling against the Japanese as a race, by appealing to the love of parents for their children, and by drawing imaginary pictures of immoral Japanese men "sitting beside twelve-year-old girls." There may possibly be schools, in some part of the world, where teachers allow "men," moral or immoral, to sit beside twelve-year-old girls; but in my tolerably varied experience I have never happened to come across such a school in Europe, Asia, or America. Everywhere and always I have found boys and girls at separate desks or in separate seats. The cry of "Asiatic men sitting beside immature American girls," however, was well calculated to fire the heart of the populace in California, and even to wake up the indifferent East. Tens of thousands of parents in San Francisco, and perhaps hundreds of thousands on the Pacific Coast, were deceived and excited by this unfair presentation of the case, and the Board of Education and the San Francisco newspapers are largely responsible for the state of feeling thus brought about. They declare, with much vehemence, that the President was chiefly to blame for the excitement over the school question, because he "meddled" with a matter that was none of his business;



but it seems to me, upon a fair judgment of the case, that a far more potent cause of excitement was the reckless—not to say dishonest—method of dealing with the question which was adopted by the Board of Education, the Exclusion League, and the San Francisco press; the failure to investigate, the suppression of some facts and the exaggeration of others, and, above all, the constant holding up of imaginary pictures of full-grown Japanese men sitting beside American children, and especially “girls of tender years.”

The San Francisco papers say: “It is a strange but instructive fact that in the miles and miles of editorials that we have seen in the Eastern papers, not one of the writers has taken the slightest pains to ascertain the facts.” But can these journals seriously affirm that *they* have taken any pains to ascertain the facts? I read them carefully for several months, and if I had not had other sources of information, I might have supposed that there were hundreds, if not thousands, of Japanese in the public schools of San Francisco; that most of them were grown men; that there were great numbers of these “adults” sitting beside infant children in the primary schools; and that their morals were doubtful, if not

certainly bad. Up to the present time, no paper in San Francisco, so far as I am aware, has ever obtained and published detailed statistics of Japanese scholars in the primary and grammar schools, with the number in each grade, the average and maximum age in each grade, the age by grades as compared with that of American scholars, the number and distribution of adults, and the reports of teachers with regard to the character and deportment of Japanese pupils in general. All of this information might have been obtained, and it would have seemed the most natural thing in the world to get it and publish it, so that the people of the city, the State, and the United States might have a few definite and specific facts upon which to base a reasonable judgment. Such, however, is not the course of procedure in a community dominated by labor unions, when the subject in hand relates to an Asiatic race. It would be impossible to make an effective labor union weapon out of the school question if it were once admitted that Japanese scholars are studious, diligent, and moral, and that, in a school population of 28,736, only six Japanese boys above the age of fifteen are enrolled in the primary grade.

## INDUSTRIAL AMERICA<sup>1</sup>

THIS volume<sup>1</sup> consists of lectures delivered by Professor Laughlin, of the University of Chicago, to university audiences in Germany, and should be read as an interpretation to foreigners of industrial conditions in America. It is interesting to American readers as an interpretation of industrial conditions by one whose general view is favorable to the largest individual industrial liberty and the least restraint of that liberty, whether by industrial organizations such as labor unions, or by governmental departments such as the Interstate Commerce Commission—though this does not mean that the author is absolutely opposed to either. His discus-

sion embraces the labor, trust, railway, and banking problems.

Professor Laughlin lays stress on the conglomerate character of our laboring population, made up as it is of nearly every race and every grade of human intelligence. Antagonism between the employing and the laboring classes was much less in evidence half a century ago than now, yet Dr. Laughlin notes that in that half-century actual money wages have doubled, that the same money buys more goods, and, finally, that hours of labor have fallen from fourteen or sixteen per day to eight or ten. Moreover, these gains were obtained before labor unions reached their present activity. They must, therefore, be attributed directly to the increased productivity of industry. By increasing the efficiency

<sup>1</sup> Industrial America. Berlin Lectures of 1906. By J. Laurence Laughlin, Ph.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

of labor and capital, the quantity and value of the output are increased. Thus more remuneration to capital is assured, as well as a large addition to the wages of labor. Furthermore, the standard of living among workmen is higher than it has ever been, and higher than among most competing nations.

The present discontent is due to a desire for still further industrial advance, especially by a further reduction of hours to an eight-hour day, a larger share of control over the industry in which the laborer is engaged, and a strengthening of the position of the laborer in the bargaining process between the laborer and the capitalist.

The root of the whole matter regarding unionism, in Professor Laughlin's judgment, is the endeavor to secure a monopoly of the supply of laborers in the various unionized occupations. The real stumbling-block in the way of American unionism is the fact that the unions do not control all of the available labor. Thus the theory of a monopoly effective over the whole supply fails, and in consequence the unions must wage war against non-union men. Professor Laughlin believes that there is little hope for permanently higher wages through this method of action. But he regards the future for American efficiency and competitive power as assured if the unions are wise enough to abandon the policy of an artificial monopoly and to set themselves energetically to developing their productivity, thus making unionism synonymous with skill.

In like thorough, compact, but comprehensive manner Professor Laughlin treats the trust, railway, and banking problems. As to the first named, after describing existing evils, and admitting that the existence of trusts is not directly traceable to the tariff system, he uses this significant language:

Although trusts would have arisen without a tariff system, there can be no question as

to the tendency of the excessive investments in an industry to breed trusts, and also as to the assistance rendered by import duties to the monopolistic effort of trusts to control the supply and maintain the price on a level higher than it would be under foreign competition.

Professor Laughlin's remedy for trusts is the same suggested by Commissioner Garfield, of the Bureau of Corporations, in his annual reports; namely, that the companies engaging in inter-State commerce should acquire a National charter or license, in obedience to National regulations, and that such a charter or license should be a condition precedent to their engaging in inter-State commerce. His chapter on the railway problem, written while the railway rate regulation law was under discussion, is partly past history; but, with the accompanying maps, it may be safely characterized as a most effective and intelligent presentation of the railway side of this complicated problem, though presented, not by a railway advocate, but by an economist who sees clearly and presents effectively the advantages of a minimum of interference with individual activity and can see some good even in the evils which unregulated competition has produced. The chapter on banking is rather a description of conditions than a suggested solution of problems.

The better understanding of each other by our own capitalists and laborers should be, we think, quite as much of a benefit assured by this book as is the better understanding of American economic conditions in Germany or elsewhere. Partnership, not war, between capital and labor can be brought about only by reasonable discussions, such as are those contained in these pages, where light, not heat, is given out. Not all readers will agree with all of Dr. Laughlin's conclusions. There can be but few readers, however, to whom the book will not be suggestive, and that is the highest merit of any work of utility or art.

## Comment on Current Books

### *Among the Novels*

As a writer of poems Miss Florence Wilkinson has made a place of her own, because she has done what few recent verse-writers have even attempted; that is, she has treated things of real life and great import dramatically and with a passionate sense of justice and truth. Now, in her first novel,<sup>1</sup> she has accomplished something also rare, and certainly thoroughly delightful, in that she has given us a child-creation, little Rue, quaint, imaginative, and full of grace and sparkle. There are two or three other good characters in the story, notably Rue's fine old grandfather, and there is not a little that is pleasing and sympathetic in the sketch of the sleepy old town of Joppa and in the loving treatment of out-of-doors nature. But in the main it is the lovable and irrepressible Rue that gives the book its value and endears it even to the jaded novel-reader. In plot and construction the book is unsatisfactory; one cares very little for the laboriously wrought out tragedy of Rue's mother's life, and finds its incidents unreal and artificial. But skill in this direction will come with experience; the power of making characters live, move, and talk like people and not like puppets is the hall-mark of a true story-teller, and this power is abundantly evident in "The Silent Door."

In Mr. Eden Phillpotts's new novel<sup>2</sup> one finds him at his best and at his worst—at his best in true and faithful presentation of the Dartmoor country and the Dartmoor rustics, at his worst because there are breaks in the psychology, inconsistencies between character and action, abrupt tragedy more startling than real. Thus, after building up one's conception of a clear minded, open-speaking, fresh-hearted, wholesome-natured woman, the author drags her into an extraordinary, super-subtle delusion whereby she loves two men at once, and becomes the mistress of one because of her love for the other, her husband! As a whole the book, barring the impatience felt at certain perversities of plot and character, is more agreeable reading than Mr. Phillpotts's "Secret Woman," but falls far short of it in tragic intensity and in its dealing with motive and conduct.

The chance that brought "The Country House,"<sup>3</sup> by John Galsworthy, and

"Mother,"<sup>4</sup> by Maxim Gorky, to the reviewer at the same time is one not to be neglected. Both books will attract attention. Gorky has lost none of his grim power. The factory people, the horrid sordidness of their hampered lives, the suffocating atmosphere of Russia, all weigh upon the spirit as one reads "Mother." Yet the unusual and splendidly drawn character of the central figure, the ignorant, loving mother of the growingly intelligent son, is most impressive. After the death of her brutal husband—a fact the disgusting details of which we are not spared in the least—the mother breathes a new air in her devotion to her son and in her effort to understand his aims and his companions. Led into dangerous, forbidden ways, coming into a knowledge of the risks they run who think for themselves in Russia, she goes on with a courage and love absolutely sublime. Such is the "Mother," by Gorky. Of far different type and widely separated in every detail of life is the lady mother in Galsworthy's "Country House." Clever beyond anything we have seen lately is this most artistic story. We could wish it were happier—but happiness is not for the modern novelist. We are not quite certain that the author of the tale intends the mother to be the central figure, but she is certainly that. Bound to an exasperatingly exact and correct Englishman, whose horizon is limited by the duties his estate and family enjoin upon him—incredibly tedious and narrow-minded as he is—this mother submits to her mental and spiritual bondage with the same fatalism that held Gorky's peasant mother. The key that unlocks both lives is the same—a son. George Pendyce is absolutely uninteresting, yet his foolish infatuation for a worthless woman, from its effect upon his lady mother, is profoundly moving. The author rises to unusual heights as he conveys to us a clear, convincing impression of the almost unconscious, impelling, noble power that moves Mrs. Pendyce to walk daintily, freely, yet safely amid the distasteful complications of the situation.

Mr. William Stearns Davis has written several historical novels, going to Greece and Rome for his scenes. In this tale<sup>5</sup> of the days of Xerxes, Leonidas, and Themistocles he shows the same careful preparation and decidedly stronger powers of dra-

<sup>1</sup>The Silent Door. By Florence Wilkinson. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup>The Whirlwind. By Eden Phillpotts. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup>The Country House. By John Galsworthy. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

<sup>4</sup>Mother. By Maxim Gorky. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup>A Victor of Salamis. By William Stearns Davis. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

matic presentation and thrilling narrative. Glaucon the Beautiful, the young Greek, wins us, as he did his countrymen, by his noble character and his undeserved misfortunes. Several stirring scenes of athletic contests and noted battles and naval engagements make the story vivid. The leading historical personages are made to appear real men.

It is always a pleasure to recognize in a romance the fine, true sense of artistry in literary workmanship. This quality is notably present in Miss Edith Rickert's story of Provence, "The Golden Hawk."<sup>1</sup> With it one finds also a brilliant, glowing effect which reproduces through a hundred touches an atmosphere and a warmth of life and passion as characteristic of Provence as was the cold, gray tone of "The Reaper" suited to its Shetland theme. Trillon is as brave, wild, and strong, as sudden and fierce and resistless, as the "golden hawk" to which he is likened. He pursues his love with the absolute certainty of final success, defies and laughs at parents, priests, and convent, makes a jest of poverty, and achieves the impossible in converting a sterile bit of rock-covered land, the Pit of Artaban, into a "farm"—a task set him in derision by his subtle enemy. It is true that he wins through a chance discovery of ancient pottery rather than by industry, but chance is precisely what Trillon courts, and good luck seems naturally to follow his reckless and bold nature. The tale is told with dash and spirit, and has unity of conception. There is buoyancy and there is color, and the reader's interest is swept along impetuously from beginning to end. Mr. Bender's illustrations have vigor and imagination.

Several volumes of short stories of unusual merit have appeared during the past few months, among them Mrs. Wharton's "Madame de Treymes,"<sup>2</sup> which attracted attention when it was published in Scribner's Magazine last summer as a characteristic piece of work from an extremely careful and artistic writer. The ground was not unfamiliar, nor the theme. Mr. James made a notable study years ago of the contrast between the American and the French point of view in the marriage relation. In this story Mrs. Wharton sets in contrast an American girl, who has the touch of distinction in morals, ideals, and manners which belongs to the best women of her country, and an accomplished French woman, bred under the French ideal of the supremacy of the family. The two women are skillfully portrayed, although Mrs. Wharton's inter-

pretation of the French ideal has been seriously questioned by so good an authority as Madame Blanc.

Miss Marion Foster Washburne's "Family Secrets"<sup>3</sup> is not, strictly speaking, a novel; it is the story of a family who suffered what the writer calls "that familiar American experience, so shocking and unfamiliar to those who encounter it, a reverse." Under these conditions a sympathizing friend said, "Since you evidently must change your standard of living, why do you not go and live among those whose income is about equal to yours?" The advice was taken. A little farm on the edge of a manufacturing town was rented, taken possession of in August, when the garden was full of vegetables and the trees were heavy with fruit. The family lived on boiled corn and sour milk pancakes, with apples, grapes, and nuts. The house was slowly made over by hand, pets were adopted, and the usual fortunes of small, untrained farmers on an old, dilapidated farm followed in due season. The children stayed at home from school in bad weather, there was no church, and the social life centered about funerals. But there was an interesting woman in the heart of the home; and there were real children and real friends, and the little drama of life not only went on under the humble roof in the humble neighborhood, but a delightful record of it was kept. This record belongs to the literature of the quiet life. It is a story of quiet observation, quick insight, and mature knowledge of life, distilled in a fine womanly nature into great common sense, wide sympathies, and rich human feeling. It is a book not easy to describe; it is a kind of informal philosophy of the family life, very pleasantly written, with a good deal of shrewdness and humor, and in a wholesome attitude towards the trials, vexations, and tragedies of life and character.

Mrs. Andrews's story<sup>4</sup> of the memorable day at Gettysburg when Lincoln delivered his immortal address, of his extreme depression over its reception, and of the dramatic return of the speech to him through the appreciation of a young Southern soldier lying wounded in one of the hospitals, may be accepted as a finished and appealing piece of work, highly imaginative in some of its details, but essentially true to the great personality who is its central figure. The treatment is singularly felicitous. The simple device by which the President is made aware of the greatness of his effort, and has, in a sense, his words interpreted to

<sup>1</sup> The Golden Hawk. By Edith Rickert. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> Madame de Treymes. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.

<sup>3</sup> Family Secrets. By Marion Foster Washburne. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25.

<sup>4</sup> The Perfect Tribute. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 50 cents.

himself, gives the story a touch of tenderness.

Miss Tarbell has so long studied the character of Lincoln, and is so thoroughly acquainted with his surroundings and the circumstances of his life, that her little tale, "He Knew Lincoln,"<sup>1</sup> reads like the report of an eye-witness, and conveys so vivid an impression of Lincoln's unique personality, his directness, simplicity, humor, and the pathos of his career, that it has the verisimilitude of a page torn out of history. As a piece of art this story belongs with the best of recent American writing; as a piece of fiction it is so faithful in its interpretation of the spirit of its subject that it is more veracious than a great deal of history.

There is far more than meets the eye in Mr. Zangwill's latest stories<sup>2</sup> of Jewish living. They have the compelling force of reality. If a touch of cynicism occasionally is felt, it is no more than is found in every-day life. Mr. Zangwill is able to portray the curious mingling of craft and simplicity, worldly wisdom and fanatical fervor, characteristic of the modern, exiled Jew. He has little mercy for the foibles of the race, but he is moved by an undercurrent of sympathy and a complete understanding. There is no lack of subtle humor in these well-written tales.

When we cried out for relief from the too frequent historical novel, we might have known that something as epidemic would follow. It has come, in the business novel. The Cave Man pursued his love with a club. John Corbin<sup>3</sup> makes us take a real interest in his modern Cave Man, who wields his club to the destruction of trusts, to the winning of his maiden, and sometimes, with a boomerang effect, on himself. Might one suggest that Judith shares with her successful lover some of his barbarous tendencies?

Helen R. Martin has written several admirable stories about the Pennsylvania Dutch folk, their customs and religious views, and her novel "Tillie the Mennonite Maid" was deservedly successful. In the present volume<sup>4</sup> she departs somewhat from her former simplicity, and introduces tragic mystery and an almost incredible plot. As long as she portrays the Mennonites, or the ordinary Dutch, she has a field unique and worthy of her talents, but in introducing outsiders from the gay world she strikes as ordinary a note as did the fascinating Jubilee Singers of long ago when they tried to sing our concert pieces.

Here<sup>5</sup> is a book of short detective stories. They purport to be the "experiences of M. F. Goron, ex-Chief of the Paris Detective Police." Most detective stories are unreal. This is true even of the best, the experiences of Sherlock Holmes or the more intricate experiences of M. Vidocq. Both Conan Doyle and Gaboriau are unmistakably writers of fiction. No one would suspect either of them of being historians. This is not true of these experiences of M. F. Goron. They have the air of probability. They are none of them such complicated enigmas as are the romances of Gaboriau. They none of them exhibit such supernatural detective powers as the romances of Conan Doyle. We confess to a great liking for a good detective story. If in these stories the clue is not so obscure nor the crime so intricate as in the best detective romances, there is mystery enough to make the account of its solution thoroughly entertaining, and what they may lose in melodramatic excitement they gain in apparent reality.

One may depend upon finding in any volume of short stories by F. Hopkinson Smith, color, action, variety, humor, and broad human sympathy. The best of his stories<sup>6</sup> are mainly those of Venice and the East, but every one will repay the time spent in reading.

The appearance of a new story for children by Mrs. Bland (E. Nesbit) always interests the reviewer, because he always wants to read it himself. If we classify authors of juveniles into those who write *for* children and those who write *about* children, it would be hard to place the author of "The Would-Be-Goods," because she does both things at once. Thus the present tale<sup>7</sup> is on its face one of magic and adventure, yet its humor and its study of child character appeal distinctly to mature minds. Withal it is a jolly good story. How these four English children first acquired that remarkable animal the psammead, how this sand-fairy led them to acquire the amulet, how by the latter's charm they visited remote countries both in time past and time future, what wonderful things they saw, enjoyed, and suffered, and how their reports puzzled, informed, and finally helped to make famous "the learned gentleman"—all this and more is woven into a fascinating narrative, and one which has beneath the surface a gentle satire and also a kindly human sympathy.

<sup>1</sup> *He Knew Lincoln*. By Ida M. Tarbell. The McClure Company, New York. 75 cents.

<sup>2</sup> *Ghetto Comedies*. By Israel Zangwill. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> *The Cave Man*. By John Corbin. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> *His Courtship*. By Helen R. Martin. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup> *The Truth About the Case: The Experiences of M. F. Goron, ex-Chief of the Paris Detective Police*. Edited by Albert Kryer. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia.

<sup>6</sup> *The Veiled Lady*. By F. Hopkinson Smith. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>7</sup> *The Story of the Amulet*. By E. Nesbit. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

*A War Correspondent Afloat*

"The Events Man" is the rather cryptic title of the account

of the operation of a newspaper despatch-boat in the waters between Corea and Port Arthur during the early months of the war between Russia and Japan. Mr. Stanley Washburn was a war correspondent for the Chicago Daily News, and for four months he "covered," as far as was humanly possible, in the seagoing tug Fawan, the naval "end" of the war. In the course of his wanderings he was taken a prisoner into Port Arthur, suddenly released to find his way as best he might through the hundreds of floating mines that guarded the entrance to the harbor, barely escaped (as he learned later) being sunk by a shot in the dark from a Russian torpedo boat, was boarded several times by Japanese cruisers and warned to be careful and to be good, and suffered the comparatively minor perils of shipwreck and disaster. On the other hand, to make the game worth while, he scored several "beats" over the journalists of the world. His story is here set down by a companion journalist to whom he told it while in the trenches in Manchuria. It is told in the first person. This method of vicarious autobiography, if it may be called so, in this case has obvious advantages. It gives vividness and a sense of reality to the stirring events of the story, while it frees the reader from any feeling that the chief actor is boastfully recounting his own exploits. It is unfortunate that parts of the story are marred by a too liberal use of slang. Sentences like "when he announced that he would bring all the trailers who up to that moment had assured him he was hot stuff, I giggled the bit," and phrases like "a bunch of booze," and "been handed the proper ice-pitcher," might have their proper place in a volume of "Fables in Slang," but they are only blemishes in a real story like this. The incongruity of the slang is emphasized by many bits of fine descriptive writing. When the "events man" goes aboard a Japanese destroyer, whose men have just seen two of their battle-ships sunk by mines, he (or his chronicler) writes:

The officer in heavy thigh sea-boots had not been shaved for a month. His hair was thick, matted, and disheveled, and through the long, deep lines in his face I could read lineaments that spelled catastrophe and woe heaped upon weeks of soul-tearing work. It was not work that bowed him down. That was part of his game. It was not death that hurt him so. That, too, he clasped as fellow. He looked as if he had not slept since babyhood, and the heavy cords of his neck showed out taut and fierce from the dirty collar of his rough shirt thrown ruggedly away. No ordinary sea peril had hurled him to such dismay—

this king of sea spirits daring as any wild, weird gnomes that ever haunted the deep! People tell you the Japanese have no emotions, show no hurt, feel no disaster. They never saw that commander of that black destroyer as I saw him that mysterious grim morning under the unseen guns of Port Arthur.

In another passage he gives a hint of the lure which led him out, with his life in his hand and his hand outstretched to the fates:

What would I not give were I poet who could properly chant the song of the open sea—the open sea, whereon glide battle fleets! When the dawn wind blows on the fresh ripples, when the night breeze flips up the new white-caps and feathers a wee nest with anguish, when the wake climbs through the hawse-holes and lights flick out of the gloom—all these and more than these give prop and scenic brush a lavish say. Then it is good to start forth of a morning and look upon a new sea, for you know that the day will bring a hundred fresh impressions, and perhaps—perhaps, if luck blows slow and cool—a story. As the first sight of the foe to the fighting man, as the pink of conditioned flesh to the pugilist, as the scent of a raw October marsh to a duck-hunter, even so is the light of a new day on a battlefield to the modern writer of cable news.

On the whole the good "stuff" (the newspaper terms come easily in writing of so pre-eminently a newspaper achievement) far outweighs the bad. The story is a bit of real life; vivid, strong, and picturesque. It remains to be recorded that the proof-reading of the volume is unbelievably bad.

*Mr. Campbell's New Theology*

Mr. R. J. Campbell, minister of the City Temple, London, has taken his winter

resting time to write a book on the new theology.<sup>1</sup> It is partly a self-defense, partly a definition and defense of the theology which he holds and for which he has been severely attacked. In his opening he defines the difference between religion and theology: religion is an experience, theology is an attempt to express that experience in intellectual terms. His volume is an attempt to express his religious faith in intellectual forms. As such we do not think it is very successful. Here are some of his definitions, taken from different parts of his volume, but given as nearly as possible in his own words:

God is the all-controlling consciousness of the universe as well as the infinite, unfathomable, and unknowable abyss of being beyond. This universal consciousness is ever expressing itself in finite forms; specifically in our sub-conscious selves. This infinite power, whatever else it may be, is myself. And yet God is a Father with whom man, his child, can hold intercourse; they are two distinct personalities; communion between the two personalities is possible; we can declare to him our needs; we can receive from him the gift of his life.

Evil is not a principle at war with good. Good is being; evil is not being. Thus sin is a negative, not a positive, term. It denotes the absence rather than the presence of something; a shadow where the light ought to be. And yet men blunder when they think of sin simply as the failure to obtain virtue; it is not that;

<sup>1</sup>The Events Man. By Richard Barry. Moffat, Yard & Co. New York. \$1.25, net.

<sup>1</sup>The New Theology. By R. J. Campbell, M.A. The Maemillan Company, New York.

it is something deeper; it is the attempt to minister to self at the expense of that which is outside self; the attempt to misuse the energies of God; it lives by death to others, or seeks to do so; and the wages of sin is death—the death of the soul.

Our present consciousness of ourselves and of the world can reasonably be accounted a fall, for we came from the infinite, and into the infinite perfection we shall in the end return. And yet, whatever oneness with God may mean, it does not mean the obliteration of our personality; if such obliteration were possible, our present personality could possess no permanent value even for God. No form of self-consciousness can ever perish; immortality is personal.

We do not affirm that these statements cannot be reconciled; but certainly Mr. Campbell does not reconcile them. We do not think his book will succeed in recommending his religious experience to the monistic philosophers. Nor will it commend to the devout soul his monistic philosophy. His volume is interesting, it is intellectually suggestive, but it is not self-evidently consistent. In short, it confirms the judgment which we have heretofore expressed, that he is a preacher, not a theologian.

#### *The Soul's Progress*

In this thoughtful volume of poems<sup>1</sup> is confirmed the promise of the author's earlier volume, "Songs from the Silent Land," commended in *The Outlook* a year ago. Mr. Ledoux here has a single, harmonious purpose—to trace in a series of lyrics the progress of the soul, first through its emotional period and then through its intellectual development to "that higher optimism which, having seen and triumphed over the evils of life, differs from its earlier form about as does virtue from innocence." In a pleasing variety of metrical forms, and with sincere poetical feeling, this vision of advancing spiritual growth through beauty and truth is presented simply and clearly.

#### *Two Picture Books with a Little Reading*

A book<sup>2</sup> which is frankly described in its introduction as a "book of photographs, with letterpress obligato," records a vagabond trip through Friesland, a little frequented part of North Holland. The photographs are remarkable both from an artistic and a technical point of view, and illustrate the life and people of one of the most picturesque districts in Europe. The "obligato," too, is rather well played. Another volume<sup>3</sup> in which the pictures are the main thing has to do with Ireland. In this case the illustrations are from paintings, and are reproduced with excellent effect in color. The paintings have considerable charm,

while the text supplies considerable information.

#### *The Large Print Library*

"Wuthering Heights" is the first volume<sup>4</sup> of a new series of reprints of standard works, whose predominating quality will be readableness. It is called the Large Print Library, and the publishers have selected for it, after consultation with oculists and careful experimentation, a style of type which will make the volumes well suited for reading under trying conditions and by those whose eyesight ought not to be subjected to any unnecessary strain. The typography is not only readable but pleasing, and the general make-up of the volume is substantial and dignified.

#### *Personal and Domestic Hygiene*

This large volume<sup>5</sup> is filled with solid and reliable information useful to all who desire a knowledge of their physical nature and needs. The English standpoint of the author may cause confusion to the American reader, but she need not be discouraged even though she may not be able to compass "glazed chintz curtains," a flower-box and "venetians." Sanitary instruction is more essential than sanitary legislation, but both can be furthered by this plain and sensible handbook.

#### *Summer Prospects*

It behooves the countryman and that half-way countryman, the suburbanite, to devote his attention to the garden. From appearances he can secure an excellent guide<sup>6</sup> for the venture in this practical handbook by Allen French. The directions are clear and brief. The seedsmen are often blamed for failures directly traceable to the ignorance of the gardeners. The "planting table" in this book is of especial value. A large number of pictures supplement the text.

#### *The Bird of Time*

These conversations with Egeria, reported by her evident admirer, Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, are fluent specimens of somewhat jejune reflections.<sup>7</sup> Egeria and her satellites enjoyed themselves immensely, and talked much of many things—of the quality of charm, of the feminine temperament, in fact of woman and her ways so exclusively that we are left to wonder why the men who were not in love stayed to hear it all. If Egeria talked so much at fifty, what would she be at seventy? Very likely the commonplace man who won her hand found out.

<sup>1</sup> *The Soul's Progress*. By Louis V. Ledoux. The John Lane Company, New York. \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup> *Three Vagabonds in Friesland with a Yacht and a Camera*. By H. F. Tomalin. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3, net.

<sup>3</sup> *Ireland*. By Frank Mathew. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2, net.

<sup>4</sup> *Wuthering Heights*. By Emily Brontë (Ellis Bell). Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 90 cents.

<sup>5</sup> *The Home Life in Order*. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>6</sup> *The Book of Vegetables and Garden Herbs*. By Allen French. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75, net.

<sup>7</sup> *The Bird of Time*. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1, net.

# Letters to The Outlook

## THE TEACHERS' BILL.

### I.

Before the passage of the Davis Law men and women teachers received the same salary. The men in opposition to the White Bill were foremost in securing the legislation of the Davis Law. Women worked on the committee with these men. Had the women persisted in their protest against such discrimination in salary, the Davis Law would not have been enacted. It was the best that could be passed at that time, and the women in the committee supported it with the tacit understanding that in time the discrepancy in salaries would be lessened. Seven years have passed, and the cost of living has increased forty per cent.—no increase in salary has been offered to the teacher.

The Board of Education made a by-law by which men were to receive the maximum in any grade—that which the Davis Law accorded them—in the last two years only. Moreover, the men have recently asked an increase in their salaries which would still more accentuate the difference in salary of the sexes.

We believe that it is a relic of barbarism to make sex a factor in work, especially in such service, which calls for identical preparation, identical service, and identical results.

The Davis Law has been operative for seven years, and but seven per cent. of the teaching force are men. This argues that, with men, teaching is not attractive to a large number of college and training-school graduates. The men who make the best teachers are not influenced by money considerations. The poorest men teachers cannot be driven out. Where could they get such a salary above debts, dues, demands, in commercial life? The youth from training-school knows no more about teaching than the girl does. If the youth should enter a commercial life, he would receive a far less rate of salary than \$900 per year. The Davis Law does not protect the salaries of men teachers at the rate of \$2,160 maximum in twelve years below the last two years, hence the women teachers ask that this salary be restricted to those years, and to require men to pass the necessary examination to enter those grades, just as women have to. Because men teachers insist upon their salary of \$2,160 maximum in any grade, and hence calculate the salaries of all women teachers on that same unauthorized scale, is

the reason for the different amounts of \$6,000,000 and \$9,000,000 as estimated respectively, the first sum by the women, the second by the men, to be the additional annual increase to the budget as the cost of the White Bill.

It costs but \$2,000,000 to equalize salaries in the grades where the \$2,160 rightfully belongs—a small amount to abolish a most unjust discrimination between people doing the same work.

You state that women cannot perform the same service as the men. Women do perform those services in the schools where men do not teach, and even in schools employing men the service of the latter is not always of the most approved sort. There are incompetent men teachers as well as women. Why pay the former twice as much as the latter? Only teachers and principals who work in the schools with men teachers can speak authoritatively on a comparison of work.

You state further that manliness can be learned only from men. This reflects upon every high-minded mother of sons. The precepts of the mother and of the woman teacher are as conducive to manliness as the example of the man. The success of the White Bill so far has been largely due to a lack of manliness displayed by the opposition, and also to the fact that a number of the members of the Legislature had had instruction from women teachers only during their school life and bore grateful testimony to its value.

The women teachers ask that the maximum salary to men be kept in the last two years as the Davis Law provides; that men, beginning on \$900 with an increase of \$105 annually for eight years, should have no further increases until after examination to enter grades of the last two years; that women teaching twelve years should have the same salary as men in similar positions.

THEODORA D. BEATTY,

582 Pacific Street, Brooklyn.

MRS. C. E. FISHER,

832 Washington Avenue, Brooklyn.

HARRIET E. SAYRE,

65 Hicks Street, Brooklyn.

Public School Number 11, Brooklyn, N. Y.

### II.

Will the proposed advance of women teachers' wages to that received by men for the same grade of work tend toward the lowering of the ideals of manliness so necessary to instill into the youth of our land?



In a recent editorial of The Outlook that result was prophesied, and the hope was expressed that the Mayor, or, at last resort, the Governor, would veto the White Bill.

It was scarcely made clear to the writer why there should be a danger of fewer men teachers, in the event of that bill being signed, than now. It simply means, on the face of it, that for the same number of hours' work, the same number of subjects taught, the same number of pupils properly prepared to pass the Regents' examination, and to go on from year to year completing in a satisfactory manner their work, the pay shall be the same, whether the teacher is a daughter of Eve or a son of Adam. The contention that at certain periods of a boy's life he should be under the care of a *didacticus* has nothing to do, it seems apparent, with the question as to relative rates of wages paid.

Let the school boards hire men for the grades where it seems to them best to have men. Of course it is not possible that such a thing could exist as putting the round peg in the square hole because the round peg cost less! And if in any wild flight of imagination such were the case, would not the raising the price of round peg to that of square mean a using of the square, if preferred? In any way the subject is looked at, it really seems impossible to argue against the passage of the White Bill, unless there is a determination to pay less than a thing is worth simply because there is power on the one hand and weakness on the other.

S. S. F. CALLAHAN.

The Hackley School, Tarrytown, New York.

### THE FIRST TROLLEY-CAR

In your May Magazine Number is a very interesting article, "The Gates of New York." The author, in his introduction, makes this statement: "In 1888 [was] equipped and put into operation in Richmond, Virginia, the first successful electric trolley road in the world." I wonder if this is true? I have recently been reading Miss Muloch's book "An Unknown Country." On page 97 she says that "an electric tramway, designed to extend from Portrush to Giant's Causeway, was opened by the Viceroy in September, 1883, as far as Bushmills." She also says that in 1886-7 it was to be completed. This book was published in 1887, so Miss Muloch could not have made an entire mistake in dates. Her minute and artless description of this "tramway" is interesting

and amusing in this day of almost countless trolleys.

If our good Irish friends were ahead of us five years, I shall be very glad to know it. Will you please to tell me the date of the first electric tram or trolley? E. A. C.

In the very interesting article in The Outlook of April 27 upon "The Gates of New York," by Robert W. Bruère, it is stated that "in February 1888, Frank Julian Sprague . . . equipped and put into operation in Richmond, Virginia, the first successful *electric trolley* road in the world."

I do not know just the limitation involved in the word "trolley," but in the summer of 1885 I rode from Portrush, Ireland, to the Giant's Causeway, a distance of six or eight miles, in a miniature train propelled by electricity under some method of third-rail attachment.

As it was the first device of the kind I had ever seen, it attracted my attention and interested me greatly, but whether it was properly to be termed an "electric trolley road" I am not engineer enough to say.

ERSKINE N. WHITE.

New York City.

In reply to these questions Mr. Bruère, the author of "The Gates of New York," writes:

Your correspondent is entirely right in saying that she rode upon an electric tram from Portrush, Ireland, to the Giant's Causeway in 1885. An electric third-rail tram was installed there in the early '80's; but the Portrush railway is comparatively recent as an experiment in electric traction. In 1881 a commercial electric railway, running on schedule time, was put into service in Lichtenfelde, Germany; and in 1879 the distinguished German inventors Siemens and Halske operated an electric railway at the Industrial Exposition of that year in Berlin. Indeed, as early as 1838, a Scotchman, Robert Davidson, by name, of Aberdeen, invented an electric locomotive which made a number of scientifically "successful" trips upon the Scottish railways. Nevertheless, all authorities are agreed in crediting Mr. Sprague with the construction of the first economically as well as scientifically successful electric tram, commercially capable of supplanting the horse and the cable and the steam-engine. The briefest as well as the most recent authoritative statement on this point may be found in the "Technological and Scientific Dictionary," George Newnes, London.

# The Outlook



*Saturday, June 8, 1907*

## FLOATING MINES IN NAVAL WAR

BY STANLEY WASHBURN

CORRESPONDENT FOR THE CHICAGO DAILY NEWS IN THE  
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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JUNE 8, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 6

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

Mrs. McKinley .....	261	President Roosevelt and	
Memorial Day .....	261	the Railways .....	273
Popular Thieving .....	262	Religion in the Public	
The Roosevelt - Long		Schools .....	275
Controversy .....	263	Back for To-Day .....	276
The Recount Bill .....	264	The Spectator .....	278
Protection to Aliens .....	266	Floating Mines in Naval	
San Francisco's Need .....	266	Warfare. By Stanley	
A Mean Form of Fraud:		Washburn .....	281
The Bucket Shop .....	268	Divorce in America: The	
Chicago's New Charter .....	269	Solution. By E. Kay	
Professor Harkness .....	270	Stevens .....	287
Two Russian Facts .....	270	Again (Poem). By John	
American Painting .....	271	Hutchins .....	293
American Trade with		Memoirs of E. L. Godkin	
France .....	271	(Ogden) .....	294
Woman Suffrage in Fin-		The Spirit of the Orient	
land .....	272	(Knox) .....	296
Democracy in Austria .....	272	Comment on Current	
Palestine Exploration .....	273	Books .....	298

The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.  
Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.

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THE OUTLOOK  
287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

*Mrs. McKinley* One of the members of his Cabinet recently said that President McKinley had the sweetest nature he had ever known. It was this power of affection that surrounded Mr. McKinley with friends during his life and constituted one of the great sources of his strength. But nothing made him dearer to the American people than his beautiful devotion to his wife. A semi-invalid during her residence at the White House, cherished with a watchfulness and a devotion which realized to an unusual degree in the foremost home in the Nation the American ideal of the relation of husband and wife, after the tragedy which removed the President Mrs. McKinley became in a way the ward of the Nation. A gentlewoman, born in the happiest surroundings, with excellent educational opportunities, of a refined and pure nature, and of many graces of person and mind, the

affection of the country went out to her because of the early sorrows that had devastated her life and because of the affliction which made her dependent upon her husband's love and care. Thus the people of the country saw in the White House a family life in accord with the highest American ideals of purity and chivalrous devotion. Mrs. McKinley's life after the going of her husband was a vigil, and now the morning has come to her. It was fitting that the President, Vice-President, four members of the Cabinet, and a great company of men of the highest official position should gather in the quiet home at Canton on Wednesday of last week and express by their presence at the grave of Mrs. McKinley the honor in which the country held her husband, and the tender affection with which it has surrounded her in her lonely widowhood.

*Memorial Day* As the years pass and the number of the veterans in the parades on Memorial Day perceptibly diminishes, there is a growing respect for the occasion, and a growing desire to honor the men who served the country in one of its great crises. The frowning season smiled on Memorial Day, and all forms of out-of-door commemoration were successfully carried out. One of the most significant and proper uses of the day is the dedication of monuments. At the Arlington National Cemetery the memory of Major-General Mower was thus honored by the Society of the Army of Tennessee, and of Major-General Kelley by the Society of the Army of West Virginia. In the city of New York Governor Hughes delivered a characteristic address, and, in the presence of a great crowd, including many official representatives, bronze tablets were unveiled in the Hall of Fame on the campus of the New York University. Three of these tablets were

in honor of women whose services entitle them to public recognition: Emma Willard, founder of the well-known school at Troy; Mary Lyon, founder of Mount Holyoke College; and Maria Mitchell, so long professor of astronomy in Vassar College. Alexander Hamilton, John Paul Jones, and Louis Agassiz were added to the list of foreign-born Americans now represented in the Hall. The two tablets unveiled in the statesmen's corner bore the names of James Madison and of John Quincy Adams. Two poets were added to the list, Whittier and Lowell; while General Sherman has now joined his two great contemporaries, Grant and Lee. It was noticed that the tablet to General Lee was profusely decorated with wreaths and flowers. A statue of Hamilton was also unveiled in Paterson, New Jersey, President Butler, of Columbia University, delivering the address. At Lincoln Park, Chicago, General Kuroki placed a wreath on the statue of Lincoln. The attention of the whole country centered on the unveiling of the monument to General Lawton at Indianapolis, by reason of the gathering of men of National reputation and of the address by President Roosevelt. The greatest gathering of Confederate veterans in one place since the war took place in Richmond, the special feature of the day being the unveiling of the equestrian statue of General J. E. B. Stuart, erected by the Cavalry Association of the Army of Northern Virginia. Ten thousand veterans took part in the exercises. No memorial of the great struggle and of the magnificent heroism which it evoked on both sides has more fittingly interpreted the spirit of that contest and the attitude of the Nation than the monument recently unveiled to commemorate the services of the Twenty-third New Jersey Regiment at the battle of Salem Church, Virginia. The men of this regiment made a magnificent fight, and have now given their achievement an added luster by the form of their memorial. One side of the monument bears a tablet with this inscription, "To the brave Alabama boys, our opponents on this field of battle, whose memory we honor, this tablet is dedicated." The monument thus becomes not only the memorial of

a great struggle, but of a great spiritual and moral victory, quite as significant and of greater nobility than that which was won a generation ago on the battle-fields of Virginia. The men, North and South, who met one another on the field were the first to forget old animosities and remember the common heroism. No one who knows the Southern temper needs to be told that the "Alabama boys" were quick to respond to the spirit of the "Jersey boys," and that the two groups will cherish together the memory of this heroic struggle.



*Popular Thieving* It is very much to be hoped that the report of the practical dismantling of the cabin of the Duke of the Abruzzi, in the Varese, the Italian flagship now visiting in American waters, has been greatly exaggerated. If the Admiral's statement is to be taken literally, he was the victim of the most outrageous pilfering. Every article that could be detached from his cabin appears to have been removed. Nothing was too small to be overlooked, and nothing too valuable to be taken. If the men and women who were guilty of this outrageous violation of the hospitality of a visiting Admiral belong to the race of insane hunters of souvenirs, the sooner they are found and locked up in asylums the better for the country. People who do not know the difference between souvenir-hunting and stealing ought not to be at large. The disappearance of the Duke's gold toilet set, presented by the King of Italy, ought to be investigated by expert detectives. The other articles, such as clothes-brushes, combs, buttons of uniforms, and tooth-brushes, may possibly be allowed to remain in the hands of curiosity collectors. Their punishment will be their unconscious self-revelation. The prevalence of this sort of thieving and disfigurement is disturbing. The President has sometimes been criticised for keeping so many servants in the White House. The White House belongs largely to the people of the United States, and they are not slow to treat it as their personal property. Some furniture must be left for the President and his family, and a

large force of servants is necessary to prevent the White House from being dismantled by ladies and gentlemen from all parts of the country who wish to possess themselves of its contents. Not long ago one of the rooms was left for a moment to the possession of a visitor, and this opulently appareled lady took occasion to take a pair of scissors out of her pocket and cut a considerable piece from a newly covered sofa to carry away as a souvenir. It is this sort of depredation which makes it necessary to police the White House, and to put the visitors who are not personally known to the various Presidents under strict surveillance. When it comes to stealing the property of distinguished guests from abroad, it is time that somebody took the subject to heart. A few arrests might reform the habits of a class of men and women of whom Rear-Admiral Evans recently said, "The American souvenir-hunter will steal anything except a cellar full of water."



*The Roosevelt-Long  
Controversy*

The greater the man, the more likely he is to have the defects of his virtues. Mr. Roosevelt's extraordinary vitality, coupled with his unusual interest in all that concerns human welfare, makes it very difficult for him to keep silence in the presence of anything which he thinks injurious to his fellow-men. So, if the traditional spelling seems to him cumbersome, he wants to help reform it; and if the teaching of natural history in the schools is not to his liking, he wants to set it right. That his public office and the splendid opportunities for influence on any kind of question which it furnishes impose any limits upon him he is not inclined to believe. His latest excursion into fields non-political is a reported interview in Everybody's Magazine on "The Nature Fakers." It is true that this title is not his; it is not he, but either the interviewer or the editor, who thus characterizes Dr. William J. Long, the well-known writer for children on animal life. But he does characterize Dr. Long's writing as absurd, a description, not of what he has seen, but of a confused

memory of what he has heard or read. That a wolf should tear the heart of a caribou by a wound in the chest, he says, is a "mathematical impossibility." "If Mr. Long," says the President, "wants us to believe his story of the killing of the caribou fawn by the wolf in the way he says it was done, he must produce eye-witnesses and affidavits." Dr. Long meets the challenge by producing the affidavit of an educated Sioux Indian, who is fitting himself to be a teacher and missionary, and a certificate to the character of the Indian from the Rev. C. J. Ryder; and The Outlook unhesitatingly, from personal acquaintance, certifies, if that were necessary, to Dr. Ryder. It is not very safe to say of any event that it is a "mathematical impossibility." Our readers will remember that a famous scientist said that it was a mathematical impossibility for an ocean steamer to carry coal enough to put her under steam across the Atlantic Ocean. Whether Dr. Long or Mr. Roosevelt is right is not very material; and we have no judgment to express on that question. It is much more material that the President of the United States should not add to the controversies which are essential to his political leadership other controversies which have nothing to do with that leadership. A correspondent of the New York Times, apropos of this controversy, calls attention to the fact that the prophet Hosea seems to have observed something like what Dr. Long describes, for he says: "I will meet them as a bear that is bereaved of her whelps, and will rend the caul [covering] of their heart." No one would think of quoting Hosea as an authority on natural history, but it indicates at least that Dr. Long is not the only man who thinks he has witnessed something of this description.



*Imagination in  
Natural History*

Upon one point of principle The Outlook finds itself in disagreement with the President, with whom on most moral questions it is in agreement. It is in the sharp distinction which he undertakes to make between fiction and fact. He enjoys Rudyard Kipling's

"Jungle Book" stories, but he does not care for Dr. Long and but little apparently for Mr. Thompson Seton. We quite agree that fiction ought not to be palmed off on school-children as fact; but we do not agree with what is implied, that imagination may not be used in interpreting and narrating facts. Men see through their temperaments; the imaginative man sees through his imagination; and he is telling the truth if he tells what he sees as he sees it. Mr. Froude, who had a vivid historical imagination, was bitterly condemned by Mr. Freeman, who had none; but Mr. Froude's history is not only interesting while Mr. Freeman's is dull, but very eminent authorities regard him as the better historian of the two. Whether or not Dr. Long correctly interprets the frolic of the caribou calves which he witnessed when he tells his readers that under the "guise of a frolic the calves were being taught a useful lesson," Dr. Long had a perfect right to give this interpretation, and he is not to be condemned by an observer with less fertile imagination for so doing. His interpretation may be challenged; but he ought not to be accused of bearing false witness. The question whether animals possess a certain measure of *quasi* human reason, or are purely the creatures of a mechanically formed habit, is not to be settled by the short and easy method of denying the possibility of all the phenomena which point to a human kinship in animals. The question is really one rather of psychology than of natural history, and cannot be closed by either an appeal to past tradition or a dogmatic declaration upon the authority of any observer, however wide his observations. The Outlook hopes that Dr. Long and Mr. Thompson Seton will continue to write about animal life, and that the children will continue to read their books.



*The Recount Bill  
What It Is*

The Outlook regards the so-called recount bill, which has passed the New York Legislature, as a thoroughly bad bill—false in principle, dangerous as a precedent, and vicious in its details. To make clear this bill it is necessary to restate briefly the history

out of which it grew. When an election takes place, after the polls are closed the ballots are counted in the presence of watchers who represent all the parties who are represented on the tickets voted for. If any watcher objects to any ballot, it is put aside as protested. Then all the ballots, protested and non-protested, are counted, but the protested ballots are still kept separate. In most elections the number of protested ballots is not sufficient, if they were all thrown out, to alter the result of the election. If they are enough to alter the result, either candidate can call for a canvass of these protested ballots by the court. In such a canvass each ballot is scrutinized and its validity is judicially determined. In the New York City election in 1905 there were, in round numbers, 10,000 protested ballots, and the majority for Mr. McClellan as declared by the official canvass, in which of course the protested ballots were all counted, was about 3,500. The protested ballots therefore were enough to determine the election. Mr. Hearst called for a canvass of the protested ballots. It was made in four districts selected by himself, and showed some irregular ballots for McClellan and some for Hearst. The two so nearly offset each other as to make no material difference in the result. Mr. Hearst then abandoned the attempt to have the protested ballots further canvassed, and called for both a recount and a canvass of all the ballots, whether they had been protested or not. Mr. McClellan consented to a recount, but not to a canvass. To such a canvass he objected (1) because the law did not provide for it, (2) because all the non-protested ballots had already been passed upon by the watchers and by the canvassers, (3) because to enter upon a re-examination of 600,000 ballots would involve interminable delay, prevent the organization of the new city government, and imperil the peace and order of the city. The question was carried up to the Court of Appeals, which decided that the law made no provision for either a recount or a canvass of the non-protested ballots. Mr. Hearst then applied to the Attorney-General for leave to bring, in the name of the people of the State, *quo warranto*

proceedings to determine in the courts Mayor McClellan's right to his office. The Attorney-General refused the permission, on the ground that to justify such a proceeding *prima facie* evidence of fraud or irregularity must be presented, and there was no such evidence. Thus all the tribunals which the law provided had been appealed to and had passed on the appeal. Since then a Hearst follower has become Attorney-General and has reversed his predecessor's decision, and is undertaking in the courts to bring about *quo warranto* proceedings. On the assumption that these measures, provided beforehand for the settlement of contested elections, were inadequate, it is now proposed by a special act of legislation to require the courts, not only to recount, but to recanvass all the non-contested ballots or so many of them as either candidate may desire to have recanvassed. This is the measure which has passed the Legislature and which is to be considered in a public hearing by the Mayor this week. If he vetoes it, the Legislature can pass it over his veto by a majority vote. We hope that he will veto it; we wish that we could hope that the Legislature would in that case reconsider its ill-advised action; if not, the Governor, it appears to us, is called upon to veto it by the principles on which he has hitherto consistently acted. It is true that the Governor recommended in his message that the Legislature provide by special act for a recount of the votes, but he did not recommend a recanvass of them—that is, a reinvestigation of the regularity of the votes, and this is provided for by the bill which has been passed. A recount would be a simple and speedy matter; a recanvass might easily be made an occasion of almost interminable delay.



#### The Recount Bill Why We Condemn It

This bill is (1) bad in principle. If the law does not surround the ballot-box with sufficient safeguards, that is very good reason why the Legislature should provide new and better safeguards for future elections. But it is no reason why, after the regular-

ity of the election has been passed on by all the tribunals provided by law for the purpose, the Legislature should, by a species of retroactive legislation, set aside all that has been done and provide for a special method of dealing with this particular election. This is special legislation of the worst kind, and Governor Hughes has avowed himself as unalterably opposed to special legislation. (2) The bill is a dangerous precedent. Every American election is followed by charges of fraud, corruption, and irregularity—charges that are always exaggerated, but never wholly groundless. To invite a disappointed candidate, if he has sufficient wealth and influence, to appeal to the Legislature at the close of any election upon charges of fraud to order a special canvass is to put all election returns in uncertainty and stimulate the very political discontent this act is supposed by its framers to be intended to avert. It is quite enough to have the city in political uncertainty and turmoil for three months before an election; it is intolerable to have it kept in turmoil and uncertainty for two years after the election. (3) The bill is vicious in its details. It enables Mr. Hearst to call not merely for a recount of the votes but for a recanvass; and for a recanvass not merely of the protested ballots, but of all the ballots. This makes it possible for him to demand that the courts shall examine every one of 600,000 ballots, hear arguments pro and con upon the regularity of each, and pass judgment upon it. It makes it possible for him to select those districts in which McClellan's majority was three or four to one, and in which, therefore, if there was equal irregularity in both parties, the irregular McClellan ballots would be three or four to one, and it makes no provision for a recanvass in other districts, except upon the request of Mr. McClellan, who has no reason to request any recanvass. It overloads an already overloaded court with a tedious and profitless litigation, the result of which cannot probably be reached before Mr. McClellan's term will have expired. It entails a great expense upon Mr. McClellan, who must either stand aside and allow a purely *ex parte* investigation to be carried on or must provide counsel



to watch not only his interests but those of his constituents. And, what is perhaps worst of all, it enables Mr. Hearst to carry on through a couple of years to come an unscrupulous political agitation, a venomous inflammation of class hatred, and a skillful campaign of self-advertisement. We appreciate the chivalric motive which has inspired Republicans to offer this opportunity to a political opponent; but generosity to an opponent does not justify injustice to the entire community.



*Protection to  
Aliens*

The ill-treatment of Japanese subjects in San Francisco has led to representations from Japan to the United States Government which will doubtless receive prompt attention and meet courteous reply. It was at first supposed that the remonstrance referred to a single recent case of violence, in which a Japanese restaurant was attacked by roughs because two white men had been put out for misconducting themselves. But in a newspaper interview the Japanese Consul at San Francisco enumerates, with dates and particulars, ten cases where Japanese restaurants and bath-houses have been attacked or threatened by mobs. In reply to Governor Gillett's statement that "the assaults were due largely to uncertain conditions existing in San Francisco by reason of the labor trouble," the Consul, Mr. Matsuikbara, agrees that the authorities, owing to strike conditions, have a difficult problem in guarding all places at all times, and that the police are overworked; but he adds that Japanese residents "are fully convinced, however, that much of the violence to which they have been subjected is due to racial prejudice, and that attempts which are being made in certain quarters to have it appear that the trouble is confined to quarrels between laboring men, incidentally involving Japanese, are without foundation." To prove this he describes the assaults and calls attention to their uniformity as expressions of race hostility and the fact that the Japanese concerned have nothing to do with the strikes. He disowns any other intention than to get the facts

before the American people, "believing implicitly in the fairness and justice of that tribunal." There is no difference of opinion among law-abiding people as to the right of every resident of the United States to complete protection for life, limb, and property. Where city and State authorities have failed to do their duty it is certain that aliens will appeal to their own Government for redress and prevention of further outrage. The foreign Government must in turn deal directly with the United States Government; for under our Constitution American States and cities are not allowed to treat diplomatically with foreign powers. If the protest to Washington is met with the reply that under our dual system of State and National administration the Federal Government cannot interfere, a situation arises which is simply impossible and unendurable. Nothing is clearer than that the United States *must* have power to demand and enforce protection for alien residents the country over, exactly as it has that power for all residents in the Territories and the District of Columbia. Nor can it be doubted that if the United States may make a treaty with Japan guaranteeing the safety of Japanese residents in America, it may constitutionally enforce that guarantee anywhere within its own territory. The general Government has been reluctant to interfere in local administration of police affairs, and it is rare that such a thing is needed; but if United States marshals or troops are necessary to prevent outbreaks of mobs against Japanese or Germans, as such, they may be used for that purpose. It is to be hoped and believed that the California officials will take effective measures to prevent such outbreaks, and will show a desire to repair the injury already done; if not, our general Government will find law and power to deal justly and firmly with the situation.



*San Francisco's  
Need*

Sympathy for San Francisco because of its terrible misfortune and its brave attempt to rebuild and regain commercial supremacy must not blind the eyes of the true friends of the city to

the fact that what is most needed is a moral upheaval. The municipal situation is complex and discouraging. It is discouraging solely because those who should be united in fighting a common foe are divided in two camps and are mutually distrustful and mutually recriminatory. Neither of these elements, both of which profess to desire the political rehabilitation of San Francisco, seems willing to trust the people at large, and both seem to desire the purging of the corrupt city government by indirect, extra-legal ways. A wave of moral indignation, hot and strong, one in which all decent citizens will unite insistently and passionately, must come before a sound and honest municipal government can take the place of Ruef's band of grafters. The crimes are practically admitted on every hand; sixteen Supervisors have confessed to the acceptance of bribes; Ruef has made an abject partial confession; Mayor Schmitz is to-day on trial on a charge of despicable extortion; Mr. Patrick Calhoun, the head of the United Railroads (the street-car system), has been indicted on a charge of giving bribes to Supervisors; a great bundle of indictments against other bribe-givers and bribe-takers has been found by the Grand Jury; no one privately and few publicly deny that both before and after the disaster votes and influence were bought and sold by wholesale both for the protection and extension of vice, and for special privileges and monopoly rights by gas, telephone, and street-car corporations. New York in Tweed's time was no worse, probably not so bad. The evidence to support these charges has been skillfully and courageously gathered by the prosecuting officers, acting chiefly under the direction of Mr. Heney as Assistant District Attorney, with the financial and advisory support of Mr. Rudolph Spreckels. Mr. Heney's programme now is to use the confessions of the sixteen scoundrelly Supervisors and to grant them immunity in return for their necessary assistance; to press the case against Schmitz; probably, as we judge, to use Ruef's testimony, and to let him accept sentence on the one charge to which he has pleaded guilty; and to follow up and

press home the charges against the bribe-givers and against corporate corruption. Mr. Heney says: "Which is the man who should be punished for the crime, if one must be allowed to go free—the confessed bribe-taker or the confessed bribe-giver? Let us show that no man, however wealthy he may be, is greater than the law. Let us prove that the power of wealth cannot corrupt our courts and prevent the carrying out of justice." He also declares that the greatest crisis in the graft exposure is at hand, and that President Calhoun is marshaling on his side the wealthiest bankers and merchants of the city. On the other hand, Mr. Calhoun asperses the motives of the prosecution, declares his innocence, and asserts that Mr. Spreckels desired to get personal control of the street railway system for himself, and that pique, anger, and financial self-interest are at the bottom of his support of the prosecution. Not openly allied with Mr. Calhoun and other capitalists accused of bribe-giving, but openly opposed to Mr. Heney and his methods, has stood the Committee of Fifty and its subordinate sub-committee of seven, sometimes called the Septemvirate. These men represent mainly the business and corporate wealth of San Francisco, although there are two or three labor representatives among them. They hold that the first and greatest thing to do is to re-establish the city's credit, push on rebuilding, and regain the waning confidence of the East. They claim to have Mayor Schmitz under their control, and even say that they have had his written promise to do just what the Septemvirate tell him as to dismissals and appointments. They lay great stress on the labor difficulties, and urge with perfect justice that non-union laborers must be protected in their right to work; and in this connection it may be reported that a former State Labor Commissioner last week reported to Governor Gillett that there are 40,000 laborers idle in San Francisco at a time when wages are exceedingly high! The members of the Committee denounce Mr. Heney for letting the Supervisors go free; but in return he asserts that he has never had the slightest aid, nor financial or moral support, from the

Committee in his work of exposing corruption. If we understand the situation, the Committee of Fifty want industrial and commercial peace and prosperity; Mr. Heney and his adherents want to destroy political and corporate corruption, root and branch. The two things are interdependent, and until the whole people work together for both, neither will be attained. Governor Gillett puts the whole case as follows:

The conditions in San Francisco are intolerable. San Francisco needs Eastern capital and Eastern credit. Under present conditions it can get neither. The Eastern capitalist is afraid to invest his money with us, and Eastern commercial interests are afraid of the anarchy that they believe exists here.

San Francisco must give all the world unmistakable assurances that it is not alone capable of protecting capital and labor, but that it is giving them that protection.

It is time for the business men of this community, irrespective of party or politics, to get together in numbers so large that they cannot be accused of fighting for either Calhoun or Spreckels, and insist upon the preservation of law and order.



#### *A Mean Form of Fraud*

On June 16 bucket-shops in Massachusetts will be illegal. Thereafter any one convicted of keeping a bucket-shop will be visited with severe penalties. In passing a bill to this effect Massachusetts has followed the example of Illinois, Wisconsin, Vermont, Missouri, and is in the company of other States in which the agitation against the bucket-shop has been persistent. The evil against which this Massachusetts law and similar laws in other States are directed is the same in substance, though not the same in form, as that which has manifested itself in pool-rooms, policy-shops, and other gambling places. As a pool-room is a place where people bet on horse races, so a bucket-shop is a place where people, to all intents and purposes, bet on the fluctuation of stocks. The bucket-shop carries on its business under the guise of a broker's office; the "customer" goes through the form of purchasing stock through the keeper as an agent, but no stock is delivered or transferred. In a genuine broker's office the transactions, so far

as the law can be enforced, are real. Even when the purchases are made, not for the purpose of indefinitely holding the stock bought, but with the intention of disposing of it within an hour at a profit, nominally, at least, they are made for investment. Speculation, as carried on by genuine brokers, may be furious and ruinous, but it is incidental to the real transfer of property. In a bucket-shop, on the other hand, though no actual stock changes hands, the keeper of the bucket-shop charges his "customer" a commission for buying, another for selling, and interest for carrying the stock while he holds it. As the keeper neither buys, nor sells, nor has to carry the stock, his commissions are clear gain. In addition, he reaps advantage whenever the fluctuations, as he records them, are in his favor. Inasmuch as the keeper has entire control of the announcement of the fluctuations, he can manipulate them to suit himself. Moreover, the keeper does not need to accept the transaction unless he wants to. In other words, the customer of a bucket-shop practically bets on the fluctuations of stock with a keeper who has exclusive control of the sources of information, who takes only the bets that he wishes to take, and who gets, in the form of a commission, something out of every bet.



#### *How the Bucket-Shop Works*

Thus the bucket-shop resembles only in appearance, not at all in reality, a broker's office. In a legitimate stock transaction, as in any other form of real trade, both parties to the bargain may profit; in every transaction of a bucket-shop, on the other hand, one party to it can gain only at the expense of the other. In passing, it may be noted that the customer of a bucket-shop always bets on a rise, never on a fall. For this reason the only time that a bucket-shop is likely to lose is on a steadily rising market; under such a condition a bucket shop, usually without going through the form of failing, simply closes. Unlike policy-shops and pool-rooms, bucket-shops have the air of respectability; and although, at a conservative estimate, nine out of every ten

customers lose, these places lure the unwary by inviting them, as it were, to participate in financial transactions. In Boston there have been some fifty bucket-shops situated in the busiest portions of the city; and they have existed in other large centers of the State. The receiver of one of the notorious bucket-shops in Boston wrote in March of this year:

At the time of my appointment as receiver, there were cash available assets of less than \$600 in the bank, and there were outstanding claims of the company somewhere in the vicinity of \$1,000,000. I don't know the exact number of the creditors, but they were in the thousands. They were almost invariably poor people, some of whom could not even read or write the English language. These people were encouraged to make investments, so called, in the riskiest kind of securities. As receiver I was enabled, chiefly as the result of good fortune, to obtain possession of a considerable sum of money, most of which had been secreted in the form of certified checks. This property was found in safe deposit boxes, which were leased to employees of the company, so that the company's name should not appear. It was a rule of the company that when a sheriff appeared in the doorway, all cash should be placed in the pockets of the employees so as to prevent attachment. The company itself had so little faith in its own agents that they could not pay a single dollar of indebtedness without first receiving a cipher telegram, the translation of which was known only to the bank on which they should draw the check. This is the kind of an institution which your bill is aimed at, and which, I believe, it will destroy, if passed.

In the States where the law against the bucket-shops has been enforced and carried through the courts it has been found thoroughly effective. The fleeing of the ignorant and the cultivation of the gambling spirit in the young by these concerns can, it has been shown, be prevented by law.

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*Chicago's New Charter* The Legislature of Illinois, at its recent session, enacted a new charter for the city of Chicago. The act is to be submitted to the people of Chicago for their rejection or approval September 17 next. Little doubt is felt that the charter will meet with popular approval. Under the Illinois Constitution of 1870 the Legislature was required to pass a general

incorporation law to govern all cities, and special legislation was forbidden. This arrangement did not work well. Chicago has a population of about two million, while no other city in the State has one hundred thousand. The conditions were so different that municipal legislation suited to the needs of the smaller municipalities did not meet the requirements of Chicago. Three years ago, as the result of a popular movement, the Constitution of the State was amended so as to authorize the Legislature to give Chicago a special charter. For the purpose of promoting the draft of an instrument that should reflect public opinion, the City Council provided by resolution for a Charter Convention composed of seventy-four members, made up of aldermen, members of the Legislature, representatives of the city's various governing bodies, and thirty citizens, appointed half by Governor Deneen and half by Mayor Dunne. This Convention, after more than a year's work, came to substantial agreement. The Legislature made some changes in the bill presented by the Charter Convention, notably in refusing to sanction provisions designed to promote political independence. The Legislature struck out the direct primary feature which had been adopted by the Charter Convention. It also refused to make any concession whatever to the demand for the elimination of the party circle from the ballot in municipal elections. In most other respects the act as passed is in accordance with the recommendations of the Charter Convention. The charter is especially notable for its broad grant of home rule powers to the city of Chicago and its City Council. Rural critics of the bill even said that its effect would be to create Chicago into a separate State. As a matter of precaution, the existing enumerated powers of the city were repeated, but the dependence of the charter-makers is upon the grant to the city in general terms of the broad power to do all things necessary for the government of the city, except such as might be in conflict with the provisions of the Constitution or of general laws. General laws hereafter passed relating to cities are not to be construed

as applying to Chicago unless so specifically stated. The aim of the framers of the charter was to give Chicago power to work out its own local problems in its own way, free from legislative interference or the necessity of appealing continually to the Legislature for additional powers. As to public utilities, the charter authorizes the Council to grant franchises, but the term must not be longer than twenty years, and to regulate public service corporations. The city is also authorized to own and operate public utilities, the provisions of the Mueller street railway municipal ownership law being made applicable to all public utilities. To outsiders the surprising feature is that this broad grant of municipal ownership powers aroused almost no opposition even from the interested companies. The explanation doubtless is that the fundamental policy was settled when the Mueller law was passed through the Legislature as the result of proceedings that were riotous and revolutionary in their nature, and the "interests" evidently deemed it unwise to reopen the issue.



#### *Professor Harkness*

In every college there is either the presence or the memory of some teacher whose personality has interpreted in an individual way the traditions and spirit of the institution, or who has endeared himself by certain native qualities so that he has become a kind of patron saint and he has been canonized by dropping his last name and calling him by some familiar but perfectly respectful appellation. Professor Albert Harkness, of Brown University, who died at Providence last week, was one of the group of men who not only represent a Department, but stand for a language and a literature. He was born in Massachusetts, received his early education in a neighboring high school, spent a year at Worcester Academy, and entered Brown University, from which he was graduated in 1842 at the head of his class. He had the instincts of a scholar, and he early planned to lead the life of a scholar, and took a graduate course of study in Germany, taking the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Bonn. He was a student

also at Berlin and Göttingen, and was on his way to Greece when he received notice of his election to the chair of Greek in Brown University. He began his work at that institution in 1855, and held the position until the day of his death, although for several years past, owing to feeble health and the burden of years, he had no regular teaching work. Among the leaders of classical learning in this country Professor Harkness long held a foremost place, and he was the recipient of many scholarly and academic honors. Students will remember him chiefly for his Latin and Greek textbooks; and there is a host of men in all parts of the country who made their first acquaintance with Latin and Greek instruction under his leadership. His books quickly replaced those of Andrews and Stoddard, the familiar and faithful friends of a still earlier generation. Professor Harkness was not only a grammarian, but he was also a lover and teacher of classical literature, and a man of very charming personality. The greeting which he always received of late years at any gathering at Brown University was significant of the great respect for his attainments as a scholar and of the great affection for his qualities as a man.



#### *Two Russian Facts*

When Mr. Nicholas Shishkoff came to this country to beg aid for his starving countrymen, it was hoped that a large sum might be raised to feed the millions who were in danger of utter starvation. Less than sixty thousand dollars has thus far been secured, though the need is terribly pressing—from hunger, scurvy, fever, lack of domestic animals, and a hundred other woes that sufficient money might assuage. One reason why the fund thus far raised is so small is because many Americans are afraid that the money will not reach its destination. An English physician, Dr. Howard P. Kennard, has for weeks been going through some of the worst districts in Samara and elsewhere, and he sends word to his English and American friends that they may have entire confidence in intrusting funds to the zemstvo organizations. The need grows. The funds

are properly used. These are the two facts that should appeal to those who have money to give for the relief of suffering. In Samara alone there are 300,000 children who need milk and cannot get it. They have only black bread and young cucumbers, and little of that. Many are forced to eat food which no dog would eat. Dr. Kennard testifies that the work of doling out aid is done methodically and economically. He says: "I can heartily recommend the system of the zemstvos, as heartily as I cannot recommend the system, or want of system, of the Russian Red Cross. My countrymen and kin in Great Britain and America may have every confidence in sending funds for the use of the Zemstvo Organization, headed by such men as Prince Lroff, Mr. Nicholas Shishkoff, Prince Orbeliany, and Dr. Graham." Checks for this work should be sent to S. J. Barrows, Secretary Russian Relief Fund, 135 East Fifteenth Street, New York City.

#### *American Painting*

The present Salon of the Society of French Artists at Paris and the recent Academy exhibition in New York City call renewed attention to the excellence of American painting. Though the Paris Salon is said to surpass any seen in a decade because of the uniformly high character of the canvases, America, for the first time, leads all foreign countries both in the number and in the general excellence of the works displayed. Sixteen hundred pictures are shown in this year's Salon, the jury having ruthlessly rejected those of over four thousand aspirants. In this country the Academy exhibition in New York City is, of course, not nearly so important a factor to America as is the Paris exhibition to France and the world, but it is nevertheless an important factor. This year's exhibition was not more notable because of the rise of a new school of impressionism than for the re-emphasis of qualities long peculiarly American—fine observation, unforced feeling, and direct, simple, solid, vigorous treatment. Given these qualities, the resultant canvases are transcripts of nature done with both sym-

pathy and understanding. The Academy is now obliged to hold two exhibitions a year in order to accommodate the number of acceptable works in oil painting sent to it, mainly from New York City. Out of upwards of fifteen hundred pictures sent in, the recent exhibition comprised only about four hundred works. The jury accepted and would gladly have placed two hundred more, had there been room. Thus the exhibition was confessedly inadequate properly to represent the productions in painting, not indeed of this country but even of New York City, the great art center, where considerably more than half of America's important art work is produced. It is not surprising, then, that the National Academy of Design is again demanding a larger building. Such a structure might help towards the creation of an American Salon.



#### *American Trade with France*

The German-American commercial agreement has provoked two protests, one from certain "stand-patters" at home and one from a particular nation abroad—France—with which our trade, though large, is but about half of the German-American commerce. The French tariff system, being highly protective, is modified from time to time only in the direction of increased rates of duty. For some months measures have been pending before the Chamber of Deputies proposing largely to increase the duty on American cotton-seed products and on American shoes. A maximum and minimum tariff operates in France, and an increase to the maximum has already been decided upon as to the rate on Porto Rican coffee, which now enters France under the benefit of the minimum rate. Last year France took no less than one-sixth of the Porto Rican coffee crop; a diminution of her imports of this commodity would of course affect the United States. A tariff increase of sixty per cent. on shoes would certainly and seriously affect this rapidly growing class of exports from America, but the proposed tariff change of no less than four hundred per cent. on cotton-seed oil would practically end our export to

France of that commodity. An interchange of views between American and French tariff experts, like the recent German-American interchange, would, we believe, put the trade relations between America and France upon a more mutually advantageous basis. But the whole subject of schedules, whether reflected by German, French, or American opinion, calls the country's attention anew, first, to the necessity of readjusting the schedules in our general system, and, secondly, to the desirability of instituting that plan which seems to work well elsewhere—a maximum and minimum tariff.



*Woman's Suffrage  
in Finland*

The experiment in woman's suffrage in Finland will be watched with a great deal of interest. By a manifesto issued in October, two years ago, the Czar restored to that country the autonomy guaranteed to it by Alexander I., and taken from it under his successor, the present ruler of all the Russias. The Finns promptly adopted an amendment to their constitution giving full suffrage to women, and opening the lower branch of the Finnish Parliament to them. It is reported that the registry showed a larger proportion of women than of men, and that, if they had chosen, the women voters might have seated a majority of their own sex in the lower chamber. In most districts, however, they cast their votes for men, although about a score of women were elected and will appear for the first time in history as members of a national legislature. The members of the upper branch of the Finnish Parliament, the Senate, are appointed by the Czar, who is said to be very much under the influence of his mother, the Empress Dowager, a daughter of the late King of Denmark and a sister of the present Queen of England. If it is true, as reported, that the Czar has great confidence in the political judgment of his mother, it is not impossible that the experiment of admitting women, not only to the voting privilege, but to the privilege of government, will be tried in Finland in both branches of the National

Parliament. It is, so far as we know, the first attempt on a considerable scale to carry out the doctrine of woman suffrage to its logical result, the full participation of women in all the functions of government, except perhaps the military. But why that exception? The cable report that most of the women legislators elected are radical Socialists is possibly significant.



*Democracy in  
Austria*

The first election under the new universal suffrage law in Austria has just occurred. Under the old rule nothing like either universal or equal suffrage was known. The Abgeordnetenhaus, or supposedly popular house of the Reichsrath, or Parliament, was elected by five classes of people—first, the large landed proprietors; second, the Chambers of Commerce; third, the municipalities; fourth, the rural districts; and, finally, the body of citizens possessed of a small property and not disqualified by any special cause. In place of this, there is now, we are glad to say, a law making the exercise of the suffrage not only universal but compulsory. Fines or imprisonment await those Austrians too lazy, indifferent, or busy to go to the polls. The result of the election is doubly significant. First, democracy triumphs over what remains of aristocracy and plutocracy in Austrian politics; secondly, a greater political solidarity triumphs over race hatred. The Abgeordnetenhaus has long witnessed exhibitions of racial animosities which savored more of comic opera or the cock-pit than of statecraft. It has been difficult to avoid this, owing to the Empire's composite character. Not only is Hungary racially arrayed against Austria, but Austria herself is composed of seventeen States, each having a separate Legislature and widely differing in race, language, caste, and political principles. The chief element of parliamentary unrest hitherto, the Young Czechs, representatives from Bohemia, has now, to the relief of the sober-minded, been almost annulled by the great reduction of that party in Parliament. The Pan-German and other racial elements have also been subordinated.

But there has been a proportionate increase in other political forces. This is most noted in the startling rise to power of the Socialists. They may not have a preponderating influence in the new Reichsrath, however, as they can be permanently held in check by a combination of the Clerical and Anti-Semite parties—or, as the latter now prefer to be called, Christian Socialists. In these leading parties all nationalities will henceforth be represented. Hence the wise old Emperor who has long sought greater political freedom for his people will, we trust, have insured an equal advance in imperial solidarity.



*Palestinian Exploration* Athens, Rome, Jerusalem, are the fountain-heads of our civilization. Four streams united to water primitive Eden; these three join to fertilize the modern world—intellectual culture from the Greek, civil law from the Roman, religious and moral inspiration from the Hebrew. In our day we go back to these sources to open them more fully and to deepen them for a larger outflow. The American School at Athens has thus enriched our universities with a larger appreciation of Greek life and literature. The American School at Rome has nobly followed with similar results of research into ancient and mediæval history. Our School of Oriental Research at Jerusalem, established seven years ago, has an equal claim for support, but is hampered still by lack of means to do the like of what has been done at Athens and Rome. Fresh light on unsettled questions in Bible study is expected from further excavation and research in the land of the Book. A fund is needed, with a permanent home and a resident Director for the School. The School is absolutely undenominational; its purpose purely scientific. Its immediate need is a permanent home, now purchasable for \$12,000, of which \$4,000 has been conditionally pledged. Subscriptions to this deserving enterprise, which promises results of positive value to the world's stock of knowledge, should be sent to Professor J. H. Ropes, Treasurer, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

## *President Roosevelt and the Railways*

On Decoration Day at Indianapolis the President made one of his characteristic speeches, which was devoted chiefly to a discussion of the railway question. It has attracted wide attention and produced much comment both in this country and in Europe. Some newspapers, like the New York Sun, have denounced it as dangerously radical; others, like the New York Times, criticise it as being so conservative as to be almost reactionary. The New York Evening Post asserts that the President has been terrified by the railways, "that the times have changed, and that Theodore Roosevelt has changed with them." These newspapers represent the point of view of the New Yorker who cannot see beyond the boundaries of his own city, and who either is unable or does not wish to understand the temper of the country at large with regard to railways.

As a matter of fact, in this speech the President makes only one new and radical suggestion; by far the greater part of the address is taken up with a clear and simple résumé of what he has said many times before in messages and speeches, and with a statement of what has so far been accomplished by Federal legislation. The general tenor of the address is indicated in the following passage:

"There must be vested in the Federal Government a full power of supervision and control over the railways doing inter-State business; a power in many respects analogous to and as complete as that the Government exercises over the National banks. It must possess the power to exercise supervision over the future issuance of stocks and bonds, either through a National incorporation (which I should prefer) or in some similar fashion, such supervision to include the frank publicity of everything which would-be investors and the public at large have a right to know. The Federal Government will thus be able to prevent all overcapitalization in the future; to prevent any man hereafter



from plundering others by loading railway properties with obligations and pocketing the money instead of spending it in improvements and in legitimate corporate purposes; and any man acting in such fashion should be held to a criminal accountability. It should be declared contrary to public policy henceforth to allow railroads to devote their capital to anything but the transportation business, certainly not to the hazards of speculation. For the very reason that we desire to favor the honest railroad manager, we should seek to discourage the activities of the man whose only concern with railroads is to manipulate their stocks. The business of railroad organization and management should be kept entirely distinct from investment or brokerage business, especially of the speculative type, and the credit and property of the corporation should be devoted to the extension and betterment of its railroads, and to the development of the country naturally tributary to the lines. These principles are fundamental."

This statement expresses, we think, the attitude of the country at large with regard to railways. The Outlook has frequently asserted its belief that there is no general enmity throughout the country towards the railway industry, nor a desire to have railway rates in general radically reduced and legitimate railway profits radically interfered with. There is, however, a determination to have equitable rates and equal opportunities for all users of the railways, whether they be shippers, travelers, or investors. Having made the general statement which we quote, the President proceeds to amplify it by asserting, and we believe justly, that the railway builder should receive liberal reward for both his energy and risk; that the total railway securities of the country as issued undoubtedly represent legitimate values; that traffic agreements should be permitted under careful regulation; and that in the just and wise movement to establish Government control over railways as semi-public property great caution should be exercised not to injure the railways by fanatical, ignorant, or

revengeful legislation. The President points out that under the Hepburn Act the Inter-State Commerce Commission has absolute control over the accounts of railways. "On July 1 next all the railways of the country subject to the jurisdiction of the Commission must standardize their accounting methods, and the Commission is now organizing a bureau of special examiners whose duty it will be, among other things, to see that the books of the carriers are kept in conformity with the rules laid down by the Commission. Thus the means are already at hand and the machinery already created which, when perfected, will put the public in position to know the facts, so that the small investor can exercise an intelligent judgment when intrusting his money to the promoters of great railway enterprises. We hope as one of the chief means of betterment of conditions to secure as complete publicity in the affairs of railroads as now obtained with regard to National banks."

At the very outset of the address, in explaining the great legislative and social movement for Governmental control of railways, the President makes the one radical suggestion of the address. "The Nation, he says, has asserted its right "to supervise and control the business use of wealth, especially in its corporate form." In carrying out this policy the first and most important task is to exercise control over the common carriers doing an inter-State business. This control may be obtained by the Federal incorporation of State railways, a method for which the President definitely expresses his preference. But there is possibly another way of asserting Federal control of railways. The Constitution grants to the National Government power to establish post roads, and therefore by implication the power to control and regulate them for the purpose of maintaining the highest state of efficiency. But the railways are post roads, since they carry United States mails. It is quite possible, therefore, that they are subject to Government control even where they do not exist by right of Federal charter. This suggestion of the President's, however, which was first made by Judge Farrar, of New Orleans,

is not proposed as a practical measure to-day, but probably to intimate to some of the more timid Constitutional lawyers the thought that Federal regulation of inter-State railways can be carried on within Constitutional bounds.

In our judgment, the President's speech is a sound one, and is of value, not because it states any new policies or principles, but because it gives in a clear and comparatively brief compass the record of the progress in political philosophy and political legislation that has been made by the American people during the last ten years in the course which they are pursuing, as we believe, towards an Industrial Democracy.



## *Religion in the Public Schools*

In the International Arbitration Conference held the last week in May at Lake Mohonk, two Commissioners of Education, Dr. Andrew S. Draper, of New York State, and the Hon. Elmer Ellsworth Brown, United States Commissioner of Education, brought out in their addresses the moral significance of the great world education of the present day. Its proportions are so great as to tax the imagination. There are upwards of sixteen million children and youth attending public school in America, to which number must be added those who are attending private schools, academies, and colleges. But this educational movement is not peculiar to the United States. It is characteristic of the century. It is carried on upon a similar scale not only in all the states of western Europe, but also in the Orient. Commissioner Draper stated that there are, in round numbers, three million and a half of teachers engaged in the school work of the world, and, if we understood him aright, this does not include the state schools of China, which until very recently have not been educational institutions in the American sense of that term. That is, they have simply taught the traditions of the past; they have not developed in the pupils the power of independent thought. What results for the peace

of the world could be achieved if this army of teachers were to make it their business to counteract race prejudice and promote the spirit of mutual respect and good will, Commissioner Brown put tersely and effectively:

Let us consider here three ways of settling differences among men, and see what the teaching of the schools may be expected to do by way of furthering that type of thought which lies nearest to arbitration. The primitive way of settling a quarrel is an appeal to arms, a decisive physical fight. This is the spontaneous method of uncontrolled anger. A second way is the way of compromise. Compromise has, no doubt, its rightful place, and in the daily dealings of men with men it must play an important part. A third method, a method hard to practice and even hard to define, the method which arbitration ultimately represents and reinforces, is the method of finding some ground of positive agreement higher than the ground taken by either antagonist at the beginning of the strife. . . . Every well-conducted international arbitration contributes to the building up of a higher conception of international obligations, of world relations, and is accordingly in its effect the bringing of the disputants together on higher and more stable ground than either of them occupied when the strife began. . . . It seems clear that this is the very type of thinking which is characteristic of modern education at its best. It is the type of thinking which should be promoted in schools of every grade in the interest of liberal culture rightly understood. It is by promoting such culture and establishing such modes of thought among our people everywhere that the public schools can lay the surest foundation for the arbitration principle.

These schools are incidentally and indirectly and therefore all the more effectually teaching the principles and inspiring their pupils with the spirit of peace. The school-boys are learning it by their habit of submitting their athletic controversies to the decision of an umpire. They are learning it in their literary and other clubs where acceptance of the decision of the majority is enforced by a very vigorous and quite irresistible school public opinion. They are learning it in the daily life of the playground, where the bully finds himself speedily sent to Coventry by his companions, and where the timid and effeminate are toned up to a larger measure of courage by the jeers of their companions. The standards of justice in the school life are somewhat primitive and somewhat rude, but they

are real and they are enforced by a very vigorous and manly school sentiment. A feeble and foolish teacher may do something to impair this public sentiment; a strong and wise teacher may do something to reinforce it. But it is essentially spontaneous, and operates largely irrespective of ethical catechisms of any description.

Nor is this self-teaching of our public schools confined to the one theme of peace. It has almost nothing to do with reverence toward God, but it has to do with every relation of the youth to the other youths with whom he is associating. It does not promote piety, but it does promote good morals. We know of no better definition of education than Professor Huxley's:

Education is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of nature—under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways—and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws. For me education means neither more nor less than this.

While the teacher in the school-room is instructing the intellect in the laws of nature, the boys and girls in their common life are fashioning their affections and their wills into a desire to move in harmony with those laws. It is not always an affectionate and loving desire. It is not always founded on either a very intelligent understanding of the laws or a very profound reverence for them. It would be a great gain if these pupils could be made to see that these laws are not the mere conventions of society, nor mere rules of convenience framed by men for the promotion of happiness, but are the essential principles of a life which is at once human and divine. But they are learning obedience to law, and it is better to acquire a habit of obedience to law without understanding its divine nature than to understand its divine nature without forming a habit of obedience to law. Above all, especially in our American schools, where children of different races, nationalities, and creeds mingle together, the boys and girls are learning that there is a common life in humanity which is deeper and more abiding than all the differences of race and creed. They are

learning that they are members of one community, and that the well-being of each depends on the well-being of all, and the well-being of all on the well-being of each. They are learning not only their individual rights and their individual duties, but also the social obligations—a spontaneous regard for which is essential to the prosperity of the social organization to which they belong. If it be true that obedience to law and good will to men are essential elements in religion, then our children are learning religion in the public schools even while we are discussing how we can teach it to them. Then, also, the greatest need in our public schools is not a catechism on which all teachers can agree, but a spirit of loving and earnest obedience to the laws of nature, that is of God, and such a wise and tactful direction of school life as will inspire more of that spirit in the boys and girls and guide it in wiser and more intelligent directions.



## *Bach for To-Day*

The announcement that no more Bach festivals were to be held at Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, was received with great regret by many people who had learned to follow the interpretation of some of the noblest religious music by that unique community which still keeps alive the old musical feeling as it still observes many of the beautiful old-time usages. But the seed sown in Bethlehem has sprung up, as so often happens, at a distance; and three years ago, at Montclair, New Jersey, a community of exceptional intelligence and unity of feeling, under the leadership of Dr. Bradford, pastor of the Congregational church and one of the best-known men in that communion, a Bach festival was organized, the choir of the Episcopal church assisting. This year the whole community united in a third festival, devoted to the reproduction of some of the greater works of this master of the music of worship; and an elaborate programme, covering five services, was rendered in the presence of congregations which crowded the large church to the doors.

The music was listened to with profound interest. More than three hundred people took part in the various choruses. On Saturday afternoon Madame Homer contributed the beautiful quality of her singing, and a very interesting feature of the occasion was the playing of the harpsichord by Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, and of the viola di gamba by Mrs. Dolmetsch, the recitative passages by the tenor being accompanied by the harpsichord as in the days in which they were first sung. The three Bach festival services were under the direction of Mr. Frank Taft, and the book of the service was prepared by Mr. Krehbiel. The Passion according to St. Matthew, a concerto, a sonata, a solo-cantata, one of the four suites for orchestra, the beautiful motet, "Jesu, Priceless Treasure," and the noble "Sing Ye to the Lord," with Luther's great hymn, which Heine called the *Marseillaise* of the Reformation, declaring that its words were mail-clad, and the German *Te Deum*, "Nun Danket Alle Gott," were presented during the five services.

Special interest attaches to this third Bach Festival because it was the expression of the interest and co-operation of an entire community. At the different services all the pastors of the local churches were present; the choir was drawn from every section of the town; while the great congregations, representing people of every faith and class, contributed that atmosphere of devout attention in which alone great religious works can be rendered. It is in such renderings that the function of the art in its relation to religion is made manifest, and the great loss which the modern world has sustained by its comparative indifference to music is brought forcibly home. No service of the usual kind could have lifted a great congregation, or appealed so powerfully to their religious emotions and spiritual nature, as did Bach's choral music; and it was significant that the descendants of the Puritans should have brought back again in this victorious and impressive way a resource for religious expression and for common worship which has been largely lost from the churches of the Puritan order for many decades, and largely lost

from the Protestant world. The Reformation effected great and beneficent results, but, as in the case of all fundamental reforms, it sacrificed valuable activities and instruments. In nothing did it lose more than in suppressing certain forms of music from its worship, thus denying itself the fullest expression of religious aspiration. Whatever form the churches of the future will take as regards theological statement, liturgy, or organization, it is safe to predict that when the great Church Catholic is born, which of the earlier Church Catholic was a prediction, music will hold a central place in its services, and will become again the vernacular of its most intimate and uplifting experiences.

Bach came from a family of musicians whose record is perhaps unique in the history of the art, including, as it did, eight consecutive generations, and covering a period of two hundred years. Music was the native speech of the family; it was not, as it so often is with us, the recreation of a leisure hour or a beautiful accomplishment. It was as much a part of their life as the use of the German language. Bach's music issued also out of the very heart of old German life—in its homely simplicity, its concentration of interests, its unworldliness, its emphasis on inward richness, its comparative indifference to outward activities. It is out of these depths of spiritual history that a great religious art issues. It cannot be created out of hand by the man of genius; it must have its roots deep in the rich soil of the spiritual history of a race.

No one could listen to this music at the Montclair Festival without recognizing the special significance of John Sebastian Bach to the men and women of our time. His greatness lay in his combination of two rarely united qualities—a genius for structure, a power of organic achievement rivaled only by Beethoven and Brahms among his fellow-craftsmen, and that simplicity and devoutness of nature which enabled him to pour his whole heart into this deep channel of art-expression, and to fuse at the same time the greatest and severest architectural power with the deepest and tenderest expression of intimate personal expe-

rience. As the great choruses rise and fall in glorious volume, the most unmusical cannot be unaware of the magnificent order which the composer builds up about him, nor can he fail to recognize how completely at home the composer is in these mighty structures. It is this inward strength that gives Bach's music its nobility and impressiveness, and allies it with the works of creation; and it is out of this massive strength of structure that there comes that deep repose which our feverish and agitated age so greatly needs. Bach's choral works stand in striking contrast with a great deal of the music of the day. One hears in them continually the note of victorious personality, but of personality constantly holding itself subject to the divine law, and keeping its place in the divine order. In the majestic calm that flows from this music there is no touch of the stress of self-asserting individualism characteristic of much of the most striking music of the day, of that egotism which obliterates law and rushes tumultuously towards passionate self-assertion and self-expression. There is in the recitatives and arias, in the choruses, chorales, and motets, none of that disturbing restlessness which plays, as in so much modern music, on our passions and leaves us in a tumult; which beats on our souls and leaves us naked and helpless in the presence of fate. After the ring of the hammers of the musical Titans of the last twenty years, there is divine repose in the Olympian calm of Bach.

The power of Bach's music flows from this structural majesty; it does not depend on impressionism of any kind, on what is now called color, on any device which assails the senses and leaves the soul untouched. It breathes the calmness of great vision and deep-hearted faith. Out of its strength, too, comes that noble order which stands like the image of God in the vast disorder of much modern art. Here Bach's work takes its place among the foremost creations of art, for the highest function of art is to disclose unity in the confusion of the world, to evoke harmony out of its discords, and so to continue the creative energy and mood.

Here, certainly, are great truths for

modern men: individual repose and rest in the supreme order of the universe; refuge from egotism and restlessness in this great central thought, which is like the fortress in which Luther sheltered himself; free expression of personality without the fever of egotism; the supremacy of order and unity above all selfish desire and cravings for individual happiness; "renunciation once and for all in the presence of the Infinite," as Spinoza said. Music has as vast a range as literature; it must record many phases of life, many kinds of experience; it must speak to many temperaments, to a vast range of experience. Bach's music stands like Gibraltar amid the changing tides of opinion and the tumult of the schools. It is not the music of impressionism, of temperament, of the passion of the moment, or the passing phase of experience. It clears the vision and reveals an ultimate unity; it strikes the great note of order, sets forth the sublimity of sacrifice, and is the witness of the eternal amid the changes of the temporal, of immortality amid the shadows of mortality.



## *The Spectator*

The pleasantest way to study history is on the spot; and one of the very pleasantest spots to study it on is Virginia. The Spectator can testify to this, having tried it recently. For some time he has been a member of the A. P. V. A., which is, being interpreted, the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. He has dutifully contributed his dues, with very little idea as to what he was preserving. But the rewards of duty are sure, and the Spectator received them in full measure when he went down to Virginia a week or two ago, and found himself personally conducted into the midst of more history than one could shake a stick at. To be personally conducted, in Virginia, is the best part of it, too, for Virginian gentlemen, Virginian pretty girls, and Virginian hospitality are proverbially delightful.



The first and foremost historical spot, of course, was historic Jamestown;

which is not the Jamestown Exposition, though most outsiders appear to think so. Jamestown Island is twenty miles away from the Exposition, up the James River, all by itself. Until a few years ago, indeed, it was left entirely too much to itself for its own good. "Jamestown!" cried a friend of the Spectator's when informed that he was going there, "why, I was there five years ago, and all there was of it was an old brick chimney and a dozen pigs." It was true that the only monument of the early settlers was a ruined church tower of brick and the grassy ruined earthworks of the Civil War, and that even the island itself was fast disappearing, washed away by the swift currents of the river. But all that is changed. The Government has built a substantial sea-wall, so that not another inch of historic soil will be lost; the old tower has been cemented carefully inside, and a replica of the old church built on to it as a memorial building. The pigs, if there are any (the Spectator understands they are mostly gone to Smithfield to satisfy the law of supply and demand), are penned out of sight, and the island, on a bright May day, with its cloth-of-gold of buttercups spread everywhere for the feet, would tempt any boat-load of explorers as instantly as it tempted John Smith and his little band three centuries ago. The Spectator landed under the most charming of conditions, for the Colonial Dames of all America, that day, were arriving from Richmond in force to present the Memorial Church, as their gift, to the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. They came up in procession from the small open wharf—first, the Richmond Blues, their high-plumed casques tossing in the spring breeze; then a white-robed choir, singing the Jamestown Hymn; then four hundred of the Dames, in line—a notably fine-looking body of women. It had a quaint effect, as of an Old World pilgrimage, full of color and music, as it marched through the handsome memorial wrought-iron gates set up at the church entrance two days before, and under the shadow of the old tower to the grassy open spot set apart for the presentation.

As one of the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities, the Spectator felt a property interest in the deed of gift, which was read aloud in full legal form. A most graceful little speech by the President of the Colonial Dames (who must have felt entirely at home in the historical spot, as she was a Virginian and a descendant of Pocahontas), and an eloquent oration by Thomas Nelson Page, which was as interesting as if it had not been instructive, and as instructive as if it had been thoroughly dull, completed the occasion, and then every one went into the memorial church and saw the tablets unveiled. The one to John Smith is copied exactly from that in St. Sepulchre's, London, in shining brass (quite appropriate to that doughty hero, who cannot be described as a shrinking violet), and has one side of the church wall to itself. The old tombs, with their half-destroyed tablets, sunk in the floor, are protected by a railing, which the Spectator leaned over to decipher the names. "John Clough," he read, "16—," and just then a lady beside him said to another, "Why, that is my ancestor! He was minister here." The Spectator wondered how many women there that day, under this memorial roof that they had given, could trace back to the very men who landed, settled, warred, won, and died at Jamestown. Probably to scores of them the historical occasion was also what might be called an Old Home day.



The earthworks of Civil War days, and a stone cross erected by the bishops and clergy, were the only two other things to see on the little island. But there were signs that made the Spectator glad that he had come just then, and not later on. A brick facsimile of "Raleigh's Tavern" was going up inside the earthworks. A scaffolding beyond the church indicated another monument. The Richmond papers announced next day that during the summer the Daughters of the American Revolution were to erect a colonial house on Jamestown Island (the aforesaid "Raleigh's Tavern"); the United States was to erect a memorial monument; the unveiling of a monument

to the first House of Burgesses was to take place; the erection of a sun-dial was to follow, and after that the Sons of Colonial Wars were to put up an Indian statue; next a life-size bronze figure of Pocahontas was to be unveiled, and then another statue erected to Captain John Smith. Jamestown Island will therefore be in a state of active eruption all summer, and the Spectator prefers to have seen it in its early simplicity, with its carpet of buttercups and its look of picturesque desertion.



Old Bruton Church, however, has not lost charm by being restored and put in order. That was the Spectator's next lesson in history, and the most perfect of spring Sundays surrounded it like a visible benediction. No man can sit in old Bruton and not feel its historical and devotional charm. It is set in that town—the most colonial of the colonials—Williamsburg, the ancient capital of early Virginia, distant only a morning's drive from Jamestown—the next step of the colonists, so to speak, into national life. In the communion service the old silver flagons of the Jamestown colony are used. In the old gallery the students of William and Mary College have always had the right to sit, and have carved their names from century to century. When, in 1699, the seat of government removed from Jamestown to Williamsburg, this church became the successor to that of Jamestown as the "Court Church," and the gold-embroidered canopy of the great square "Governor's pew" facing the pulpit blazons out the name of Alexander Spotswood, under the British lion and unicorn. Two royal governors lie buried in the aisle of Bruton, and when England's power passed, here four Presidents of the United States—Washington, Jefferson, Monroe, and Tyler—had their pews and attended regularly. One of its treasures is the colonial prayer-book with the prayer of the President pasted over the prayer for George the Third. Outside the church the old graveyard, full of quaint tombs and tablets, stretched green and very peaceful under the radiant sunshine. History whispered in the breeze and echoed from the walls. The

Spectator was not saddened, however, by his ignorance; he was glad, rather, that he had so much to learn, in such a delightful way. To go to Virginia with an open mind this summer is to take a course in colonial history which will never be forgotten, though the eleven volumes of Bancroft fade from the mind, and the dates of all the Presidents depart and leave not a wrack behind.



Modern history, too, lies within the Capes this year. The Spectator left colonial days and took train for Old Point, only to find that Kuroki was expected next morning at half-past six to review a grand parade at the Exposition grounds. He saw the "little brown man," modest and keen-faced, land in the wharf between lines of soldiers drawn up to do him honor, while the guns of the fort thundered a salute. On the reviewing stand three Japanese generals stood side by side with three American admirals, while the son of General Grant, himself a general, superintended this march on the Lee parade-ground. To add to the international effect, the Duke of the Abruzzi gave a ball on his flagship, the Varese, in the afternoon (a ball at which, the Spectator grieves to state, three hundred people forced their way in who were not invited, and carried off as "souvenirs" all the portable silver they could lay their thievish hands on, from silver vases to the Duke's own toilet silver and the spoons). Then came the sunset gun, the hauling down of the fluttering lines of flags from the great ships, and, later on, the fairy-like illumination of the fleet. Down the glittering, magnificent line of battle-ships—a sight such as no generation has ever seen before—came the procession of floats, led on by the Susan Constant, the Discovery, and the Goodspeed—Captain Smith's little fleet of old. The searchlights followed them, picked them up, dropped them again, as if, coming out of the night of history, they were lifted into light for all to see upon this "Jamestown Day." How John Smith would have enjoyed it all! How far short the most adventurous and impossible dream comes of the fulfillment of history!

# Floating Mines in Naval War

## Evils which the Hague Conference Should Attack

BY STANLEY WASHBURN

Correspondent for the Chicago Daily News in the Russo-Japanese War

That the evil here discussed by Mr. Washburn is a serious one and that it well deserves the careful consideration of the Hague Conference is shown by the frequent appearance of such items as the following in Japanese newspapers: "On April 18 a floating mine exploded about forty nautical miles off Konahama, Fukushima prefecture, while fishermen were trying to secure it. The boat was smashed and thirteen of the fishermen were killed. The survivor was saved by another fishing boat. Two of the dead bodies were washed ashore on April 22."—THE EDITORS.

UNIVERSAL peace is the dream which the world hopes to see realized. The second Peace Conference to be held at The Hague will no doubt be a step ahead towards this ultimate ideal, but that it will prove more than a step not even the most confirmed optimist can believe. What the tribunal can and should do, and promptly, is to secure the assent of the nations assembled to certain laws which shall make warfare more civilized. It is the object of this article to call the attention of the public in general, and the Peace Conference in particular, to an evil untenable even for belligerents, and the aftermath of which is intolerable, inasmuch as the brunt of it falls upon neutral commerce. I refer to the careless and irresponsible use of floating mines in warfare.

Since the close of the war between Japan and Russia, between twenty and thirty ships (according to an authoritative estimate) have come to grief on these inventions of the devil, while engaged in the peaceful pursuits of commerce. This fact seems to justify a brief description of the situation in the Far East which gave birth to a policy which has already proven so disastrous to the merchant marine of innocent and friendly powers.

It so happened that during the late Russo-Japanese War the writer was commissioned by the Chicago Daily News to cover the naval news that developed in the zone of hostilities. For this purpose

the British salvage steamer *Fawan* was obtained at Tientsin, and from March, 1904, until almost the first of August, cruised in belligerent waters. During the early weeks Korea and the landing of the Japanese armies claimed our attention, but after Kuroki crossed the Yalu the center of interest shifted from the north to the great fortress on the Liaotung Peninsula, and from May until the end of July there was scarcely a day that the *Fawan* was not lying outside of the beleaguered fortress or anchored in a snug little island haven a few miles away in the Miatao group, from whence close tab could be kept on the movements of both navies. From this little harbor as a base we saw our first floating mine, and for three months thereafter watched the evil grow until the crew became all but unmanageable from the hidden terrors which threatened from all sides both by day and by night.

During the early stages of operations the use of the mines by both Russians and Japanese seemed legitimate according to the rules of war, though the practice seems a barbarous and reprehensible one at best. The Russians started their mining programme, to the best of my information, by laying fixed mines across the mouth of the channel of Port Arthur. These were supposed to be in series, and to be fired by electric connection from the shore. The Russians always knew their position, and the possibility of their drifting to sea was remote. This type



of mining therefore seemed justified as an adequate defensive measure which is a danger only to the enemy. The next step was the introduction of the type of mine which caused all the trouble; namely, the electro-contact mechanical mine, which, once anchored, became an independent unit of defense. The slightest impact with a solid body resulted in the instantaneous decomposition of some two hundred pounds of gun-cotton, a charge sufficient to sink the largest battle-ship afloat. The second step of the Russians was the laying of such mines in the outer harbor of Port Arthur, at points along the coast, and in the harbor of Dalny. An unfortunate accident shortly after the commencement of hostilities created the reign of confusion in regard to mines which lasted during the war. The Russian steamer *Yenesei* was sent out to place a large number of these contact mines. She is supposed to have lowered over her side and anchored some four hundred and eighty of these, and to have had a bare dozen more to place, when through some carelessness the four hundred and eighty-first burst. The explosion set off the few remaining on board, and the ship went to the bottom in scarcely less time than it takes to tell the story. This would have been of no material consequence but for the fact that she took with her the charts showing the location of the four hundred and eighty mines she had already placed. These, of course, were henceforth unknown quantities, and were as much of a menace to the Russians as to the Japanese. Not discouraged by this incident, the defenders of Port Arthur equipped another boat and began the work anew. How many mines they laid around Dalny, Port Arthur, Vladivostok, and along the coast is, of course, a pure surmise. From the numbers raised by the Japanese after the war and those which broke adrift, the total was probably not under three thousand, and perhaps may have been as high as five thousand. This would not include those laid by the Japanese in and around the harbor of Port Arthur for the benefit of the Russian war-ships. Immediately after the capture of Port Arthur such mines were raised, and even surmise as

to what their actual numbers may have been is impossible.

The mines that were laid in the early stages of the war by both Russians and Japanese, as I firmly believe, were laid carefully, and their locations charted. At the start, I am convinced that the Russians restricted themselves to the three-mile territory limit prescribed by law. As the war progressed, however, their policy changed, and I have evidence which convinces me that by the 22d of April their mine field extended from six to eight miles from shore, at least in the vicinity of Port Arthur. I base this calculation on the following incident. I was returning from the Yalu River on the evening of April 22, on my way to the Chefoo cable. While off Dalny I instructed my captain to change the steamer's course and run in near enough to Port Arthur for me to ascertain if there were any signs of Japanese activity. We were abeam the Russian stronghold, perhaps eight or ten miles off shore (so far, in fact, that I could barely pick up the outline of the harbor mouth with my binoculars), when our presence was detected by the Russians, and two destroyers started out to apprehend us. Inasmuch as we were far beyond the three-mile limit, I did not stop until a solid shot from a twelve-pound bow-chaser fell in the sea a few yards behind us. In a few minutes the destroyers, tearing the sea into froth with their twenty-five-knot pace, were upon us. Without further parley, they signaled us to return with them to Port Arthur. We fell in behind one of them, while the other followed close in our wake. The Russian battle-ship *Petrovolosk* had gone to the bottom on a mine the week before. We were therefore somewhat anxious as to our safety, even with the Russian destroyer as a pilot. When we were still some five or six miles from the harbor mouth, the piloting destroyer reduced speed and began tacking back and forth in a many-angled zigzag to the channel entrance, from which I concluded that their mine fields extended certainly five or six miles from the shore. When we were about three miles from the harbor, we were boarded by the Russian marines and sent below deck, while a Russian on

the bridge ran the Fawan through the maze of inner mines. In perhaps half an hour we were called on deck and notified by an officer that we might depart. The order had just been published in Petersburg that correspondents using the wireless telegraph were to be regarded as spies, which impressed me at the time as an altogether shocking and untenable attitude. Fortunately, the Fawan had not had time to have the device installed, and hence the search failed to compromise us. The officer smiled cynically when I asked how we were to find our way out through the field of floating explosives that lay for fully six miles between us and safety. Without deigning a reply, he left us lying under the forts of the Tiger's Tail. Dark was shutting in, and we dare not take the chance of spending the night under those hostile and irresponsible guns. Two cases I knew of personally of the casual manner in which the war was being conducted. One, the *Pronto*, a German vessel, was in Port Arthur when hostilities commenced. The Russians ordered her to clear out at once. As she left the harbor she received (as the captain asserted four days later in Shanghai) seventeen dents in her hull from Russian bullets. A little later the *Kaiping*, similarly caught, was sitting in the harbor with her lights dim. A Russian patrol boat, coming alongside, ordered her to brighten up, which she did, with the prompt result that some cheerful gunner in a near-by battery sent a shell into her, killing several Chinese passengers. These instances being fresh in mind, I did not care to risk the Fawan for a night under the Port Arthur batteries, and so took a short course and full speed for Chefoo, and fortune brought us safely through.

As the weeks passed the Russians became more and more enterprising in their mine policy. On April 22, as mentioned above, the mines were fully six miles from shore. The only result that was forthcoming was the destruction of their own ships. The Russians claimed that the *Petrovolsk*, when she went to the bottom April 17, had struck a Japanese mine. This might have been true, for the Japanese destroyers were

certainly busy in the early part of April dropping mines at night in the channels which they supposed the Russians were using. However, it is just as likely that the mine that sent *Makaroff* and his flagship to the bottom was Russian as that it was Japanese. By the beginning of May it became evident that the Russians' mine policy was not doing much damage to the enemy, and the evidence indicates that they increased their zone of operations, for on the 15th of May the Japanese battle-ship *Hatsuse* ran her nose into a mine, blowing a big hole in her forward quarter. She immediately went full speed astern with her engines, and backed into a second mine, and sank a few minutes later. This incident occurred some ten miles off the Liaotung Peninsula. The Russians claim that these mines were either Japanese or possibly their own that had gone adrift. They insisted that the mines were not placed by themselves so far at sea. I was only a few miles from the *Hatsuse* when she went down, and though it is impossible to prove the case, every indication convinced me that the mines which caused her destruction were Russian mines that had been anchored at that point. It is sufficient evidence that the mines were not Japanese, that the Japanese battle-ships struck them. Those who saw the way the Japanese operated their navy feel safe in reaching the conclusion that Togo's fleet was not cruising over its own mine field. Still less is there any reason to believe that the Japanese would have carelessly anchored mines in the very waters that they were patrolling daily. Neither is it tenable to believe that these were drifting Japanese mines, for the *Mikado's* sailors placed their explosives carefully and effectively, and of all the mines I saw adrift, not one was Japanese. The only conclusion is, then, that the mine that sunk the *Hatsuse* was a Russian mine. Unless anchored, these mines would have been on the surface and readily discernible, as the day was perfect and the sea like glass. The *Hatsuse* may possibly have struck a Russian half-submerged mine, but striking two almost together is sufficient evidence that the mines were anchored at



that point. These conclusions, then, indicate that by April 22 the Russian mine zone was not less than six miles from shore, and that by May 15 the radius was not less than ten miles from the harbor mouth as a center.

About this time we had a northeast blow, and any quantity of the mines, Japanese as well as Russian, must have shifted their position, thus making the charts of both useless, and chance the only arbiter. Many of the Russian mines broke loose entirely, and, coming to the surface, drifted out to sea or were washed ashore. Some of these I saw, and others were reported by Chinese junks that I was in contact with daily. I reported the matter to the Japanese Consul at Chefoo, giving him a description of mines I saw. He cabled to Tokyo, and on the next trip into Chefoo notified me that the Japanese mines did not have spikes. Later I discovered a field of six Japanese mines off the Liaotung Peninsula, and was able thereafter to distinguish them from the Russian engines of destruction. The type which we saw most frequently, and which I presume was standard among the Russians, resembled an ordinary buoy, and was eighteen inches or two feet in diameter, painted dark red, with five contact points, each perhaps eight inches long. One of these spikes or points stuck out of the top, and the other four at a slight angle of elevation above the axis. The distribution was such that it would be impossible for a solid body to strike the mine without breaking one of these points and exploding it. There were other types which the Japanese called "improvised mines," being cylinders bound together, torpedo-shaped, and other forms, but the common type was the one described. After the first of May I began a series of cables to my paper on the subject of mines. From that time until the termination of my operations scarcely a week passed that I did not send some cable emphasizing the danger of these mines to neutral commerce, and urging some action on the part of the Powers to control the abuse before the seas were literally sown with these atrocious devices. I hoped by constant reiteration of the subject to arouse enough interest to

secure some action, as the constantly increasing frequency with which we saw these mines rendered my officers and crew excessively dissatisfied with their employment and difficult to control. The situation was bad up to the time the Hatsuse was lost, but it rapidly became worse. After that incident the Japanese changed their naval policy, and subsequent to May 15 rarely came nearer Port Arthur with their big ships than fifteen miles. They contented themselves with an occasional reconnaissance with destroyers, and avoided the risk of losing battle-ships that could not be replaced. When the Japanese changed their programme, I also altered my policy of operations. Before, I had contented myself with lying outside their line of blockade; but in the new order of things this kept me practically out of sight of the Russian stronghold, and for the next few weeks I cruised between the shore and the blockading fleet. I endeavored to keep outside what we judged to be the boundary of the mine field, or about twelve miles from shore. When the Japanese moved farther to sea in their blockading operations, it became obvious that the Russian mines could no longer be effective against the enemy, and then began a policy of setting adrift mines indiscriminately, to render untenable the cruising ground of the Japanese. This statement I presume will be emphatically denied by the Russians themselves, and it is possible it may have been done by irresponsible officers without the sanction of the higher authorities. I can only present the reader the evidence which came to me, and from it he can draw his own conclusions. Four days after the loss of the Hatsuse and the withdrawal of the blockading fleet to a greater distance from the coast, I was cruising off shore near Round Island (a point between Dalny and Port Arthur). We were sighted by the Japanese cruiser Kosuga, which bore down upon us, with smoke pouring from her funnels and spray flying as her bow cut the water. We immediately put the helm about and waited. In a few minutes she was alongside of us and going astern with her engines to check her speed enough to lower a boat

and send a lieutenant aboard. He was greatly excited. Fortunately, he spoke English. "You must be careful," he said. "You have had a narrow escape. We thought you were a Russian tug laying mines. We have sunk one already this morning, and had you not stopped immediately we would have put a shot into you." I drew him out, and he told me that for two days past the Russians had been sending out tugboats at night towing two or three junks loaded with mechanical mines, which they were dropping promiscuously into the sea. After viewing our papers and passing the time of day with me, he departed. At this time the Russian fleet was remaining pretty close inside the harbor, and, obviously, the danger of mines set adrift was almost nil to them, while it was great to the Japanese. Still, I did not altogether believe the stories, as it seemed incredible that the Russians would do such a thing. A few days later a small Japanese boat struck a mine and went to the bottom near this very spot. On May 22, three days after my interview with the Kosuga, the Haimun, the London Times despatch-boat, reported two mechanical mines floating in the Gulf of Pechili. On my next trip into Chefoo my Chinese crew picked up so many reports of floating mines and junks destroyed that it became most difficult for me to hold them at all. On the 27th of May reports of mines and blown-up junks resulted in my crew striking in a body and flatly refusing to put to sea. The white officers, with one exception, sided with the crew. As the Chinese spokesman informed me, "Boxer fight can do. Makee fight sea side, all same Russe Japanese, can do. Pedoe [mine] no b'long ploppler. No can do. Plenty friends have got Taku side. Strikee pedoe. No can see! Bang! All man makee die. Me no can do!" For three days I argued, cajoled, and begged, and finally got them to sea again. Each week thereafter the situation grew worse, and reports and sights of mines more common. The Chinese junks especially, not having searchlights at night, were being blown up with shocking frequency. Early in June a Russian mine drifted on a neighboring island. One of the in-

habitants, being untutored on the subject, knocked one of the points off with a stone, with disastrous results both to himself and friends. A few days later I passed the fragment of a junk that had struck a mine. The largest part that remained of her was little bigger than a good-sized plate. Scarcely a day passed that I did not see the Japanese fleet, and frequently listened to their tales of mines sown by Russian hands. At first I disbelieved the reports, thinking perhaps they were circulated by the Japanese to injure their enemies. Little by little, however, I came to wonder if there might not be some truth in the reports. I was in this frame of mind when I overhauled a junk one day, and my Chinese laute (boatswain) brought out the story that one of the men on the junk had just come from the Liaotung Peninsula, in the vicinity of Port Arthur, and swore that he had seen Russians placing mines in the sea near Pigeon Bay at high tide, thus allowing them to drift out with the ebb tide, which carried them in a few days across the Japanese cruising ground. The prevalence of mines and reports of Chinese who had seen them led me to half believe this story. The next trip into Chefoo I cabled the story to my paper, and expressed the opinion that unless these affairs were speedily checked the mines would be a source of danger to international shipping years after the war terminated. The situation at sea had now become so bad that I was operating as conservatively as possible, and avoided cruising at night or in foggy weather, as my crew disliked the risk excessively. I had avoided all unnecessary chances for over a week, and had persuaded my crew that the mine evil was growing less, when, on the morning of June 20, we started on a reconnaissance toward Dalny. There was a bit of a sea running, but the weather was clear. I had three men on the bridge and two in the bow looking for mines, with the entire unoccupied remainder of the crew pursuing the same function *ex officio*. In spite of this, we ran past a mechanical contact mine by a hair's breadth. No one noticed it except the engineer, who saw it quite by chance as

we slipped past it. I quote this instance to show the difficulty of seeing these things even when you are on the lookout for them. We immediately stopped the engines and went back for a closer examination. This mine, though twenty miles from shore, was absolutely new. Its paint was unscathed and its points untarnished. I had at that time seen many mines, most of them discolored and covered with sea grasses, but this mine had every appearance of having been in the water but a few days, and no sign whatever of having been attached in any way to the bottom. This convinced both myself and my officers that the reports the Chinese junks had been telling us for months were true—namely, that, in some instances at least, the Russians were turning these floating demons loose on the high seas. I endeavored to burst this mine, and several other subsequent ones, with a Martini-Henry rifle bullet, but though the lead rang against the metal, it failed to produce the result desired. On my next trip to Chefoo I appealed to both the United States and Chinese authorities for a three-pounder gun and a couple of marines to operate it, in order that we might sink such mines as we discovered drifting about in the Gulf of Pechili; but this request was refused.

I operated this boat for another month, with increasing discontent among the crew, and gave it up the last week in July because the Japs bought it over my head. I am therefore unable to state anything definitely as to what either of the belligerents did after August 1, 1904. The conclusions which I reached, and which I believe to be correct, then, were as follows: Both belligerents were using mines freely throughout the war, the Japanese for the most part carefully and generally conforming to the rules prescribed in international law, the Russians carefully at first, but growing indifferent and irresponsible as the siege progressed and as their troubles in Port Arthur began to accumulate. Previous to April 1 the Russian mines were no

doubt kept within the three-mile limit, by April 22 they were placed as far as six miles at sea, and by May 15 the boundary of the mine field was probably not less than ten miles. Thereafter a reign of irresponsibility prevailed, mines being dropped here and there according to the fancy of whoever happened to be in charge of the proceeding, in some, and, as I believe, many instances, mines being set adrift in the way described. Even in cases where the mines were anchored, this was done so carelessly that many of them broke loose and drifted out to sea, both cases producing the same ultimate result, and being an equal menace to peaceful commerce—in either case a crime against civilization and a wholly incorrect and irresponsible use of a dangerous power. The usage never produced any important advantage to either belligerent during the war, and with most of the ships sunk as a result of the use of mines the loss occurred since the termination of hostilities. As stated in the beginning of this article, a conservative estimate places the number of ships which have come to grief on mines since the war at between twenty and thirty. This does not include Chinese junks, which are rarely reported and are by far the most numerous in the list of sufferers.

That such usages are improper and criminal seems to be indicated by the above facts.

It is to be hoped that the dreams of peace may be realized at The Hague; but whether we have peace or not, let us have rulings which shall make war more civilized, and not permit irresponsible and barbarous usages which result in a three or four fold greater loss to neutrals after the war than to the two belligerents combined.

Let the Peace Conference look into this mine question, and reach some agreement which shall preclude the possibility of a recurrence of the mine scandal started during the last war, and the evil results of which are being felt every week in Far Eastern waters.

# Divorce in America: The Solution

BY E. RAY STEVENS

Judge of the Ninth Judicial Circuit, Wisconsin

**D**URING the past few months we have heard much of trial marriages; but little has been said of the trial divorces which have been granted for generations. Experiments in both trial marriage and trial divorce are not uncommon. In the past four years it has been my duty to separate a man and his wife, to grant them permission to remarry upon the earnest solicitation of their pastor, to divorce them a second time, and to confine the husband in jail for not supporting his child after the second divorce. That case stands in my mind as an example of what Dr. Johnson would call the triumph of hope over experience.

Under the influence of ecclesiastical law and tradition, all but ten of the Southern and Western States permit the granting of trial divorces, which are known as divorces from bed and board. In these actions the court may separate the parties for a limited time, giving them a chance to try divorce during that period, or it may separate them for life; but in either case neither party may remarry. All of the States except South Carolina also grant the absolute divorce, or divorce from the bonds of matrimony, which leaves either party free to remarry.

The wisdom of granting divorce from bed and board has often been questioned. On the one hand, it affords those who do not believe in absolute divorce a means of separation. On the other hand, Lord Stowell has pointed out<sup>1</sup> that it leaves the husband and wife "in the undefined and dangerous characters of a wife without a husband and a husband without a wife."

Down to the passage of the English Divorce Act of 1857, divorce from bed and board was the only separation that could be secured by those not able to pay the cost of a Parliamentary divorce. This

act was passed for the avowed purpose of so reducing the cost of absolute divorce that it might be within the reach of all, thereby decreasing the number of clandestine and illegal second marriages.

Recognizing that the desire to live with some other person than the lawfully wedded spouse is often the reason for divorce lurking behind the ground presented to the court, the Legislatures of Wisconsin, Illinois, and California have sought to remove this temptation by prohibiting remarriage within a year from the date of the decree. But such laws will never be fully effective so long as neighboring States have no such restrictions.

The uniform divorce law, recently drafted, provides that the bonds of matrimony shall not be dissolved until one year after the case is heard and a provisional judgment entered. This year will give time for tempers to cool and for the parties to realize fully the meaning of the step which they propose to take. This year will give opportunity to discover fraud, if any was practiced. It will greatly decrease the number of absolute divorces, for that year of payment of alimony and of separation from home and children will lead to reconciliation and to the re-establishment of old homes on a newer and better basis.

But some will say, let the husband and wife live apart without legal separation if they cannot dwell together in peace and harmony. Until the court steps in and separates them they are still husband and wife. The brutal, drunken husband may go to the home at any time of day or night and institute a reign of terror; the wife may flaunt her infidelity in the very faces of her children, or reel to their abiding-place in a drunken stupor. And the only redress is to appeal to the police officer after the harm is done. It is only when

<sup>1</sup> 14 Eng. Ecc., 310, 349.

See The Outlook of last week for Judge Stevens's preceding article, "Divorce in America: The Problem."—THE EDITORS

the court steps in and takes control of the husband, the wife, and the children that anything like peace or decency can be brought out of these hard domestic conditions.

When we turn to the legislature for a solution of the problem, we must not forget that legislative enactments themselves do not strengthen frail human nature. By refusing to grant a legal separation we can wipe out divorce entirely, but this will not change human nature nor make homes ideal. In some extreme cases, if the law does not give relief, the dagger will perform the function of the divorce decree. When Justinian sought to stem the rising tide of divorce by somewhat radical reforms, poisonings and other attempts on life among married people became so common that his successor abolished these reforms. The countries that prohibit divorce are not exceptional for social purity.

But within the proper limits much can be done by the lawmakers to establish legal environments that shall do away with existing abuses in the administration of our divorce laws. Much progress has been made from the days when the legislatures of neighboring States lumped twenty divorces in a single bill, like remnants at a bargain counter, without even suggesting the causes for which the separation was granted. With these old legislators the case depended more upon the graces, charms, or beauty of the wife, or upon the social or political standing of the husband, than on the merits of the application.

The divorce scandals that made Utah and later Dakota notorious are chargeable wholly to the lawmakers. Both States made it the duty of the court to grant a divorce when it appeared that, for any cause or reason, the parties cannot live together in peace and happiness, and that their welfare requires a separation. Worse than that, the requirements as to residence were such that any one who could afford a trip to Utah or a sojourn of ninety days in Dakota could return to his former abode with a divorce decree. As a result of this law, in three years the number of divorces granted in Utah was six times the number granted

before the law was passed. Utah promptly repealed the obnoxious law, and every State in the Union except Washington<sup>1</sup> has repealed the "omnibus clause," and substituted in its place certain definite causes for divorce. All have lengthened the required period of residence, South Dakota alone lagging somewhat in the rear in this march of progress.

The United States presents two interesting experiments in legislation restricting the granting of divorce. It has been the settled policy of New York to grant an absolute divorce for adultery only, while South Carolina, with the exception of a few years following the Civil War, has never granted an absolute divorce.

During the twenty years covered by the Federal divorce report, 14,247 divorces were granted for adultery alone by the New York courts. In the State having the second largest population (Pennsylvania), eleven causes for absolute divorce were recognized, and during the same twenty years 16,020 absolute divorces were granted—only 1,773 more than New York granted for adultery alone. Chancellor Kent, after a long career on the bench of New York, stated that he believed that sometimes adultery was committed for the very purpose of obtaining a divorce because it could be secured on no other ground.

In South Carolina, outside of the days of reconstruction, the legislature has refused to grant an absolute divorce itself or to empower the courts to grant such decree. Aside from the presumption that this policy would have been changed if not satisfactory to the people, one can find little that commends it.

Turning to the laws and decisions of the courts of that State, we find evidences of an unusual social condition. This is the only State, so far as I have been able to ascertain, that has found it necessary to regulate by law<sup>2</sup> the proportion of his property which a married man may give the woman with whom he has been living in violation of law. As late as 1899,<sup>3</sup> the courts were called on to apply this law in order to protect the

<sup>1</sup> Pierce's Washington Code, Sec. 4630.

<sup>2</sup> S. C. Code of Law, 1902, Sec. 2427.

<sup>3</sup> 56 S. C. 173, 190.

rights of the wedded wife and her children, in a case in which it appeared that both the husband and the wife had been living in adultery since the separation.

Evidently this is not an uncommon condition in that State, for Justice Nott, speaking for the Supreme Court of South Carolina,<sup>1</sup> said: "In this country, where divorces are not allowed for any cause whatever, we sometimes see men of excellent character unfortunate in their marriages, and virtuous women abandoned or driven away homeless by their husbands, who would be doomed to celibacy and solitude if they did not form connections which the law does not allow, and who make excellent husbands and virtuous wives still."

President Woolsey some years ago, speaking of South Carolina, said: "The white wife has often to endure the infidelity of her husband as something inevitable which no law could remedy and which public opinion did not severely rebuke."<sup>2</sup>

In another opinion of the South Carolina Supreme Court it is said: "The most distressing cases, justifying divorce even upon Scriptural grounds, have been again and again presented to the Legislature, and they have uniformly refused to annul the marriage tie." Justice O'Neill, who writes the opinion, asserts that the working out of this stern policy has been to the good of the people and of the State in every respect.<sup>3</sup>

The results of this restricted legislation, so far as the same are available, do not lead to the conclusion that the solution of the divorce problem lies either in abolishing or in unduly restricting the causes for which divorce may be granted.

Each State in the Union has enacted its own divorce laws. As a consequence, Mr. Dooley insists that one can be divorced for any cause, from baldness to inclemency of the weather, if he knows where to lodge his complaint. While South Carolina refuses an absolute divorce under all circumstances, New Hampshire recognizes fourteen causes therefor.

In Connecticut resided a certain Mr.

Haddock, who, under a recent decision of the Federal Supreme Court,<sup>4</sup> when in Connecticut is, by decree of the Connecticut courts, lawfully divorced from his first wife, who still lives in New York, and legally married to a second wife living with him in Connecticut. But the moment Mr. Haddock crosses that imaginary line that divides Connecticut from New York, this Dr. Jekyll is, in the twinkling of an eye, transformed into a matrimonial Mr. Hyde who is still the legal husband of the New York wife.

As the Connecticut court was, under its law, required to divorce Mr. Haddock, so the courts of every State of the Union are required to grant the divorce when a statutory ground therefor has been established by the evidence. Yet, under this decision of the Supreme Court, unless the defendant appears in the action or is served with process in the State in which the action is brought, every other State may refuse to recognize such divorce, as did New York in the Haddock case.

Let Mr. Haddock travel across the continent, he may find that in one State he is the lawful spouse of his second wife; in the next, of his first wife; in the next, his second, and so to the end of his journey. The lawful wife in one State becomes the husband's mistress in another; children legitimate in one State become the offspring of an illegal union in another. The condition of such a spouse is worse than that of the Roman matrons of whom Seneca speaks, who reckoned their years by their husbands rather than by the consuls. Under existing conditions one should never think of marrying one who has been divorced until a careful abstract of that person's career has been examined by some lawyer skilled in matrimonial law, and the title to single blessedness declared free and clear of all impediments of whatever nature.

Archbishop Messmer, speaking of present conditions, recently said: "The difference between the Mormon and the every-day American is one of degree. The Mormon has several wives simultaneously, while many who criticise the Latter-Day Saints have several wives

<sup>1</sup> 2 Mill (S. C.) 279.

<sup>2</sup> 27 New Englander, 523.

<sup>3</sup> 2 Strob. (S. C.) 6, 11.

<sup>4</sup> 201 U. S. 562.



successively." It is a question of intensive or extensive marriage, of polygamy on the installment plan.

So serious are the evils that arise from existing divorce laws that all but four States of the Union (South Carolina, Kansas, Mississippi, and Nevada) have co-operated in drafting a uniform divorce law, which is to be presented to the Legislatures of the forty-one States represented at the Congress by which the bill was drafted. If adopted by the various States, this law will bring order out of chaos. Most of the States have adopted a uniform law upon the subject of promissory notes, checks, and drafts. Let us hope that the States will be as ready to protect their daughters as their ducats.

Under the proposed uniform law, divorce, either from the bonds of matrimony or from bed and board, may be granted for adultery, bigamy, willful desertion for two years, habitual drunkenness for two years, conviction, sentence, and continuous imprisonment for at least two years, or extreme cruelty "such as to endanger the life or health of the other party or to render cohabitation unsafe." A divorce from bed and board may also be granted for hopeless insanity of the husband after marriage.

A marriage may be annulled for physical impotency, relationship within the prohibited degrees, insanity of either party before marriage, or when the party bringing the action was below the age of consent (sixteen years for the wife and eighteen years for the husband), unless such marriage has been confirmed after arriving at the age of consent. A marriage brought about by fraud, force, or coercion, or one contracted by a person having a husband or wife living, may also be annulled.

The act will, when generally adopted, do away with such scandals as have accompanied the administration of the divorce laws of South Dakota, for no divorce action (except for adultery or bigamy committed in the State) can be begun until two years have passed after the cause of action arose. If the plaintiff has moved from another State, he cannot begin the action until after a bona-fide residence of two years, and can

obtain a divorce for no cause which was not a ground for divorce in the State where the cause of action arose. This will effectually prevent a resident of New York, for example, from coming to Wisconsin to procure a divorce for any other cause than adultery, as long as New York adheres to its present law.

The act also proposes to remedy the chaotic condition arising from the rule of law applied in the Haddock case, by providing that full faith and credit shall be given to all decrees entered by the courts of other States. Divorce shall be denied where the suit was brought by collusion or where the plaintiff has procured or connived at or condoned the offense charged.

No case can be heard before a master or referee, but must be tried in open court. A disinterested attorney may be appointed to defend actively all uncontested cases. No decree shall be entered upon any admission of the defendant, thereby preventing parties who agree to separate from making a case by false, unsworn admissions of guilt.

Important as is the adoption of a uniform law, there is greater need for reform in the administration of our divorce laws. Unlike all other lawsuits, the divorce action is one in which the defendant is often eager that the plaintiff shall recover judgment, for that judgment will release him as well as the plaintiff from the marriage bond. As a consequence, in from eighty to ninety per cent. of the cases the court hears only the story of the spouse that brings the action. In sixty-one of the sixty-eight cases in which divorce was granted in Dane County, Wisconsin, in 1905 and 1906, the defendant did not present his side of the story, his attorney did not subject the plaintiff to the test of cross-examination. In order that the court may arrive at the truth of any matter, it is essential that both sides be heard. But in the average divorce action the court has little or no protection from false and perjured testimony. In fact, the trial judge becomes little more than part of a judicial machine to put the stamp of legal approval upon the separation.

I venture the suggestion that there are few husbands or wives with an

imagination strong enough to magnify a sufficient number of times some family unpleasantness and a conscience elastic enough to permit them to give such magnified ills under oath, who could not secure a legal separation if neither the other spouse nor any one representing the public opposed the application. Must we not conclude that it is the duty of the public to adopt such procedure that all of the facts shall be brought to the knowledge of the court?

The parties too often have no interest in the matters that most concern the public. It is my experience that divorce actions are rarely contested, except where there is property subject to division between the parties. Old Hammond in "News from Nowhere" observed that all the cases that came into our nineteenth-century divorce courts were matters of property quarrels. Far too many parents are ready to give up their children if they may have in return therefor cattle, horses, household furniture, lands.

In the divorces granted in this country from 1867 to 1886 the custody, the training, the future, of 267,739 children were determined by the court. No State has fully performed its duty until it has done all in its power to protect the children of these unfortunate homes. This duty will never be performed until the public puts before the court all the facts that shall enable it to determine which parent can best care for and maintain the children of the marriage.

In Wisconsin and in most of the States of the Union a divorce may be granted without the other spouse knowing that an action has been begun, if the plaintiff will take oath that she does not know where to find the defendant. So far as the facts appear in the Federal report on divorce, nearly one third of the divorces (9,944 out of 29,665) were granted without personal service on the defendant.

Where the papers are served on the defendant personally, a divorce may be granted as soon as the time for answering expires (twenty days in Wisconsin), if the defendant does not appear to contest the matter. If he appears, he may stipulate that the case be heard at once and elect to make no defense to the action. So it is possible for a husband and wife

to quarrel as they leave a late breakfast, each hurry to a lawyer, who will put the matter through the necessary legal forms early enough to permit each spouse to dine in peace and begin to build castles in the air for some new matrimonial venture.

These are the conditions that bring the administration of the divorce laws into disrepute. This is the field where the legislature may do much to aid in the solution of the divorce problem. The lawmaking power should provide that no divorce be heard until some disinterested lawyer representing the public has investigated the case, participated in the trial, and presented the facts as he finds them to be. Eleven States<sup>1</sup> have already protected the rights of the public in this way. Letters from lawyers and judges, as well as the statistics of divorce, show most beneficial results from the enactment of such laws.

Let me illustrate the need of some such "next friend" of the court by a leaf from my own experience: A wife, who had sworn that she did not know where her husband was, came into court, without giving him notice other than that published in a newspaper, and told such a tale of absolute want of food and clothing by herself and her two little children that she was clearly entitled to separation. Hardly had the judgment been signed when the husband appeared and produced proof that the wife knew his exact address. The judgment was set aside and the defendant permitted to defend the action.

On the trial the husband produced letters in the handwriting of his wife, written at the very time that she swore that she and her children were destitute. Let me quote from one of her letters. You will remember that she and her children were hungry. She writes: "We have had all kinds of fruit and vegetables for over a month, except melons and pears, and last week we had plenty of them. Our neighbors out in the country bring us a sack or two a week. . . . There is one crop after another, so that there is always plenty." You will recall that her children were in the most piti-

<sup>1</sup> Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kentucky, Louisiana, Michigan, Oregon, Utah, Vermont, Washington.

able condition so far as clothing was concerned. Listen to her letter again: "She [the baby] had three bonnets given her, one white mull trimmed with lace, one white embroidery, one white China silk, and the lady next door is making her a tating cap." Whatever may have been the condition of the rest of her little body, there was certainly no reason why her head should have been uncovered. The letter continues: "Alva [the boy] don't do much but wear out his clothes and eat. He has a half of melon and spoon, and helps himself whenever he wants to, and that is most all the time between meals." Certainly there seems little reason why that boy should have been hungry. The letter continues: "It is beautiful here. I would like to come and see you all, but would never be satisfied to live there [in Wisconsin]." Yet within one year from the time that this latter was written she left her husband in the land flowing with melons and tating caps, telling him that she was going to visit her people, came to Wisconsin, started a divorce action, swore that she had lived in Wisconsin one year, and actually secured the judgment of divorce before her husband learned of her sudden change of heart. Had the public been represented in this action, the facts could readily have been presented to the court, and the court would not have been misled into granting that divorce.

We have no means of knowing the number of improper divorces granted where the whole truth has not been disclosed to the court. If every divorce action had to pass the scrutiny and examination of some lawyer representing the public alone, few actions would be begun unless the plaintiff believed that there was a meritorious cause for divorce.

Divorce should be attended with more serious consequences. One may take a holiday excursion into matrimony and return to single blessedness simply by paying lawyer's fees and alimony. Our Puritan ancestors were wiser than we. In 1680 the General Court of Massachusetts, in granting the wife a divorce, "centansed" the husband "to be severely whip'ed at the post." This sounds quite like President Roosevelt.

Home-breaking is a more serious offense against society than house-breaking. We pursue the burglar to the farthest limits of the country, but we turn the man who destroys a home out on the world unpunished, if not encouraged to repeat the offense. If imprisonment at hard labor followed proof of breaking a home as certainly as it follows the breaking of a house, uncontested and improper divorces would be less common. It is time that society came to recognize that it has some interest in the home, some duty in regulating its formation, some right to say when it shall be destroyed, some power to punish those guilty of wrecking it.

The fundamental causes for the evils of our divorce system are deep in the imperfections of our social system, especially in false sentiments regarding marriage and the family. The solution of the problem will be found in the slow process of education. We must put aside false modesty and deal frankly and unflinchingly with the fundamental relationships, duties, and responsibilities of the family. We can never solve the problem until our children go from the home and the school as fully equipped for the responsibilities of the family as for the other duties and responsibilities of life. They must have an understanding of the unselfishness, the patience, and the loyalty, through sorrow and sickness, ill fortune and fading fairness, and the clash of temperaments, which the marriage bond requires. More than this, they must have a character that shall be equal to all the duties and responsibilities that arise out of this relationship.

The divorce problem is one of practical importance to each of us. The inmates of these broken homes fill our hospitals, almshouses, and prisons; they spread contagion and disease; they endanger the future physical, mental, and moral welfare of every child in the land. Organized vice can make little headway against wholesome domestic life. The evil of the saloon, the brothel, the almshouse, and the prison shrink to small proportions when the conditions of the family and of home life are generally sound.

No nation has withstood the test of

time that did not regard the marriage tie. When Rome reached that stage where her jurists were in doubt whether the performance of a second marriage ceremony did not of itself dissolve the first marriage, she fell from her place as mistress of the world, broken by the indulgences and vices of the people of the East. "That which makes a people is domestic life. The loss of it degrades a people to a horde."

The problems of the family, of marriage and divorce, can be solved only by studying them in their relation to economic and social conditions. To solve them there must be a rational study and understanding of the facts of life. The family and its related institutions should be subjected to the same careful, scientific examination as are the facts of modern political or industrial life. The promotion of the social well-being and the welfare of the family and of its members are the criteria by which to test the solution offered for the divorce problem.

All of us believe that marriage should be a lifelong union; that the ideal relationship is one that shall keep husband and wife together in sickness and in health until death does them part. But when the marriage vows are violated every day, when the married life becomes a living lie, when the home fails entirely to secure the divine purpose for which it was created, then, for the sake of children yet unborn, for the protection of ourselves and our homes, for the future welfare of the State, we must sever those ties that bind husband and wife to a bondage more galling than the galley, that condemn little children to lives in the blasting influence of these so-called homes, foul with corruption, where lust

poisons, brutality rules, and hate usurps the place of love.

It is easier to call divorce an evil than it is rationally to discuss the problem and work out a solution. Bad divorce laws, laxly administered, do invite crime and domestic infelicity. But drastic divorce legislation may be as immoral and lead to even more disastrous consequences to society and to the individuals most concerned. A wise divorce law, properly administered, is not a menace to social morality. Cases come to the courts every day where divorce is a social duty.

If you feel that divorce should not be granted, go sit in the court-room and listen to the tales told by these wretched men, women, and children; soon will you repeat, with Carroll D. Wright, "I do not believe that divorce is a menace to the purity and sacredness of the family; but I do believe that it is a menace to the infernal brutality, of whatever name, and be it crude or refined, which at times makes a hell of the holiest human relations. I believe the divorce movement finds its impetus outside of laws, outside of our institutions, outside of our theology; that it finds its impetus in the rebellion of the human heart against that slavery which binds in the cruellest bonds of the cruelest prostitution human beings who have by their foolishness, by their want of wisdom, or by the intervention of friends, missed the divine purpose as well as the civil purpose of marriage. I believe the result will be an enhanced purity, a sublime sacredness, a more beautiful embodiment of Lamartine's trinity—the trinity of the father, the mother, and the child"—to preserve which "in all its sacredness society must take the bitter medicine labeled 'Divorce.'"

## AGAIN

BY JOHN HUTCHINS

See where the dogwood stretches out white arms  
And wild bees revel, drunk with Flora's charms!  
The brooks are full, and all the channels where life flows  
Are brimming over. For the old earth knows  
The thrill of ecstasy, again, which Maytime brings,  
The wood-bird's love-song and the whirl of wings.

# MEMOIRS OF EDWIN LAWRENCE GODKIN<sup>1</sup>

WHEN the intellectual history of this country during the last decades of the nineteenth century is written, that belligerent journal, *The Nation*, must be reckoned among the most potent influences. It was always on the battlefield. A striking proof of its political power is shown in the numerous references to its pages which are made in the recent history of the United States by J. F. Rhodes.

For thirty years Godkin was *The Nation*, *The Nation* was Godkin. Of course we mean the weekly journal; the *Nation*, in its broader sense, was not with him. There were plenty of associates, as editors and as regular or occasional contributors, but one man seemed to the external world to be the dominant as well as the ultimate authority in the expression of opinion. An intimate and influential colleague during all this period was Wendell Phillips Garrison, and his services in the literary and educational departments of the paper have been gratefully recognized by American scholars.

It is now possible, by the perusal of the *Life and Letters* of Mr. Godkin, to study the influences which made him what he was, to analyze his characteristics, and to inquire into the position which he held, and which he is likely to hold, among the writers who have studied the social and political conditions of this country. If excerpts could be made from the columns of *The Nation* and from other articles which he contributed to the *Reviews*, and if they could be combined in a treatise, they would form a volume which would stand, a worthy peer, beside the "*Democracy*" of Tocqueville and the "*American Commonwealth*" of Bryce. These three men, born and bred in other lands, have proved to be the keenest observers and the most discerning critics of American society. Not only their study of our democratic insti-

tutions and forms of government, but their comments on morals and manners, from the beginning to the end of the nineteenth century, will long stand as sources to the political philosophers.

Of Godkin's early life there is little to be said. Born in County Wicklow (1831), the son of a Presbyterian minister, a prolific controversial writer, he was sent to the Queen's College, Belfast, where he acquired distinction as an undergraduate. Heredity led him to editorial and critical observations. To him and his mates John Stuart Mill was a prophet, Grote and Bentham were daily food, and America was the promised land. Nearly all that these youth knew about this country came from Tocqueville; and so to this French student of our democracy we may be said to owe the future editor of *The Nation*. Four lines by Miss Godkin, the sister, give a miniature portrait: "My childish recollection of my big brother at this period, when he was twenty years old, is that he was a very handsome, refined, delicate-looking young man, witty, brilliant, charming, proud, with a fiery temper, but lovable and affectionate." Having gone from Belfast to London—the study of law inviting him—he was taken up by the Cassells, publishers, and engaged by them to write a history of Hungary, a theme made timely by Kossuth's visit. While only twenty-two years of age this promising young man was sent by the *London Daily News* to the Danube and the Crimea, and in this service he remained until the last act of the famous tragedy known as the Siege of Sebastopol.

Some eighty pages of the memoir give a good impression of the characteristics of the young journalist while he was unconsciously in training for his life-work. After a short residence in London, his impulses brought him, near the end of 1856, to New York, destined to be his home for nearly half a century. One of his first proceedings was to make a tour through the Southern States, following

<sup>1</sup> *The Life and Letters of Edwin Lawrence Godkin*. Edited by Rollo Ogden. The Macmillan Company, New York.

the course of Frederick Law Olmsted. The records of this journey, as sent to the *Daily News*, are melancholy, and the reader may pass them by unless he wishes to recall the gloomy condition of the South before the war as it appeared to a lover of freedom. The writer did not see, or at least he did not describe, the sunny side of plantation life. The somber picture is drawn with pre-Raphaelite severity.

After returning to New York, in the spring of 1857, Mr. Godkin pursued the study of law in the office of David Dudley Field, was soon admitted to the bar, and, through his friends Brace and Olmsted, made many acquaintances in influential circles, first in New York and afterward in Cambridge and New Haven. It was in New Haven that he married the eldest daughter of Mr. Samuel E. Foote. There was a peculiar charm in his looks, his bearing, and his conversation (with its intervals of silence), which endeared him throughout life to these early friends, most of them, but not all, scholars and writers. In the list which is given, Charles Eliot Norton, the friend of Carlyle, Ruskin, FitzGerald, is pre-eminent. Not many men in public life are referred to in these personal allusions.

At the beginning of the Civil War (1860 to 1862) Godkin was in Europe, driven there by ill health. On his return his letters to the *Daily News* were continued, and naturally related chiefly to military operations, in respect to which his Crimean experience stood him in good stead. He early divined Grant's strategy at Vicksburg, and predicted the failure of Lee's "magnificent raid" into Pennsylvania. All his letters in this period are of permanent interest and value, and they brought at the time hearty recognition.

It was long before Godkin felt at home in this country. Of this he was conscious. "I am rather fastidious," he says to Olmsted, "about many things which in a new country it does not do to be fastidious about. I am not popular in my manners, and could never become so. I am not pushing. I am not a natural orator. I am not sympathetic, and I am too old to change now." Such was the autotype

likeness of Godkin in the days of storm and stress, before he found his bearings. He had a vocation—that of a writer on public affairs; what he wanted was position. At length this came. The *Nation* was established, and from its first number (which appeared in July, 1865) onward, until his retirement, he was its mainspring.

Here the life of Godkin begins. All previous was preparatory, leading up to the extraordinary influences which for nearly forty years he exerted upon the opinions of intellectual people. Many such would repeat with truth the words of William James, who says of him:

To my generation he was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than that of any other writer of this generation, for he influenced other writers, who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion.

A review of the later part of Godkin's life would require reference to the many stirring events in the political world which he observed, and upon which he commented; for example, the perils, mistakes, and conclusions of the Reconstruction period; the financial condition of the country, and its relation to tariff reforms; the foreign policies of the Government, and the necessities of municipal reform. It would be superfluous for us to dwell in this place upon the well-known attitudes of the *Nation*—and that means Mr. Godkin—towards these subjects.

Among the best chapters in the memoir are those which open the second volume, where the editor, Mr. Rollo Ogden, is at his best. All his work as an editor of the letters is excellent, but here he draws a portrait of Mr. Godkin, and he dwells, with truth and justice, upon "the fountain of perpetual laughter" which was one of his charming characteristics. "His vivacity, his playful wit, his fund of apposite anecdote, made him a delightful and much sought table companion." In this man of overflowing spirits in private life many found it difficult to recognize the grim moralist and reformer as he appeared in print. Yet in contrast with this dominant cheerfulness may be placed some

letters which refer to his religious sentiments, and one, especially, which reveals, after the death of a beloved daughter, the gentle tenderness of his heart.

Many letters to Mr. Godkin are given—twenty pages in one group from Lowell; many from Charles E. Norton, his most intimate friend; one from John Stuart Mill. The letters from his pen include many addressed to W. P. Garrison, Norton, Olmsted, and others. We must not repeat the index. Godkin's campaign against Tammany was one of the most exciting episodes in the life of a quiet man, and the narrative here given revives the memory of his "fight with the wild beasts" which began with a series of biographical notices published in the *Evening Post*.

It would be easy for us to fill many columns with citations from these most interesting volumes. Nothing within our knowledge compares with them in the vivid portrayal of current affairs during the last half of the last century. They will be for a long time to come a repository from which the historian and the essayist will draw their facts.

As we have already said, Mr. Ogden has admirably discharged his duties as an editor. There is no padding in the volumes. They are Godkin from beginning to end—bright, pugnacious, entertaining, provoking, instructive, stimulating, and, on the whole, encouraging to all who are striving for purity in politics and for the improvement of American society.

## THE ORIENT AND THE OCCIDENT

TO most of us the history of the Orient is not a history, like ours, embodying broader and broader social ideals. It seems but a succession of struggles of king against king or of race against race, resulting in no marked popular development. To-day, in consequence, there is little general political emancipation in Asia; the masses are still largely in ignorance as to their servitude. In education and philosophy Oriental ideas and ideals have apparently been so refined that "the man in the street" cannot grasp them. In religion the higher conceptions seem to us to have been the exclusive possession of the few.

On the other hand, to most Orientals the history of the Occident exemplifies all that is greedy and materialistic. To them our lives seem, consequently, bound up in the abundance of the things we possess. Not yet, it is true, have we given to the Orientals sufficient general opportunity to grasp the lofty ideals—racial, political, educational, religious—for which many of us are striving. But when we do, and they learn thereby that we are not altogether greedy and materialistic, our lives seem to them still unneces-

sarily burdensome and complicated. They say that we do not comprehend, as they do, what it means to free the soul from the world's trammels. We are apparently so intent upon the means of life as to be, according to them, not sufficiently interested in life itself. Certainly we must admit that we are not as reverent as are they of reflection and meditation. The Oriental mind, therefore, maintains its age-long and characteristic exaltation above the heat and struggle of the world. It charms many and wins some of us. For a time, at least, we would leave our Occidental bustle and noise for an Oriental calm.

The Orient has latterly learned much about the Occident. But the Occident should learn more about the Orient. An evident means is that of books, written either by Orientals themselves—such works as Kakasu Okakura's "Ideals of the East" and Professor Nitobe's "Bushido"—or by sojourners for a long time in the Orient—the late Lafcadio Hearn's volumes, for example, and now Professor Knox's "Japanese Life in Town and Country," "The Development of Religion in Japan," above all, his "Spirit of the Orient."

In the light of the general psychological distinctions between the Orient and the Occident, which Professor Knox also

<sup>1</sup> The Spirit of the Orient. By George William Knox. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50 net.

affirms, "The Spirit of the Orient" seems a single spirit. In detail, however, the spirit and problems of India, for instance, seem to differ as widely from those of China as do India's people and customs from China's and as do China's people and problems from Japan's. Hence our author considers each of these three countries' needs, economic, political, educational, religious, clearly and compactly stating and interpreting them.

He treats first of India. Among the economic needs of that country he cites the cultivation of scantily peopled regions, irrigation on a larger scale, better agricultural methods, and the exploitation of natural resources as yet practically untouched. India's chief political need is patent enough—the measure of self-government necessary to political development. England's rule will then be unnecessary, and the day will have arrived when India can take her place among independent empires. But this day can hardly be other than distant. It will mean unity and solidarity—qualities not yet produced in India as a whole. More important than the political is the educational problem, when one considers the small percentage of educated men and the infinitesimal number of women in India who can read. As to religion, says our author, the introduction of all our notions would probably bring only confusion. If the people of India need our doctrines, they need them in simplest form. They do need to appreciate the doctrine of God's Fatherhood, for they must be freed from the bondage of superstition and from dependence on ceremonies. Each man should realize his individual value in a vital relationship with God. Then, of course, comes the logical sequence of the Fatherhood of God—the brotherhood of man. It is needed to break down caste and exclusiveness, to teach men not to call each other common or unclean, and to make them recognize mutual relationships and duties.

Turning from Indian aristocracy and a variety of race and religion to Chinese democracy and homogeneity, our observer is immediately confronted by the economic problem involved in the

displacement of labor. While in all that concerns political aggression the American position with regard to China is better than that of Europe, a too drastic exclusion law remains our disgrace. Professor Knox claims that treaties were violated by us when the same substantial result could have been obtained by consulting with the Chinese authorities. As to reformation of the government itself, we are told that this must come, and can be accomplished without revolution, but that "he is a fool who attempts to 'hustle' China." For the Flowery Kingdom can be transformed neither in haste nor by arms. One must agree with this critic that its development has been too ancient and too slow, that its people are too numerous and too contented, that its institutions are too well fitted to their needs, and that its classic teachings are too expressive of the popular mind for any attempt at sudden reform or revolution to succeed throughout the Empire. One's highest wish is, as the author says, that slowly, without revolution or haste or cessation, the people may be educated to new ideals. This is also the opinion of some of the most trusted missionaries long resident in the Empire. It is in large measure due to them that we understand the Chinese at all. Probably in no other field has such missionary effort been put forth as in China, and the result seems every year more evident and lasting.

Japan forms a striking contrast both to India and to China, for the latter countries have woefully lacked the power of political organization as well as the attention to detail displayed by the "England of the East." But no matter how much Japan has forged ahead politically and economically, her problems still remain those growing out of the ancient principle of loyalty, due to the solidarity of the clan, a present loyalty to a government increasingly by and for the people. Until recently Japan was not a distinctly commercial country as regards international trade. Her commercial code was that of the soldier, and mercantile integrity was not cultivated as assiduously as at present. Another ethical problem concerns the relation of



the sexes. Here any apologist is apt also to recognize the persistence of feudal ethics. As to the religious problem, Professor Knox's experience of many years in Japan leads him to confirm the opinion of some other observers, that the country's greatest need is an ethical cult which must include the doctrines of God's holiness, of the righteousness of his law, and of the soul's accountability to him.

Perhaps the Oriental may be excused for not knowing the Occident, but the Occidental can hardly be excused for not knowing the Orient. If this be so

with regard to our knowledge of India, it is more so regarding China, and yet more so regarding Japan. In Professor Knox's well-printed volume the still too ignorant Occidental will find not only a sympathetic study of the peoples and customs of India, China, and Japan, but also an appreciation of the peculiar spirit and problems of each country. Of the three, apparently only Japan understands the meaning both of the Orient and the Occident as signifying, the first, a triumph of the organism, the second, that of the individual. Is she not uniting them in herself?

## Comment on Current Books

### Japanese Morality

As patriotic loyalty was the chief feature of Japanese feudalism, so it is to-day the secret spring of Japanese military strength. Hence in the development of Japanese ethics it is impossible to exaggerate the importance of loyalty. Every ray of education, says President Scherer,<sup>1</sup> has been focused upon this as its object, and even native Shintoism has been made a mere tool for the development of patriotism through the doctrine that the Emperor is God. The two foreign religious systems in Japan, Buddhism and Confucianism, also agree in teaching the supreme importance of loyalty—Buddhism by its doctrine of self-repression, and Confucianism through the law of filialism. Japanese morality, therefore, is not regarded, in accordance with our conception, as including a variety of virtues, but as finding its absolute expression in devotion to the Mikado. To fear him and keep his commandments constitutes the whole duty of man. Thus, in a nation which makes everything subordinate to patriotic loyalty, the *samurai*, the warrior class, naturally become pre-eminent, and Japan's ethical system finally becomes known as *bushido*, "the way of the warrior." Loyalty goes to strange lengths in Japan, and the Japanese perspective becomes twisted, as we see, in the practices of *harakiri*, or bowel-piercing, among the men, and *jigai*, or throat-cutting, among the women. Moreover, the doctrine that loyalty justifies any means that may be found useful may be responsible for what many have regarded as a traditional Japanese attitude toward truth in commercial dealings, perhaps further explained by

the *samurai* indifference in money matters. These characteristics are elucidated by President Scherer, who has been able to cram an astonishing amount of information in a little volume. His most inspiring observation concerns the general Japanese attitude towards Christianity. Christ's perfect morality draws them naturally toward it, for they see that he was absolutely loyal to the Father. In many ways, declares President Scherer, the Japanese are prepared for Christianity, and adds that, had we shown one tithe of the energy in supplying them with our ideals that we have evinced in developing our commerce, Japan would be nominally Christian to-day.

### The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom

The key of Professor Genung's book<sup>1</sup> is given in the opening sentence of the preface: "Do you suppose Shakespeare meant all that?" was once asked of a teacher under whose interpretative reading the pages of the dramatist seemed to glow with new power and suggestion. Pausing for an instant's reflection, he replied, "My concern is with what Shakespeare means, not with what he meant." It is important to know what the Bible writers meant, but that is for most readers chiefly valuable which enables us to know what the Bible means. The Psalmist says, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." The main object of the practical interpretation of the Bible is to show how to use the book so that it will really illuminate life's path of duty and keep us from straying from it or stumbling in it. This is not to say

<sup>1</sup> What is Japanese Morality? By James A. B. Scherer. The Sunday-School Times Company, Philadelphia. 75 cts.

<sup>1</sup> The Hebrew Literature of Wisdom in the Light of To-Day. By John Franklin Genung. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$2, net.

that writers on the Bible are either to be hortatory commentators upon it or to write into it their own imaginings; but they are so to interpret its inner and spiritual meaning that this meaning can be applied to the life of to-day. We do not know of any modern interpreter who has done this more successfully than Professor Genung in his interpretation of the Book of Job and the Book of Ecclesiastes. Our point of view of the wisdom literature would be somewhat different from Professor Genung's. He says that it is "what in our nomenclature would be called philosophy." We would say that this analogue in our time would be that type of religious thought and life which is known by the phrase ethical culture. It is that phase of religion which is based, not upon visionary nor upon purely intellectual processes, but upon the experience of life. It is a noteworthy fact that all three types—the prophetic, the philosophical, and the empirical—are interpreted by the Bible. For the study of this last type the reader will find much of value in Professor Genung's book, and he will find it presented in a thoroughly readable and interesting form.

#### *History of the Reformation*

As we observed in speaking, a year ago, of the first volume of this work,<sup>1</sup> it brings forth new information for many who regard themselves as sufficiently familiar with the subject. Comparing the table of contents with that of a former standard work, such as Professor Fisher's in 1873, this appears at a glance. Two pages then sufficed for the remarkable movement historically termed "Anabaptism." Further investigation shows it to be, as Principal Lindsay says, "a very complicated affair," rapidly spreading over Europe, and securing "an enormously larger number of adherents than had been imagined." The story of their struggle amidst fierce persecution to reproduce the primitive freedom and simplicity of Christianity is of deep interest to all moderns who oppose clericalism and State establishments of religion. The fanatical excesses into which some Anabaptists were carried, especially in the oft-told episode of Münster, are not passed over, but the unjust reproach which such incidents have long left resting upon the whole movement is now at length removed. The Socinian movement also receives a discriminating criticism, discovering points of likeness to and of difference from the modern Unitarian school of thought, often inaccurately termed Socinian. The volume covers the Reformation period in Europe

outside of Germany, and concludes with the counter Reformation in Roman Catholicism that reached its limit in the Council of Trent. It is the beginnings of the several movements in that memorable period to which, as less known but deserving attention, Dr. Lindsay, with contemporary sources of information at hand, has given comparatively large space.

#### *Freedom in the Church*

This book might be entitled, as it is, "Freedom in the Church,"<sup>2</sup> and regarded as a plea for liberty of interpretation of the Creed in all Protestant Churches, but pre-eminently in the Episcopal Church, or as a History of the Apostles' Creed and its various interpretations, or as a monograph on the doctrine of the Virgin Birth, or as a history of the doctrine of the Incarnation. The first aspect the author evidently regards as pre-eminent, the other subsidiary. He takes up the ordination vows of the Episcopal clergyman and shows that his pledge "to minister the Doctrine and the Sacraments and the Discipline of Christ as the Lord hath commanded and as this Church hath received the same, according to the commandments of God," is not to be interpreted as a pledge to interpret the Creed according to any established tradition, since every clause in the Creed has received in the Church at different times different interpretations. "Maker of heaven and earth" no longer means that God created something out of nothing. "He descended into hell" has a different interpretation by Pearson from that of the early fathers. "He ascended into heaven" no longer means that Christ went upwards before the eyes of his disciples, taking with him his body—flesh and bones. "He shall come to judge the quick and the dead" is understood by some to mean, he shall return again at the end of the world when the judgment shall begin, by others that he comes perpetually in every movement which furthers the growth of his kingdom, and the judgment is continuous and culminating. The phrase, "born of the Virgin Mary," primarily signified not so much a virgin birth as a human birth, and "conceived by the Holy Ghost," whatever its mystical meaning, was not interpreted by Augustine as it has been by some disputants in recent discussions, for Augustine affirms that "it is clear beyond a doubt that He [Jesus] was not born of the Holy Spirit as His Father, in the same sense that He was born of the Virgin as his Mother." The pledge of the Episcopal clergyman "to minister the Doctrine as this Church hath received the same, does not mean as it hath

<sup>1</sup> *A History of the Reformation*. By Thomas M. Lindsay, D.D., LL.D. (International Theological Library. Edited by Charles A. Briggs, D.D.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *Freedom in the Church*. By Alexander V. G. Allen. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.

received it from tradition, thus identifying the Reformed Church with the Church of the past; but the doctrine as set forth in the Articles of Religion, whose object at every turn is to protest against the errors involved in the commandments of men, which Rome had added to the Christian faith." In other words, the priest pledges himself to teach the Creed in that spirit of liberty which makes the tradition of the Church always subject to re-examination and retesting by the commandments of God as they are found in the Scripture. We do not need to say to our readers that this view of the obligation of the Episcopal priesthood is the one which The Outlook has strenuously maintained. Professor Allen supports it by a wealth of scholarship which makes it clear that it is no new doctrine devised for the convenience of liberal ministers in our time, but is the doctrine which the Church has inherited from the time of Cranmer and the English Reformation.

**Prisoners in Japan** Whether this journal<sup>1</sup> of a Russian prisoner's wife in Japan, published under the striking title "As The Hague Ordains," is an actual record of daily events as they occurred in Matsuyama or not, it holds a tremendous human interest. The Princess Sophia hurried from Petersburg to Japan, across America, to be at the side of her husband, taken prisoner in Manchuria. She writes with wit and a delightfully feminine abandon, showing her prejudices openly and yet filled with a just spirit, far beyond that of the Russian prisoners with whom she talks and to whom she is allowed to minister as a nurse in hospital. The revelations she makes in regard to the "pre-arrangements" of the Japanese in battle, hospital, and care for prisoners only confirm the fine reports we had during the war. Of mixed English and Russian parentage, the Princess is open to argument, and when the argument is backed up by facts she yields very gracefully. She is courteously treated by the Japanese officials, and spends a year or more waiting on her wounded husband, to be released in the end through the astounding peace procured by "that terrible American President, *Il Strenuoso*." "Never more will a peace conference go to America," she writes; "the Americans are too literal. A peace conference is for the purpose of making peace, they argue; therefore, Make peace! Quick! At once! Immediately! Oh! sooner than that, even, if the Roosevelt happens to be ruling." "Another day's delay,"

says Vladimir, her husband, "and I believe that American President capable of bursting into the council-room, knocking their heads together, and holding them by their throats until they signed a treaty of peace."

### *The Winning of the West*

For the use especially of young students of American history, books of reminiscence describing our forefathers' pioneering westward to the Pacific are worth more than the studied accounts written at arm's length by present-day historians. There is always an appreciative audience waiting for the autobiographic description, albeit in homely phrase, of the adventures, privations, and final success of those who early journeyed to the Pacific slope in the faith that it would produce what it has. Only by such contemporary accounts may we understand by what fiber of grit and pluck our country has been made. Among pioneers' reminiscences Mr. Meeker's<sup>2</sup> deserve prominent place. When twenty-two years old he trekked across the plains and over the mountains from the Missouri to Puget Sound. Fitly to celebrate that undertaking, he has now, at the age of seventy-six, returned in the same way. While abundantly discursive, his books should be of vivid interest to old and young alike.

### *A Modern View of the Bible*

The aim of this little book<sup>3</sup> is so admirable and the spirit is so praiseworthy that we regret to speak of it in criticism rather than in commendation. But it appears to us to be inadequate in its treatment of a theme where inadequacy is tantamount to error. It rightly discards the old idea of an infallible book on which the world is dependent for all its knowledge of God and of the spiritual life. But in doing so it puts too light an estimate on the Old Testament. The historic fact remains that this collection of sacred literature is the product of the most religious of the ancient nations, and contains what is still a true expression of the deepest spiritual life of the most spiritual of modern men and women. Whittier has supplemented but not supplanted the Psalms; Phillips Brooks is not a substitute for Isaiah; there is no modern summary of social righteousness which for terseness, clearness, and compactness is comparable to the Ten Commandments; and neither Thomas Jefferson,

<sup>1</sup> Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound. The Tragedy of Leschi. By Ezra Meeker. Lowman & Hanford, Seattle, Washington. \$1.

<sup>2</sup> The Ox-Team, 1852-1906. By Ezra Meeker. Published by the Author, 118 N. Senate Ave., Indianapolis, Ind. 50c. Postage, 5c.

<sup>3</sup> The Religious Value of the Old Testament in the Light of Modern Scholarship. By Ambrose White Vernon, Professor of Biblical Literature in Dartmouth College. A. C. Crowell & Co., New York.

<sup>1</sup> As The Hague Ordains: Journal of a Russian Prisoner's Wife in Japan. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.50, net. Postage, 12c.

Jeremy Bentham, nor any of the leaders of the Red Host has suggested a scheme of political order that makes the ideal of the Hebrew Commonwealth antiquated. Mr. Vernon gives very effectively some religious values in the Old Testament; but he fails to make clear the religious value of the Old Testament, which is inherent in and is developed out of its teaching that Jehovah is a righteous God, that he demands righteousness of his children, and that he demands nothing else—a doctrine as old in Hebrew history as the Book of the Covenant, which, despite Mr. Vernon's assumption to the contrary, we think to be quite the oldest book in the Old Testament, at least four centuries older than the prophets. The teaching of the Old Testament that God requires nothing but righteousness of his children, and the further teaching that man is made in the image of God and shares his divine life, and so can be holy as God is holy, with the corollaries which grow out of that teaching—political, sociological, and individual—is still far in advance of most of the religious teaching of our times even in Christian churches and Christian literature.

#### Amerigo Vespucci

Mr. Ober's series of brief biographies of the discoverers and early explorers of America now includes a life<sup>1</sup> of the voyager after whom, by a singular freak of fortune, the New World was named. Like all the other books of this series, it is written in a pleasing vein, and brings out in an effective way the romance, tragedy, and daring of the achievements of Amerigo Vespucci and those other bold mariners who in the long-gone fifteenth century ventured so bravely into unknown seas. For several reasons, however, it is less satisfactory than its predecessors. Far too much prominence is given to secondary figures, thereby hindering the clear-cut development of the hero's personality, concerning which at best very little information is obtainable. There is also too liberal a piecing-out of the narrative by quotations from earlier biographers, as well as from Vespucci's own writings. And, what is most regrettable, Mr. Ober has paid scanty attention to the results of recent investigations which have brought to light a number of new and important facts with respect to Vespucci and the men with whom he had relations. In the matter of the Toscanelli correspondence, for example, he proceeds throughout on the assumption that its authenticity has been placed beyond question, whereas the very reverse is the case. Accordingly, although the work contains much really substantial information, it is im-

possible to recommend it as a product of sound scholarship.

#### A Great Expositor

Expository preaching is always attractive when well done, and is an art that many covet. As a master of this art Dr. Maclaren is widely esteemed. The thirty volumes<sup>2</sup> in which his life-work in this line is now being made available to the Christian world, while not a commentary on the entire Bible, contain an anthology of the passages best suited for homiletic treatment in the expository method. Thirty-six passages from Exodus against eleven from Leviticus indicate this selective principle of the work. The Scripture is used uncritically in the traditional way; e.g., the story of Nadab and Abihu, slain by fire from heaven for infraction of ceremonial law, is represented as a divine judgment; the angel who encountered Joshua as the pre-existent Christ; Elijah's ascension to heaven in a chariot of fire as historical, and the corporeal return of Christ to earth as assured. But Dr. Maclaren is always intent on spiritual truths, felicitous in drawing instructive modern parallels to ancient experiences, ingenious in making unpromising sentences yield fruitful lessons, and putting fresh point into trite texts. The six volumes of the present issue form the second series of the five, which are sold only in series of six each.

#### Moslem Womanhood

One verse in the Koran, in which women are forbidden to appear unveiled before any man except certain relatives, is responsible for a condition which "lies at the root of all the most important features that differentiate progress from stagnation." In this book,<sup>3</sup> edited by Annie Van Sommer and Samuel M. Zwemer, is collected a mass of testimony and undoubted facts that merely lift the edge of the sad truth as to the lives of women in Mohammedan communities. It would be quite impossible to speak plainly of such conditions as exist, and are known by those who visit the zenanas, harems, and seraglios of the Orient. One point made in this book is not perfectly recognized even by those of us who read about the Moslems. The universality and ease of divorce, the absolute freedom of the husband, and the utter helplessness of the wife, are revelations to many. A mere sentence, repeated three times, is irrevocable, and the wife is cast out to a life of sorrow, shame, and poverty very often.

<sup>1</sup> Expositions of Holy Scripture. Second Series. By Alexander Maclaren, D.D. Lit. D. Exodus, Leviticus, and Numbers. Deuteronomy, Joshua, Judges, Ruth, and First Book of Samuel. Second Book of Samuel and the First Book of Kings. St. Mark, 2 vols. Acts of the Apostles. 1st vol. M. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. \$7.50, net.  
<sup>2</sup> Our Moslem Sisters. Edited by Annie Van Sommer and Samuel M. Zwemer. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.25, net.

<sup>3</sup> Amerigo Vespucci. By Frederick A. Ober. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50, net.

In Persia a sad-faced drudge told the writer, "I am the twenty-fifth wife; some are divorced, some are dead; to-morrow it may be my turn to go." Polygamy is prevalent among the rich, but the poor man can support only one wife at a time, so divorce is his refuge. The best men seem ashamed of the practice, and say that it is forbidden by the Koran, explaining that Mohammed was allowed peculiar privileges. No one can read the sad story of darkness and wrong without recognizing a duty toward the women of the East. Woman's medical work is especially effective, removing prejudice and opening doors. Egypt, all Africa, Palestine, Turkey, Bulgaria, Persia, India, Java, and all Malaysia are darkened by this unholy revelation to Mohammed.

### *The Last Half of the Civil War*

The pleasing features which characterized Dr. James K. Hosmer's previous contribution to the "American Nation" serial History of the United States are again in evidence in the present volume,<sup>1</sup> in which he carries the story of the Civil War from Chickamauga to Appomattox. As before, he enables the student to follow readily and intelligently the intricacies of the successive and simultaneous campaigns and battles, his treatment is scrupulously fair, and his narrative graphic and attractive, developing with no small skill the increasing impressiveness and tragedy of the colossal struggle. As before, too, due regard is had to the consideration of the contrasting social and economic conditions of the war-time North and South, and to the non-military factors that played a part in determining the conflict. A brief discussion of the "arbitrary arrests" opens the volume, Dr. Hosmer being evidently very much of Dr. Rhodes's opinion with respect to the course pursued by Lincoln in dealing with the "copperheads." A survey of the financial measures of the war follows, and the current of military events is then renewed with a study of the Chickamauga campaign, so treated that the non-military reader will find no difficulty in grasping the significance of its various phases and the tactics to which they gave rise. This may also be said of the remaining chapters of a purely military nature, treating in turn the varying vicissitudes of the Chattanooga struggle, the Virginia campaign of '64, Sherman's Atlanta campaign and his march to the sea, and the final stages that culminated at Appomattox. Over these, however, as over Appomattox itself, Dr. Hosmer seems to us to have passed rather hurriedly; and his treatment of the

assassination of Lincoln is distinctly inadequate. On the other hand, there is much that might be singled out for exceptionally warm praise—as, for example, his two chapters on the spirit of the North and the spirit of the South at the beginning of the last year of the war, and his discussion of "military severities."

### *Powers of the American People*

This book<sup>2</sup> is remarkable as a curiosity in literature. It is written by a Japanese scholar, a doctor of laws, a lecturer of the Law School of the University of Indiana, and said in the title-page to be the first Japanese attorney ever admitted to an American Bar. As an interpretation of the American Constitution by a foreign observer it is interesting, but it has also other value. While there are some imperfections in the style, and while for the general reader the book would be more valuable if it had undergone revision by an English scholar, it is a remarkably clear and comprehensive statement of the fundamental principles of our American Constitution, and might well be commended to the lay reader who desires to obtain a non-partisan impression and scholarly view of the nature of our Government and the functions of its various departments.

### *Liberal Christianity*

The recent congress at Geneva, Switzerland, of liberal and progressive Christians has been fitly commemorated in a volume containing many of the addresses and sermons delivered there<sup>3</sup> by such men as the Rev. Drs. Samuel A. Eliot from this country and Estlin Carpenter from England, Professor Pfleiderer from Germany, Réville from France, Eerdmans from Holland, and Montet from Switzerland. Unfortunately, the volume is printed in type too small for weak eyes.

### *The Heroine of the Hudson*

These poems<sup>4</sup> are the work of a nature lover, whose imaginative outpourings exhibit the defects as well as the perfections of the source of her inspiration. Pruning might make the wildwood more conventional, but then the charm of the forest tangle would be lost. "Bird of the Lonely Lake," "Apostrophe to Niagara," "Mount of the Holy Cross," are titles that indicate the author's favorite themes.

<sup>1</sup> Powers of the American People. Congress, President and Courts, according to Evolution of Constitutional Construction, by Masuji Miyakawa. The Wilkins-Shurey Company, Washington, D. C. \$3. net.

<sup>2</sup> Actes du Troisième Congrès International du Christianisme Libéral et Progressif. Publiés par les Soins du Professeur Edouard Montet, Président du Congrès. Georg & Cie, Geneva, Switzerland.

<sup>3</sup> The Heroine of the Hudson, and Other Poems. By Lillian Rozell Messenger. The Hermitage Press, Richmond, Va.

<sup>4</sup> The American Nation. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Vol. XXI. Out of one of the Civil War. By James K. Hosmer, L.L.D. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2. net.

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# The Outlook



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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JUNE 15, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 7

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

A Professional Assassin.....	303	Should Franchises be Capitalized?.....	313
Orchard's Testimony.....	303	School-boy English.....	314
A Plea for Industrial Education.....	304	A Chapter of Experience.....	317
A Political Siege.....	305	The Spectator.....	31b
Pennsylvania Republican Convention.....	306	American Discontent with Criminal Law. By George W. Alger.....	321
The Louisville Election Case.....	306	The Military System of Germany. By Karl O. Bertling.....	328
A New Anti-Lottery Victory.....	307	Seeing New York in a Horse-Car. By Arthur B. Reeve.....	331
Missouri Legislation.....	308	Some Recent Biographical Studies.....	335
The Recount Bill.....	310	Comment on Current Books.....	339
A Great Railway Merger.....	310		
The Wine Crisis in France.....	311		
Irish Affairs.....	312		
The Hudson Celebration.....	313		

The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.

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## THE OUTLOOK

287 Fourth Avenue, New York  
Chicago Office, 1436 Marquette Building

**A Professional Assassin.** The testimony of Harry Orchard in the trial at Boisé of William D. Haywood, Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, who is charged with the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg, furnishes probably the most remarkable story of murder and assassination to which an American jury has ever been called upon to listen. It appears almost beyond belief that in this age and country conditions such as were described by the witness could exist. That men who occupied positions of leadership among their fellows, and enjoyed the confidence and respect of a large number of law-abiding American workingmen, could surround themselves with a band of assassins paid to kill those who opposed their rule seems incredible. Yet that is what the officers of the Western Federation of Miners have done for years, if we are to believe this witness,

who admits that he was himself one of the hired murderers. With every appearance of exactness and truthfulness, and in the most cold-blooded and callous way, Orchard told of trafficking in human life at a stipulated price for each victim. Nineteen human lives were destroyed by his own hands, according to his admissions on the witness-stand, and he asserted that he was but one of a number who were engaged in the same villainous work. The summary below of Orchard's testimony last week comes to *The Outlook* by telegraph despatch from its special correspondent at Boisé, Mr. Luke Grant, who at a later date will describe this exceedingly dramatic and immensely significant trial in special articles in *The Outlook*, the readers of which will remember Mr. Grant's article entitled "The Moyer-Haywood Trial" in the issue for April 6 last; it may be added that a re-reading of this article will be found informative by all who wish to understand the origin of these cases and the history of the labor war in Colorado and Idaho, out of which these acts of violence grew.

**Orchard's Testimony** Orchard's hands pulled the wire which fired the fatal explosion under the railway station at Independence, which resulted in the death of fourteen men. It was he who hurled the bomb in the shaft of the Vindicator mine which killed two men. In cold blood he shot down a detective in Denver, on the street, after dogging his victim for two miles. He planted a bomb in a vacant lot for Justice Gabbert, but missed his intended victim, and killed another whose life he did not seek. In relating the story of that murder, Orchard said that the defendant Haywood made the remark: "It is too bad you missed Gabbert and killed an innocent man." Pettibone,

another of the defendants in the criminal conspiracy, remarked that it was "hard luck." The last chapter in the career of this admitted assassin was the killing of ex-Governor Steunenburg by means of a bomb attached to his gate. Until that crime Orchard had escaped arrest. All the time that his criminal career lasted he lived, he says, on the funds of the organization and was in the confidence of the officers. They complimented him when he succeeded in accomplishing his murderous work, and they consoled him when he failed. They urged him on, after setting out the work for him to do. It was under the instructions of the officers of the organization that he made three attempts to assassinate ex-Governor Peabody, of Colorado. On each occasion his intended victim was saved by a mere chance. It was on the orders of Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone that he watched the house of Sherman Bell, in Denver, looking for an opportunity to shoot him through a window. It was by their direction that he planted a bomb at Justice Goddard's gate, which was discovered before it accomplished its mission of death. They sent him from Denver to Idaho under orders to kill Governor Steunenberg, while Haywood made the remark that if he succeeded, and then went to Paterson, New Jersey, and wrote a few letters to mine-owners calling their attention to the murder and warning them that their turn would come next, it would have a good effect. Haywood said that would be almost as good as killing them, because then they would be living in constant dread and would be afraid to oppose the union rule. All this was in substance the story told by Orchard on the witness-stand, but the amount of credence to be given it is something the jury has not yet determined. It has been shown on cross-examination that the witness is a bigamist; that he has been a hard drinker and an inveterate gambler all the time he has lived in the West; that he was in the pay of detectives for a railway in Colorado when he first met the defendants; that he first suggested the idea of blowing up the Vindicator mine; that he was an ore thief while he worked

in the mines; and that he tried to sell intelligence to the State authorities or the mine-owners or both while he was, as he claims, the paid assassin of the unions. Other black spots in his career have been brought to light which have a tendency to discredit him as a witness. One thing is certain: the crimes he has described were committed in the manner he has outlined, and he furnished a mass of minute details that it would appear impossible to supply unless his story is true. The jury, which is sworn to weigh the evidence and do even justice between the State and the defendant, is an intelligent and representative one. With one exception, the twelve men of the jury are men over fifty years of age. Nine of them are American born, two were born in Scotland, and one in Canada. All are men who know what it means to meet obstacles and overcome them. They have all been farmers in Idaho or other sections of the West, and have been described as of the class of empire-builders who have transformed the arid desert with its wastes of sage-brush into fertile farms and blooming orchards. They know little of labor unions, and they do not believe in a class struggle. Haywood's counsel appear satisfied with the jury, but pointed out that out of between two and three hundred men summoned for jury service only three or four were labor union men. There can hardly be a doubt that the jury will return a verdict in accordance with the evidence, and those who are inclined to condemn one side or the other in this trial may well await that verdict before passing judgment.

®

*A Strong Plea for  
Industrial Education*

Unfortunately, the term "industrial education" suggests to a large number of people in this country the idea that it is some kind of a system for making lazy people work, or for training those who are poor in pocket and slow of brain to do the "menial" things of life so as to provide time in which the graduates of institutes of "higher education" can do the thinking of the country. There is, it is true, some ground for this misappre-

hension, because industrial education as it is understood to-day in Germany has been most largely applied in this country to those schools which are engaged in training men and women to become efficiently self-supporting in various trades, such as carpentry, steam-fitting, bricklaying, dressmaking, millinery, machine sewing, and the like. President Roosevelt, in his recent Western trip, made an address at the State Agricultural College at Lansing, Michigan, a large part of which was devoted to a consideration of the need in this country of industrial education, and to a correction of false notions about it. He made light of the fear of pauper labor, against whose competition it is so often alleged that the American workingman needs protection. What we have to fear, especially when we contend for our share of the world's markets, "is the competition of the highly skilled workingman of the countries of greatest industrial efficiency."

We have been fond, as a nation, of speaking of the dignity of labor meaning thereby manual labor. Personally, I don't think that we begin to understand what a high place manual labor should take; and it never can take this high place unless it offers scope for the best type of man. We have tended to regard education as a matter of the head only, and the result is that a great many of our people, themselves the sons of men who worked with their hands, seem to think that they rise in the world if they get into a position where they do no hard manual work whatever; where their hands will grow soft and their working clothes will be kept clean. Such a conception is both false and mischievous. There are, of course, kinds of labor where the work must be purely mental, and there are other kinds of labor where, under existing conditions, very little demand indeed is made upon the mind, though I am glad to say that I think the proportion of men engaged in this kind of work is diminishing. But in any healthy community, in any community with the great solid qualities which alone make a really great nation, the bulk of the people should do work which makes demands upon both the body and the mind. Progress cannot permanently consist in the abandonment of physical labor, but in the development of physical labor so that it shall represent more and more the work of the trained mind in the trained body.

It is quite true that a boy must be trained to think well before he can act well. But thinking that is not followed

by some form of definite action becomes merely a form of amusement. Philosophical speculation, literary analysis, art criticism, are important, but they are a means to, not an end of, education. Those teachers who are endeavoring to carry on, in conjunction with that book-learning which Matthew Arnold calls knowing the best that has been said and thought in the world, the development of skill in some sort of handicraft, are exerting an educational influence in the country that is greatly needed.

®

#### *A Political Siege.*

Two men, young in years and not old in political experience, have effected great transformations in their respective States. One is Senator Everett Colby, of New Jersey; the other, Mr. Winston Churchill, of New Hampshire. At a mass-meeting in Newark, New Jersey, last week, both these men were present. The occasion was marked by a spirit which we believe is increasing in influence and power in this country. It is a spirit, not of mere pride and party names, or ambition for public office, much less of desire for personal gain, but rather an eagerness in the public service. Naturally, such a spirit does not display itself in any rapid organization. It is true that in New Jersey there is the New Idea wing of the Republican party, and in New Hampshire there are the Lincoln Republicans; but in neither State is there even the germ of a new party. There is what is rather a new kind of political ambition. It is this ambition which Mr. Colby expressed in these words:

What is more, we are not trying to make a killing in one grand-stand campaign, but instead we are inaugurating a veritable siege of reason that will ultimately starve the bosses out of business, for reason means thought, and thought means growth and the progress of ideas, and the political boss who is made to feed on ideas soon gets blood-poisoning and retires from the field. You cannot kill a sound idea that is based on reason and the right of the people to control their own government. Let a sound idea once take root and it gathers unto itself all the elements of truth, as a plant gathers in moisture from the air and licks it up from the soil. . . .

If Mr. Churchill's address was more pugnacious than Mr. Colby's, it exhibited

the same kind of spirit, for it was directed, not against political opponents, but against those politicians and those corporation managers who are indifferent to the public interests. It is this spirit that makes the present reform movements likely to endure.



*Pennsylvania Republican Convention* The Republicans assembled in State Convention last week in Pennsylvania recorded their approval of two men—one eminent in the Nation, the other in the State. By their indorsement of Senator Knox as a candidate for the Republican Presidential nomination, they brought before the people of the Nation a name which has been mentioned in connection with the Presidency only in personal conversations or in the newspapers. There is in this public indorsement unquestionably a genuine sentiment, not merely of admiration for Senator Knox personally, but also of confidence in the principles for which he has stood and the methods which he has followed while he has been in public office. He appeals to men of conservative cast of mind; but it is noteworthy that the reason which the Republicans gave for his indorsement was the efficiency with which he had carried out what seems to many to be the radical policy of the President. They incorporated in the declarations of their platform these words concerning Mr. Knox uttered by President Roosevelt last October:

During the last few years the National Government has taken very strong strides in the direction of exercising and securing adequate control over the great corporations, and it was under the leadership of one of the most honored public men in our country, one of Pennsylvania's most eminent sons—the present Senator and then Attorney-General Knox—that the new departure was begun.

The Convention also took notable action in nominating for the office of State Treasurer Mr. John C. Sheatz, of Philadelphia. Mr. Sheatz, when in the Legislature, acted valiantly on behalf of the Personal Registration Bill. His course for a time was so bravely solitary that he seemed well on his way to retirement

from political activity. He did not cultivate by his action the friendliness of the Republican machine. His nomination now indicates that the days of the Quay ring are over.—Pennsylvania is now among the States that have made the bucket-shop illegal. As Boston and Philadelphia were the centers of activity in this form of gambling, the action of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania has had very great effect.



*The Louisville Election Contest*

A victory on behalf of the freedom of the ballot was lately won in Kentucky. The Court of Appeals of that State has handed down a decision in a group of cases popularly known as the Louisville Election Contest, and has thus brought to an end a piece of litigation unparalleled in the State. It decides that the election in Louisville in November, 1905, involving the election of all municipal officers and almost all the county officers, is void. The election was characterized by great violence and gross frauds. The "City Club," a non-partisan organization joined with the Republican party, was defeated; the "machine" won. Election contests, begun within two weeks after the elections, were carried through the courts. Attorneys on behalf of the contestants served without remuneration. Citizens subscribed \$35,000 to help pay the cost of the litigation. Chancellors of the Circuit Court heard testimony and arguments, and over sixteen months after the election decided that the election was valid. The case was at once appealed. Within a little more than a month the Court of Appeals, composed of five Democrats and one Republican, reversed the decision, decided against the Democratic "machine," asserted that it was impossible to determine who was elected, and declared every office involved in the election to be vacant. The positions made vacant are to be filled by appointment; until these appointments are made the contestees will continue to discharge the duties of the offices. It was shown that polling-places had been raised, ballots had been burned, police had refused protection. Republican officials had been repressed and supplanted

by Democrats, and other outrages committed. With majorities on the face of the returns ranging from 4,000 to 6,000, the number of voters disfranchised numbered 6,292. At the same time the Court condemns certain unfair practices of certain of the Fusionists. The Court comments bitterly upon the action of the police in refusing to testify and taking shelter under the law forbidding self-incrimination:

Suppose a secret murder had been committed, and the police on that beat, when asked about it, should say, "I decline to answer, for fear of incriminating myself." This, under the rule invoked, would protect the witness from answering, but how long would it justify his retention on the roll of police?

Yet, the Court points out, such police have been retained in their places by their beneficiaries. The conspiracy to steal the election, the Court says, is as plain as the conspiracy which was charged against King George and the Council to rob the colonies of their rights. The Court adds:

No people can be said to govern themselves whose elections are controlled by force, fraud, or fear. . . . No people are wholly civilized where a distinction is drawn between stealing an office and stealing a purse.

The effect of the decision will be to put heart into those everywhere who are fighting against the tyranny of political corruption.



#### *A New Anti-Lottery Victory*

Twelve years ago, when the National anti-lottery law was signed, *The Outlook* said: "The long fight for anti-lottery legislation, which began in several States sixty years ago, has now triumphed in every State in the Union and in the National Government. . . . The lottery is now an outlaw from one end to another of our country. . . . The fight is finished, and we can press on to new conflicts with greater faith and courage." But an editorial in one of the daily papers last week begins with these words: "The Federal Government has won another notable victory in its long campaign to stamp out the lottery evil." The fact that the Louisiana Lottery, supposed by most people to be long

since dead and buried, has actually carried on business under another name—that of the Honduras Lottery Company—all these years, illustrates the difficulty of dealing radically with what *The Outlook* long ago characterized as a "widespread and corrupt form of gambling." The victory won in the passage of the Federal law in 1895 was indeed a great one. It was the outcome of a moral campaign of supreme importance waged against a vicious power entrenched behind political and personal influences. Already Louisiana had, to its undying honor, rejected a proffered bribe of \$31,000,000 for the renewal of the lottery charter, and the power of the lottery had been restricted by stringent State legislation the country over. In 1877 Congress had forbidden the transportation of lottery tickets and advertisements by mail; but this proved ineffective, as the matter was shipped by express. The new law prohibited absolutely the shipment of lottery tickets and advertisements from State to State by means of the express or any other agency. The constitutionality of this provision was contested in the courts, but was finally established by a drastic decision of the Supreme Court. The fight in Congress to secure this legislation was a memorable one, and our readers will recall the notable part taken by the late Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, by General George D. Johnston, of Louisiana, and by Dr. Samuel H. Woodbridge, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; while *The Outlook* may be permitted to mention also the special series of articles written for its columns by the late Charles B. Spahr, then a member of its staff, who visited Louisiana under commission from *The Outlook* to study the subject thoroughly in all its bearings and to carry on as well in its editorial columns an energetic war against what was regarded as a National evil of portentous proportions.



#### *The Mobile Convictions*

But now it seems that the lottery evil was scotched and not killed. Last week no fewer than thirty defendants pleaded guilty before a United States court in

Mobile to indictments charging conspiracy to cause the inter-State carriage of lottery advertisements. As reported in the press, they also agreed to surrender to the Government for destruction a large quantity of lottery tickets, plates, and other paraphernalia, and to sell out a printing establishment in Wilmington, Delaware, where for years the lottery tickets have been surreptitiously printed. The aggregate of fines imposed on these defendants amounted to \$284,000; but of far more importance than the fines was the virtual admission that it was impossible for such a gambling association longer to exist and do business in the United States. Some of the defendants are men of social standing and prominence, which adds to the disgracefulness of their conduct. The story told of the subterfuge and trickery employed by the Honduras Lottery Company, the managers of which were the successors of the officers of the old Louisiana Lottery Company, is a singular illustration of the persistence of lawbreakers when large profits are in sight. A private printing house was maintained with elaborate secrecy in Wilmington to prepare the tickets and circulars; these were taken as personal baggage by messengers to New York; thence in separate packages to Washington; and thence to various cities throughout the country used as centers of operation. The officers and agents of the company operated under assumed names and used a secret code. The drawings were held at Puerto Cortez in Honduras, and to this point every month were taken the ex-Confederate officers whose names were used as a guarantee of good faith and who personally superintended the drawings. Lists of the winning numbers were brought back to this country by these persons, were printed in Mobile, Alabama, and thence were sent to the State agencies through the country. To carry out this complicated machinery both State and National laws were violated every day, and as it has been held that it is a violation of the National law not only actually to transport lottery tickets and circulars from State to State, but also to do acts which would amount to a conspiracy having that transportation as its

object and intention, the case against the directors, stockholders, and agents of the Honduras Lottery Company was considered by the Government to be complete. The fact that pleas of guilty were entered by those accused and the fines paid seem to show that they also believed that they had no adequate defense. Thus a new, and what we may with considerable confidence hope will prove to be a final, victory over the lottery forces has been won. To quote the concise comment of the New York Tribune, the lottery is "opposed to good morals, and, like the race-track evil, breeds only indolence, degeneration, and crime. The Government's successful crusade against the lottery is a material gain for public decency and social progress."

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*Missouri Legislation  
An Unfair Law*

The Legislature of Missouri, with the formal executive approval of Governor Folk, has established a precedent of very doubtful character through the enactment of a law requiring civic leagues and similar organizations not only to file full statements of their campaign contributions and disbursements (to which no one could take any reasonable exception), but to publish the names of their informants and the entire information upon which their recommendations to vote either for or against candidates may be based. The bill likewise brings such organizations within the provisions of the libel act, as applied to newspapers, and endeavors to make them as fully responsible for their utterances as newspapers. The bill is primarily aimed at the Kansas City Civic League, which for some years past has exercised a wholesome influence in that community through its criticism of the records of public officials and through its investigation of the character and antecedents of candidates for public office. If the State of Missouri is successful in putting such organizations out of business, or of seriously curtailing their usefulness, we may look for a general effort throughout the country in the same direction, because civic and voters' leagues are increasing in number and efficiency, and are becoming

more and more dangerous to the plans of designing politicians. Not that such a movement would in the long run be detrimental to the cause of higher public standards, for experience teaches that efforts to suppress publicity and public-spirited efforts, even when unwisely directed, fail of their end. The St. Joseph (Missouri) Press very aptly describes the situation as it exists in that State when it declares that Missouri "now exacts more of the independent voters and of those who insist on decency in politics than it does of the parties who alternate in running things." Why Governor Folk, who has generally so excellent a record, should sign a bill of this character is at present inexplicable, although his apologists maintain that he has decided to sacrifice the Kansas City Civic League in order to secure the passage of some special measures that he has advocated in the extra session of the Missouri Legislature, the advocates of the Anti-Civic League Bill having threatened all the bills of members who might oppose their bill, and it is understood that they carried their threats to the Governor. His making a law of a measure intended to curtail the usefulness of an organization the principal members of which, regardless of party, are Folk men, is perhaps the price he has had to pay to insure the success of other and excellent legislative measures.

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*Missouri Legislation  
Permanent Results of  
Reform*

These measures give an admirable illustration of the permanent results effected by what has sometimes been called the "reform wave" of recent years. Governor Folk was carried into office two years ago by an outburst of moral indignation against the old corrupt machine. The Legislature elected at that time reflected the popular sentiment. A stringent law against race-track gambling was enacted, a maximum freight rate bill adopted, and several other reform measures passed. The Senate, however, half of whose members held over from the old régime, blocked much salutary legislation. The reactionary element was largely got rid of in last

year's election, and under the Governor's leadership a remarkable series of progressive measures became laws. The race-track gamblers had prepared to evade the statute by telephoning the bets out of the State. The Legislature blocked this subterfuge. It enacted a general State primary law; a law to make professional lobbying a felony except on registration and publicity; a law reducing passenger fares to two cents a mile; a law making the operation of bucket-shops a felony; a stringent child labor law; a law to prevent brewers and distillers from owning saloons; and a law to permit municipalities to regulate the charges of public service corporations. Two important constitutional amendments were submitted—one to separate the sources of State and local revenue, with a view to eliminating the antiquated personal property tax for State purposes; the other to provide for the initiative and referendum. Exasperated by the refusal of the United States Senate to submit a Constitutional amendment to provide for the popular election of Senators, the Legislature adopted a resolution calling for the convocation of a Constitutional Convention. As the regular session of the Legislature proved too short for the legislative programme outlined in his message, Governor Folk called a special session to complete the work. It was at this special session that the act for the regulation of rates of public service corporations was passed. All things considered, this was probably the most important act of the session, and it was most strenuously resisted by the lobby. That the public service corporations were unable to compass its defeat is testimony to the rapid advance of really representative government in Missouri. Before the popular uprising which began with Mr. Folk's attack on the St. Louis bootleggers while he was Circuit Attorney for that city, such legislation would have been out of the question. Throughout the sessions the once powerful brewery interests were on the defensive. A bill to grant ward option to cities passed the House, and would have passed the Senate had not an error in it been discovered too late in the session to allow remedying. Thus the moral impetus



that Missouri—in common with much of the rest of the country—has received in recent years has left a lasting impression on the institutions of the State. Even should the people again become absorbed in business so that a political let-down should come, the old conditions can never be restored.



### *The Recount Bill*

We gave last week some reasons why we regard the bill providing for a recount of the votes cast in the Mayoralty election in New York a year ago last fall as unreasonable and unjust. A hearing on this bill was held last week by Acting Mayor McGowan, in the absence of Mayor McClellan. Mr. McGowan's veto of the bill is reinforced by a paper addressed to the New York Legislature by Mayor McClellan, which is characterized by that sort of clearness and vigor that is born of a healthy moral indignation. This protest emphasizes one feature of the bill which deserves more emphasis than we laid upon it last week. To secure a recount the applicant must, in twenty days after the passage of the bill, call for such recount, designate the districts in which he wishes the recount to be had, and give bonds to pay the expense *if the result of the election is unchanged*. In this provision there is a triple injustice. It is primarily unjust because it treats the office as a personal perquisite, not as a public trust, and the parties principally interested as Mr. McClellan and Mr. Hearst, not as the people of the city of New York. If the previous count was so inadequate that public interests demand a recount, it should be paid for out of the public treasury. To offer a recount to a candidate who is rich enough to pay for it and refuse it to one who cannot afford to hazard its expense is un-American and unjust. It does not provide for a complete recount, nor for a recount in those districts in which there is some evidence of fraud or irregularity, but in those districts and those alone which one of the candidates may choose for that purpose. Thus, Mr. Hearst may select the districts in which Mr. McClellan has a majority of three or four to one, and in which,

therefore, presumptively, the irregularities in the McClellan ballots would be in the same proportion. But Mr. McClellan cannot demand a corresponding recount in the Hearst districts without giving a bond to pay the expenses if the result of the election is unchanged. That is, Mr. McClellan must give a bond to pay for the cost of any recanvass he calls for in order to make the entire recanvass adequate, if the result of the recanvass shows that he was legally elected. Finally, the bill, as we have heretofore pointed out, enables Mr. Hearst, without offering any evidence whatever of fraud, to involve his successful opponent in a process of litigation which can be made absolutely ruinous to any one but a multi-millionaire:

If the contestant should demand a recanvass of the vote in one thousand election districts, each district is a separate proceeding, and all can be carried on simultaneously. The cost of being represented by counsel at each of these proceedings is an item which any other than a very rich man must seriously consider when aspiring for public office if legislation of this sort is to prevail. Is it a simple act of justice to drive an official out of office at the instance of a man whose financial resources are unlimited?

To this question there can be but one answer. In our judgment, this recount bill is fundamentally and incurably bad. Certainly in its present form it is inherently unjust. When the bill goes back to the Legislature, no legislator should vote for it without first giving Mr. McClellan's protest a careful and unprejudiced consideration; and Governor Hughes, who has called for a recount bill—not necessarily for this one—"as a simple act of justice," will owe it to himself and to his friends, if this bill comes before him, to return it to the Legislature with his objections, or to explain to his supporters how such a measure can be reconciled with the simplest and most fundamental principles of justice and fair dealing.



### *A Great Railway Merger*

Some official correspondence between Governor Guild, of Massachusetts, and President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad Company, has made public

the fact that by the consolidation or merger of that railway and the Boston and Maine Railroad, railway transportation in the six New England States—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island—will hereafter be controlled by one great corporation. President Mellen, in urging upon the State of Massachusetts, through its Governor, the union of these two railways, says: "No stock has been or will be issued in connection with this purchase against which a charge of stock-watering or inflation can lie. For every share of New Haven stock issued will represent a share of Boston and Maine retired, and no capital will be outstanding on which dividends must be paid more than at the present time." President Mellen advises the merger on the ground that the interests of New England can best be protected against outside selfish control by consolidating in one efficient management all the New England railway business. A single management also, he points out, can offer the travelers in the New England States facilities of through trains and intimate connections which cannot be maintained by different corporations, however harmonious they may be. In our judgment, the merger is a wise one, and we hope the State of Massachusetts will permit it to be carried through. President Mellen is undoubtedly right in his belief that the interest of travelers, of shippers, and of investors can be better protected and more efficiently maintained by one great railway corporation than by numbers of competing corporations. The Outlook has frequently asserted that protection of the people in their use of the public utilities cannot and ought not to be provided for by either permitting or encouraging the industrial warfare of competition. Moreover, we welcome this merger at this time because it illustrates in a very striking and practical form the necessity of government regulation of railways. The six New England States, whose railway affairs are to be in the hands of the new corporation, comprise an area of over sixty-four thousand square miles—a greater territory than that of England and Wales—and they

support a population of over six millions of people. The consolidated corporation will represent, in its own issue of stock and in the stock of constituent railway companies previously acquired by lease or purchase, many tens of millions of legitimately invested capital. The prosperity of New England is indissolubly connected with the prosperity of her railways. No reasonable man will stop to debate whether or not a corporation dominating such vast interests should be subject to definite and strict regulation by some power of the people expressed through government. But this great corporation, while nominally regulated by Massachusetts through its charter, penetrates five other great States, and no one State Legislature is competent to frame legislation which shall be both just to the corporation and adequately protective to the inhabitants of the neighboring States intimately concerned. The problem is too general and too complex for State solution. To leave railways without control as private properties means oppression and injustice to the people; to subject railways to the control of individual States means inefficiency on the one hand, and oppression and injustice to the railways on the other. It is for this reason that The Outlook believes that Federal control of railways is inevitable and desirable, and it is apparent that the most skillful and able railway managers of the country are coming to the same conclusion.



*The Wine Crisis  
in France*

The vine-clad hills of France figure poetically in history, song, and romance, but the news from that region lately has not been in harmony with its traditions. For years there has been a growing difficulty among the peasants in disposing of their vintage at rates that will permit living on the modest scale to which they have been accustomed. They now seem to have come unanimously to the decision that their grievance has reached a stage that calls for immediate redress and remedy; and as Frenchmen, much like Americans and Englishmen, are inclined to hold the Government

responsible when things go wrong, the vine-growers of southern France in the region of the Hérault, the Aude, and the eastern Pyrenees have demanded in no uncertain language that the Government take legislative and administrative measures for repressing adulteration of wines as the first step toward securing a reasonable price for the natural product. The peasants probably are aware that there are already a number of laws on the statute-book against adulteration and "blending" of wines, but they also probably know that these laws have not been rigidly enforced. They now demand the application of "the red-hot iron to the ulcer" and "absolute suppression of all vinous beverages other than perfectly natural wine." Moreover—and this is the most serious phase of the matter—they have not been content merely with formulating radical demands. They went further, and threatened that unless the Government granted these measures before the 10th of June they would refuse to pay taxes. In some cases the peasants did not even wait for the 10th of June, but refused to pay taxes to a Government which they hold has not protected them, and talk of resistance against collection by force is not uncommon. The mottoes on the banners at the great meeting at Perpignan, when one hundred and thirty thousand men, women, and children were in line, bore such inscriptions as, "Bread or a Rifle," "Bread for Our Little Ones," "*Le cri du ventre*," etc. The situation evidently is a serious one for the Government as well as the wine-growers. The fact seems to be that the various "blendings" and adulterations of wine which have for years been practiced in France, and which have gravely threatened the wine industry, are not the only causes which have tended to diminish the income of the honest producers of natural vintage. The French workman, for instance, especially in Paris, no longer drinks *vin ordinaire* solely or exclusively with his meals. Beer has become a rival to the national drink of France, and this fact, in connection with a similar state of affairs in other countries formerly good customers for French wines, has led to a diminished demand for wine, both for home consumption

and export. Pure food legislation, particularly in England and the United States, has also tended to decrease the export of French wines; while, in addition to these causes, Algeria, formerly an importer of the French product, has now become a competitor, and produces annually two hundred millions of gallons of wine which are admitted free of duty in France. It is, perhaps, not without significance in this disturbed condition of the wine industry of France that the past week has witnessed a consultation between Ambassador Jusserand and Secretary Root at Washington in regard to an agreement between France and America regulating tariff duties. The French Government is evidently bestirring itself to meet as promptly and as best it can the demands of the situation which has become acute in southern France.



**Irish Affairs** The British Premier formally withdrew the Irish Bill last week, expressing his belief that it would have been better if the Irish people had given the details of the measure greater attention. It is apparent that both the Government and Mr. Redmond were misled and taken by surprise by the outburst of adverse sentiment in Ireland. That this sentiment was created entirely by Irish priests who objected to the bill because it put education under the control of laymen seems hardly probable, although undoubtedly the influence of the priests had much to do with the action of the Convention. As a matter of fact, the condition of education is one of the worst features of the situation in Ireland, and the British Government was sincerely desirous of raising its standards and making it more efficient by putting it under the control of Irish laymen. It is not easy to ascertain the real condition of affairs in the island. The Prime Minister declared in Parliament last week that it was "very satisfactory;" on the other hand, it is reported that in several counties a good deal of disorder exists, that agitation is spreading throughout the south and west, and that a new agrarian movement of great vigor will soon sweep the whole country. Reports of disorders in various

localities must not be taken, however, as indicating a serious condition in a country which finds the picturesque expression of its energy in outbreaks the importance of which are very easily overstated. Very substantial progress has been made toward the betterment of Irish conditions during the past few years. Mr. Horace Plunkett has made a deep impression on the country, and his work for agrarian reform is already showing marked results. The revival of the language and the old literature, the attempt to deepen interest in a national drama and in the expression of the ancient ideals and mood of the Celtic spirit and temperament through the work of such men as Mr. Yeats, although not very deep-rooted in the interest of the Irish as a people, are significant of the passing of the age of exclusive concentration in political agitation and the diffusion of Irish interests over a broader surface of life. The most belligerent supporters of the present agitation seem to be Irish-Americans, some of whom are gesticulating with great energy at the British Government, and saying all sorts of things provocative of blood and slaughter. Some of these gentlemen are undoubtedly sincere; others belong to the ancient and honorable order of professional warriors who have never drawn a sword except in a metaphor, and whose tumultuous eloquence leaves England undisturbed and hardly raises a smile in this country.



*The Hudson  
Celebration*

New York and the whole country are to be congratulated that the celebration of the tercentenary of the discovery of the Hudson River by Henry Hudson, and the centenary of the use of steam as a means of navigation for the first time by Robert Fulton, did not take the form of an exposition. It is, happily, to be entirely free from commercial features and to take on a purely historical and pictorial character. The Outlook has reported from time to time various features which will give the celebration a unique and characteristic form and fitly recall to the eye the voyage of the Half Moon and that of the Clermont. The

city of New York, the focal point of the celebration, is to build a Hudson Memorial Bridge across the Spuyten Duyvil Creek at the northern end of Manhattan Island, at an expense of three millions of dollars, and this bridge will not only be a historical but it is to be expected that it will also be an artistic monument. It is proposed also to add to the park system of the city a beautiful bit of land, seventy-five acres in extent, on Inwood Hill, a point from which the course of both boats can be seen to a great distance up the river. A plan has been presented which involves action by the State, but in a very modest way—an appropriation of \$125,000 for a public park at Verplanck's Point in Westchester County, which, like Inwood, commands a noble view of the river. This land has many Revolutionary associations. It was the site of Fort Lafayette; it was the point at which Washington received Count Rochambeau in 1872; and it was the site of the King's Ferry, of which the colonists made effective use against the British troops. The Hudson is the great water highway for the whole State; and the commemoration of its discovery and the development of its utility inaugurated by the use of steam are matters of as much interest to Erie County as to the County of New York.



## *Should Franchises be Capitalized?*

In the suit testing the validity of the Eighty-Cent Gas Law of New York is involved the fundamental question as to the capitalization of franchises. On the answer to that question depends, not only the price that the people of New York shall pay for their gas, but also the power which the State may have in regulating the rates charged by monopolies possessing special franchises.

The issue arose in this way: After a legislative investigation into the affairs of the so-called Gas Trust, a law was passed fixing the maximum rate which the Company could charge at eighty cents a thousand feet. The Consolidated Gas Company at once declared

that this was unconstitutional, because it made it impossible for it to earn a reasonable income from its property; in other words, that it was confiscatory. That all depends, was the answer to the Company, on the amount of capital on which you compute your percentage of profit. This brought up immediately the question of, what constituted the capital of the Company. With a given income, the larger that capital was shown to be the smaller became the percentage of that income. The Company declared that part of the value of its capital was the value of its franchise.

The case may be put this way: The Company obtains from the city the right to lay mains in the streets. That right is of great value; but it has value only because it is utilized—that is, because there are mains in the street and there is a gas plant. The plant and the pipes, therefore, give the value to that special franchise. The law of the State, moreover, recognizes that the franchise is a part of the real estate of the company by taxing it as such. The plant and the pipes are assessed, not merely at their intrinsic value as pipes and plant, but also at the value they have by virtue of the fact of their connection with the streets. Apparently the law of New York State, and indeed any law which taxes franchises, confirms the contention of the Company; for if the Company is taxed on the franchise value of its property, it seems as if it ought to be allowed to include that franchise value in the amount of capital on which it may earn a reasonable income.

The case is not so clear, however, when it is considered from another point of view. What gives value to the franchise of a gas company? The right to charge a certain rate for gas. If the company sold gas at one dollar, the franchise would have a certain exchangeable value: if, with the same plant and operating expenses, it could sell gas at two dollars, the franchise would increase enormously in value. Now, since the value of the franchise is determined by the rates, it is arguing in a circle to say that the rates should be determined by the value of the franchise. In other words, since the State cannot reduce the

rates at all without reducing the value of the franchise, to count that value a part of the capital is to put the company in a position in which it can defy all State regulation of rates; for as soon as franchise value is considered capital, no reduction can be made in the rates without impairing capital, and that is confiscatory. In brief, by this means a privilege granted for the public benefit is transformed into an irrevocable right which may be maintained even against the public interest. It is not to the point to say that denial of the right of the company to get an income from its franchise values is denial of right to an income from investment, for the franchise value is not an investment unless it has been fully paid for. The fact that it has been taxed only indicates that the people have attempted to get a very small percentage on a valuable right which is theirs. If rates were reduced to the point where they represented a fair return on the actual investment and the normal increase in real estate values, the franchise would have no exchangeable value, and therefore there would be nothing to tax but the intrinsic value of the property.

The courts have not finally passed upon the question; but if the United States Supreme Court should finally decide that a special franchise is a piece of property to be included in capital account, we do not see what power would be left to the Government to regulate rates.



## *School-boy English*

About this time, as the old almanacs might say, expect disturbances of the English language. This is the season for college entrance examinations. Although the linguistic disorders that manifest themselves during this period seem whimsical and subject to no law, they can be classified. Like the changes of the weather, which seem to be but vagaries, they can to some degree be predicted. Even the irregularities of the sub-freshman mind have some aspects of regularity.

In a pamphlet entitled "A Report on the Examinations in English for Admis-

sion to Harvard College," three instructors in English at Harvard have prepared an interesting and useful analysis of the amusing blunders which the aspirants for the honor of belonging to Harvard periodically commit.<sup>1</sup> Only a writer with a genius for the grotesque could compound such products as those which these youths turn off without a thought. Witness this sentence:

Antonio is direct, a little harsh, and yet his friendship for Bassanio and Bassanio's love for him are characters that no one who has read the play cannot help from recommending it with the highest praise.

And who but a genius or a sub-freshman would have the instinct to see the perfect appropriateness of a wide-split infinitive in such a sentence as this?

Johnson finally acquired enough money to keep the wolf from his door, and to occasionally, if not often, lie in bed in the morning.

These sentences and others, as unlike them as they are unlike each other, are caused, according to the pamphlet, by ineffective training in grammar and rhetoric. They constitute one group of errors. Another group reveals bad training in English idiom. Some of the mistakes in this category make one fancy that immigrants are assailing the gates of Harvard in large numbers. No one but an instructor in English would expect American youths to write such sentences as these: "He succeeded to keep it secret," "For this manly act King Arthur bestowed Gareth with knight-hood."

Errors in spelling of course form a group by themselves. Recently there has been cultivated in some quarters a spirit of indulgence for mistakes of this sort. In the list of misspelled words as printed in the pamphlet a few will be recognized as borrowed by the writers from the list of the Simplified Spelling Board. The spelling "tho" and even "thot" (for "thought") may be regarded as not erroneous but merely "simple." The spelling of other words, however, may be called simple in another sense. Here is a list of the most common errors in spelling: Alright, altho, cheif, decis-

sion, dieing (for dying), differant, discribe, dissappeared, dissapoint, exagerate, finaly, french, goddess, grammer, independant, infiniate, insistant, interlectual, it's, latin (which has the variants Laten, Latten, and Lattin), lead (for led), litterary, loose (for lose), noticable, phamplet, planed (for planned), posess, predjudice, principal (for principle), principle (for principal), privelage, proffession, promissed, recieve, rythum (and various other substitutes for rhythm), sentance, seperate, shepard, shepheard, supprise, tho, thot (for thought), to (for too), throughly, thru, villian, writter. That these mistakes would generally be avoided by the adoption of "simplified spelling" is not clear. Indeed, these candidates for entrance to college incline rather to complicated spelling. "There is little sympathy for the simplification of spelling shown, for instance, in the form "hieinousness." The only organization that would really meet the need of these writers would be a Board for Spelling as You Please. One can almost see Psyche transformed into Proteus as she appears in these guises: Physche, Physh, Pyche, Syche, Physyce, Psyce, Physic.

Some of the instances of punctuation which the examiners regard as erroneous might be defended. Even a sub-freshman might be allowed to disagree with these Harvard instructors who mark as erroneous, "Macbeth was brave, daring and noble." The more serious examples of error in punctuation, on the other hand, seem to be manifestations of confusion in thought.

A separate grouping is made of those sentences which betray paucity of vocabulary or mistakes in the meanings of words. "Imagine," writes one young man, "how severe a blow feels when your only amiability is abducted in a manner as Jessica was taken." And another in his excitement declares: "Shylock was so blinded by his thirst for revenge that he bit off his own nose."

There are certain kinds of whirlwind English, however, which are due simply to whirlwind thinking. Confused sentences are the natural product of a confused state of mind. If ideas are not separated into units, reduced to order,

<sup>1</sup>A Report on the Examinations in English for Admission to Harvard College, June, 1906. By C. N. Greenough, F. W. C. Hersey, C. R. Nutter, Instructors in English at Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass. Published by the University, 1907. Price, 15c.

and made to assume the positions which their importance or unimportance justifies, the expression of those ideas will lack unity, coherence, and proper emphasis. It is disturbance of the mind as well as disturbance of the forms of language that is discernible in such sentences as these :

Bassanio was the son of a gentleman and he was also on the Rialto a great deal of the time.

The Johnson Club was a club composed of such men as Johnson, Steele, Boswell, Goldsmith, Reynolds and others, the purpose of it was to get together at a quite social gathering and discuss literary topics, and this kind of thing was in those days as beneficial as the great libraries of today, because the best wits of the day gathered there and talked over the social conditions, that prevailed at that time, and the fact that Johnson was a member ought to be sufficient evidence for any one that it was a success, for nowhere in the history of the world, was there ever a greater conversationalist than he.

Godfrey Cass was called away from a nice time where his loved Nancy was together with the doctor by Silas Marner who had found Godfrey's daughter in his home instead of his gold.

Having reared his daughter and having tried to inculcate in her, the loftiest ideals of his race, it is sad to gaze upon him after her elopement.

Scott's poems appeal to me, because they are quite probable, good rythum and sound plot.

The Club served to make them acquainted with one another also knit them together closely and to punish each others faults.

In order to straighten out a boy's English it seems necessary to straighten out his brain.

Errors in writing paragraphs and whole compositions, though as whimsical as errors in writing single words, phrases, and sentences, can also be classified. They cannot, for lack of space, be illustrated here. The authors of the pamphlet offer this urgent advice to every boy who takes entrance examinations: first, to think out the course his answer is to take and to jot down a heading or a sub-heading for each of his principal points; then to allow one-fifth of his time for a careful revision of his first draft. The observance of this advice would save many a candidate from down-right failure.

For pure ignorance there is no cure but instruction. It seems as if, for some

of the boys who try to pass the English examination, the books on which they are examined, were indeed, as the boys frequently term them, "proscribed books." Strange information is imparted in some of their answers:

Addison passed his early life in the place in which he was born. It was situated a little way from Harvard College on what was then called Tory's Row. He was educated by a private tutor, and, at the age of sixteen entered Harvard College.

I like Shakespeare very well, and have read most of his Waverley Novels.

Gareth was the youngest son of King Lot and Queen Belladonna.

If ability to write clear, forcible, smooth English were nothing more than an accomplishment, these errors would be merely amusing; but it is more than that. It is, so to speak, a form of capital. The civil engineer who can describe a plan so that it is easily understood, the business man who can write a terse, unambiguous letter, the lawyer who can make a plea or cite a case in concise and clear language, has a great economic advantage over those of his fellows who are deficient in the power of expression. Since language is thus an instrument applicable to almost every occupation, skill in the use of language is not a mere accomplishment; it is a possession of the greatest practical value. The boys, therefore, who, after completing the course in a secondary school, can be guilty of such errors as are recorded in this pamphlet are ill equipped for serviceable lives. Some of them will have further training in college; but most of them go from school to earn their livelihood. To such the failure of the school in the teaching of English will mean limitation, restriction, bondage, throughout their lives.

Some of their errors these boys will outgrow. Errors of ignorance will disappear with increased knowledge. Errors in spelling and in other arbitrary aspects of English may diminish with further practice. But errors due to confusion in mind are more serious, because they are fundamental. More boys will write well, and be therefore better equipped for life, when teachers of English recognize their duty of training their pupils in right ways of thinking.

## *A Chapter of Experience*

A number of correspondents have written asking me to explain what I mean by the Divinity of Jesus Christ. If they wish a clear definition of the relation which I suppose exists between Jesus of Nazareth and the Eternal and Infinite Spirit who is the cause of all life, I cannot comply with their request. I have no such clear definition in my own mind, and distrust all definitions offered by others. It may be important to define our religious experiences in intellectual forms, though I am by no means sure that it is so; but it is certainly important to transmute our theological formulas with vital experience. A religion that is not theological may be vague; but a theology that is not religious is dead. And death is worse than vagueness. My object in this article is not to define the doctrine of the divinity of Jesus Christ, but to state it as a personal experience.

I was brought up in a Puritan home; but of the Puritanism I read about in modern stories and essays I was happily ignorant. Children get their earliest images of God through their parents. My father's character is well interpreted by the title of one of the best of his books, "Gentle Measures in the Training of the Young," and my grandfather's genial character made him loved as well as honored by old and young alike. The oldest deacon in the village church in his prayers always addressed God as "Kind Parent" or "Indulgent Parent," and this was the Puritan portraiture with which I was most familiar. God was to me awe-inspiring but not dreaded. The thought of eternity also awakened awe but no terror. I heard very little about hell and a great deal about heaven, whither my mother had gone when I was about seven years old. I cannot remember the time when God or death or eternity was to me an object of dread. But the "Indulgent Parent" was a long way off. If wireless telegraphy had been then invented, prayer would have seemed to me a kind of wireless message; and it never occurred to me that I could receive any answer except in the form

of things given or special providences furnished. I believed in prayer, but certainly not in inspiration and revelation as present experiences.

Entertaining some such faith as this, though beset by many doubts and difficulties, I began attending Plymouth Church just after graduating from college. Henry Ward Beecher was pre-eminently a preacher of Christ. Criticised for preaching to Theodore Parker's congregation, and accused of denying, by so doing, the divinity of Christ, he replied: "Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought rises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither is to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands as my *manifest* God. All that I know is of him, and in him." This may be poor theology. I rather think it is. But Mr. Beecher did not preach theology, he preached religion. And this well sums up the religion that he preached. Under the influence of that preaching God gradually ceased to be to me an absentee God. Prayer ceased to be a wireless message. Inspiration and revelation ceased to be distant historical phenomena. The image of an "Indulgent Parent" far away in the center of the universe was replaced by a human figure. I sat by his side on the shores of the Sea of Galilee. I looked on with youthful admiration at his courage as he challenged the scribes and Pharisees in the Temple courts at Jerusalem. A passionate longing to join his companions, to do his service, to win his approval, to be possessed of his spirit, took possession of me. It took me from the law into the ministry; from my home in the East among my friends to a parish in the Middle West among absolute strangers. To do his will, to teach his truth, to live his life, to possess his character, has ever since been my supreme ambition. I have not always been faithful to it. But I have always been happiest when under its control; and it has



gradually grown from a series of conscious purposes deliberately framed and formulated into an unconscious habit, often directing me when I am least conscious of its direction.

Let me attempt to restate this religious experience in terms that may serve to indicate my fellowship with others of very widely differing theological opinions. Frederic Harrison, the Positivist, says: "As the indispensable need of true religion grew stronger in my mind, I more and more came to feel that religion would end in vague sentimentality unless it has an object of devotion distinctly grasped by the intellect and able to kindle ardent emotions." To me Jesus Christ is this object of devotion distinctly grasped by the intellect and able to kindle ardent emotions. Matthew Arnold, the literary agnostic, says that there is a "Power not ourselves that makes for righteousness," and that we may know that it is so by trusting ourselves to it. I have trusted myself to it, and I know that it is so; and this Power that makes for righteousness is, in my thought, the Power that was in Christ when he said, "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works." Adolf Harnack says: "Without the strength and the activity of an individual, of a *personality*, nothing great, nothing that will bring us farther on our way, can be accomplished." To me Jesus Christ is the embodied representative of that Personality in whom and by whom all that is best, all that is worthiest of joyful acceptance, in human achievement has been accomplished since the world began. The Friends lay great stress on the "Inner Light," or the "Inward Voice." This Inner Light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, that shines in all luminous lives, pagan, Jewish, Mohammedan, agnostic, or Christian, is the light that made the life of Jesus Christ the most luminous life the world has ever seen. This Inward Voice which spoke to the ancient Hebrew prophets, and to every seer and teacher who has ever spoken with illuminating, inspiring eloquence since the days when Moses interpreted it in the Ten Commandments, yes, since the first days when mothers knew how to speak words of love and counsel to

their children, is the same Voice that spoke counsel in the Sermon on the Mount, judgment in the sermons in the Temple, and comfort in the Master's conversation at the Last Supper.

Do I worship Jesus Christ? I might almost say I worship only him. All my thoughts of God are derived through him; all my experience of God grows out of my faith in him. What is his metaphysical relation to the Infinite and Eternal Spirit I do not know. The question does not greatly interest me. To me he is the Spirit of Humanity whom the Positivist reveres, the Power not ourselves whom the literary agnostic reveres, the Infinite and Eternal Energy whom the scientific agnostic reveres, the Inner Light whom the Friends revere, the Jehovah whom the Jews revere, and the Holy Spirit whom the Trinitarians revere. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that he is the supreme historical manifestation of this ever-present Life and Light of man; that he is, to use John's expression, "that which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled, of the Word of life;" that he is so much of the Infinite and Eternal as can be seen in a human experience—the invisible moisture of the atmosphere become a visible cloud, the invisible ether become a visible sunlight, the Infinite Spirit of Truth and Love emerging in one perfect human life.

This is my answer to the correspondents who ask me what I mean by the Divinity of Jesus Christ.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

## *The Spectator*

The Spectator has been much interested in the ins and outs of poultry-raising in Southern California. Being absolutely void of previous knowledge as to the raising of chickens, he feels that his opinion gained from notes taken on the spot is wholly unprejudiced. He must confess, however, that he has been much annoyed all his life by the crowing of roosters *out* of season and the cackling of hens *in* season, and has expressed a hope that crowless roosters would be

added to the list of present-day anomalies and take their place with horseless carriages, seedless oranges, and the like. He has also ventured to state that *his* hens should be trained in ways of quietness and peace, and would not be allowed to cackle so ingloriously every time an egg was laid. What of it? asks the Spectator. It is only an every-day event, and perhaps their self-esteem might be lessened by some good disciplinarian.

The Spectator, fresh from a visit to a chicken ranch on the outskirts of Riverside, feels himself so puffed up with statistical knowledge relating to chickens that he is sure that this is the time to give the world really reliable information about the great chicken question. The owner of the ranch was brought to California by his wife's failing health, and, looking about for a business which would give him a fair living profit, he asked himself, Could he make a chicken ranch pay? At the outset he purchased about three acres of land a few miles from the center, and built a shed or barn in which the family lived during the first months of their new life. The first move made was to purchase from dealers in fancy stock eggs of four breeds—the White Plymouth Rock, Buff Orpington, White Leghorn, and Black Minorca—the chicken-farmer thinking the two former the best to raise for table use and that he could sell them as broilers at a fancy price. This was his first mistake, for by the time the broilers were ready to sell, the demand was over; the tourist season had closed and the marketmen offered so low a price that he came to the conclusion that there was more profit in the raising of eggs alone. Deciding that the White Leghorn and the Black Minorcas were the best adapted for his purpose, he has since confined himself to these two breeds, and the black and the white are the only fowls seen upon his place to-day. Explaining this point further, he said that in July of one year Los Angeles papers quoted broilers at seventeen cents and eggs at twenty-three cents, while on the same date New York papers quoted rates exactly the reverse—broilers at twenty-three and eggs at seventeen. The Spec-

tator mentioned the fact that chicken dinners seem to be a great rarity in Riverside, being offered to tourists on Sundays only, and he mildly suggested that hotel and restaurant keepers should be educated up to the point of including chickens in their *daily* bill of fare. "No, indeed," replied our ranch proprietor. "I can't afford to educate people at a dead loss to myself; I must limit my business to eggs alone."

The method of "trap-nesting" two hundred and fifty of the best specimens, selected from the thousand birds, was then explained to the Spectator; and as the technicalities of the business were entirely new to him, the owner gave an object-lesson or demonstration of the work at the first hen-house which was reached. Turning down a long board which ran the entire length of the house, the separate nests were disclosed, some occupied by the hens and others vacant. Taking out one who had finished her work for the day, he looked at the number on her aluminum bracelet, or anklet (the Spectator doesn't know which term is exactly proper), and said, "No. 42 must have the credit of that," and the hen was then sent forward through the house to feed upon the growing alfalfa in her own door-yard. The Spectator watched with interest the next step in this crediting system, and noticed for the first time a printed form or schedule hanging on the outside of the house. This schedule had a column of numbers from 1 to 62, with "Floor" at the foot, and it was also divided vertically into columns, one square for each day of the month. No. 42 was credited with the egg laid that day, and the one found upon the floor was credited to "Floor." As the object is to find out which of these numbered hens lay the most eggs in a day, those found upon the floor are, of course, non-descript, and are sold to consumers or used upon the proprietor's own table. At the end of the year the monthly schedules are examined, and in this accurate way it is determined just which hens have made the best record. This law of selection is continued by reserving the eggs from the best layers for the incubator, thereby producing chickens

with the most desirable requisites as to points and egg production. There were eight of these houses, with a schedule attached to each one, and the accuracy with which these schedules were kept meant more in the end than the casual observer would think. The Spectator has never had a talent for bookkeeping by the commercial methods, but this credit system of eggs laid appealed to him, and he felt that a new field was open to him.



The Spectator's sympathies were aroused at the sight of the poor mother hens who had been placed in solitary confinement because of their desire to carry out their maternal instincts and do their own hatching. A sitting hen has no place on a ranch where business is carried on by scientific, up-to-date methods. The Spectator learned that out of two hundred and twenty-four eggs one hundred and ninety-three are hatched successfully by the incubator; so, without counting the wasted time of the hen as any factor at all, what mother hen could boast of better results? Still, the Spectator dislikes to have the laws of nature perverted by these twentieth-century methods, and believes that the hen could find her argument in Holy Writ by quoting the passage, "As a hen gathereth her chickens under her wing."



Next came the eight hundred and fifty unnumbered hens whose unfortunate deficiencies in desirable points kept them from wearing the numbered bracelet, yet they seemed unconscious of the fact that they were not of "the elect." A stop was made at the hospital, where the occupants were convalescing from various ailments, and soon a tailless hen attracted the Spectator's attention. "No eggs hatched from that chicken," said our poultry-raiser; "I am not seeking to develop a race of tailless hens; but she lays well, so we won't kill her off quite yet." "Then you believe in heredity?" asked the Spectator, ready for an argument on the relative merits of heredity and environment. "Indeed I do," was the reply. "You would find in this business that environment is only a second factor." Then we passed on to the incu-

bators, which should have been visited in the first place. Here we found the eggs kept in an even temperature of 103°; nothing but eggs, not a glimpse of a feathered, downy ball, or a little bill picking its way through the shell; and the Spectator stifled his disappointment that he had not come at a time when a brood would be taken off. It was but a step from the incubators to the brooders, to which abode the chickens are transferred in their infancy, to dwell by themselves, free from the contaminating influence of their elders. The greatest care as to cleanliness was exercised in these eighteen brooders. The inexperience of the chickens makes them faulty in their judgment as to whether the water-troughs are for bathing or drinking, so the judgment of an outside party is appealed to, and the troughs are cleaned and filled twice each day.



The inspection of the yards and houses being completed, the Spectator asked for items of expense in building and maintaining such an outfit. To his surprise, he learned that the lumber for each house cost \$150, and to this was added the cost of construction. Then there was over a mile of wire fencing on the place, and a thousand feet of water-pipe laid under ground. The owner gave as his opinion that \$1.50 could be expected as a net profit from each hen. One hen is expected to lay eleven dozen eggs a year, but occasionally will do better than that. The Spectator was told of a case where the hen laid nine eggs in eight days—one on each of the successive seven days and two on the eighth day. "It is needless to say," he added, "that she rested on the ninth day." All eggs, aside from the registered stock, are sold to a hotel at a fixed rate for six months; selected eggs for hatching are sold at eighty-four cents a dozen, and newly hatched chickens at ten cents each. And then the Spectator asked, "Will it pay?" "Yes, it will," said Mr. G., "if a man is willing to turn joiner, painter, or accountant, and give the work his personal supervision. You see," he went on, "I have only one assistant, and I never relax my own efforts or allow the reins to slip from my own fingers."

# AMERICAN DISCONTENT WITH CRIMINAL LAW

BY GEORGE W. ALGER

Of the New York Bar

THE English people a century ago took into their hands as a public matter the condition of the Court of Chancery—the “Court of Fraud and Delay,” as Sydney Smith called it. In the same spirit we are preparing to take up the condition of our criminal law, we are studying the causes of its defects and are looking for remedies which shall give it a much-needed efficiency. Some of these causes of the failure of our criminal law are quite outside the black letters of the law book, and cannot be cured by mere legislative enactments or by the decisions of courts.

Of these causes perhaps the principal one is a certain defect in the American temperament, in its lack of respect for law as law. It is a defect which for generations has afforded aid and comfort to persons accused of crime. It is a defect which prosecuting officials recognize and fear. It is an attitude towards law which the newly arrived foreigner quickly learns to consider as a part of our system of government. I remember hearing it expressed in broken English some years ago at a Cooper Union meeting. A speaker who was extolling to an East Side audience our system of free democracy, and contrasting it with the aristocracies of Europe, shouted as his climax, “In America everybody makes the law for himself.” There is in this rude statement a very considerable germ of truth. We have not officially recognized it, and there are evidences that a growing public sentiment is arising to abolish it from the spirit of our law. But it is still with us, and we are responsible for it. The Thaw trial in New York furnishes us with a recent but not extreme example.

This trial, it will be remembered, exhibited a middle-aged, experienced, and highly successful criminal lawyer defending a young man who, if sane, has

admittedly committed the crime of murder, apparently in cold blood, by shooting an elderly man from the rear, when he could have had no opportunity to defend himself from attack. Of course the only defense which the law recognizes to that crime is the insanity of the offender. In summing up the case, however, this lawyer, practically ignoring all evidence of the insanity of the prisoner, which for days had been accumulating on the record, ignoring the only *legal* defense which could be interposed between his crime and the punishment fixed by criminal statute, besought the jury in a burst of eloquence to override the law and base a verdict of acquittal upon what he described as “*dementia Americana*,” that is, the right *as an American* of this young man to commit murder because three years before his wife had told him, whether truthfully or not, that she had been assaulted by the murdered man; and he made this plea notwithstanding the fact that the truth or falsity of the wife's story was not in question and the Court had refused to permit the District Attorney to prove her story to be false. He audaciously likened this young man in the doing of this crime to Sir Galahad and to the priest performing at the altar the most sacred religious rite of the church. Now, in making this plea, this lawyer was acting upon the experience of many years of successful practice at the criminal bar, exercising the judgment of an expert (in this case apparently an erroneous one) upon the American temperament. He was showing us in the clearest possible form what his experience had taught him of how little respect American juries have for the law. He made that address, we may assume, because he had learned that the chord of sentiment, strongly touched, can induce jurors to disregard the law and to usurp a power

never committed to them—the power to condone the offense and to pardon the offender. The District Attorney, on his part, marred an otherwise admirable address by a similar appeal, and, to offset that indulged in by his adversary, made a passionate rhodomontade about the dead man crying from his grave for a vindication of character—a thing which is never within the legal province or power of the jury to give.

Whether the disagreement of the jury was brought about by either of these pleas is not the point. The point is that both the prosecuting official and the defendant's counsel should expect *as a matter of course* that the verdict of the jury was likely to be influenced strongly by matters entirely outside the evidence, and having no just relation to the questions which the law either required or permitted them to decide.

Coleridge says somewhere that "the defects of great authors are virtues carried to an excess." What he says of authors may be no less true of the races of men. The American temperament finds a special weakness in its attitude towards law, in the overgrowth of those virtues finding their well-spring in generosity. If we may be permitted to say kind things of ourselves, we are temperamentally warm-hearted, quick of sympathy, ready to excuse and forgive.

We have both the desire and capacity to put ourselves in the other man's place. In exercising this virtue we have in times past not infrequently but often overlooked other considerations which should balance and check it. An acute observer has said that in the normal American there is a streak of lawlessness. He may have it enough in control to restrain himself from any serious breach of order, but it makes him often ready to condone the lawlessness of some one else, especially if the thing done is something which his heart tells him he *might* have done himself. The rights of society have at times lacked substantial recognition, not only because what may be called our law sense is not strong, but also because with us the education of the imagination has been somewhat one-sided. We can see the culprit and his distressed relatives, we

can imagine the consequences of conviction to the accused individual, but the consequence of acquittal to the injured community has often proved beyond our mental vision. For this reason we are notoriously lax in punishing criminal offenses where the injured party lacks respectability. The affront to society dwindles to a vanishing point when the victim is a bad man.

Some time ago I heard of a conversation between a Boston lawyer and a Southern judge which gives a fair illustration of this point of view. The Northerner had commented rather caustically upon recent acquittals in certain murder trials in the South, and said finally, "I don't understand the process of reasoning by which these verdicts are reached." "Well," said the judge, whimsically, "I guess it is mostly about like this. When the jury retires, it considers all the evidence on the main point, that is, whether the dead man *ought to have gone*. If they think he had, they don't make much point about the technicalities of the case and his going a little sooner than perhaps he might."

In his essay on Lincoln, James Russell Lowell says: "Among the lessons taught by the French Revolution, there is none sadder or more striking than this—that you may make everything out of the passions of men except a political system that will work. . . . It is always demoralizing to extend the domain of sentiment to questions over which it has no legitimate jurisdiction." This danger of over-extending the jurisdiction of sentiment finds with us no more numerous illustrations than in the working of our criminal law. But let us remember that the responsibility for this danger is only secondarily with the courts. The jury system is an essential part of our criminal law machinery, and respect for law on the bench is sounding brass and tinkling cymbal unless the same spirit is strong in the jury-box as well.

To-day perhaps the strongest and worst influence for lawlessness which our country knows, the primary responsibility for which does not belong to the courts, is yellow journalism; the journalism which in everything it recounts or describes uses exaggerated sentimental-

ity, freely mixed with falsehood, and which at best furnishes to adult readers nothing better than dime novel pictures of daily life; the journalism whose very existence depends upon bringing some fresh excitement to startle the overfed emotions and arouse the passions of its readers. At times its responsibility for lynch law in the South, for example in the recent outrages at Atlanta, has been clearly shown. What it does in creating an atmosphere which influences and induces the commission of crime is only equaled by what it does after criminal offenses have been perpetrated. It surrounds important criminal trials with an atmosphere of emotional slush and worked-up heart interest; it prejudices cases and circulates broadcast lying rumors and fake interviews; it injects unfounded prejudices into the community from which the jury must be secured, making the doing of justice difficult in the extreme. While in its ordinary activity this journalism is simply an offense against good taste and decency, in its relation to the enforcement of criminal law it is nothing less than a public menace. It taints the whole atmosphere in which justice is to be done, and increases immeasurably the difficulties of obtaining jurors who can do their duty uninfluenced by preconceived notions with which these newspapers have filled their minds. It took over three weeks and an immense expenditure of time and money to get a jury of twelve acceptable unprejudiced men in the Thaw case in New York. In Chicago the trial of Cornelius Shea, the strike leader, last year took from September 13 to November 29 before the preliminary work of empanelling a jury was completed. Before a jury was finally accepted, more than six thousand citizens were summoned for examination as jurors, and nearly three months of the time of the court was consumed.

As I write, the trial of Abraham Ruef is under way in San Francisco. Twenty-five days have been spent in selecting a jury, and only four jurors have yet been selected. Some of this waste of time in selecting the jurors is fairly attributable, of course, to defects in the criminal law; a system, but an equal portion of that criticism belongs to a

public which reads and supports sensational newspapers—and to that highly respectable part of the community which dodges jury service.

Somehow we have got to make the dodging of jury service dishonorable and disgraceful. We cannot begin too soon. In some States it has gone to such an extent as to become a public scandal. In Massachusetts, for example, Governor Guild, in a recent message to the Legislature, has given a very dark picture of the present condition of the jury system in that State. "When," he says, "the bench itself in public utterance gives evidence as to the appearance even of the intoxicated, the criminal, and the insane on Suffolk juries; when pressure is notoriously exerted to secure places especially on these juries as a compensation for political favors; when men high in social and commercial life similarly exert pressure to be excused from jury service, it is certainly time that the authorities designated by law should be safeguarded from such improper influences." Judge Richardson, of the Superior Court in Boston, stated some time ago, according to the Boston Transcript, that at a recent term of that court the jury list furnished one utter imbecile, one man in the last stages of delirium tremens, and an individual who asked to be excused from jury duty because, having recently served a term in the House of Correction, he felt he could not act impartially in giving a sentence which would consign another to such duration vile!

A London paper recently expressed the English opinion of our system of criminal law as "trial by the amateur judgment of a democracy." To a marked degree this criticism is undoubtedly correct. Speaking broadly, we have to a large extent given over our criminal law for its enforcement to the man in the street. We have chosen to put the enforcement of that law in the hands of untrained jurors, presided over, but not directed or controlled, by a judge who keeps order and deals out abstract rules of law. We have deliberately reduced the authority of the trial judge to control and direct the proceedings in his own court—we have enlarged the powers of the jury in proportion.

We have whittled down the powers of our judges greatly. In many States, especially in the South and West, in constitutions adopted by the people limitations have been placed upon the authority of their judges over trials by jury—taking away ancient functions which at common law had been exercised by judges for centuries. Some of these States have made the jurors judges of law and fact in criminal cases, and have reduced the position of the judge to that of a mere adviser, whose opinions they may disregard if they please. In other States the statutes say the judge shall not sum up the evidence or intimate any opinion on the facts; others, that the judge shall not charge the jury at all, but shall simply mark his approval or disapproval upon written propositions of law prepared and handed to him by the lawyers, which he must not explain or modify for the instruction of the jury. There are American States in which the judge has to charge the jury that they are judges of the law and are not bound by his instructions or by the decisions of the Supreme Court—in which the jury not only decides the crime but fixes the punishment as well.

Now, we say we do not believe in mob law. We mean that we do not believe in lynching and in other acts of lawless violence. Lynch law, however, is only one form—the disorderly form—of mob law. There is, however, another type of mob law, orderly in the sense that it does not necessarily involve bloodshed, which in recent years has grown up in this country, and which deserves thoughtful attention. It results logically and inevitably from the overdevelopment of the powers of the jury. When the judge is shorn of his power so to direct proceedings in his court that the trial shall be one by law as well as by jury, when the verdict to be reached in criminal cases can be made to depend largely upon influences brought to bear on the jury—furnishing community either before or during the progress of a trial, there are great inducements offered for the working up of orderly mob law—trial by newspaper and trial by mass-meeting, before the actual judicial hearing of a criminal case.

The Moyer-Haywood cases in Idaho

furnish good examples of both these forms of mob law. The accused defendants are entitled, of course, to a fair trial before an impartial tribunal and to such verdict either for or against them as the facts adduced on that trial may justify. Instead of waiting for a court and jury to pass in due course upon the indictments against them, we have had for months all over the country Moyer-Haywood mass-meetings in which they have been tried and found innocent—in which the effort to raise funds for their defense, a perfectly proper object, has apparently been made subordinate to a desire to inflame opinion among the working people in advance of the trial, and to make, by oratory, heroes and possible martyrs of these men before the very beginning of the actual trial by law. The trial by newspaper of these cases has gone on in the same way. Journals whose constituencies are strongly in favor of property rights have recorded all the real or alleged outrages perpetrated by the Western Federation of Miners, and have not hesitated to express the hope that an example will be made of these men who are or have been at the head of that organization, as though the organization itself was on trial. The labor press in its turn reflects and reproduces the sentiments of the mass-meetings. The letter which President Roosevelt wrote to a Secretary of one of these Moyer-Haywood organizations is fresh in the public mind. The rebuke which that letter contained should commend itself to every citizen, whether his natural sympathies are with the accused men or against them, who believes in trial by law first and foremost of persons accused of crime.

One of the great dangers of this method of trying criminal cases in advance is that false statements, oratorical exaggerations, and unfounded rumors often form a large part of the "evidence" in these trials by mass-meeting and by newspaper, evidence which dares not appear in court under oath, which will not stand analysis before an impartial tribunal, and which crumbles and goes to pieces under examination. The public which reads or listens to these appeals to mob law, and which is led by such statements to form opinions and to

expect a particular verdict as the only one that can be rendered by any fair-minded jury in any impartial court—this public is not merely disappointed or surprised when the verdict at the legal trial is contrary to the verdict of the newspaper trial or the mass-meeting trial. The decision of the court or the verdict of the jury, so at variance with what it had been led to expect, becomes at once extraordinary and unexplainable, and a suspicion arises, amounting to certainty, that in the law court there has been a miscarriage of justice, that bribery has corrupted the court or bought the jury.

It is to be doubted whether respect for law is encouraged or promoted, even in cases where the trial by law happens to coincide in its conclusion with one of these forms of trial by general opinion. The ordinary result in such instances is not a greater regard for the wisdom of the courts, but rather for the power of so-called public opinion. The advocates of mob law find in such cases impressive evidence of the force and effect of their own efforts in having created a public sentiment to the demands of which the legal tribunals have been compelled reluctantly to conform. Whether it wins or loses, this mob law tends to diminish respect for the courts. The full responsibility for its existence and growth we cannot lay fairly upon the courts themselves. It is largely a matter of our own choosing, and its development is in no small measure due to the changes in our law which I have mentioned, which have encouraged it and furnished its opportunities—the changes in law which have taken away the necessary powers from the judge and which have negated the authority of trained opinion and experience over the processes of justice by law.

To those to whom these words seem to imply a lack of faith in the people from whom the jurors are chosen, I can only say that I entertain no such opinion. With an intelligent and experienced judge exercising wisely the necessary powers of his office, the jury system is open to as few objections as any human institution. But we need the trained mind of the judge, and the benefit of his wisdom and experience. Without it

the jury system, and particularly in criminal trials, is often quite another matter. It involves no heretical dissent from the highly popular "trust the people" doctrine to suggest that we may carry the referendum idea too far. We can never hope to have in this country a Demos more intelligent than the one which convicted Socrates.

It is not only because the State constitutions and statutes have taken away his former powers that the trial judge at times seems such a passive figure in his own court. An additional reason—for which, however, the public is not responsible—is in the attitude of the appellate courts towards those slight mistakes in procedure and insubstantial matters not relating to merits which are bound to occur in any protracted criminal trial. It has been said often and truly that our appellate courts are over-technical in reversing criminal cases for these small matters, where on the whole the convicted person is shown to have had a fair trial and to have been found guilty on sufficient evidence. It is, of course, true that the percentage of cases reversed on appeal, compared to the total number of criminal trials in lower courts, often seems very small.

The grievance, however, is not so much in the number of men who escape directly by these technical decisions as it is in the number who escape indirectly through the loopholes they afford, and in the burden which these hair-splitting rules of law put upon the trial judge in all the cases he tries. When the appellate courts regard technicalities as though they were as important as the substantial question of guilt or innocence, the judge who presides at the actual trial must do the same thing. With the fear of "error" ever before his eyes, he has to spend time and thought on matters of small actual importance at the expense of the main issue. He is often literally afraid to take affirmative action in regulating and controlling proceedings in his court for fear of reversal. At times substantial delay in criminal cases is due to the efforts which a careful judge is obliged to make in trying to avoid a technical error. In the Thaw case, for example, the proceedings were adjourned by the



court at least once to enable counsel to furnish briefs to the judge on the propriety of the form of a single question; that is, simply the form in which a witness should be asked what he knew about the insanity of the defendant. The legal phraseology required in such questions constitutes a special branch of technicality of the most hair-splitting type, in which the State Court of Appeals has indulged in years past, and which requires the trial judge to be especially careful lest he make a mistake—one which, if made, however, would ordinarily be of the most insignificant actual importance. This fear of error tends to make the trial judge a negative rather than a positive force in his own court, even in States where there are no constitutional or statutory limitations upon his own powers.

Whether induced by statutory limitations of his power or by the burden of technicalities which his shoulders must bear, this sapping of the ancient power of the judge in jury trials has been done at a very great expense to society, and has given aid and comfort to a multitude of criminals. Through these influences very largely it has come about that "trial by the amateur judgment of a democracy" has been substituted for the system of trial by judge and jury; and important criminal cases too often are permitted to degenerate into interminable dramatic spectacles surcharged with a riot of misleading oratorical fustian, and with all the details of the failure of justice in them exploited as a daily and sometimes hourly melodrama by a sensational press. And yet we wonder why the foreigner and the recent immigrant lack respect for our law!

In these oratorical contests the interests of society suffer a serious handicap. "The time has come," as a Court of Appeals judge in New York recently declared, "when in a criminal trial the defendant's counsel insists that every word uttered by the District Attorney shall be taken by the official stenographer and made a part of the record, for the purpose of catching some expression that may escape his lips, which to the ears of the court may sound inappropriate or unfair, and thus afford us an opportunity to swing the whip and give him a lecture.

Such lectures have already been given in a number of the opinions written during recent years by the judges of this Court, and still we have been careful to refrain from reproving counsel defending criminal actions for indulging in similar expressions, or of imposing upon them like restrictions in conducting their defense; and yet the attempt of counsel defending to shift the trial from his client to the District Attorney, and thereby create an impression in the minds of the jurors that the District Attorney is unfair, and that his client is being persecuted, has been too often indulged in and too often has been successful."

The difference between the position of the trial judge in English courts and in the State courts of this country has been well expressed by a Philadelphia lawyer, Thomas Leaming, in an interesting paper read before the Bar Association of his State last year. "An American lawyer," he says, "will say, 'I tried a case before Judge So-and-so.' An English barrister says, 'I conducted a case which Lord So-and-so tried.' He (the English judge) decidedly restrains counsel, often examines the witnesses, and his influence is quite openly exerted to guide the jury and cause them to avoid absurdities and extremes. Yet the crucial questions of fact really to be determined—of which there are usually but one or two—are left absolutely to the jury's unfettered decision."

The delays, the waste of time in criminal cases and in jury trials generally in civil courts—delays which disgust intelligent men and often make them unwilling to act as jurors and to shirk that duty—are largely due to the lack of power of the judge to control proceedings in his own court. In conversation recently a New York judge of long experience in criminal trials made a comparison between a famous poisoning case at which he presided some years ago and one which he witnessed as a spectator while in England. Both cases were sensational ones. The English case was of a singularly interesting character. A young and attractive woman of good family, engaged to a young man of excellent social standing, was on trial at Winchester for murdering her sister by

poison. The father of the young woman had recently died, and, though reputed wealthy, had left a meager estate. The elder sister, fearing lest her inability to provide the expected marriage portion might lose her the marriage with the man to whom she was betrothed, conceived the idea of insuring her sister's life, and by poisoning her to secure the needed money. She consummated her design, but her crime was discovered. She was indicted and brought to trial. The whole countryside was interested in the case, and the talk of it was on every tongue. Yet it took only three hours to select the jury. It took over three weeks in the American case to which the judge referred.

The difference in time required for the selection of these juries lay in the fact that in the English trial the jury was selected by the court with the assistance of counsel, and in the American trial the counsel selected the jury in the presence of the judge. American traditions are all against the judge "interfering" with counsel in the selection of jurors in important cases, and a judge hesitates to take affirmative action to prevent the waste of time occasioned by interminable questions to prospective jurors for fear that his ruling may be considered as technical error in a higher court, resulting in a new trial and a general waste of more taxpayers' money.

It may seem to some that undue emphasis has been laid upon the importance of relieving the judge who presides at jury trials from these statutory restraints and from the incubus of these technicalities. In answer I can only plead that in

so doing I am but repeating sentiments which have been voiced at professional gatherings and meetings of bar associations by great judges and learned lawyers for twenty years. In the public mind, through our top-heavy system of appellate courts with their multitudinous decisions, the notion has gained currency that the judge who stands closest to the people, who hears criminal cases when they first come to trial, has less dignity than his brothers in the so-called higher tribunals, and that the extent of his power is of minor importance when compared with theirs. This is undoubtedly a serious mistake. The test for the efficiency of the whole judicial system as an instrument for punishing the guilty and protecting the innocent is in the power of his court and in the wisdom and despatch with which that power is there exercised. No amount of wisdom and learning in the labyrinthine recesses of the appellate courts can create respect for a law which breaks down through weakness and uncertainty at its vital point of contact with the people.

The two great evils of our criminal law to-day are sentimentality and technicality. For one of these defects the remedy must come from the hands of the legislatures, the courts, and the lawyers. The other must depend for its cure upon the growth of public opinion, under the demands of which reason, sober sense, and regard for law shall control all other influences and emotions in the jury-box. Our discontent with the criminal law, to be effective, must direct itself to the removal not merely of one of these evils, but of both.

# THE MILITARY SYSTEM OF GERMANY

BY KARL O. BERTLING

WITH so eminent a man in the field as Mr. Carnegie to tell the nations what Germany has on her hands with her army, it may seem to many Americans settled that the present military system is a luxury, a loss, a folly of the German nation. The discussion of the subject, however, at the Peace Congress offers an opportunity to ask a fair hearing for some arguments which lead that nation to look upon this institution from the point of view which has been summarily suggested by the address of Professor Münsterberg at that Congress.

Mr. Carnegie expressed his high esteem for Emperor William II. He spoke of him as a man not bloodthirsty but loving peace, and being "the possible man of destiny." Mr. Carnegie has shown himself acquainted with at least one exponent of German life, and has thus certainly gratified every true German; but he has aroused also every true German's opposition the moment he ventured to characterize as an unreasonable and unbearable burden that most vital feature of German life, the keeping of a standing army. Mr. Carnegie declared himself surprised at the statement of Professor Münsterberg that conscription is not a burden to the German nation, and referred to the thousands of men at the Pittsburg mills, whose very presence there, he feels sure, furnishes him with irrefutable proof in support of his position. Supposing Mr. Carnegie could count upon more than his Pittsburg men; supposing that the majority of German-Americans sided with him; granted, I say, a formidable force of anti-conscription men abroad, numerically they would be few compared with the sixty millions at home. Could any one expect a nation to give up its safeguard, its self-protection, because of a few who, for individual reasons and because of their altered surroundings, have abandoned the cause of the nation?

While it is but fair that Americans

should speak for their institutions, it is also fair that Germans should speak for theirs, and I wish to present some of the arguments which may justify the position of Germany to-day, believing that they have the value of enlightenment, and trusting that, after a fair comparison of the arguments pro and con, it will be easier to decide whether the German army and military system is a necessity or a luxury, a loss or a gain.

I. Every German will contend that we need the protection of an army, just as Mr. Carnegie needs a fence around his estate, just as a business man needs safe and lock, just as this country depends on the Atlantic and Pacific to secure for it the opportunity to carry on its affairs with individual elbow room, to guarantee individual development. Under the present political structure of Europe, any symptom of weakness in the country's protection would undoubtedly be noted and subsequently be followed by war, loss of land, people, and national wealth.

II. Germany is made through the efficiency of her military forces. We Germans know that we are what we are—a nation united, after centuries of disunion and weakness—by virtue of the result of our present military system. There is no family in which some member is not recorded as having contributed through personal sacrifice toward this achievement of the nation. The ties connecting the nation with its military organization are thus of a peculiarly intense character. If anything counts, loyalty and tradition count among Germans. The day a young German is permitted to enter the army, *i.e.*, when he has reached the age of seventeen, is a day of pride not only to him but to his family and often to his community. Whenever he returns for a holiday on leave of absence, the interest the people take in their representative is most striking. Much is expected of him, and therefore a wholesome ambition will be an important motive in the

whole discharge of his duties. All of which indicates how national and popular an institution this military system must be. To be sure, days of disappointment and hardship will follow. It is no child's play, but serious business, especially since there are no longer three years of service, but only two years for at least two-thirds of the German army. For every brain-worker the time is limited to one year.

III. Every true German will tell Mr. Carnegie that we by no means consider it an unreasonable demand of the nation that the individual should go through some hardship, self-denial, self-discipline, subordination, for the sake of serving the country that gave him birth, education, and opportunity of prosperity. The present national structure of Germany is one characterized by a remarkable reciprocity of service and aid rendered by the State to the individual, and *vice versa*; while in this country individual efforts were followed by the prosperity of the community, over there prosperity is the result of federal effort, and the individual is expected to do something in return.

IV. The military system develops the national sense. It is a great factor in the making of a citizen. The young man "from the woods," the farmer's son, who has seen no more of the world than what he gathers at the fairs of his country town, first discovers his own country when he enters the army. Moralists often regret the recruits' coming to a city and losing the simplicity of country life, but that is the cry of sentimentality, not of progress, and I do not fear that it will beguile Mr. Carnegie. Germans have thought for many years that this event tends rather to form the young man's character. In the city he will be thrown in with men of his age from all walks of life, now associated for one definite purpose, and respected by the whole community.

V. The military system gives a broad education. It is not the drilling, not the rifle practice, not the technical training, that is all there is in the military system. There are hours and hours of general instruction by well-trained petty officers, superintended by men of college training and of greatest sincerity. The instruction covers not only the history of the

House of Hohenzollern, which has invested so much of its blood to make the country what it is to-day. This instruction does not end with constantly pointing out the blessings of monarchy, nor is it confined to elaborate sketches of great German heroes like Bismarck and Moltke. No, I venture to say that a German soldier learns more about his country, its commercial resources, its conditions of traffic, its citizenship and institutions, its relations on the globe, its colonies, etc., than an average man of a non-military nation learns from reading daily newspapers for many years.

VI. The military system affords the best practical training of individual talent, which is carefully encouraged and directed. Whoever has learned a trade is sought after to be employed as a tailor, shoemaker, mechanic, typewriter, clerk, draughtsman, printer, engineer, barber, cook, steward, casino manager, etc. It is safe to say that this holds good of at least forty per cent. of the men, while the unskilled farm hands and those raised in the city slums experience indirectly a useful influence of military life. One has only to watch the daily advertisements of help and situations wanted; in an overwhelming majority of cases the epithet "served" seems a recommendation. No drivers, no watchmen, no factory foremen, no clerks, no janitors, are so readily accepted as those with a military record, because their trustworthiness has been tested by that great national institution—the army. All this, of course, with difference of degree and direction, holds good of the navy.

VII. Military life is self-supporting to a considerable extent. It is obvious that the employment of skilled men within the limits of army life lessens considerably the burden of the country's contribution. While Socialists have occasionally complained about too much employment of cheap military labor, the aid rendered by the military labor supply has been limited to cases of emergency during the rush of Christmas mail and during the haying months. Professor Münsterberg said in his address at the Peace Congress that Germany is prosperous to-day, and that the expenses

of the army are felt by the nation hardly more than fire insurance is felt by a good householder. Nothing could better hit the nail on the head.

VIII. The military system is the source of prosperity for thousands. While there is no wholesale graft, there are countless channels through which the people, on the whole, benefit from the army. The value of real estate depends enormously on the size and character of garrisons. German army life is not carried on in remote forts and secluded camps, but in broad daylight, in the midst of the people, with the result that it is in constant correlation with the life and interests of the people. "The years in the army," Professor Münsterberg has pointed out, "constitute a national school-time which keeps body and soul in strength and vigor." If one would only see the weight of this statement! Military life takes the place of athletics—from football up to a Marathon race—not only for those who are or have been actively engaged in service, but also for the public at large. There is no performance of military skill which is not followed with the same interest and eagerness that every phase of sport can count upon in this country. It is no metaphor to call military life also the great sport of the nation. The games thus carried on are clean games. So is, on a large scale, the annual test of tactic and strategic efficiency made during the great maneuvers; so are the many tests rendered at the racing grounds of every city of importance. I only hint at the immense benefit which the country derives from the horse-breeding centers of the State; though originally inaugurated for the purpose of raising a horse equal to the Hungarian cavalry horse (during the Seven Years' War), they have become an indispensable resource for the public. There is no horse more wanted than that produced through the crossing of Arabian and English blood—an achievement of military foresight.

If Mr. Carnegie invited Professor Münsterberg to call upon the Pittsburgh mill hands for enlightenment on the subject, I should like to invite Mr. Carnegie to a German village or town at the time

of the great maneuvers. No greater hospitality can be imagined than that extended by the poorest peasant to the soldier who has been quartered under his roof, no greater sacrifice on the side of the population than that brought out at such times. The Government pays vast sums for indemnification, but this is not sufficient to reimburse the people for what they do on their own account. Do the people take this attitude because they are intoxicated by the spectacle of sham battles or glittering uniforms? No, they do it for better reasons. They know the importance of military life, and avail themselves voluntarily of a chance to express their appreciation.

IX. The system produces trustworthy civil service. This may be illustrated by reference to one branch of civil service—the Railroad Department. Why do we have so few accidents in Europe? Because we have more reliable railway service in the ranks of our operators, switchmen, etc. And why should they be more reliable? In Germany, certainly, because no one will get a position of trust and responsibility in Government service who has not been tested through military service. Our station-masters, except in very important centers, are the product of from nine to twelve years of army life. Order, discipline, self-denial, is what they have learned in the army. Thousands of men every year, who earlier by conscription entered the army, like the service, stay in it, stick to the duties of petty officers, often study commercial French and English, and enlist as candidates for the civil service. They have to pass an examination of high standing, and thus by compulsion strike a mine of relative health and prosperity. One would not deprive a nation of such an effective source of national happiness!

X. It is not a strain on the nation's labor resources, but an enrichment. Active service covers a time when the youth can well be spared from his work, if, as has been shown, he will not only not be spoiled, but will be even better and more broadly prepared for professional and public duties. He will have become a more valuable economic unit. Again I think Professor Münster-

berg's statement that "the time lost through the years of service cannot impair the national economy in a country whose population grows so rapidly" holds good against any amount of argument from anti-military sources.

The nation's confidence in its need of armed forces cannot be suspected as being the result of imperialistic doctrine. There is little doubt that an Emperor who abandoned the principle of universal military service, or, to translate the term *Allgemeine Wehrpflicht* more literally, the duty of defending one's country, would seem to the nation a captain who gave up his ship.

So much to justify the position of the Germany of to-day, and to throw some light on a subject which it is not easy for any foreigner fully to comprehend. The discussion should certainly have shown that this national institution, which at first sight seems nothing but a necessary evil and a heavy premium

paid for the nation's security, is manipulated by the nation with a remarkably successful view to utility.

I wish to express my personal pleasure in any efforts made by the Peace Congress or any other association in behalf of promoting prosperity, justice, and peace among human kind. I am happy to acknowledge Mr. Carnegie's personal efforts, and I respect his motives, and can hardly co-operate more effectually than by pointing out the merits of that great military institution of the German nation by which alone it has been possible to maintain the peace of Europe.

A higher level may be reached in course of time, and the world may count upon every true German's contribution towards attaining such conditions as would allow the German nation to abandon her present maxim, *Si vis pacem para bellum*.

Boston.

## SEEING NEW YORK IN A HORSE-CAR

BY ARTHUR B. REEVE

TO right of me towered two tall smokestacks, beneath which powerful air-compressors were pumping thousands of cubic feet of air down into a pair of tunnels where the burrowing sand-hogs breathed it. To left of me a trolley-car swung shrilly around a loop and started gayly uptown. Above me rattled the elevated railway. In front of me a sign read: "Subway Entrance—Uptown." Behind me a deep-lunged municipal ferryboat announced its departure from the slip.

Then across the line of vision came a seesawing little box of a vehicle, with a musically swelling tintinnabulation. I acted on the impulse; in this, the seventh year of the twentieth century, I would see New York in a horse-car.

In the dim reaches of antiquity, when the minds of magnates ran not to the contrary, the horse-car was New York's most advanced means of public transportation. The beneficence of this later

régime is therefore touching. Here was I, standing on a relic of an age that is gone, not merely inspecting it but actually permitted to ride in it, to experience in reality the feelings of my ancestors in the good old golden age when Broadway seemed really broad, and Canal Street had but recently been a canal. Such concessions as these to the Lares and Penates of locomotion are perhaps the most unanswerable argument against the newer heresy of public control of public utilities, a high-sounding phrase calculated to strike terror to the heart of the antiquarian.

2:55 P.M. We start from the Battery, the only other passenger being a young lady obviously of the second generation of immigrants, Americanized to the stage of chewing-gum and the marcel wave.

Scarcely had the inertia of the car been overcome than it came to a sudden halt. Eighteen newcomers boarded the car. They were Poles, all in charge of a

padrone, who engineered the expedition with a practiced hand. Two women with gay yellow head-dresses were members of the party, each closely followed by a husband with those curious patent leather portmanteaus that seem common to immigrants of every clime.

Everybody was happy and gesticulating—except the young lady of the second generation, whose nose was elevated noticeably. At last the land of freedom was reached. The padrone, even, assumed an air of jocularity. The sixteen men sat down carefully on the edges of the seats and tried to dispose of their huge hands, hardened with toil, so that they would not block the aisle as the conductor went down to the padrone to collect the fares. But the hands were not to be long disposed of. Even the sanctity of the atmosphere of a New York horse-car could not repress the bubbling vivacity of the Slavic nature. The conversation of the two opposing rows of passengers as the mysteries of South Street began to unroll themselves became diagonal and from one end of the car to the other. The women nodded and the men grinned, while the padrone flashed a showy timepiece to indicate that America was an Eldorado.

A silence—the power is off. Our patient team meekly hang their heads while a truck extricates itself from the morass of New York's well-kept waterfront streets. They had more time in those days of long ago than we moderns have, else few would have survived the nervous tension caused by the placid passage of valuable time in a horse-car wending its jangling way, sans gong, sans jerks, sans everything that tones up modern nerves. At last we are off again.

I asked the driver how far his car went. "To One Hundert an' Twen-nty-fift' Street," he replied, winding up his brake just in time to save his valuable collection of antiquities from colliding with a brewery wagon.

I suppressed a low whistle and inquired, "How long does the trip take?" "Two hours and a quarter."

Yes, they had more time in those days.

"But nobody makes the whole trip," he added. "People want to travel too fast nowadays."

"How long have you been on the job?"

He raised his eyebrows at the slang in much the same way as the Evening Post might. "Eighteen years," he confessed, conceding that he comprehended my meaning, though perhaps somewhat shamefaced about admitting that he was only a novice at his trade.

The driver's onerous duties of shouting "Gee-up" between teeth that clinched a leaden whistle to warn abusive drivers of many-tonned trucks that the Belt Line express was immediately behind them gave me pause. I readily saw the insurmountable difficulty of carrying on a conversation under such trying circumstances. For a moment I contemplated a fine old full-rigged ship that recalled the old prints of South Street bristling with bowsprits from all over the world. Then I retreated to the rear to make the acquaintance of the conductor.

In more time than it takes to tell it we had left behind the bilge-water smell of the docks, and, after playing hide-and-seek with the river, we emerged into an entirely new olfactory discord. This was Fulton Market, where the fish comes from.

A fellow-passenger eyed me with a twinkle, for he was fortified by an evil-smelling cigar.

"You get them all. First it's the dock smell, then it's the fish smell, then it's the sewer smell. After that it's the East Side smell, and up above it's the gas-house smell. But the worst of all is the packing-house smell after that, although the malt smell is a pretty bad one. How far are you going?"

"To One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street."

"Oh, then, you'll smell them all."

We were now passing under the Brooklyn Bridge, an airy spider-web far overhead. Cars in a steady stream with a monotonous drone moved across, and, by a Sherlock Holmes process of reasoning, one could arrive at the conclusion that they were filled to the brim with strap-hangers, each with that patient, submissive stare that Brooklynites assume except during that frantic, crucial moment of the Bridge rush when it is now or never.

The leisurely manner in which the horse-car pursues its course is equaled only by the haste with which the work is being prosecuted on the new Manhattan Bridge, whose piers we were approaching. Brooklyn may well rejoice at the prompt transit relief that is coming; near by, as the horse-car takes you, it is perfectly possible to detect signs of activity and progress with the unaided vision.

I asked the conductor when the new bridge would be done, but his answer was lost. I repeated the question, again to lose the reply. He was very old, and although he was very considerate of the women and children who got on and off, a thing strange in itself, I could not quite make out his voice. Finally, after several ineffectual attempts at conversation, I began vaguely to comprehend. Like his car, his voice was used only enough to preserve the franchise. It was the voice of the past.

As we swung around Hamilton Fish Park, with its playground full of merry children, the first oasis on the river front since we left the Battery, a frayed-out young man who had been busily engaged in holding down a bench reeled unsteadily aboard the car.

"Americans!" chortled the young man, bracing himself against the brake, and looking in at the double row of gesticulating Poles. Newcomers were to him to be preyed on or laughed at as the opportunity offered. I wondered if they too would soon assume the attitude of the bibulous young man and the girl of the second generation toward those who come after.

It is remarkable how narrow the East River seems at this point. You would almost be willing to wager that you could throw a stone across into the navy-yard in Brooklyn. "Gover'ment boat," volunteered the young man, pointing to a battle-ship that looked very much like the Iowa. I thanked him. "Oh, thash all right."

I made a note of something I wanted to remember as we toiled under the steel solidarity of the Williamsburg Bridge with its push-cart market underneath. A wave of comprehension lighted up the face of the bibulous one.

"Say, you're a reporter, ain't you?" he whispered, hoarsely.

I admitted it.

"Well, youse is goin' ter see someth'ng swell now."

He was right. If you want to go slumming and yet don't want to, the horse-car is just the thing. From that vantage-point you can see the most typical East Side, the swarms of children on the streets, the narrow lanes of tenements fortified with fire-escapes and daring the tenement-house inspectors to condemn them, the push-carts, the sweat-shops, the second-hand stores where they revamp old clothes "like new," the food stores where milk and garlic, wienerwurst and sauerkraut, are sold contiguously. As you jog along the children hang on the back dashboard and seesaw the car till it bumps on the cobbles—it is all great fun and it is all typical.

No other large city in the country stands for horse-cars, and yet in New York there are now almost fifty miles of tracks over which shamle these relics of a past generation. Old, dirty, ill lighted, ill ventilated (except by an occasional hole in the floor through which you can catch glimpses of the paving as you ride), slow, and cramped—the horse-car is out of joint with the times. The East Side, with its hundreds of thousands of people, who are voiceless to protest, has to depend almost entirely on the horse-cars for its local needs of transportation.

Last winter several settlements and civic organizations made a concerted effort to secure relief by petitioning the State Railroad Commissioners. The result was that they immediately ordered the electrification of three lines. That was all right—but it stopped with ordering; the street railway simply said, "Indeed!" Then it was announced by the board of directors, after considerable pressure was brought to bear, that they had "authorized" electrification. The result of that was that, when an impatient committee of East Siders waited on the officer whose word alone could execute what was "authorized," he asserted that never, while he lived, would he favor electrification. Several years ago the city consented to electrification. The



railway turned this to account by issuing bonds for the work. Yet here was I, in 1907, still able to see New York on a horse-car!

In the heart of the grand cañon of tenements the padrone led off his Poles like the bell cow leading the herd, while the young man leered at them. Here was congestion thrice congested, and eighteen more souls had been added to it. The steamship companies had received their fares, and the agents their commissions; the padrone had yet to make his share, and a landlord was lurking around the corner to make his share—perhaps he was the agent of a famous church downtown. Innocent country people, they did not understand. Perhaps it was just as well. They had come a long way to the land of freedom.

The gas-house district is not a pleasant place in the daytime, much less at night. But then you don't go there at night ordinarily. Having created these places, we leave them severely alone.

It was 3:30 by a clock on an institutional church settlement on Fourteenth Street. By that token a few evidences of slum betterment began to appear. Near Twenty-third Street we passed the Municipal Lodging-House, where a man can always get a bed when he is down and out, providing he will take a bath. A new and better lodging-house will some day stand across the street from Bellevue, a few blocks further on. Clustered about the great City Hospital are all sorts of interesting places, from a recreation pier to the Morgue. The Cornell and New York University Medical Schools are across the street also.

More tunnels at Twenty-third Street, with a maze of overhead construction. Everywhere you go along the water front there is some sort of work going on to enable New York to grow across its confining rivers. Four tubes are being pushed under the river here, and a plant has been put up that is amazing, though only temporary. A little further up is the mammoth Edison power-house that lights and heats and moves the city. Then you are upon another tunnel which Mr. Belmont is building—that is to say, is supposed to be building, for the canals of Mars are more easy to obtain infor-

mation of than these tubes under the river.

However, there is no time for muck-raking, for you are now in the slaughter-house district and must drop the rake to hold your nose. It is a peculiar odor; at least your stomach tells you so by the grimaces it makes. If they would only use the odor and waste something else, you could forgive much of the economy that is practiced in that jungle.

Onward and upward we jog, past the Blackwell's Island Bridge—another of those ventures shrouded in the haze of the future when bridge rushes will cease from troubling.

Model tenements are certainly a relief after seeing first the influx that has filled the slum, and then the slum itself. On Sixty-fourth Street there is a whole big block of them, with some more across the street, and another block of them at Seventy-eighth Street. Clean, neat, airy, and sunshiny, with rents little more than the vile, malodorous dwellings downtown, they still manage to pay four per cent. income on the money invested. Henry Phipps has set aside a million dollars to build similar ones, with the income to be devoted to building more—a sort of endless chain to banish the slum.

The Rockefeller Institute for scientific research is a few blocks farther up. Then there is the New York Trade School to banish industrial inefficiency, and a public school a few blocks farther, to brighten the lives of children whose fathers knew nothing but the night of ignorance until they came to America. Perhaps, after all, the padrone will not long hold those Poles; perhaps the landlord will be legislated into treating them like human beings. Perhaps, after all, the hope of the lower East Side is contained in germ in the upper.

But the battle with the slum is not won yet. Usually, if the Italian quarter of New York is mentioned, one thinks of Mulberry Street. Not so. After you have passed Harlem Market and are slowly tinkling your way in the hundreds, you come to the new Jefferson Park at One Hundred and Twelfth Street, a huge breathing-place in the midst of a nest of slums that rival their downtown predecessors. Again you see the street

crowded with children and push-carts. A street piano is playing ragtimes while a woman in spangled, gaudy head-gear deftly manipulates a tambourine. The park, the piano, the houses, are all American; the dirt, the noise, the faces, are Sicilian. Everywhere is the black hand—waiting the day of soap and water.

But the upper East Side slums are not so discouraging as the lower. Slowly they begin to thin out. The transformation to decency begins. The last passenger has alighted.

5:10. We are on the home-stretch. The bridge across the Harlem at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street heaves in sight. Beyond it all looks new—a

sort of Canaan after wandering in the wilderness. The car stops, and the driver brings his horses around to the other end.

"They say Mr. Shonts wants to do away with the horse cars," I shouted into the ear of the conductor, hoping to spur him to speech.

"Yes, Shonts—that's the new man." The voice from the past had at last roused itself to a pitch where it was audible. "He's going to run so many cars that every one will have a seat. I tell you"—the voice rose to a quavering shout—"I tell you, New York won't stand for it. We're in too much of a hurry."

## SOME RECENT BIOGRAPHICAL STUDIES

READERS of Sir Spencer Walpole's history of modern England will remember that that work was based on the concept of history as the expression of the effect of circumstances in determining the progress of a nation. The emphasis was almost altogether on the impersonal forces that operated to bring about the conspicuous changes manifest in the policy and opinion of England since the Peace of 1815; and if Sir Spencer did not conceal from himself or from his readers the part played by particular men in the political drama, he was at little pains to develop the influence which they exercised on the thought of their day and of the future. Now, however, as if to make amends for what many must regard as a serious defect in his authoritative study, he has written a supplementary volume<sup>1</sup> largely covering the same ground but doing so from a distinctly biographical point of view. It consists of a series of essays dealing, on the strictly English side, with the careers of Peel, Cobden, Disraeli, Dufferin, and Shaftesbury; and, in a more general sense, with Bismarck, the Third Napoleon, and the historian Gibbon. There is, besides, a curious little paper in which the thesis is advanced

that "the decisive marriages of the world have had more influence on its fortunes than the decisive battles," an obviously futile contention, and absurdly out of place in the present connection. The Gibbon essay is likewise incongruous here, but we should not willingly spare it. Warmly sympathetic, yet judiciously critical, it presents a portrait true to the life, vivid, and distinct.

This, in fact, may be said of all the essays, with the single exception of the Disraeli study. Fair-minded as he is, Sir Spencer seems to share the common Liberal abhorrence for "Dizzy" and all his works, meting out praise with a niggard and condemnation with a lavish hand. "It is not wholly unjust to say," he remarks caustically, "that if you care for romance, you may find it in Lord Beaconsfield's speeches and serious works; but that if you wish to know his opinions, you must study his romances." On a par with this extreme statement is his characterization of Disraeli as "a brilliant but unscrupulous adventurer," and as possessing "rather the accomplishments of a man of letters than the knowledge of a statesman." Happily, this lapse into partisanship stands by itself; elsewhere party feeling is so rigorously controlled by the critical conscience that it is difficult to detect the

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Biography*. By Sir Spencer Walpole. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4, net.

writer's political affiliations—although general considerations would lead one to suspect that he is that *rara avis*, a Whig of the old school. It is no less difficult—so uniformly good are the remaining essays—to select any one of them and without hesitation pronounce it the best. Some will favor the “Bismarck,” as containing perhaps the most satisfactory account in English of the Iron Chancellor's work as an empire-builder. Others will name the “Napoleon III.,” which is undoubtedly distinguished by a fairness not usually found in English studies of the arch-intriguer, but which does not fail to impress on the reader the consciousness “that from first to last the story of the Empire is a story of crime, and that the story of the Emperor is the story of a conspirator.” Then there is the “Shaftesbury,” a masterly study of the great philanthropist, whom Englishmen generally will agree with Sir Spencer in declaring “the most statesmanlike of our humanitarians;” and the “Dufferin,” with its glowing account of the picturesque career of “the most versatile of our pro-consuls.”

But, for ourselves, we prefer the studies of Sir Robert Peel and Richard Cobden. It must be borne in mind that the primary purpose of the present work is to illuminate the history of nineteenth-century England through an examination of the careers of certain leaders of thought and action; and for this purpose Peel and Cobden are unquestionably the most important figures in Sir Spencer Walpole's gallery. It was the distinction of Peel to give reality to the ideals of Cobden—and, of course, of Bright, Villiers, and other chieftains in the struggle for the repeal of the Corn Laws—and by so doing to bring into effect a policy which more than aught else has determined the course of England from that day to the present. To Peel and Cobden, then, among Englishmen of the first half of the century, must the historian pay especial attention; and Sir Spencer, as it seems to us, has nowhere striven so diligently and so successfully to depict and explain historic personages as in his essays on Peel and Cobden. The former, naturally, presents the greater difficulties. Cobden's public

life was straightforward, unswerving, open. Peel, on the other hand, indulged in a career of sudden and unexpected changes—changes in opinion and changes in policy—startling face-about that confounded friends and foes alike. Yet Sir Spencer, strange to say, is somewhat happier in his treatment of Peel than of Cobden. Possibly this is due to a constitutional dislike for the ways of agitation, though more probably to an imperfect sympathy with the man himself. And even so a noteworthy portrait is drawn, and with the portrait an excellent account of the campaign, in which Cobden spent himself and his fortune for the good of the “common people” of England. As to Peel, it is enough to say that, barring an ill-advised criticism of his statesmanship on the ground that he never set himself “to examine any great subject till it became acute,” Sir Spencer's study of that statesman and his activities is wholly admirable. The thankless task of making plain the significance of Peel's many seeming inconsistencies is deftly and convincingly accomplished; proper emphasis is laid on the different services he rendered his country; and the reader is made to feel something of the enthusiasm which, after his death, inspired the devoted little band of “Peelites” to concerted effort to keep alive his principles, his policies, and his memory.

Summing up, Sir Spencer Walpole's volume is characterized by profound erudition and real literary distinction as well as by critical acumen and breadth of view. With a keen appreciation of the value of facts, he displays an equally quick sense for the value of words, and the result is a smooth, polished, dignified, well-rounded, and vigorous style, marred by none of the crudities which disfigure the pages of so many modern writers. In this respect—as, in fact, in almost all respects—it is in sharp contrast with another recent venture in the field of the biographical study, Mr. Joseph McCabe's “Talleyrand.”<sup>1</sup> This abounds in stylistic shocks—involved and laboriously bungled sentences, turgidities and incoherencies of expression, and misused tenses. What, for instance,

<sup>1</sup> Talleyrand. A Biographical Study. By Joseph McCabe. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$3. net.

can be made of a sentence like this: "But these hereditary influences only shape the general contour of his character—give the refinement, the instinct to rise (Talleyrand, or 'Tailleran'—as Napoleon pronounced it—is said to be from 'tailler les rangs'), the 'sensitivity' and 'spirituality' (as people spoke then), the 'self-possession'?" Where the sentences are not obscure, they are for the most part all too direct—short, choppy, jerky, and monotonously arid. Here and there, it must be granted, passages occur, and sometimes extended passages, of dramatic power and real attractiveness. But in the main the book makes difficult reading; and, unfortunately, the substance beneath the uncouth dress scarcely repays the hardships incidental to securing it.

Talleyrand, as is well known, has been pronounced by historians a human riddle. Frédéric Masson called him "the Sphinx," and Carlyle described him as "one of the strangest things ever seen or like to be seen, an enigma for future ages." And his biographers, while echoing this opinion, have through successive generations intensified the impression that, besides being enigmatical, he was one of the most monstrous of men—a marvel of licentiousness, venality, and treachery. Now, however, comes Mr. McCabe with the bold assertion that the "knight of the weathercock," as somebody not inaptly dubbed the clerico-diplomat, has been cruelly misjudged—that he was in reality neither enigmatical nor licentious, venal, and treacherous. Indeed, declaims Mr. McCabe, "he was humane, generous, affectionate, a sincere patriot, a lover of justice and peace," and "the only rational ground of censure is that he kept so entirely together his personal interest and the high cause of France and humanity that he served through all these vicissitudes of his country." This is championship in sooth, but championship that limps sadly when the important question arises of supplying evidence to sustain it. On Mr. McCabe's own admissions, Talleyrand's life was evil in the extreme—evil politically, intellectually, and morally; and with respect to such fundamental matters as his private conduct and the diplomatic

dealings that poured colossal sums into his coffers, the sole excuse offered is that it is unfair to judge him by modern standards. We have heard this excuse before, and within certain limits it is reasonable. But these limits are well defined, and in the last analysis there is an absolute, not a relative, difference between right and wrong. Judged, then, neither by twentieth-century nor by eighteenth-century standards, but by universal standards, Talleyrand is condemned on the evidence assembled by his own apologist.

Mr. McCabe, accordingly, must be said to have failed completely in his efforts to make out a case for the gentleman of many governments—albeit he has done some service in brushing away sundry myths that in the course of the years have clustered about the figure of this man of mystery. But the same sweeping verdict of failure cannot be rendered in the case of another biographical adventure in rehabilitation—in which, likewise, a Frenchman, and a far more illustrious Frenchman than Talleyrand, is the historic personage involved. In this instance judgment must be reserved. Unlike Mr. McCabe's "Talleyrand," Mrs. Frederika MacDonald's "Jean Jacques Rousseau"<sup>1</sup> is a work based essentially on original and hitherto unknown documents discovered by Mrs. MacDonald herself in many years of arduous research. It was long her belief that the irreconcilable contradiction between Rousseau's teachings and the life and character commonly accredited to him was due to some hideous mistake; that, to use her own words, it was impossible to accept the prevailing view "that an impostor led a return to nature; that an impure man purified morals and revived the sentiment of romantic love; that a morbid and ferocious maniac laid the foundations of modern educational and social systems, and in every domain of human life sowed ideas that in every case have come to flower." Her suspicions having been strengthened by the circumstance that outside the circle of the Encyclopædists

<sup>1</sup> Jean Jacques Rousseau. A New Study in Criticism. By Frederika MacDonald. Two vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.50.

she found many of Jean Jacques's contemporaries professing the highest esteem for him, she began an inquiry designed to determine if possible the origin of the repulsive portrait handed down to posterity, and presently became persuaded that it was wholly fictitious and could be traced to a conspiracy of defamation successfully carried out by certain of Rousseau's whilom friends, notably Grimm, Diderot, and Madame d'Épinay, the frail but fascinating lady who played so large a part in the lives of both Rousseau and Grimm. On this theory Rousseau had with entire justice accused the trio, as he accused numerous other friends and acquaintances, of vilifying him; and on this theory, also, so vindictive was their hatred that they made sure of a posthumous vengeance by "doctoring" Madame d'Épinay's "Memoirs" in such a way as to depict Rousseau in the blackest of colors.

Thus far, however, all was theory and conjecture, supported only by the knowledge that in his own and the succeeding generation there were not a few ready to hail Rousseau as truly virtuous, and by the suspicious fact that at the time of the publication of Madame d'Épinay's "Memoirs," in 1818, would-be defenders of Rousseau found it impossible to obtain a glimpse of the manuscript. Clearly, Mrs. MacDonald told herself, the great thing was to discover and examine that precious document; and with the utmost diligence she set to work. For starting-point she had the knowledge that, divided between two Parisian libraries, there was another manuscript of the "Memoirs;" but as this was said to have been carefully studied by other investigators, she had little hope of deriving any assistance from it. To her astonishment, she found that it was in reality the rough draft from which the finished "Memoirs" had been written; that numerous alterations and interpolations had been made; and that these accorded with directions contained in a number of fragmentary notes preserved with the manuscript. The hand-

writing of Grimm and Diderot, as well as of Madame d'Épinay herself, was recognizable in the alterations, interpolations, and notes; and, judging from the character of the changes made in the text, no doubt remained in Mrs. MacDonald's mind that she had substantiated her theory.

Some time afterwards, and quite by accident, she had the satisfaction of finding, in an unexpected quarter, the long missing manuscript from which publication was made in 1818. Comparing this with the original, she quickly ascertained that it contained all the alterations and interpolations of the latter, neatly reproduced, she declares, in the handwriting of one of Grimm's secretaries. Thus armed with matter, to her way of thinking, incontrovertible evidence, she gave herself to the congenial task of explaining why, where, when, and how the conspiracy originated, was carried through, and proved successful.

The fruits of these labors are presented in the two bulky volumes now before us. They contain a detailed account of the finding of the manuscripts, facsimile reproductions showing the different handwritings, etc., and an analysis of the several charges brought against Rousseau by his critics, as viewed in the fresh light afforded by the writer's discoveries. But, as was said, judgment will have to be reserved until the subject has been thoroughly inquired into. Certainly, however significant the results of Mrs. MacDonald's investigations may prove, she herself has not worked them out in a manner above criticism. There are too many inconsistencies and contradictions, there is too much theorizing and too much that is hypothetical in her pages to carry conviction. At the same time, full credit must be given her for the industry and zeal that have made the world acquainted for the first time with documents that may have an all-important bearing on the reputation of one of its most celebrated men.

## Comment on Current Books

### Among the Novels

Behind a strong but filmy veil of satire always most gracefully disposed,<sup>1</sup> Mr. Howells presents many obvious and deplorable truths. The fact that he occupies himself with them, however, is an evidence that he has hopes of America. Aristides Homos is sent from Altruria to visit the United States in 1893. He writes of his impressions to an Altrurian friend. These letters show the wide difference between actual and ideal civilization. They abound in delicate irony, assumed innocence, and brilliant strokes of wit. In an introduction Mr. Howells gives reign to his convictions, and by means of a witty device holds up a mirror before us that is quite unflattering. He explains, gently, that Mr. Homos could not do exact justice to the "superior heroism of charity and self-sacrifice as practiced in countries where people live upon each other as the Americans do, instead of for each other as the Altrurians do." Later, he reflects upon the difficulties of doing good in America. Yet, he says, many Americans take the cruel risks of doing good, reckless of the evil that may befall them, and defiant of the upbraidings of their own hearts! Mr. Homos writes of a lady who came to New York to live and was very lonely "until she joined a church. This at once brought her a general acquaintance, and she began to find herself in society; but as soon as she did so she joined a more exclusive church, where they took no notice of strangers." This puzzled Mr. Homos, but amused the Americans. Later Mr. Homos marries an American woman and takes her and her mother to Altruria. Mrs. Homos continues the letters, giving an American's impression of Altruria. The effectiveness of this arraignment of American social life is much enhanced by Mr. Howells's inimitable way of putting things. No one can doubt his deep interest and earnestness, yet for pure delight in nimble turns of thought, in wonderful character-drawing, and in charming whimsicalities, this volume is a treasure. The reviewer is continually beset by a desire to quote some fascinatingly satirical bit, but his restraint will only leave more delightful discoveries for the reader. We cannot pray for Mr. Howells, "May his tribe increase," for he has no second in his field of literature, and his imitators are few and feeble; but we can hope that his strength will not diminish.

<sup>1</sup> Through the Eye of the Needle. By W. D. Howells. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

"The Invader"<sup>2</sup> is founded upon the theory of dual personality, and we apprehend that the problem will prove too tempting for this to be the last story of this kind. Milly and Mildred fight for possession of one lovely person, and the effect is disastrous, as in the end Mildred the Evil triumphs and Milly the Good is forced to suicide. The story is disagreeable and at times offensive to good taste, if not to good morals.

Here is a stirring tale of clan feuds and wider-reaching enmities in Scotland during the tempestuous days of the reign of William of Orange in England.<sup>3</sup> The author has drawn a finely consistent character in the unflinching Countess of Breadalbane, Margaret Campbell. There were cruel deeds done in the name of patriotism and politics in those days, and the clash of the Macdonalds and Campbells was deadly. Miss Marjorie Bowen has been able to portray the grim Highlander and his dour country with picturesque power. "The Master of Stair" looms high above all others in unyielding lust of power and hardness of heart. An interesting fact in connection with the subject of this romance is reported from London. The order (consisting of twenty-three lines of writing) commanding Captain Campbell, of Glenlyon, to fall upon the Macdonalds of Glencoe and put all persons under seventy to the sword, was sold at auction for \$7,000. This order, executed to the letter in February, 1692, was instigated by Sir John Dalrymple, the Master of Stair, whose evil character is portrayed with much skill by Miss Marjorie Bowen.

While it is not intended that the heroine of the next novel<sup>4</sup> should be represented as too bright and good for human nature's daily food, yet she is rather exasperating, and one feels much more attracted to Sallie Howe, the homely little philosopher, bravely accepting life, and proving herself a marvel of loyalty to her idol, Persis Litchfield. The working out of the story shows skill and insight, and the reader is always interested. But there is a repellent hardness in Persis, and certainly an improbability in the episode upon which the friendship between the girls hangs. The author, Marion T. D. Barton, uses very cleverly a device similar to "Marjorie Daw" of loved memory. But it is incredible that any woman with the least

<sup>2</sup> The Invader. By Margaret L. Woods. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> The Master of Stair. By Marjorie Bowen. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> An Experiment in Perfection. By Marion T. D. Barton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

pliability or the faintest sense of humor should punish a petty deceit as Persis did. The fact is, Persis had too many favors from the gods, and though she was forced to develop character from her experiences, yet she continued to be self-centered and incapable of the charming spontaneity so inseparable from a fine nature.

Mrs. Thruston writes an attractive story,<sup>1</sup> as charming and as open to criticism as the vivacious yet irregular features of a pretty girl. If we stop to analyze, we are lost; so we read on, quite carried away by the daring improbability of Jenifer's behavior, yet enjoying it all. Surely no man could have drawn Jenifer. He is a woman's man, but just for that reason his inconsistencies are piquant. The story discloses a novel effect of sudden riches upon a youth brought up in poverty and obscurity. The old mountain preacher is a unique character and well worth knowing.

It is not strange that the elusive, mysterious force of electricity should fire the imagination of romancers. Following his story of "The Wire Tappers," Mr. Arthur Stringer's new book<sup>2</sup> leads us through the danger of live wires, and describes strange adventures involving all sorts of people—diplomats, gamblers, secret service men, and desperate women. There is decided talent shown in the management of the details of this intricate and highly sensational novel.

One pair out of the thousands of Smiths in England are selected by Kettle Howard, and their every-day life is here described.<sup>3</sup> We are warned that they are neither superior nor fashionable, but it would have been more kind to warn us that they are absolutely uninteresting. We object to the inference that superiority and fashion are required in order to be interesting.

One can but regret that Myra Kelly has deserted her East Side friends and ventured into the beaten tracks of ordinary romance. This novel<sup>4</sup> has touches of humor and good characterizations, but it is not extraordinary—only one more entertaining, pleasantly written, unimportant story.

In "The Cause of Freedom,"<sup>5</sup> by Arthur W. Marchmont, a bold English tourist in Russia with a dash of American audacity appears as the champion of a beautiful Polish maiden involved in the revolutionary plots of a secret society known as "The Fraterni-

ty." If our credulity had not been strengthened by much similar strong food, it would be overtaxed to learn of the succession of hairbreadth escapes and gallant rescues credited to Robert Anstruther, the hero. But, if we must read these romances, it is less fatiguing to believe than to question.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs<sup>1</sup> is always happy in the titles for his volumes of collected tales. Many of us who have chuckled over his sly, dry stories of bargemen ashore and afloat; with their unexpected turns and their odd drollery, will want to take more "Short Cruises" under his pilotage. The artist who illustrates the book catches the author's humorous twist with rare exactness.

While there are many homely scenes sufficiently true to life in this tale of "The Ministry of David Baldwin,"<sup>2</sup> it lacks grace, and fails to awaken complete sympathy for the somewhat ordinary young preacher. The objections aroused against his course in the minds of the narrow-minded deacons are elaborated with care, and evidently given as specimens of recent critical warfare, but there is no spontaneous feeling in the story. It moves heavily to its rather amusing climax, where the young minister receives a vote of confidence and an increase of salary—as much because of his wife's illness as on account of his theological courage.

"In Ynde" "In Yude ben fulle manye dyverse contres." So wrote Sir John Maundeville a long time ago. The opinion holds good now more than ever, as one may see by glancing at the pages of two books just published on India. Mr. Sidney Low's<sup>3</sup> is in part the account of the Prince of Wales's recent tour; in part the account of the author's own journeyings, investigations, and forecasts. Mr. Perceval Landon records his independent impressions.<sup>4</sup> The text of both observers is original and timely. Do they describe Bombay, for instance? Mr. Low shows us a city quite unlike the idea of it which most form, a highly commercial city, it is true, but one in which the European is gradually being elbowd out by the prosperous native; and Mr. Landon impresses upon us that of all world-cities Bombay seems to have fewer threads of continuity, fewer points of reference, littler inner meaning. Again, do these authors inform us about the Parsees? Mr. Low reveals them to us as in India corresponding to the keen-eyed Greeks in Asia Minor, while Mr. Landon tells us that they

<sup>1</sup> Jenifer. By Lucy Meacham Thruston. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> Phantom Wires. By Arthur Stringer. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> The Smiths. By Kettle Howard. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> The Isle of Dreams. By Myra Kelly. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

<sup>5</sup> The Cause of Freedom. By Arthur Marchmont. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>1</sup> Short Cruises. By W. W. Jacobs. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> The Ministry of David Baldwin. By Henry Thomas Colestock. Thomas V. Crowell & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> A Vision of India. By Sidney Low. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50, net.

<sup>4</sup> Under the Sun. By Perceval Landon. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$4, net.

are the Huguenots of the East. Both volumes are interesting because they bring before us unfamiliar aspects of familiar subjects, whether of cities or people. Mr. Landon's book, published in large, clear type and with particularly artistic illustrations, is more attractive to the eye than is Mr. Low's. But the latter atones in its ampler text. Mr. Landon's book is valuable because it comprises suggestive impressions of an acute observer as to the actual present; Mr. Low's because England's course for the future is clearly and impressively disclosed.

#### *The Tariff and the Trusts*

The Dingley tariff imposes duties of nearly fifty per cent. upon dutiable imports. It oppresses the people. But Americans have long been oppressed, more or less, by a high tariff. For forty years the prevailing rates of duty paid upon imports to our Government have exceeded those of any other country. Yet in recent years, by means of extraordinarily intelligent labor and no less extraordinarily improved machinery, we have been able to produce most of our highly protected products cheaper than do any of our competitors. Prior to 1890 competition among domestic producers kept down the price of many commodities; but for the past seven years competition has been largely suppressed by monopolies popularly known as "Trusts." So far as we know, not since the publication of Mr. Bolen's "Plain Facts as to the Trusts and the Tariff" has a book appeared so relentless in its indictments as is Mr. Pierce's "The Tariff and the Trusts."<sup>1</sup> Take one example, the famous Standard Oil Trust. Hidden away in the free list of the Dingley Bill is the provision that petroleum shall be admitted free of duty, provided that—

If there be imported into the United States crude petroleum, or the products of crude petroleum, produced in any country which imposes a duty on petroleum or its products exported from the United States, there shall in such cases be levied, paid and collected, a duty upon said crude petroleum or its products so imported equal to the duty imposed by such country.

Now, Russia is the only country which can export petroleum to this country, and the Russian duty on imports of petroleum is from 150 to 250 per cent. Hence for all practical purposes the Standard Oil Company is protected from foreign competition by a duty of from 150 to 250 per cent. Almost all of our large industries protected by the tariff seem now to have formed themselves into trusts for the purpose of destroying home competition and thereby raising up to the duty line the price of the commodities which they manufacture. All these

trusts give the usual reasons for their formation—the lessening cost of manufacture, the saving of commercial agents, the division of territory between their plants, and the reduction of price to their customers. But, adds Mr. Pierce, every one of them, when it has established its control of the market, not only keeps the whole of the savings of consolidation to itself, but takes from the public considerable besides, making the selling prices much higher than they would have been under full competition. What is the remedy? A world competition. Remove the tariff. While it may not be the "mother of trusts," as many declare it to be, a reading of the books of Messrs. Bolen and Pierce would lead to the suspicion that it is at least the mother-in-law.

**Garibaldi** In all Italian history there is no more picturesque figure than Garibaldi's, and there are few more stirring yet pathetic interludes than that of Mazzini's "Republic of Rome." The hundredth year since Garibaldi's birth is appropriately celebrated by the publication of a volume written by Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan on "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic,"<sup>1</sup> certainly one of the most dramatic episodes of a dramatic life. Many capital illustrations and maps add to the interest of the text, which in any event is a real contribution to the better understanding of 1848, that revolutionary year for all Europe. While the author reviews Garibaldi's childhood at Nice, his life in South America, and his romantic marriage, the main attention is of course concentrated upon the condition of the Roman States under the Papacy during the first half of the eighteenth century, Italy's political failure in 1848, the democratic protests, the formation of Garibaldi's legion, the Roman Republic, the siege and fall of Rome, Garibaldi's defense, his escape to the Adriatic and departure for America. We wish that Mr. Trevelyan would write another volume like this, of exceptional merit, recounting Garibaldi's later triumphs.

#### *Our Misunderstood Bible*

The late Dr. Trumbull was a man who knew well how to speak to the point and make himself clearly understood. In the numerous brief chapters of this volume<sup>2</sup> he has made good riddance of many current misuses and misunderstandings of words and phrases, by which people who read or quote the Bible miss or abuse its real meaning. The Bible, as both ancient and Oriental, is peculiarly liable to suffer

<sup>1</sup> Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2. net.

<sup>2</sup> Our Misunderstood Bible. By H. Clay Trumbull. The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia. \$1. net.

<sup>1</sup> The Tariff and the Trusts. By Franklin Pierce. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50. net.



thus in the hands of modern readers in Western lands, as the list of religious errors and fanatical whimsies proves. Common sense as well as sound learning dominates Dr. Trumbull's expositions, though sometimes he misses the real fact. That the parental "rod" in Proverbs xiii. 24 does not mean merely the scepter of authority is clear from xxiii. 14—"Thou shalt beat him with the rod." It is a helpful book for Sunday-school teachers, and for Bible readers generally, whom it would secure from some serious errors.

**Worry** This is a good book on a grave subject, which it treats in an all-round discussion of causes and effects, physical and psychical, from scientific and practical, moral and religious points of view. We have had a variety of lighter publications of the "don't worry" sort, but this is of substantial and commanding character. It is concerned with the cure and the prevention as well as with the causes and the effects of this "disease of the age," promoted, as it is, by the practical materialism which "worships the goddess of getting on," and by the survival under the garb of Christianity of "primitive religion," which is described as both the product and the producer of fear and worry. True religion, on the other hand, has "an optimistic principle at the heart of it." Dr. Saleeby is far from the quietist who never worries: he distinguishes between what is normal and what is morbid. There are times when not to worry would raise a doubt of sanity. Most of his practical suggestions touching matters of regimen, self-training, and education are to the right point, and helpful to a rational life.

**History for a Purpose** In spite of some obvious merits in Mr. J. Ellis Barker's "The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands,"<sup>2</sup> it is impossible to give it a cordial welcome. As the result of arduous researches on its author's part—extending, it appears, to perhaps two thousand books and pamphlets besides uncounted documentary sources—it brings to light much not generally known to the English-speaking student of the past history of the Netherlands; and in dealing with certain periods—notably the foundation years and the years of the English and French wars—it presents a swiftly-moving, compact, and lucid narra-

tive. But it has the fatal defect of being, not a calm, dispassionate contribution to historical literature, but a diatribic piece of special pleading in the interests of a political propaganda. Painting the Dutch Republic as attaining greatness through the thrift, intelligence, courage, and enterprise of its people, Mr. Barker devotes his every effort to showing that it came to grief chiefly because of individualism, party government, the absence of a national spirit and organization, and the lack of a strong military establishment, and that the same causes are to-day operative to destroy the British Empire. Of course he has sundry curative measures to recommend, including the creation of "an Imperial army and navy administered by an Imperial war office and admiralty, directed and controlled by an Imperial Senate and Prime Minister, and paid for by Imperial taxation," and the adoption of "a written Imperial constitution which, while guaranteeing to each British State full liberty of action in State matters, gives equally full liberty of action to the Empire in Imperial matters." How the various self-governing colonies are to be coaxed or coerced into the acceptance of such a programme does not appear; and even as a political campaign document for English consumption the work has sad shortcomings of the boomerang order. For, although intended as a stirring appeal to the people of England, it is written throughout from the view-point of an uncompromising critic of popular government and all its ways.

**The Story of Port Royal** If the Port Royal school of thought had been allowed to exist in the French Roman Catholic Church, the fortunes of that Church might not have been so drastically hampered as they have been by the present crisis. At all events, the Church would not have represented so much Ultramontanism. Every liberal Roman Catholic and most Protestants as well must desire to know more about the deeply interesting religious movement of the seventeenth century which found its expression at Port Royal. Mrs. Romanes well satisfies that desire. Perhaps her seemingly unnecessary fullness of detail is essential to give a complete picture, but occasionally one feels that the text might have been condensed. This, however, if it be a blemish, is certainly a minor one. Her volume<sup>1</sup> is to be heartily commended to all students of religious development.

<sup>1</sup>The Story of Port Royal. By Ethel Romanes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$5, net.

<sup>1</sup>Worry: The Disease of the Age. By C. W. Saleeby. M. D. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. \$1.35, net. Postage, 12c.

<sup>2</sup>The Rise and Decline of the Netherlands. By J. Ellis Barker. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50, net.

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# Outlook

For July

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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JUNE 22, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 8

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## *The Russian Crisis*

Another acute crisis has been reached in the evolution of popular government in Russia. When the second National Duma met on Friday morning of last week, it was announced that, in accordance with the request from Prime Minister Stolypin, the sitting would be private and an important communication would be made to the house. M. Golovin, the President of the Duma, excluded the representatives of the press and the public, and in the meantime the Government had posted a large force of police, gendarmes, and soldiers around the palace in which the Duma was sitting. The Prime Minister mounted the tribune and in a brief and very serious speech declared that the Government required the arrest of sixteen Socialistic members of that body and the consent of the Duma to the immediate prosecution of the thirty-seven remaining members of the same party. In case the Duma refused to give its assent, the Prime Minister announced that the Government would take decisive measures. The declaration was heard in silence. When the Premier sat down, the public prosecutor rose and read a long indictment accusing the fifty-five Socialistic members of the Duma of forming a secret criminal association to bring about an insurrection, dethrone the Czar, and establish a Republic. The prosecutor described the evidence at length, declaring that the plot was discovered through a perquisition made on the 18th of last month at the residence of M. Ozol, where meetings of the party were being held; that a large number of documents, which showed the strength of the sedition and an attempt to secure the co-operation of the St. Petersburg and other garrisons, had been seized. Many of the letters were from soldiers asking for certain concessions to be obtained through the Duma, such as leave to discard their

uniforms when off duty, and promising that if the Duma were dissolved and disturbances resulted they would not fire on the people. Most of the evidence seems to have been of the most unconvincing character, and a considerable part of the indictment consists of a digest of the principles of the Socialists. After hearing the indictment the House adjourned to discuss the situation; reassembled, when it developed that only the Reactionaries and Octobrists favored the Government; took another adjournment, and at a second sitting appointed a commission to consider the Government's demand and report within twenty-four hours. Early Sunday morning the Duma was dissolved; and the autocracy has again given evidence of its incapacity to deal with the situation. The demand that the Duma should exclude its Social Democratic delegation of fifty-five deputies, and sanction the arrest of sixteen for treasonable conspiracy, was a violation of the principle of immunity which the Duma could not tolerate without giving up its integrity. It had to face the alternatives of dissolution or of granting a demand which would have destroyed its authority and reduced it to a mere registering body.

## *Japan and America*

American relations with Japan, so far as the two Governments are concerned, are absolutely harmonious and without a shadow of misunderstanding; but there is some danger in the attitude of a small minority of people in this country, and of what appears to be an equally small minority of people in Japan. In spite of the habit of obedience in which the Japanese have been drilled, and their great respect for their rulers, there is a very considerable riotous class in that country. This was shown by the violence with which the

news of the Portsmouth Treaty was received. This inflammable element is elated by the recent victories of Japan and is inclined to take the jingo attitude. Count Okuma, the leader of the Progressists in opposition to the Japanese Ministry, is making the most of the situation and stirring up antagonism in the hope of overthrowing the Ministry. Under his leadership an attempt has been made to persuade the Japanese people that recent assaults upon Japanese in San Francisco were expressions of race antagonism, and that the Japanese Government has not taken adequate and self-respecting measures to secure redress. The Japanese Government understands clearly that discrimination against Japanese children in the public schools of San Francisco has ceased, and that our Government is investigating the recent attacks on Japanese restaurants and will secure proper reparation. The French offer of mediation between America and Japan has been misunderstood in some quarters, where it has been assumed that the situation is grave or the French would not have offered their kindly services. Agreements have been reached between Japan, on the one side, and England, France, and Russia, on the other, looking to the preservation of peace in the Far East and the guarding of the interests of all concerned. It was a very kindly thought on the part of the French Government, which all intelligent Americans should appreciate, to bring this country into similar relations with Japan. Fortunately, no such endeavor is necessary. The outcries of the American hoodlums and jingoes, on the one side, and of the Japanese haters in the West on the other, make a prodigious noise, but so far amount to very little. From the beginning our attitude toward Japan, like our attitude toward China, has been one of disinterested friendship. The Japanese have largely modeled their treaties with foreign countries on the first treaty with this country. China will not forget that, when her Government was disregarded by other Governments, our Government insisted on treating it as if it were in existence and responsible, nor that everything that we could do to preserve the integrity of

China was done. Nor will the Japanese forget that it was the kindly offices of the President of the United States that made the peace between that country and Russia possible. Nothing could be more short-sighted from every point of view than the antagonism to the Japanese. From a commercial standpoint that antagonism is suicidal, especially for the Pacific coast; and the anti-Japanese agitators on that coast are taking a sure and easy road to commercial destruction by alienating their best future customers. The sooner Americans and all Western peoples learn that Japan has now become a Power of the first rank, and that it is a sovereign nation treating with its equals, the better for the peace of the world.



*The Philippines  
What Government has Done*

The fact that  
no other nation  
has attempted

to do for a dependency what the United States has undertaken to do for the Philippines has been used as an argument that the experiment of educating the Filipinos for the task of self-government is impracticable. There is but one effective answer to this argument—evidence of the actual success of the experiment. At the very beginning the experiment had to be supported by faith in the power of popular government to do successfully the unprecedented. Those who had not that faith could assert their skepticism without fear of immediate refutation. Now, however, the evidence of things hoped for can be supplemented by the evidence of things accomplished. Mr. John R. Mott supplies recent testimony with regard to Philippine progress. As Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, whose Conference in Japan last April was recently chronicled in *The Outlook*, he has had opportunities for wide acquaintance with the Far East. He has lately finished a journey through the Orient. In the course of it he visited the Philippine Islands. He thus sums up the results of his observation there:

Any one who may, like myself, have questioned the wisdom of the United States continuing to occupy the Philippine Islands would most certainly entertain an entirely

different opinion were he to visit these islands to-day and note the changes which have been wrought as a direct result of American occupation and achievement. Within less than ten years there has been built up stable government—insular, provincial, and municipal. A body of laws has been enacted which challenges favorable comparison with the statutes of any country. Ladronism, the curse of the islands, has been suppressed, and peace, order, and justice prevail. Sanitary regulations have been introduced and enforced to such an extent that Manila bids fair soon to become the most healthful city in the tropics, notwithstanding its unfavorable location. A sound gold-standard currency has been given to the country, and this is already exerting an influence in the Orient far beyond the Philippines. Millions of dollars have been invested in substantial material improvements, especially in Manila. Improved postal and telegraphic communications have been introduced, and railway and government road extension is in progress. The grave question of the Friars' lands has been eliminated, and the power of arrogant ecclesiasticism and officialism has been broken. As a result of the marvelous educational developments involving the activities of nearly one thousand American teachers, we are now educating fully 500,000 of the youth of the islands; and even more remarkable than this has been the raising up and training of over 5,000 Filipino teachers. The Tagalogs, Visayans, Ilocanos, and the many other tribes and peoples scattered throughout over sixteen hundred islands are being unified and are developing the consciousness of community of race and the latent sense of nationality. The dominant impression made on the mind of any one who has visited different colonial possessions is that in the Philippines the altruistic motive has thus far had right of way and that a work has been accomplished of which we need not be ashamed. The ideal emphasized by McKinley, Roosevelt, Root, Schurman, and Taft, that our purpose in the Philippines is not to exploit them, but to develop, civilize, educate, and train on unselfish lines, has been kept in mind and is still the great motive power. One can already see the aptness of the claim of President Roosevelt that "we have established a government by Americans assisted by Filipinos. We are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by Filipinos assisted by Americans."



*The Philippines*  
*What the Church Should Do*

progress in the islands has been as notable as that in material, political, and educational matters." The presence of Protestants in the Philippines has resulted, he is convinced, in a genuine

Mr. Mott has also found that "the religious

awakening. The spirit of inquiry and what he terms "the zeal for evangelism" have spread among the people. He regards the Independent Catholic movement under Archbishop Aglipay as significant. He adds: "Possibly the most striking thing is that the pure and aggressive lives of the Protestants and the rapid spread of the Independent Catholic movement are leading unmistakably to the purifying and the revitalizing of the Roman Catholic Church." He believes that the staff of missionaries to the Philippines ought to be immediately doubled, and he urges the need of pressing the work of the Young Men's Christian Association. In particular, he believes that there is a great opportunity for the Association in Manila. In that city live thousands of young men, Chinese and Filipinos; six thousand students and school-boys live there. Manila is a strategic point for the whole Orient. "More than one-half of the people of the earth live in countries which are within easy reach of the Philippine Islands." The immediate necessity is a model Association building for the European and American young men in Manila. This is his statement of the situation:

I found that there are, in addition to large numbers of British young men, not less than three thousand American young men in Manila apart from the army. At least two thousand of these are in Government positions, and constitute an unusually well educated and influential class of men. Seven-eighths of them are under thirty-five years of age, and many hundreds of them are college graduates. Not one in six of them has any home life. The rest are truly homeless, and this in a city where the fiercest temptations are working with great vigor and deadly cruelty, and in a climate and an environment which are not conducive to the preservation of high ideals and habits of self control. By their object-lesson they can do immense good or harm to the Filipino and Chinese young men.

A fund for a building for these young men has already been started by a movement within the islands; but such a fund should receive contributions from this country, which is morally responsible for the conditions in the Philippines. Because peace and comparative quiet now reign in the islands, the American people are in danger of forgetting their ward. It is well to have such a reminder



as this from Mr. Mott, based on recent and careful observation.

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*The Wine-Growers  
of France*

Last week The Outlook gave some account of the singular industrial agitation among the wine-growers of southern France. The crisis continues, and has called forth the most serious consideration by the French Government, while legislation is being advanced in the Chamber of Deputies to provide relief for the wine-growers from adulteration and the fraudulent manufacture of wines by unfair competitors elsewhere in France. In accordance with the threats made by the municipalities of the dissatisfied regions, a system of passive resistance has now actually gone in force in many places, under which the municipal officers refuse to carry on the ordinary functions of government, while the people at large are agitating and, to use the common expression, "demonstrating" in all conceivable ways. We have not noted during the week anything in the way of agitation quite so startling as that referred to last week, when at Perpignan 130,000 men, women, and children paraded under flags with such inscriptions as "Bread or Rifles" and the like; but the actual civic defiance of the Government has been put in operation by the closing of municipal offices and the resignation of municipal officials. Births, deaths, and marriages which have already taken place have been recorded by minor officials, but with the note that their action is only semi-official; while proposed marriages have had to be postponed because in France a contract before a municipal official is obligatory, and no such official in these towns will perform this function. The statement that there has been wide disaffection among the troops in the district has been in part contradicted, although there have been some acts contrary to discipline on the part of the soldiers. The Premier, M. Clemenceau, has refused to accept the resignations of the mayors in the four departments of the Midi, where the novel strike has been spreading. He points out that he has by law several

weeks in which to consider the resignations before acting upon them, and that meanwhile the mayors are responsible for the peace and proper government of their towns. M. Clemenceau declares that the Government has been persistently in search of a remedy for the misfortunes complained of, and adds with great justice this injunction addressed to the revolting officials: "Your threat of revolt can be hurtful only to those you pretend to serve, and it will spread anarchy through the sections concerned. When you have suspended the municipal life and delivered your communes to disorder, what will you have accomplished other than an aggravation of the distress of which you justly denounce the intolerable burden?"

⊗

*Senator  
Morgan*

Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, who died in Washington last week, has been a prominent figure in the United States Senate for a generation, and preserved, at the age of eighty-four, astonishing vitality of mind and body. He was born at Athens, Tennessee, in 1824, but went to Alabama while still a child. He was admitted to the bar of that State in 1845, and at once became interested in politics. Forty-seven years ago he was a Presidential elector, voting for Breckenridge and Lane. The following year he was a member of the State Convention which passed the ordinance of secession, and later he enlisted in the Confederate army as a private, and served throughout the war, raised a regiment, and attained the rank of Brigadier-General. When the struggle was over, he resumed the practice of law at Selma, and was one of the Presidential electors who voted for Tilden and Hendricks. He entered the Senate in 1877, and has been a member continuously since that date. He early attracted attention by reason of his knowledge of international law and of foreign relations, and this special equipment secured his selection in 1892 as a representative of the United States on the Bering Sea Arbitration Commission. Out of the same study of the foreign relations of the country arose his interest in the Isthmian Canal, and

his early and lifelong advocacy of the duty of the United States to build such a canal. Of late years he has been known as the "Father of the Canal." In season and out of season, in the Senate and at public gatherings, he steadfastly agitated for the accomplishment of this great work, and now that it is assured, very much is due to his indomitable patience and persistence. He was early converted to the Nicaragua route as the only feasible one, and of that route he remained a steadfast advocate to the very last, fighting the change to the Panama route finally adopted with all the ardor of a strong nature and with full command of all the facts involved. He was firmly convinced that the change of route had been effected by improper means, and consumed a great deal of the time of the Senate by a gallant but mistaken fight against the settlement with the French company and the adoption of the present route. Senator Morgan's speeches were notable, not only for their extraordinary ease and range of knowledge, but also for their extraordinary length. In the Fifty-seventh Congress he spoke almost every day for two weeks on the Isthmian Canal, and the Senate stenographers estimated that he had delivered more than two hundred thousand words on that topic alone. He was an old-time Democrat, an ardent believer in the extreme doctrine of State rights, and on that ground he voted against the railway rate bill passed by the last Congress. He was not a sectional partisan, and his political associates often found great difficulty in trying to get him into line with their party policies. He was always restive under party dictation, and often in open revolt. Of his integrity there was never a question, and he had many of the qualities which have long been associated with the ideal Senator.



*The Conviction  
of Mayor Schmitz*

The verdict of guilty brought by a San Francisco jury against Mayor Schmitz on Thursday of last week marks the culmination of the first stage of the municipal cleansing process undertaken months ago by the District Attor-

ney, Mr. Langdon, with the assistance and energetic co-operation of Francis J. Heney. Mr. Heney has been, in point of fact, the head and front of this movement. The conviction of the Mayor of the city on a charge of extortion from a so-called French restaurant, like the plea of guilty in a similar case entered two or three weeks ago by Abraham Ruef, is even more important than would appear on its face. The evidence which has been gathered by the prosecution has led not only to indictments in cases like those which have just been tried, involving bribery and extortion for the protection of vice, but also to indictments charging bribe-giving and bribe-taking in connection with municipal franchises conferred upon telephone, railway, and gas corporations. Mr. Heney proposes to push these cases also; and he and the men who support him intend to bring to trial and punish both the guilty city officials who have received bribes and the wealthy heads of corporations who have given bribes. As regards the Mayor the strange situation exists that if he stays in jail (and he is there as we write, bail having been refused), his temporary successor must be chosen by a Board of Supervisors the majority of whom have signed confessions of corruption. They have been allowed to retain their positions because Mr. Heney proposes to use their evidence against more important criminals. Mayor Schmitz will appeal from the verdict, and may retain office until the question of the appeal has been settled. If, however, his appeal fails before the higher court, it is expected that the Supervisors will choose as the successor to the Mayor a man who shall be acceptable to the prosecution. The full extent of the municipal reformation proposed by Mr. Heney and his associates may be indicated by his recent remarks in an address before the students of Stanford University. He then declared: "Abe Ruef has been generally known as the boss of San Francisco. It was thought that he was all-powerful; that he was beholden to none; that his word was final. In reality, he was the understudy of Herrin." Mr. Herrin, thus referred to, is the manager of the Southern Pacific Railway in California, and of him Mr.

Heney says: "Ruef committed no political act without Herrin's knowledge and acquiescence. As the lesser leaders reported to him and were subservient to him, so was he to the railroad lawyer. Though he may have acted occasionally individually, he never did one thing without the latter's knowing of it and approving it."



*The Amendment to  
the Recount Bill*

The Recount Bill has been passed by the Legislature over the veto of Acting Mayor McGowan. This was to have been expected. It requires a great deal more courage than most politicians possess to confess that they have been wrong in their legislative action, especially when to do so requires them to separate themselves from their party leaders on a party measure. But the discussion in New York City respecting this bill has produced one result. It has awakened the promoters of this bill to the absurdity of the provision which requires the Mayor, in order to secure a recount in any district, to give bonds that he will pay the expense of the recount provided it shows that there was no occasion for a recount and that he is entitled to his office. A supplementary bill has been introduced into the Legislature to relieve the bill of this absurd feature. The supplementary bill permits the Mayor to ask for the opening of boxes that Mr. Hearst does not ask for, and to do this without being required to give any bond that he will pay the cost of the canvass. We think that it will appear to most unprejudiced citizens somewhat absurd to pass a bill with a vicious provision in it and then follow it with another bill to take the vicious provision out. Nor does this supplementary bill meet at all the two fundamental objections to the recount measure: one, that it sanctions a special appeal to the Legislature for retroactive legislation in place of an appeal to the law as it already exists; the other, that it lays the cost of any part of the recount on a private citizen, when, if the original canvass was so defective as to justify the Legislature in setting it aside altogether, the new count which the Legis-

lature provides for clearly ought to be paid for out of the public treasury. Governor Hughes has, it is true, asked for a recount bill; but it cannot be doubted that he has the courage to veto these two recount bills if he is convinced that they are unjust and dangerous. He has shown courage in vetoing the Two-Cent Fare Bill (which we discuss on another page), and the Teachers' Salary Bill, which was passed as a consequence of a vigorous agitation by many New York City teachers and sustained by some public sentiment. We hope that he will see the wisdom of vetoing also this recount legislation.



*The  
Haywood Trial*

The long and severe cross-examination to which the confessed murderer Harry Orchard was subjected nearly all last week did not in any essential shake his minute account of the series of murders, attempted murders, and plots to murder, which ended in the assassination of ex-Governor Steubenbergh. The defense brought out, however, certain additional facts going to show that entirely apart from the crimes Orchard says he committed under the orders and for the pay of Haywood, Moyer, and other officers of the Western Federation, he had been guilty of plotting despicable and infamous crimes, and that he had been for many years a dissolute and desperate man. Thus, Orchard readily admitted committing burglary, stealing high-grade ore, robbing a cash register, and even plotting to kidnap and hold for ransom the children of a man who had sheltered him and lent him money. But in no one point of his main story did he break down or contradict himself; and after he left the stand other witnesses for the prosecution confirmed his statements in some particulars, the most important evidence perhaps being that of postal officials who corroborated Orchard's account of receiving money by registered letter from Pettibone, one of the accused men. So far the connection between the murder now under investigation and the defendant, Haywood, now on trial, rests on Orchard's assertions,

but the State promises confirmatory evidence; that such evidence is essential when the confession comes from an alleged confederate with Orchard's record and character is universally conceded. As to Orchard's motive in making a clean breast of his crimes, he declared, with the only emotion he has shown throughout and with faltering voice and wet eyes: "I believed it was my duty to tell the truth, regardless of the consequences to myself or to anybody else. I did not see any other way. I felt I owed it to society. I owed it to God and to myself. . . . I'd been thinking over my past life and I did not believe the grave ended it all, and I was afraid to die, I had been such an unnatural monster. Finally I came to believe that if I sincerely repented of my sins I would be forgiven, and I have never been in doubt since." Orchard, the State authorities, and McParlan (the detective who procured Orchard's confession) all affirm, and no doubt with exact truth, that no promise of immunity has been given in return for the confession, and that Orchard must stand trial and take his punishment. On the other hand, the defense made some impression in their intimation that Orchard had pretty good reason to believe that he will be dealt with tenderly. He admitted that McParlan had talked to him about a witness in the famous Molly Maguire trials who had given State's evidence and escaped severe punishment; that Orchard had received special privileges, extra care, and personal attentions in prison; that a convicted felon who made friends with Orchard had his punishment commuted at Orchard's intercession; and that Governor Gooding, of Idaho, before whom the question of pardoning Orchard or commuting his sentence may finally come, visited him in his cell, called him "Harry," shook hands with him, and was otherwise personally friendly.



**A Corporate  
Anarchist**

A man named James H. P. Vandewater has been for some time in peaceful possession of a strip of land about 1,500 feet long just north of the Long Island

Railroad station at Cedarhurst, Long Island. The railway claims to be the legal owner of this land. It notified Mr. Vandewater that he was a trespasser, and brought a suit to have him evicted as a squatter. This suit was dismissed by the court. Mr. Vandewater then notified the company that it must establish its title to the property in court before he would allow it to enter upon the land which he was occupying. On a recent Saturday night the railway corporation, through its agents, appeared with a body of Italians, tore down the fence, built a rough kind of roadway to the barn which Mr. Vandewater had erected on the land, ran a wrecking train to the terminus of this roadbed, and, by means of a crane-engine, lifted the barn from its foundations and threw it over into Mr. Vandewater's undisputed territory. These operations being carried on partly on Sunday, Mr. Vandewater could not appeal to any court for protection. Before the roadway was quite carried through to the other side of his territory the Italians left, and Mr. Vandewater succeeded in getting a number of deputy sheriffs to appear upon the scene and put a stop to the proceedings. This report, which we take from the New York Sun, we have verified by careful inquiry before giving it to our readers. We will not undertake to say what the law is, but we are quite clear what it ought to be. If a man is in peaceful possession of property, no other man ought to be allowed to take it from him by force. If A is wearing a watch, B ought not to be permitted to knock him down and take it from him because B claims it to be his own. If A is in peaceful possession of a piece of real estate, a corporation ought not to be permitted to enter upon that real estate and destroy the building that has been erected upon it without first obtaining the judgment of a court on the contested question of title. Whether Mr. Vandewater is a squatter or not we do not pretend to know, but if he is a squatter he should be put off the land by officers of the law after a decision of the court, not by a mob employed by a railway corporation. The Long Island Railroad Company has only its own officers to thank if the next mob of Italians

destroys one of its stations or ditches one of its railway trains. It has set them an example of anarchy and lawlessness, and it will have only itself to blame if its pupils act upon the instructions which it has given to them.



*Manners  
By Law*

The Appellate term of the Supreme Court of New York has confirmed a judgment rendered in a lower court awarding a passenger \$750 damages for rude treatment from a guard on the elevated road, the Court holding that the employees of these railways are under obligation to treat passengers with respect and courtesy. This applies not only to physical but to vocal treatment; that is to say, the employees are, by the judgment of the Court, under obligation to do all they can to make passengers comfortable, and they are to refrain from using violent or abusive language. This decision does not come a day too soon, and will be welcomed by the long-suffering public of the city of New York, which has grown accustomed to being treated in some cases like brute beasts and shoved about by insolent conductors as if on cattle trains. If it is objected that it will be impossible to secure courtesy by act of legislature or decision of the courts, the Japanese may be pointed out as furnishing an example of drilling politeness into people by a pressure from above until it becomes second nature. In the old days every Japanese had to be polite and make himself agreeable to his superiors under pain of death, and the result is that in Japan everybody smiles and is pleasant. Courtesy is largely a matter of drill. Men can be trained to be polite precisely as they can be trained to be expert in handling a motor-car. When such comment as this is made, however, it must always be remembered that the great majority of conductors on all public conveyances in the city of New York are courteous and obliging to passengers. It must also be remembered that the manners of conductors are largely determined by the people with whom they have to deal; and the pattern set by many men, and still more conspicuously, it must be confessed, by

many women, in public conveyances in the city of New York, is such as to destroy the self-respect of a conductor unless he asserts himself. On the other hand, one who uses the public conveyances sees every day the most refreshing examples of thoughtful and considerate courtesy. There is a residuum of barbarism among the men and women who use these conveyances, and among the conductors who have them in charge. The courts now propose to make conductors courteous. It remains to discover some remedy for making travelers equally courteous. It is easy to report a discourteous conductor; some way ought to be devised for reporting a discourteous passenger.



*The Responsibility  
of Employers*

Last year, when an Exposition of Safety Devices was held in New York City, it was asserted that the industrial army of the United States suffers more casualties yearly than the number of all the killed and wounded in both the Russian and Japanese armies during the recent war, and that out of seven million persons engaged in mechanical and industrial pursuits, 345,000 suffer accidents yearly, apart from the 94,000 recorded railway casualties. It is not to be wondered at, then, that President Roosevelt, last week in his address at Norfolk before the National Editorial Association, urged that there should be both National and State legislation to relieve the financial suffering of employees due to accident. Quoting the theory propounded by the courts nearly seventy years ago, that a workman should, "under the principles of justice and good sense," take upon himself the ordinary risks of his occupation, President Roosevelt declared that in his view the principles of justice and good sense demanded the very reverse of this view. "It is neither just, expedient, nor humane, it is revolting to judgment and sentiment alike, that the financial burden of accidents occurring because of the necessary exigencies of their daily occupation should be thrust upon those sufferers who are least able to bear it." As most of our readers

know, the usual defense set up against a claim for compensation when an employee is injured is that of contributory negligence—that is, that the injured person, through his own carelessness, in part at least, brought about the accident. While many lawyers will doubtless still maintain that the employer should be guarded against claims for accidents caused by excessive recklessness or carelessness on the part of the employees injured, it is clear that the burden of proof as to the contributory negligence should be placed upon the employer, and that the employee should never be called upon to demonstrate that he has not been guilty of carelessness. Formerly the common law was interpreted so that an employee could obtain no redress if the injury came from the carelessness of a fellow-employee, but a decision of Judge Speer, quoted some time ago in *The Outlook*, set forth the injustice of this common-law rule under modern conditions, and also declared that it is Constitutional for the Federal Court, under its powers of regulating commerce, to rectify this injustice. A law just passed in Pennsylvania, and signed by Governor Stuart last week, makes employers of labor responsible in damages for accidents that may happen to employees while discharging their duties, no matter whether the accident is due to the negligence of the workmen or to some positive fault on the part of the employers. This is exactly in line with the recommendation of President Roosevelt at Norfolk. The reason urged for this extension of the former practice and law as to damages is succinctly stated by Mr. Roosevelt as follows:

Only in this way can the shock of the accident be diffused, for it will be transferred from employer to consumer, for whose benefit all industries are carried on. From every standpoint the change would be a benefit. The community at large should share the burden as well as the benefits of industry. Employers would thereby gain a desirable certainty of obligation and get rid of litigation to determine it. The workman and the workman's family would be relieved from a crushing load.

As a corollary to this general doctrine of the responsibility of employers, the President remarked that the railways in particular were unwise in fighting the

National employers' liability law now on the statute-books. He pointed out that the railways are prompt to demand the interference and claim the protection of the Federal courts in times of riot and disorder, and that they should not, for lack of Federal legislation, claim immunity when damages are sought through the State courts. He urged, therefore, Federal legislation to protect railway employees in this matter, and also urged Federal legislation which should help to reduce the number of railway accidents.



*College Events* From all parts of the country come reports of large graduating classes at the colleges, and, while the season so far has not been marked by any gift of dramatic proportions, it has been notable for frank and sane speech by leading men on public questions. The depth and power of the ethical movement touching public and business matters has been evidenced by the energy and fervor of undergraduate denunciation of abuses, and by several striking speeches from leading public men. At the Commencement of Columbia University, in the city of New York, Governor Hughes was made Doctor of Laws, and, in a speech characterized throughout by hope and courage, declared that the country was never in a stronger condition. From the Atlantic to the Pacific it is alive with the determined effort to restore the rights of every citizen to a fair deal. He emphasized the duty laid upon men who come from the colleges and universities to develop the capacity for discrimination, greatly needed at a time when there is so much emphasis on the relation of government to public service: "We want, in connection with all these public questions, a damper put only upon the man who insists upon talking without thinking, and having things done without regard to their essential justice and merely because it may be pointed out as a thing accomplished."—In a Commencement address at Monmouth College, Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, head of the United Traction Companies of New York, emphasized the present demand for character in public and private life: "The

educated man who lacks high moral character is more heavily handicapped than the honest man who lacks education. It is the confidence of the people in the integrity and high purposes of President Roosevelt that has given him the power successfully to attack powerful combinations which were so strongly entrenched that no previous President had ever seriously contemplated proceeding against them." The speaker declared that he would welcome legislation which should do away with unjust discrimination and protect alike the interests of the public and those of the private investor. Greater control of corporations by the Government is bound to come, and within reasonable limits should be welcomed by the corporations themselves.—Dean Hodges, in a sermon before the graduating class at Columbia University characterized by great common sense and ethical insight, declared that what is needed to-day is the "courage of the commonplace," which is so much more difficult than the "courage of the crisis." The Nation needs men who will be as brave and tireless in securing the enforcement of law and justice as if they were on the battlefield. Mercenary politicians, by misgovernment and maladministration, are killing as many people in the course of a year as are killed in the course of very considerable wars. They are poisoning women and children with dirty streets and dirtier tenements, and corrupting young people by their example. They can be combated and overcome only by men who will put as much courage into every-day duties as is required in actual warfare.



#### *Preparing to Celebrate*

If Mr. James Keeley had not remained at home one Fourth of July six or eight years ago, we might not have, as we now have, a complete yearly statement of the cost of our prevailing method of commemorating National independence. Mr. Keeley, who is the managing editor of the Chicago Tribune, had a sick baby, sick almost unto death, and the noise nearly turned the scales against her. The tragedy of it all was brought home

to him solemnly, and he decided to see whether he could do something to reduce it. He instructed his secretary to send out telegrams to one hundred different cities, asking what the day's record of death and injury had been. Other newspapers took hold the next year. Then the Journal of the American Medical Association, published in Chicago, took up the work through physicians all over the country and made the statistics more comprehensive. The doctors reported much that the newspapers could not possibly get for immediate publication—deaths from tetanus that came days, weeks, and even months afterward. So that while the newspaper figures of July 5 and 6 give approximately the number of dead and injured, those published by the medical journal six weeks later are the real statistics of Independence Day. Although the Journal of the American Medical Association can provide statistics covering the last three or four years, confusion is added to horror when all the figures are set down at once. The clearest view of this year's possibilities may be had from a plain statement of last year's realities. *On the Fourth of July, 1906, 158 persons were killed outright or fatally hurt, and 5,308 were injured.* Of the 158 who lost their lives, 75 died of tetanus. Of the remaining 83, 38 were killed by gunshot wounds, of which 14 were caused by stray bullets from the reckless use of loaded firearms on the part of others; 18 persons, mostly young children, were burned to death by fire resulting from fireworks; 18 persons were killed by explosions of powder, dynamite, and railway torpedoes; 3 were killed by giant firecrackers; 3 were killed by cannon; one by a misdirected sky-rocket; one by a fall in an effort to avoid a giant cracker; and one in a runaway where the horses were frightened by the explosion of a large cracker. Probably the worst instance was an explosion of powder near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, by which six boys who were preparing to celebrate were killed outright. Of the injured 5,308, 22 suffered complete loss of sight, 72 the loss of one eye, 56 the loss of legs, arms, or hands, and 227 the loss of fingers. The giant cracker did the most harm—a joy-producer with

a short fuse which frequently proves deceptive. Firearms ranked second, causing 532 injuries, 187 of which resulted from stray bullets. Toy cannon took third place, the resultant wounds, while not so fatal, being worse than those from firearms. Even "canes and caps," long heralded as safe, did not prove harmless. They were noisy enough, but the exploding cap often caused penetrating wounds in the ankles or legs. To a practical world, which demands to know what shall be done, the best suggestion is that ordinances regulating the use of fireworks lie buried in almost every community, and that the perfect enforcement of law is an ideal toward which any citizen may begin working at any time.



*A Body of Strong Men*

To his many arduous duties Secretary Taft has added another—membership in the Board of Trustees of the Jeanes Foundation. When the announcement was made that Miss Anna T. Jeanes had chosen Dr. Booker T. Washington and Dr. Hollis B. Frissell to administer a fund of one million dollars to further rudimentary education of negroes in the South, every one acquainted with these men knew that the colored people had received a great gift. Dr. Frissell, as head of Hampton, and Dr. Washington as head of Tuskegee, probably know more about the problem of negro education than any other two men. The wisdom of the choice of these two men is demonstrated in the list of the Board of Trustees selected at their instance and announced last week. Besides Dr. Frissell, Secretary Taft, and Dr. Washington, there are four colored and six white men. The Board is thus composed of thirteen members. The negroes on the Board besides Dr. Washington are Bishop Abraham Grant, of Kansas City, Kansas; Major R. R. Moton, the stalwart and keen-witted battalion commander at Hampton; James C. Napier, of Nashville, Tennessee; and Robert L. Smith, of Paris, Tennessee. The white men besides Mr. Taft and Dr. Frissell are Bolton Gilreath, of Birmingham, Alabama; George Foster Peabody, a native of Georgia but now a resident of

New York, long interested in Southern education, and, in spite of his modesty, well known for his philanthropic gifts and services, of whom *The Outlook* gave a brief account in its issue for July 28, 1906; Professor James H. Dillard, of New Orleans, a native of Virginia, a man whose sympathy for the unprivileged and the unfortunate, so far from blurring his vision, as such sympathy often does, gives him rare insight; George McAneny, of New York City, whose public spirit has been manifest in works of great value to the city in the Committee of Fifty and the City Club; Talcott Williams, editor of the Philadelphia Press, one of the foremost citizens of Philadelphia by virtue of his activities for civic betterment, his extraordinary breadth of knowledge which he has put at the service of art and education, and his capacity for work, his courage, and his judgment; and Professor Samuel C. Mitchell, of Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia, whose clear thinking and sane, persistent enthusiasm he has devoted to the cause of education in the South. The Board has selected as headquarters Montgomery, Alabama. With this Board, the Jeanes Foundation promises to be one of the great educational forces of the country.



*A Highway of Empire*

Canada naturally was disappointed in the outcome of the recent Imperial Conference of Colonial Premiers in London, but she has already found in a proposal made in the closing days of the Conference partial consolation for the failure of her cherished plans for English preference for colonial goods. This proposal is for an independent service between England and Australia and New Zealand via Canada. The scheme is chiefly the work of Lord Strathcona and the Hon. Clifford Sifton, and contemplates a highway of empire which would make Canada a half-way house between the motherland and her principal colonies, excepting South Africa. As outlined in the proposals submitted in the last stages of the Conference by Premier Laurier, with the concurrence of the Governments of Australia and



New Zealand, it is proposed to establish with adequate state aid a fast service between English ports and Canada by means of three 25-knot steamers which will bring England within four days of Halifax and eight days of Vancouver. From the latter port an 18-knot service is to be established to Australia and New Zealand, and also to China and Japan. The project will involve, it is estimated, a state subsidy of one million pounds sterling annually for ten years, and this will be supplemented by corresponding efforts upon the part of Canadian railways to reduce the time between the oceans to a minimum, thus realizing the ideal of Sir Edward Grey as expressed at the recent Pilgrims' dinner in London to the Colonial Premiers, of making the trade routes between England and her colonies the widest, smoothest, and quickest possible, thereby aiding in bringing into closer touch and interest the widely sundered members of the Empire. The sympathy expressed by the British Ministry with the proposal, backed as it is by the unanimous wish of the colonies concerned, and the wealth and energy of Lord Strathcona and the practical ability of Mr. Sifton as promoters, seems to afford guarantees for the realization of a scheme which will be welcomed by all the colonies, and especially by Canada, which will naturally reap the greatest benefit. As the project, as contemplated, is to be carried on independently of the railways, the latter will have no jealousies in the matter and every reason for improving their facilities and shortening the time of their schedules in harmony with the general plan. Taken in connection with the new transcontinental railway now being built by the Grand Trunk, it will be seen that, with two transcontinental lines, the newest of which will, if completed as planned, be in operation in a few years, Canada has been planning wisely for a future of trade and commerce such as is now contemplated. Incidentally—though for obvious reasons that feature was not enlarged upon, at least in public, in the Conference—the proposed highway of commerce will lend itself admirably to military purposes and necessities should the occasion arise.

### *The Brahmo-Somaj*

Communities, like individuals, however helped by others, must work out their own salvation. Japan is a modern instance; China is imitating her; India is awakening to the task. In such a task the Brahmo-Somaj—a Hindu "Church of God"—appeals for American sympathy and help. The Somaj is practically, though not orthodoxly, Christian, and attracts many who cannot agree to the standard creeds. Proclaiming as its essential beliefs the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Men, and salvation by character, it has done much to develop a purified religious life, to promote education, and to stimulate various reforms. It now proposes to start missions in four principal cities of southern India, the most backward part of that vast country, laying emphasis on a broadly religious education for young men and women, together with night schools and socials for the lowest of the people, whom none now cares for. Plain chapels, libraries, and reading-rooms form its initial equipment. The intellectually alert and spiritually-minded workers of the Brahmo-Somaj, who are facing the formidable problems constituted by the dense ignorance of the masses and the growing tendency to materialism and irreligion among the educated who have abandoned their ancestral beliefs, appeal to us for aid. They can raise in India \$10,000. To launch their work they look to America for \$10,000 more. A committee, whose secretary and treasurer is Professor F. A. Christie, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, has been formed to raise this sum. No Christian man who heard Mr. Mozoomdar, of the Somaj, during his visits to this country some years ago, could fail to sympathize with the movement he represented, which also enlisted the hearty support of that distinguished Oriental scholar, the late Max Müller, of Oxford. In its own way the Brahmo-Somaj is an efficient ally of every Christian force now at work for the religious and social regeneration of India. Its methods and its achievements are of peculiar interest and may well attract in this country increasing respect and material support.

## *Regulation by Fiat*

No act of Governor Hughes has surpassed in importance and significance his veto of the so-called Two-Cent Fare Bill. By that veto he has with emphasis put before the country the contrast between the just and the unjust method of regulating the railways. The bill, which passed the Legislature of New York by a very large vote, fixed the passenger rates for all railways within the State, operating more than one hundred and fifty miles of track, at a maximum of two cents a mile. The Outlook three weeks ago explained the inconsistency between this bill and the Public Utilities Bill passed by the same Legislature, and expressed the hope that it would be vetoed. Now that the Governor has vetoed it, he has been hailed as a leader who is going to withstand the movement which produced the Federal Railway Rate Regulation Law. As a matter of fact, it is just because he is a leader in that movement that he has in this instance exercised his veto power.

Within three years the railway issue has changed. Three years ago the issue lay between regulation and no-regulation. That issue is dead. The Federal Government by act of Congress, and many States by act of their Legislatures, have committed themselves to the principle that the government of the Nation or of the State should regulate and control the railways. Now the issue as to regulation lies between wisdom and thoughtlessness, between justice and retaliation, between regulation by administrative processes and regulation by legislative fiat.

Happily, when the victory for regulation as against no-regulation was won, there was also won at the beginning a victory for wisdom, justice, and administrative processes. The Federal law is not one for the reduction of rates, but for the enhancement of the power of a Commission which shall be the instrument of governmental authority. The laws of Massachusetts and Wisconsin, which have led the other States of the Union in railway legislation, likewise give power to administrative bodies. In particular, the law of Wisconsin has been

effectual. The Milwaukee Free Press has declared recently that "there has never been an appeal from any decision of the Commission acting under this statute." In New York State, as we have said, the recently enacted Public Utilities Law carries the principle of regulation by administrative commissions to an even further point.

In contrast with the policy manifest in these acts of the Federal Government and of various Legislatures stands the policy indicated by the various passenger fare bills which have appeared in a number of States, and which in several instances have become law.

The Legislatures of twelve States have passed laws fixing at some definite sum the passenger fare per mile on railways within their respective States. These States are Alabama, Arkansas, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and West Virginia. In addition, one State, South Dakota, which declined to pass a two-cent fare bill, enacted a law permitting the Railroad Commission to fix passenger rates at a maximum of two and a half cents per mile. North Carolina passed no law on the subject, but each house of the Legislature passed a passenger fare bill. In Florida, Georgia, Kansas, and South Carolina, one house of the Legislature passed a passenger fare law. In Texas the Legislature, when it adjourned, was considering a passenger fare bill, and will take it up again at a special session. Most radical and arbitrary of all, Oklahoma has embodied in its Constitution a provision prohibiting any steam or electric railway from charging more than two cents a mile, unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of the Railroad Commission that a reasonable income cannot be earned at that rate. Wisconsin, on the other hand, which has admittedly led the rest of the States in railway legislation, has rejected a passenger fare bill, and has consistently and effectively stood for the principle of administrative regulation of railways. In brief, the legislative powers of eighteen States and one nascent State have either adopted or favorably considered the proposal to set arbitrarily the price which railways

may charge for passenger transportation.

It is a great mistake to confuse these two lines of legislation. They are not only distinct—they are actually in conflict. They have but one principle in common—they are both designed for the purpose of regulation. Beyond that point they are in sharp disagreement. To attribute the two-cent fare bills to the sentiment which created the Railway Rate Regulation Act, to declare that the States that have adopted such measures have followed the example of the Federal Government, to think that these measures are the natural product of what is called the Roosevelt railway policy, is to confuse control with repression, government with punishment, the exercise of authority with the spirit of retaliation. It is rather amusing, therefore, to find the *New York Evening Post*, a supposedly well-informed newspaper, asserting that "There's no denying that Mr. Hughes's veto reads—probably without any intention—like a slap at the occupant of the White House." Mr. Hughes's veto, on the contrary, is a protest against that disastrous method of dealing with railways from which the country can be saved only by the adoption of the policy of administrative regulation; and it is of this policy that the President is the most eminent advocate.



## June 22: A Transformation

It is worth while to recall, on this twenty-second of June, 1907, an event which set the country in a blaze a hundred years ago. The immense contrast thus presented between conditions then and now is auspicious for the largest hope of international brotherhood.

The renewal of war in 1803 between France and England had thrown nearly the entire carrying trade of Europe into the hands of the one neutral State, America. In 1805 the British Admiralty Commissioners, by a reversal of previous rulings, under which this business had flourished, doomed it to annihilation. Bitterness resulted, taking form in the

retaliatory Non-Importation Act of 1806, aimed at Great Britain and her dependencies. Indignation had flamed more fiercely when in April, 1806, a British war-ship fired on a coasting vessel off Sandy Hook, and killed the helmsman. The people gave him a public funeral and put on mourning; President Jefferson issued a futile proclamation, commanding the guilty aggressors to quit our ports, and forbidding them all supplies. To this struggle for the rights of neutrals at sea was added another for the dearest rights of American citizenship.

Stories of outrage by the "press-gang" in its forcible seizure of able-bodied seamen for service in the British navy aroused the anger of the young Republic. British naval officers in that business made little discrimination between Britons and Americans. Between 1796 and 1802 the release of nearly two thousand American sailors thus impressed had been demanded by our Government. The British Government, while not ready to prevent further wrongs of that sort, wanted us to agree to return the deserters who quitted every British war-ship that entered an American port. Negotiation failed; desertion went on flagrantly; British war-ships overhauled American vessels to search them for the runaways; if not found, American citizens were often made their substitutes. From Eastport to Charleston our coast was thus defiantly blockaded, and our citizens were carried into servitude from within a league of Sandy Hook.

On June 21, 1807, the new frigate *Chesapeake* left the Norfolk Navy-Yard and came down to Hampton Roads for a voyage to the Mediterranean. She was just off the stocks; her equipment had been hastily huddled on board; few of her guns were mounted; hardly anything was in place. It had been reported to Vice-Admiral Berkeley, in command at Halifax, that she had British deserters in her crew, whom the American authorities refused to return. He thereupon had issued orders to watch for her, search her, and seize them. Accordingly, when she sailed on June 22, the *Leopard* followed her a few miles off the coast and hailed her. Expecting a pacific communication, Commodore Barron hove to,

An officer came on-board bearing a copy of the offensive order, a list of six British ships, deserters from which were believed to be on board, and a request that no resistance be made to a search for them. Barron answered in good faith that no deserters from those ships were in his crew, and refused to permit a search to verify his word. Thereupon the *Leopard* quickly opened fire. So unprepared to resist that twenty minutes passed before a shot could be returned, to discharge which a live coal had to be fetched from the cook's galley, the *Chesapeake* succumbed, two masts shot away, and twenty-one of her crew killed or wounded. Only one deserter was found, a stowaway in her hold, but three Americans were carried off, and released only after five years' enforced service.

No such atrocious insult has ever been offered to the Nation. It went into mourning for the slain, and impotently cried out for war. More prudent, the President issued another proclamation against the British blockaders, as futile as the former, despatched an envoy to demand reparation, and proposed the Embargo Act, interdicting all commerce with foreign lands. Congress passed it in December, with ruinous effect only on ourselves. Humiliation and impotence were alike manifest and complete. Futile negotiations issued only in more strained relations, until the appeal to the sword in 1812 resulted in securing commercial, as in 1775 it had secured political, independence.

That struggle is not so remote but that its burden still lingers on our pension list. The spirit which provoked it has passed into the limbo of dead antiquity. Steadfast friendship with the United States has for years been the fundamental note of British diplomacy—a note frequently struck at the banquets of the Pilgrim Society on both sides of the sea, and this year accented by sending Mr. Bryce, endeared to our people by his American sympathies, as his sovereign's Ambassador. Contrast his greeting at Jamestown in May, 1907, with the insulting demand made in June, a century before, in the immediate vicinity:

In this season of fair weather it is natural that your eyes should look back across the

seas to the ancient motherland, from whom you were for a time divided by clouds of misunderstanding that have now melted away into the blue. Between you and her there is now an affection and a sympathy such as, perhaps, there never was before in the days of your political connection. To-day she rejoices with you in your prosperity and your unity. She is proud of you, and among her many achievements there is none of which she is more proud than this, that she laid the foundation of your vast and splendid Republic.

The coarse comment sometimes heard, that it is because of our present power that courtesy is substituted for arrogance, comes from thoughtlessness or ignorance. British democracy, suppressed and dumb in those evil days of aristocratic rule, but always our friend, though powerless, has risen to power,

"To mold a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne."

The transformations of a hundred years in the international standing, power, and influence of this country are astounding when one compares the hopeless fight of the *Chesapeake* in Hampton Roads with the gathering of the navies of the world in the same waters to do honor to the Republic. But the transformation which to-day deserves emphasis above all the rest is that which is presented by the practically allied democracy of the United Kingdom and the United States.



## *The Church Militant*

We recommend all ministers, theological students, and lay churchmen to read Mr. Samuel M. Crothers's charming essay in the June Atlantic Monthly on "The Colonel in the Theological Seminary." Most American humor is extravaganza. The humor of Mr. Crothers is as delicate as that of Charles Lamb, which it suggests but does not imitate. The Theological Seminary has a "Chair of Military Science." The Colonel has been appointed to fill it. A man of peace, he delights in the soldierly virtues of courage, loyalty, patience, and obedience to rightful authority. His appointment to this position in the Church Militant rekindles the ardor of his youth and gives him an opportunity to exercise his mili-

tary virtues and his military skill in a conflict between right and wrong that cannot be arbitrated. Some notes of a student attendant upon his lectures constitute the substance of this keen and kindly satire on defects in modern preaching. We cannot transfer to our columns the inimitable spirit of this essay, but we can report, though in prosaic fashion, two of its points. The first relates to the uses of ministerial conferences:

Not long ago I was invited, of a Monday morning, to a ministers' meeting which discussed the present condition of religion. Knowing that the situation is critical, I went with keen expectancy. The company was divided, not in regard to the expediency of any particular movements, but only by temperamental differences. Some felt that everything would come out right if let alone; these were called optimists. Others, who were somewhat reproachfully called pessimists, agreed very contentedly that everything is going to the dogs. Neither side suggested that they could do much about it one way or the other.

"Gentlemen," I said, "I understood that this was to be a council of war. Instead of a plan of campaign you seem to have brought out a clinical thermometer in order to take each other's temperature. On the eve of an engagement the question is not how you feel, but what you intend to do."

This suggestion is as applicable to what are called prayer and conference meetings as to ministerial conferences. Complaint is made that the people are no longer interested in prayer-meetings. Why should they be? What is there to interest a wide-awake follower of Jesus Christ, who desires to be doing something for his Master and his fellow-men, in a meeting devoted to hearing men who have not experienced anything relate their experiences, and men say prayers without praying? But if once a month the minister could get together the active members of his church to relate what they have done and what they propose to do, to plan the campaign for the next month in the light of the campaign's progress in the past month, the attendance might not be large but interest would not be lacking. And the question will occasionally occur to thinking men: Is it really worth while to sustain a meeting for the sake of sustaining the meeting? We do not discourage social meetings for devotional purposes. But

social meetings for devotional purposes, dependent on the extemporized utterances of its members, are interesting only to those who are both social and devotional, and either so social or so devotional that they can endure with patience conventional devotions of the undevotional.

But it is not only meetings that fail because they are without a definite purpose; this is also a common failure of sermons. Mr. Crothers describes one such sermon as a military operation which consists of military maneuvers that end in no result because no result was purposed.

At first I attributed to him (the preacher) a masterly strategy in so long concealing his true objective. He was, I thought, only reconnoitering in force before calling up his reserves and delivering a decisive blow at an unexpected point.

At last the suspicion came that he had no objective and that he didn't even know that he should have one. He had never pondered the text about the futility of fighting as "one that beateth the air."

As we came away a parishioner remarked, "That was a fine effort this morning."

"An effort at what?" I inquired.

That question would be fatal to a great many artistic sermons. They fail of their purpose for the simple reason that they have no purpose. They hit nothing because they are aimed at nothing. Mr. Beecher, when congratulated in a revival meeting on the result of a particular sermon, which was described as "an arrow drawn at a venture," replied, "I never draw a bow at a venture, though I often hit what I did not aim at." Dr. Charles Cuthbert Hall, appointed to deliver a series of lectures on Christianity in India, went to Oxford for three or four months, not to study his theme, but to study the literature of the Orient, that he might understand the people to whom he was to speak. So effective was his speaking that they begged him to come back again with a further message. Where one minister fails because he has not studied his subject, ten fail because they have not studied their audiences. The object of the minister is, or ought to be, to convince his audience, and his question should always be, not what argument ought to convince them, but what argument will do so. John B. Gough, urging total abstinence

on a crowd of Oxford undergraduates, was interrupted by a voice from the gallery, "Jesus Christ made wine out of water," and answered in a flash, "No objection to your drinking all the wine you like, if it is made out of water." It was not a logical rejoinder, but it was more effectual at the moment than a disquisition on the nature of Palestinian wine or the difference between English customs in the nineteenth century and Hebrew customs in the first century. The object of the preacher is to get a certain truth into the mind of his auditor. Whether he shall rely on argument or imagination or emotion or humor is to be determined wholly by the question, Which key will open the door and let him in? The whole art of sermonizing is summed up by Mr. Crothers in one sentence: "The first essential of Homiletics is that you should shoot straight."

## The Spectator

The Spectator has been surprised in realizing what a large part of man's time and what an amount of his mental energy go into solving over and over anew the same questions that old Mr. Sun brings around each year. It seems to the Spectator an unpardonable human waste that good, reliable answers have not been winnowed out for each man's use by the oft-recurring procession of the months. Why, for example, should a man tax himself year after year about the rival merits of a rough straw or a smooth straw, a stiff brim or a rolled brim? What a pity it is he can't be ready with some formulated answer, as the earth is ready with roses against the call that is sure for June! Or, better yet, why can't a man stand peaceful, passive, like the satisfied approximating sun-dial, and let the answers appear—like the questions—as part of the solar system? But no! Each spring finds him confronting the problems of the summer, each summer the problems of the fall, as if the sequence of the seasons were a *coup d'état* of nature.

Year after year the Spectator has seen his women folk—at a mere nod from old

Sol—begin to agitate hurriedly about the furs and the moths—a perennial task of early spring by which the good women are always overtaken, to their utter consternation. September is no surer to come round with its shortened days than the Spectator finds himself surprised into asking, "Since when have we been dining by gaslight?"

The closing of the year—December—brings forward the saddest, sorriest, most brain-racking question by way of ushering in the blessed Christmas-tide—the question of the Christmas gift. What shall it be? What was it last year? Would the friend who liked a book before like a book again? But wouldn't that be a culpable lack of novelty? Why not, then, in the name of all that is novel, make plans for the gift betimes—before the eleventh hour? Why not prepare, like a man, to meet the inevitable question as one would prepare to meet a note that will fall due? Let it, then, be settled in November, or earlier if possible, whether it shall be a match-box or a necktie.

But just now the great question, the seasonable question, is the question of that precious annual vacation. The Spectator, like the rest of the working world, has always given the subject considerable attention. He has, year after year, watched men and women seeking to solve the how, when, and where of a vacation in such a way that nothing of it should be lost. Where to go? To the mountains or the seashore? Should it be an odd day now and again, or the several weeks impressively in bulk? Week-end excursions, or a little journey in the world? Should it be new sights and mental stimulus against the sure routine of another business year? Or the quiet pastimes of rural existence as relief to that tense strain of an office whirl?

Over and over again the Spectator has listened to dissertations on the mooted question of a holiday's value early in the season when the worker is merely tired, rather than later when he is exhausted—

when the limit of endurance has been reached ; and the Spectator remains still open to conviction on this point. The Spectator has a friend, however, a somewhat fragile man, who claims that Saturdays free during the warm months get him safely through the summer. Five days of heat and dust and rush and car travel can be balanced, he finds, by a weekly rest from Friday night to Monday morning, while six days or even five and a half are the load with the proverbial extra straw.



On the other hand, the man constitutionally strenuous generally prefers the one long holiday, and it is the opinion of the Spectator that such a man also derives a greater benefit, mentally and physically, from this arrangement. The Spectator always classes those men who drive hard at their work with those big, bulky machines which it does not pay to let run down unless they are to be entirely overhauled. The long holiday, moreover, is a stimulating anticipation ! It beguiles, through a long vista, with a vision of unending joys. Two whole, big weeks, perhaps—with an added Sunday at the close, a never-to-be-forgotten, never-to-be-omitted extra day, on which the reckoner caressingly lingers. Often—how often !—the holiday is dexterously selected with an eye to the annexation of the Fourth or Labor Day, that the tale may be spun out and not twice told.



Would that all annually recurring questions stood, like the vacation question, between attractive alternatives ! And yet the planning for vacation, like the writing of a comedy, is serious business. Those islands of exemption that dot the sea of active life offer ports for re-equipment. They mean—or they ought to mean—restoration and recreation, vigor and a brand-new supply of that world-conquering force—enthusiasm. The disposition to be made of one's leisure is undeniably important, and yet contentment and relaxation, as every one knows, are not localized or circumscribed. Indeed, the comfort of a vacation is felt

before the date of its beginning, and its pleasures project themselves beyond its closing day.



The Spectator has a mechanical young friend who spent every minute of every day, one summer holiday, building himself a tiny motor-boat. He had made his drawings and ordered his lumber and nails, and he went to work. Early and late out by the barn one could see him, hammering and sawing, planing and fitting. No drives or picnics offered sufficient attraction to allure him from his chosen occupation. At last the boat stood complete. The smallest of small steam-engines had been installed and the final coat of paint had been given ; the little craft was ready to be launched. With the pride of a Herreshoff, her maker had her hauled to her destination, and with utmost precaution she was slowly slipped into the water. Down, down, she went, down, down—to the bottom of the creek, unable to carry even the machinery that was to propel her.



Far be it from the Spectator to deny that the disappointment was real—bitterly, poignantly real for a while, perhaps—but he does deny that his young friend had suffered a total loss ; an enviable stock of weather-proof health remained, and the tan of a seafaring man, and indeed something more remained—something of a very permanent kind, for to this day our boat-builder dwells with relish on the whole-hearted zest of that summer's undertaking.



Whether accompanied by the rumble of the surf or the cackle and squeal of the farm-yard, a holiday is a holiday—whenever and wherever taken—for him who makes it yield him refreshment ; and if, in addition, there be a portfolio of sketches, a diary of foreign notes, or a heartful of new sympathies as by-products, so much the better ! But the Spectator would insist, once and forever, that the joy of a holiday is its own grand excuse for being.

# THE GREAT NORTHWEST

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR



A SETTLER'S CAMP ON THE PRAIRIES OF NORTH DAKOTA

This article is the first of several relating to the industrial progress and the human interest of this great and growing section. Mr. Carr has spent several months in the Northwest as the special representative of *The Outlook* in order to study men and conditions there. The present article relates chiefly to the new lands and the farms of the Northwest.—THE EDITORS.

**M**ARCHING to the North and rejoicing in battle with Nature at her sternest, till our race is hardened by the struggle to morning vigor and fitness, we are crowding over the frozen waste places of earth. On the barren plains and uplands of the temperate world science has wrought one of her greatest miracles through the new agriculture, and grain is waving over the ancient desert. We are re-writing our stereotyped territorial descriptions, and "uninhabitable" is passing into the dictionary of fools. Year by year civilization has been valorously creeping northward, and at each advance it has discovered an undreamed wealth of land waiting for the plow. For ten years and more Canada has been building up a rich empire within the reputed glacial solitudes of her far north-western provinces, yet the limits of their arable land are still unmapped and unknown. Last summer the newspapers of Puget Sound were printing photographs of monster vegetables grown in the gardens of Alaska at the very time that the Canadian Government was extending its postal service to Fort McPherson, perhaps one thousand miles beyond the limits of actual farming, and only deferring to another year the deliv-

8

ery of letters to Herschell Islands, on the shores of the Arctic. And this new settling of the cold lands of our West is but part of a wide and resolute world movement. Russian exploitation, interrupted by war and revolution, and the patient delving of Chinese have shown Asia her vast granary in the "icy plains" of Siberia and northern Manchuria; and Tierra del Fuego, buried in eternal snow, as we always thought, has just become famous for its rich grazing lands, for its wool and its mutton.

In our own country the conquest of the wilderness has given us our great Northwest. When prejudice was once beaten down, it was found that the Russian winters of North Dakota and northern Montana only give zest and health to life; and faithful experiment and trial of irrigation and dry farming slowly turned limitless tracts of sage-brush desert into fields of astonishing fertility. There was a part of it, cursed in the comparison, that our old geographers used to label in convinced repetition "Great American Desert," and this has now become, in the railway prospectus, "The Bread Basket of the World."

But "Opportunity Land" was not a sudden discovery. It was gradually revealed by experimenting pioneers, as

333



the need of new farms in the West wildly boomed the prices of the old. As late as the early seventies only Jay Cooke & Co., with railway bonds to sell, had any faith in the fertile rolling prairies of northwestern Minnesota, and their faith was clearly, so it seemed, born of the promoter's professional enthusiasm. Along the present route of the Northern Pacific Railway in '72 there was but a single white settler, a woman, between the Red River of the North and the Missouri. Further north, until '80, Grand Forks was the limit of the Government survey, and there was not a house in North Dakota throughout the splendid province that is now tributary to the Great Northern Railway. The land was scorned, and yet a railway engineer and an odd Government climatologist had affirmed its fertility with Western vehemence, and Indian "breeds" had raised wheat in the Red River Valley as far back as the days when Red Wing was the great grain market of the West. Here, as earlier over the rich and untried plains of Nebraska, prairie schooners crawled north and south, and not an emigrant dreamed that the ground

he trod so heavily beside his oxen was as precious as the Black Earth of Russia. And there were reasons in plenty why no one was tempted to experiment.

Then, as now, many a hard-headed farmer was bitter and contemptuous of men of theory. The rigors of the climate, the gales and the drifting snow, made its winter appalling to the man of an uncertain or fearful heart, and the sparse bunch-grass, like the gray sage-brush further west, seemed proof enough of the quality of the soil. The land was called "sour," and an official report of General Sibley, who scoured the Dakotas in pursuit of the Sioux after the rising of '62, was long quoted with profane approval: "It is fit only for Indians and the devil!" Nor even in summer could you find a more lonely and dismal waste than that unbroken prairie. You can still see what it was like in those almost prehistoric days of twenty-five years ago, if you will visit some of the newly opened Indian lands.

Early in November I climbed to the top of the mountain Devil's Heart for a bird's-eye view of one of the old reservations. It is well towards the northeastern



SHEEP HERDING ON THE PRAIRIE NEAR ROBLIN, MANITOBA

corner of the Dakotas, and the eye swept over a vast expanse of unlovely plain, sodden and ashen-yellow with autumn. A prairie fire with a gale behind it had browned the whole Southwest. From that height you could see plains that were flat and bare, plains that were rolling and bare, hills that were jagged-topped and bare. There was not a tree nor a bush in sight—nothing that you could identify as vegetation. All was as gauntly wrinkled, as starkly barren, as the dreary olive-silver deserts of the moon. It seemed the rough-hewn skeleton of a world. Two Indian huts away to the west, and three or four tiny shacks far off—all the signs of habitation that you could pick out in the vast landscape—but spread a greater air of desolation. Yet the magician was at hand, for on the very edge of the horizon to the south a black smudge of smoke marked the coming of the construction train, laying rails for the hundreds of trains close behind it that will bring settlers and cattle, lumber for houses and schools, and plows, seeds, and reapers. Within a year a great human change will have

come over that sullen waste, and the fame of the new lands will be heralded by folder and prospectus.

Not so came the early settlers. Necessity in our day has become a sharp goad to agricultural invention, and the machinery of settlement moves swiftly. A generation ago the pioneer's progress, like that of his prairie schooner, was always slow and halting. It was the rising price of land that finally forced the farmer to come as far as the Red River of the North. The reputed sterility of the Dakota prairies made this for a time an effective barrier against settlement, and the first leap over the stream was not made until about '80. A tale of a border brawl at Moorhead, Minnesota, gives us a guess at the date. One August evening in '81, a soldier from Fort Abercrombie, over and up the river, tramped into the crowded tavern. From a gunnysack he rolled out upon the floor a half-bushel of beets and potatoes, with the boast that they had been grown at the Fort. He was promptly given the lie, and the desperate fight that he led impressed the year and the



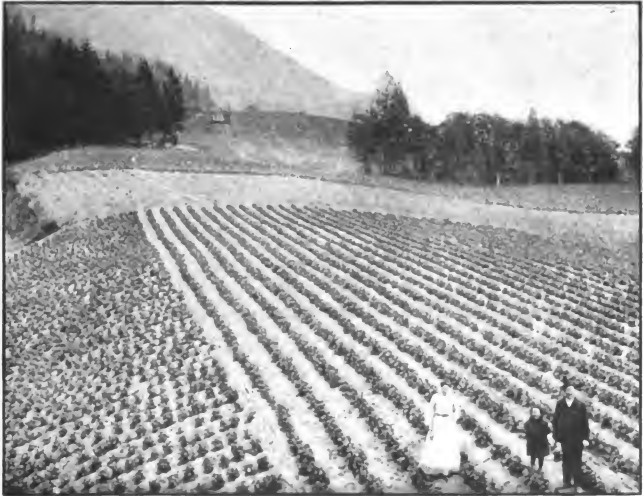
A LECTURE ON CATTLE TO A FARMERS' EXCURSION  
AT THE NORTH DAKOTA AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE



HOP-PICKERS AT WORK, AT SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON

fact on the minds of several of Moorhead's old pioneers. Whoever may have been the first fortunate experimenter, one successful trial of the soil immediately followed another. Old soldiers with land-warrants led the van of the crowding settlers, and by '83 it was known that all the prairie east of the Missouri could profitably be sown to grain. All west of that river was thought to be fit for grazing alone. But again a settled opinion was soon called in

venture. But in farming enterprise the scientist has at last become the trusted guide, and counties by the dozen have been saved to the plow by the careful study of the possibilities of soil and climate, and by the acclimatization and selection of seed. With corn wonders have been worked. The tropical plant that the mound-builders, or the Indians, carried north has never yet been made to stand frost, but it has been brought to germinate at lower and lower tempera-

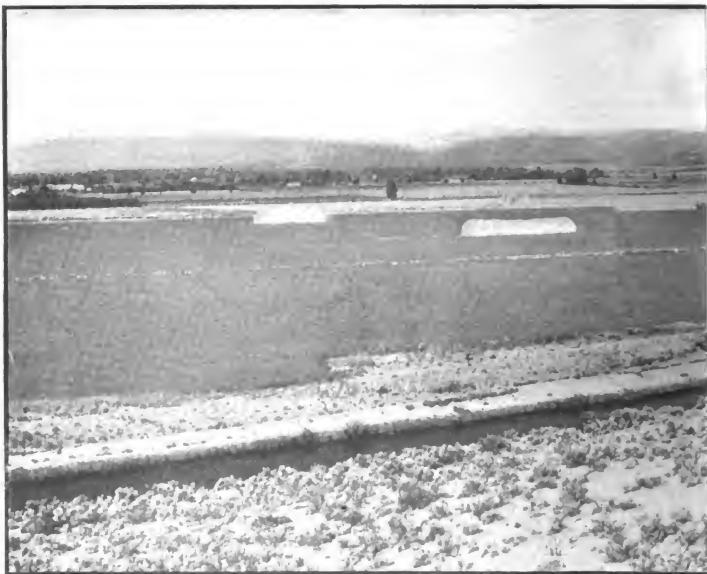


A PROFIT OF FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS IN ONE YEAR FROM ELEVEN ACRES

question, and the debate grew eager. The cattlemen boisterously ridiculed the notion that the sage-brush desert could be turned into farming lands. But the farmer plodded stolidly on. He remembered that trappers and fur-traders with a living to lose had always scoffed at the proposal to plow the wilderness, and he pushed slowly on to the country across the Missouri, until, in sequence, the great cattle ranches have all but disappeared.

Every step of the farmer's progress has been fought, and for many years every experiment in crops was a rash

tures, until two weeks have been saved for the maturing of the crop. It is now grown everywhere within the two Dakotas, and is ripened as far north as the Canadian Government's experiment station at Brandon. And farther and farther west its waving line has moved. In twenty years it has traveled one hundred and twenty-five miles, and is now grown in eastern Wyoming; and just as its progress seemed almost halted there, Kafir corn was successfully tried, and this is carrying the victorious advancing corn line seventy-five miles nearer the Rockies.



THE DESERT AND THE ROSE :

Greater far than corn is wheat and its prosperous story. The winning of its way began a century ago in the valley of the Connecticut. Slowly westward it journeyed. It went up the valley of the Mohawk. It crossed western New York, and followed the pioneers through Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, and Illinois. Iowa, Wisconsin, southern and northern Minnesota, in turn became famous for their wheat. By '87 its extreme western line had barely touched Jamestown, some eighty miles over the border of North Dakota. To-day it claims almost the whole level of our great northern plains, and with irrigation it is about to pass up the valleys of the Yellowstone and the Milk, and climb the high central plateau of the continent—the roof of that north-western world. Delighting in a cool ripening season, it early crossed the line and entered Canada; and there it has traveled nearly four hundred miles north of the international boundary, and en-

thusiastic experts declare that in the end it will occupy two-thirds of all Saskatchewan, and the whole of the enormous province of Alberta, which stretches north to the sixtieth parallel. Beyond our Great Divide, and east of the Cascades, it is the wealth of the rich Palouse country. In the farmers' lumbering traileed carts, like miniature freight trains, you see it being hauled everywhere along the Big Bend of the Columbia, north and south by Walla Walla, down from the heights of Horse Heaven. Heaped up, sacked, and in huge mounds, this Washington wheat, so soft that it will crunch between your teeth like oats, burdens to groaning the long roofed docks of Tacoma, as it waits for ships to carry it to the Orient.

East and West, these are provinces all of the great empire of wheat. Their boundaries continually shrink and swell, waver and change like the brown patches of "low barometer" on the daily weather





SUNNYSIDE CANAL, WASHINGTON

chart. Year by year the wheat poverty of the soil, or a low price, throws millions of acres of wheat land to other crops. Or the discovery is made by trial that the Russian Durum wheat will flourish on our northern prairies as well as the Russian willow, the Siberian pea, or the Duchess of Oldenburg apple. Our Department of Agriculture thereupon imports from Russia some macaroni wheat for seed, and the wheat yield over the main portion of North Dakota is increased nearly one-third. The success of the Kaffir corn is repeated, and the new seed wins another great northwestern province for the empire of wheat.

It is of wheat you hear, and of little else, wherever you go over these broad plains. Men have their minds and hearts and souls greatly set on it. And you soon note that the farmer who can describe with so much delight the endless prairies of the ripening grain as it stands swaying, golden, gleaming in the sun,

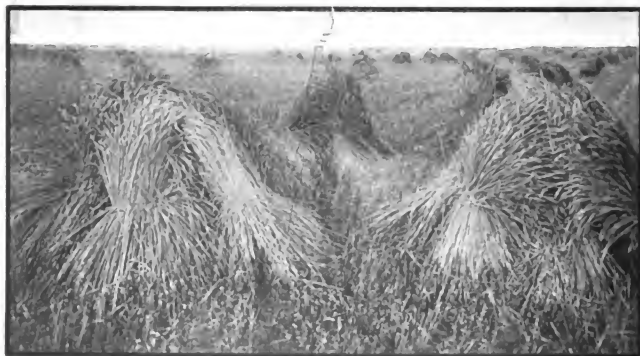
rustling like a lady's silk gown, is not the man to worry over the pettiness of rotating crops. His great absorbing passion for one thing makes him seem wheat-mad, and a little questioning discovers potent causes for his possession. Year by year wheat is becoming more and more the food of the world—the nourisher of nations. The demand for it constantly increases, and the violent fluctuations in its price on the Chicago Board of Trade make it the most speculative of all crops. It takes small study of market reports for the farmer to see the chance of a bonus of five hundred dollars on his year's labor; and he eagerly joins in our National wheat gamble once he knows that at worst he can lose but little, while he may win a tidy sum. And then, wheat is the lazy man's crop. There are the three major operations of plowing, planting, and reaping. There are three months or less of work; nine months or more of Spanish castle

building repose. And so, returning nothing to the fields to replace what he has taken from them, the farmer plants his wheat year after year, nor will he see his amazing folly though he drags the life out of the earth.

The end of all this has been very forcibly described by James J. Hill, who is a great farmer-economist as well as a great railway-builder. The wheat-grower is extracting the earth's productive powers by the most rapid process. He is exhausting its virgin fertility, and the sole maintenance of human life is permanently deteriorated. Not even if you keep close to your Pullman car

and is now going into stock. "Twenty years ago," ran the stubborn argument, "that land was only worth five or six dollars an acre; now you can't buy it for less than twenty-five or thirty." Every new farmer in these new lands expects to be rich, some think within ten years, some within twenty. The appeal of patriotism is very remote, and as for posterity, well—"Posterity's goin' to be a lot of mighty smart fellers well able to take care of themselves," was one indignant compliment for the coming generations that my question provoked.

Luckily, the picture has a hopeful side. The panic of '93 taught hard work, thrift,



FIELD OF WHEAT NEAR SALTCOATS, SASKATCHEWAN, CANADA

can you miss the pregnant fact that careless exploitation of the resources of nature is the most marked feature in the settlement of the new lands; and if you will talk to the defendant farmer about it, you will find his apology a striking combination of reason and sophistry. The poor man who takes a farm, he will say, must do the easiest thing possible, and he cannot afford cattle. You will have instances cited where for a series of fifteen years the same ground has annually produced an undiminished crop. And who is so dull as not to see that the fertility of that soil is inexhaustible? Or you may hear, as I did, of some land south of Watertown, South Dakota, where wheat has so robbed the soil that it will bear nothing without being enriched,

and better methods to the farmer in the older West, and there the lesson is not yet wholly forgotten. In the newer country the States with the richest lands certainly have the best agricultural colleges, and their wise and faithful work is beginning to have its effect. There are, besides, the Farmers' Conventions, and the Experiment Stations, and the Farmers' Institutes, supported jointly by the railways and the State governments; and these have a far greater educational success than would be possible in the more set and prejudiced communities of the East, or even in the Middle West. Yet prodigal wastefulness is still the great characteristic of the Northwest, and blazing mountains of straw still light up all the Dakotas on October evenings.

This, in a striking instance of that spirit, is wealth thrown clear away, for if the farmers would but return to the soil their wheat straw, and the bran and shorts, or their equivalent, the Dakotas could wave in wheat for a thousand years to come, without rotation of crops and without further enriching, because the part of the grain that is actually used for white flour is, through nature's marvelous alchemy, almost wholly the product of rain and air and sunlight.

These wheat-growing earth-robbers are only one great band in the army of marauders who have torn and harried the land. There are, first of all and always,

perfect have the legal methods of taking fish become that within two years the Puget Sound supply of some varieties has begun to fail, and Alaska is now our sole winter resource for fresh salmon. The annual Alaskan catch of this one fish already amounts to the stupendous total of thirty million salmon, and there hatcheries are even now urgently needed unless the salmon is to be completely destroyed. The swarming cod of Bering Sea—more plentiful far than off Newfoundland Banks in the old days, they say—are at this moment being exploited, and the widely advertised fishing feat of the year was a catch of



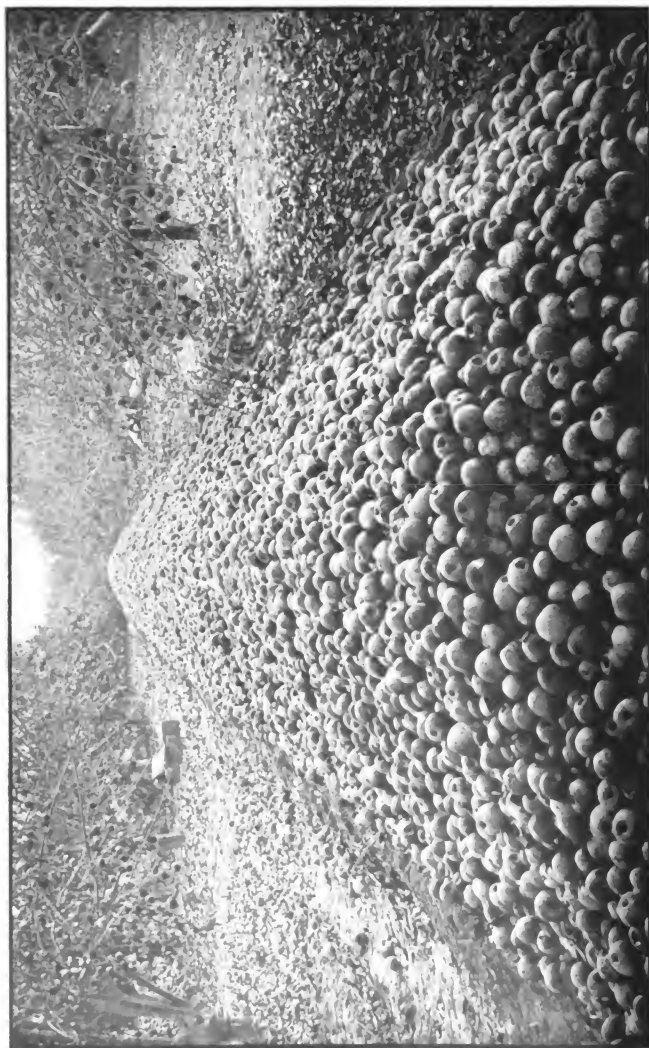
VINEYARD AND PEACH ORCHARD AT SUNNYSIDE, WASHINGTON

the troops of miners, who have made Butte and its entire countryside a ghastly and desolate hell. There are the corporations and "barons" of whom we have lately heard so much. And on the Pacific Coast there are the massing plunderers who are called by the treasures of the forests and of the waters. Their work of reckless destruction has already gone so far that it points a National danger. The fish canneries of the Columbia have long boasted over one another of the tons upon tons of salmon that they have daily taken from the river by their water-driven wheels. And if it were not for the Government hatcheries, salmon would now be extinct in the Columbia River. The Puget Sound waters were called inexhaustible, but so

278,000 pounds of halibut taken within a week by a single perfectly equipped steamer—the "world's record catch."

And so with the millions of acres of timber. Everywhere along the railways in Oregon and Washington you see vast tracts of forest that have been devastated by careless fires, miles upon miles of charred, bare trunks, flame-carved until they look like totem poles. Reveling in their wealth, the organized ravage of these splendid forests is proceeding with a speed that increases by geometrical progression. For the Northwest it is the difference between the slow crawl of the turtle and the hissing flight of the bullet. Minnesota, still one of the greatest of our lumbering States, has been so stripped of her timber that, if the destruc-





A FORTY-ACRE ORCHARD AT ZILLAH YIELDED FIFTY-FIVE CAR-LOADS OF APPLES

tion merely continues at this last season's rate, within fifteen years not a present living forest tree will remain standing. And now the giant forests of the Pacific Coast are being attacked. Washington, famed for its pine and fir and cedar, brags of one hundred and seventy billion feet of growing timber. "Inexhaustible" is again the word they use. Yet Washington's immense resources are only equal to five years' supply of our annual National cut of lumber. And eighty thousand men are already at work, with many of the sawmills shrieking and clattering day and night and Sunday, cutting Washington's great forests to the earth. As everywhere else,

chasers from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Most of this money will be invested in North Dakota and Montana farms." Or you have quoted to you from a banker's report: "The Great Northern Railway carried into North Dakota last year four thousand families of settlers—people from Missouri, Nebraska, Iowa, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Virginia."

Amid all this gigantic confusion of settlement, you see a State growing before you as a mango grows from seed to fruit beneath the hand of a Hindu fakir—miraculously. And more: in this new home of the necessities of men you see, but indistinctly, an empire being



A LONE WOMAN'S SHACK IN THE NEW LANDS OF NORTH DAKOTA

it is destruction, and not the wise and thrifty harvesting of a crop.

With its inconceivable wealth our great Northwest is rehearsing for us common scenes of the days of '49. The settler has less feverish hope of sudden riches, it is true, but their lust still possesses him to the forgetfulness of every kind of discomfort and some privation. And he comes in such thronging numbers, filing like ants, swarming like bees, that estimating totals is veriest guess-work, though every day you hear some detail of growth: "Within the year twelve thousand Americans have migrated to the northwest provinces of Canada from the district of St. Paul alone." Or you read: "In a single county, inside of a week, Iowa farmers have sold more than a million dollars' worth of land to pur-

created; it seems regardless of such barriers as international boundaries, and is knit together, save in political prejudices, by a common work and a common spirit; I had almost said a common blood, for overwhelmingly its settlers are men of English speech. Their empire is an agricultural commonwealth, and the way of its building is a new thing in history.

Following close upon the heels of the pioneer vedettes of civilization have come the motley herds of settlers. A clear majority have been farmers somewhere before, but many of them are pure nomads without instinctive home-creating ways—nomads with the free birthright of the road, who hate the man that is bound to hut or soil. A good fourth of them, almost penniless or bankrupt, are starting



A FAMOUS FRUIT RANCH AT KEREMEOS, BRITISH COLUMBIA

life anew. Perhaps more than half, so it is commonly said, intend to remain upon the land that they get on such favorable terms from the Government. Others take up their claims as a speculation, some making a few hundreds of dollars, some as much as a thousand.

There is an interest more human and vital than this statistical grouping—the men themselves, their lives, and their rewarded work. Socially, never before were there such settlers. You will find men of every trade in life, from blacksmiths and dentists to clerks and clergymen. Numbers of them, up to a shifting majority, are single and alone. Hermit-like, they live their austere bachelor lives for a season. The sluggard speculators smoke and sit around, largely exercising their leisure in the invention of necessities out of the empty boxes and tins of canned vegetables. The labels they will soak off and plaster haphazard for ornament upon the rough board walls of the shack. The wooden case they make serve for stool, table, closet, or trunk. The empty can I have seen cut and hammered into plates, ladles, cups, and candlesticks. Unaltered, what could be better for dipper, paint-pot, or stew-pan?

And there are lone women, married and single, with school-teachers a many, among the homesteaders, and they are worthy to be descendants of the women who dared their lives in the first westward movement of the frontier a century ago. They are strong and self-reliant, able as men for the common work, and fearless. If you ask about the gun that you see standing behind the door, they will laugh and say that it might be useful upon occasion to show to a wolf or an Indian. All seem expert in the care and management of horses, and this dexterity is carried to such an astonishing point that I have seen a young mother with a babe on her arm swing lightly and without aid into the saddle. Seeking companionship, these frocked and stout-hearted settlers will often group their cabins together on the neighboring corners of their quarter-sections; but there are many who live entirely by themselves, with the nearest friend miles away—a plucky and sometimes a very brave thing to do; though there are no

longer serious dangers to life in the West, and the courtesy and helpful consideration, chivalry even, with which women are treated on the high prairies and uplands that rise to the Great Divide seem a new and beautiful thing in this ungallant world. It is a life that is lonesome even when tempered by the cheer of the family and a new-created home; but, fully nerved and resolute, the single woman faces facts, and with a cheerful philosophy. In two of these shacks I saw the spread-out cards of solitaire—the only social comfort.

Not at once after the settlers' coming is the wilderness much less of a wilderness. Grudging compliance with the profitless letter of the law is the rule. The obligatory tilling is very frequently only a perfunctory scratching of the soil. And nothing smaller and meaner than the huts you see could well be called a house; seventy-five dollars is about their maximum cost. The first comers, as a whole, are woefully shiftless. Plows, rakes, and reapers lie out-of-doors uncared for throughout the winter. When you ask why this should be, a complete excuse is immediately forthcoming, and black once more is proved white in the justification. "The ice protects the machinery from rust, and the cost in lumber for housing the tools would far exceed any damage that the weather may cause." You will pass house after house over the long, wearisome stretches of trail, and never see so much as a flower in a tomato-can to prove some homely love of beauty. Even in the older lands the houses are usually without suspicion of paint, bleached to the depressing gray of weather-beaten boards.

But speedily there is at least the beginning of a change, and the land gradually passes from idleness to hard use, for the speculator and the unfortunate soon sell out, and the whole country in the end comes beneath the plow. It takes a year or two "to get the Indian out of the soil," as the phrase goes; and very often within the year the land begins to show in tilled fields and the homes of men. After the coming of schools, villages, and post-offices, and an ordered life, the kind of settler who leaves living, or is carried away dead, gradually dis-

appears. Of those who succeed, caught by the buoyancy and enterprise of the West, many are ne'er-do-weels who have miserably failed everywhere else in life. A year's disaster may come to any man, but it is covered time and again by lusty boasting. Utter defeat for the homesteader of pluck is certainly rare. In the notable absence of old men and women these people of the new lands and of the new cities seem eternally young. In the worst of ill luck they are eternally hopeful, and by the power of youth and hope and hard work they have transformed their world in accomplished wonders.

There has been a general shrewd choice in lands. Few homesteads have

be planted with drought-resisting trees, and everybody knows that forests are mighty rain-makers. In the face of what has already been done, and is beyond dispute, it would seem rash to say of the stoniest desert that it cannot be made to blossom like the rose.

For the desert conquered produces crops in such marvel that records of fact are incredible until, as the evidence piles up on every hand, you conclude that you are in a land of long stories that are all true. Take an excursion through the Yakima Valley, in Washington, where, if they have the best land, a man and his wife can live well on the product of a single acre. In the towns between Kennewick and North Yakima you



A TRAIN OF TRAILED CARTS LOADED WITH WHEAT  
COMING DOWN FROM HORSE HEAVEN, WASHINGTON

been taken up that cannot be made to yield a handsome return for honest industry in cultivation. The cold winters carry hearty living, with a seasonable merrymaking of their own, and the strange truth is learned that January in North Dakota, where the mercury drops to twenty and thirty or even forty degrees below zero, brings no such suffering from the cold as it does in New England. Prosperity seems everywhere. The free public lands, nearly every acre of them, have now been taken up. The conquest of the desert has already gone very far, and you half accept, as you listen to the argument, the enthusiastic faith that some day every rod of arid land will be profitably used. The barren hills, they tell you, can be terraced, as in France and Italy; and where so little rain falls that dry farming is impossible, they can

gather from reputable men wonderful stories of the fertility of these deep beds of lava ash. At Kennewick itself last summer—and the instance is proved—the peaches grown on two acres of land were sold for \$2,131. At Zillah is the orchard of young apple-trees that was bought at a bargain for \$250 an acre, and more than paid for itself the first year—the orchard famous at the Lewis and Clarke Fair for the great apple that weighed more than two pounds and a half. And so these tales go: "Six thousand boxes of apples from five acres." "Thirteen thousand dollars profit in a single year from a farm of forty acres." "Bare sage-brush land selling at five hundred dollars an acre." "Orchard land at two thousand dollars." And these stories are true. Two of them are vouched for by affidavit; one was

confirmed by a distinguished lawyer; another I had from the Chief of the United States Reclamation Service; in another case I saw the books. And there were other tales, wholly incredible, yet defended against my protest by a keen and persuasive land agent with the exultant paradox: "The truth is so wonderful that it takes a whopper of a lie to express it!"

Some men would starve in a bake-shop, as the saying goes; and it takes industry and intelligence to wrest rich profits even from these miraculous acres. But certainly there are few other places where the farmer so surely reaps as he sows and works. Sunshine is eternal; winter is mild; water is no longer the capricious gift of the clouds, and comes when it is needed. The reward, except for the small changes of the fruit market, depends on nothing but a man's own efforts—its limit seems actually to lie within the impossible land of dreams. "And to think," drawled a lank tenderfoot, "that that there land has been lyin' outdoors and unteched ever sence Adam was a yearlin'."

The old West of cowboy and miner has all but passed away. The new West in the North, in the mass a great fraternity of farmers, has caught its spirit and is diffusing its inspiration. The call to its life is like a conversion to religion, and no convert is ever lost, though temptations of hardship and misfortune abound. Difference in soil and crops and markets may force the farmer through repeated failure to learn his trade anew. He may find that the world of the West is primitively based on the simplest wants, and that it is very rough and crude; but wherever a man may be native—Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Canada—he has found a hearty home, and universally he is emphatic in his declaration of preference. He delights to tell you, until you are weary of the repeti-

tion: "I could never live in the East again."

The Northwest is so new that at times it is unconscious of joint human interests, the social and political things that are created when men live together. It is so new that its life will often seem formless and disordered. Yet its character is sharply drawn beyond mistaking. In accusation you may truly say that it is materialistic, devoid of illusions, self-assertive, and mad for a gamble. Its bias is bluffly contemptuous. It bitterly hates a do-nothing philosopher, and it is brutally intolerant of those who are in any wise dependent on luxuries. Its prejudice often looks upon the East as a small world of small men—a population of bloodless clerks, whom it suspects of a cheating wit as a Breton suspects a Norman. But its faults are all of the surface, and it is child-honest, sane, healthy, and charitable. It judges men not on their past but on their present. Its patriotism is intense; its very materialism ideal. In enthusiasm and faith and generous passions the Northwestern farmers are like college boys. Good-humored, hospitable, brave, uncomplaining, they form a brotherhood of all men who are willing to work. They hold nothing impossible; they are eager at their tasks—lightning quick in the solution of strange problems. In the greatest and swiftest battle ever fought with wild nature they are turning a boundless desert into a garden. Working like Titans, they are building railways and great cities. For the Northwest they have made this the age of heroic industry, and because of them in that spacious and free-breathing land the most prosaic progress becomes of thrilling and dramatic importance; and every step gained—that marked and striking thing—is an advance in the verging drift of our Republic toward the North and toward a yet further West.





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HELEN KELLER TENDING HER PLANTS

# HELEN KELLER'S LIFE

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY L. A. HOLMAN

IT will be twenty years since I published in the magazine called *Lend-a-Hand* Miss Annie Sullivan's first report of what I called then the miracle of her first year with Helen Keller. The names of these two ladies are so closely associated that you cannot think of one without thinking of the other. In any study of the science of education from our time forward both names must be studied together; and if there is any science of education, as I think there is, the study of their united life is most important. I think I have said in *The Outlook* before now what I have certainly said in print a hundred times, that no other treatise on education will give to a conscientious student so much light as to the principles of education as the appendix of Miss Sullivan to the "Life of Miss Keller." That appendix goes quite in detail into the methods or processes by which Miss Sullivan was able to lead her pupil from step to step. Of the result of that leading we now have twenty years of experience and suggestion. Those twenty years have thus given us a great deal of new knowledge of what language is, of what memory is, of some of the other processes of thought. It seems to me that those years have silenced forever some of the old saws or pretended postulates in education. It is quite certain that this record of those years is of use, not only for people who have no sight and no hearing, but for all of us.

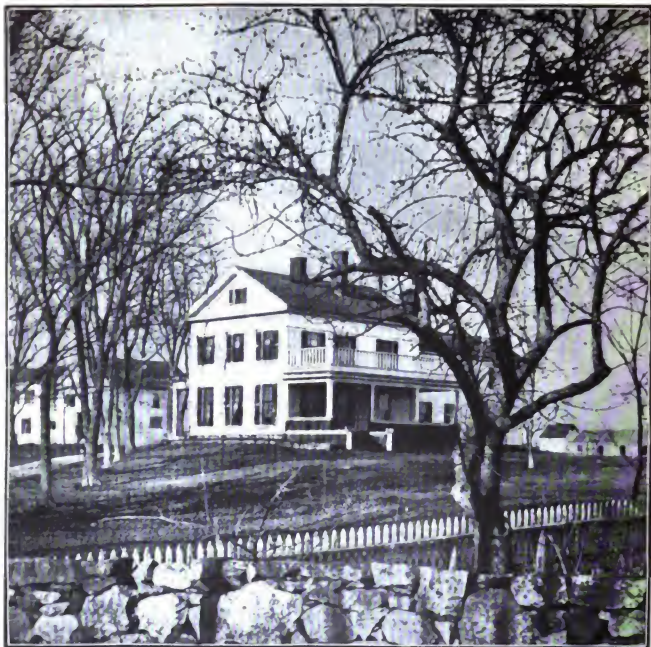
It proves, for example, that the loss so terrible of sight and sound is not without compensation. At the age of seven years, between the second day of March, 1887, to the first day of May, 1887, Helen had learned to talk. Her vocabulary was small, but she knew how to use it. She talked with her fingers on the palm of her teacher's hand. On May Day she came to Miss Sullivan and said, "Give Helen key : open door." "I then taught her the word will," says Miss Sullivan, "and she learned at once to

say, 'Give Helen key and Helen will open door.'" She had already learned what is, it seems, the first germ of Language, that everything has a name. She had also learned the use and value of verbs, and on May Day she finds out what tenses are. The same summer, after four months of study, she wrote with her own pencil a letter to her mother which was perfectly legible. It begins, "Helen will write mother letter. Papa did give Helen medicine. Mildred will sit in swing," and so on for twenty short lines. Two months after she wrote to the blind girls at the Boston Asylum the letter, more legible than the average letter which I receive in my daily correspondence (and this means wholly legible), which begins, "Helen will write little blind girls a letter. Helen and Teacher will come to see little blind girls. Helen and Teacher will go in stean cars to Boston."

My attention was called very early to what still seems to me the interesting fact that in one of these early letters Helen wrote the word *chrysanthemum* with perfect accuracy. Miss Sullivan says that it sometimes seems as if she took in a long word more easily than a short one. Not long since I asked them about this, and was told, in reply, that Miss Sullivan could not recall any occasion—in almost twenty years, observe—when Helen had forgotten the spelling of any word that she had learned to spell.

I have gone out of my way to state this fact because it shows what class of compensations I allude to when I say that such difficulties as she has have their compensations. There is no mother who reads these lines whose first-born child ever learned four hundred words in the four months which followed the *papa* and *mamma* of the beginning; and there is no reader of these lines, excepting Miss Keller, who will read them, who in eighteen years has not mistaken the spelling of a word which she has learned. Such is a single instance of what I call the compensations of a life which, if we





HELEN KELLER'S HOME AT WRENTHAM, MASS.

take the old classification, has but three senses, where most lives have five.

By great good luck to me, it happens that Miss Keller and I can call each other cousin. On my mother's side I descend from the Everetts in Norfolk County, in Massachusetts. One of them went to Hanover, in New Hampshire, when it was still called Dresden; one of his descendants went to Kentucky, and of this Kentucky line Helen Keller is born. When I read Miss Sullivan's letter of 1888 about her, and Mr. Anagnos's most interesting report of her first year at the Blind Asylum, I boldly claimed cousinship, and from that time of her girlhood until to-day I have had the privilege of intimate correspondence with

her, and I think she would let me say of cordial friendship. While I am writing I am struggling all the time with the temptation of repeating interesting things which she has said to me from time to time. If I did this, there is good chance that the reader might make his own inferences as to her revelations of herself. But I believe it will be better for me to try to compare the child of eight years with the woman of twenty-six, and to give to teachers, if I can, some hints which eighteen years give as to the methods of her growth, and the Eternal Principle beneath them.

How is it that a woman of twenty-six has never made a mistake in spelling? How is it that she speaks with a kind of certainty as to people she has read about,

or whose writings she has read, almost as she might speak of the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker of Wrentham? Is this because she has only three senses, or is it because she has been educated as none of the rest of us have been educated?

It is very difficult for you and me, dear Average Reader, to reconstruct the circumstances of the early life of this little girl. Miss Sullivan found her at Tuscumbia in the little cottage which was assigned for her home, with an attached negro servant who could feed her and could train her to dress and undress her doll.

You see the whole.

When this child of seven wanted anything, wanted to go anywhere, wanted to ask any question, she was unable to express her wish. She could show anger when no one answered her wish, but she could not tell what she wanted.

Well, three months after, you find that child spelling chrysanthemum in a letter to her mother. One such illustration of the omnipotence which has been thrown open to her is as good as a hundred.

What were her advantages?

Please to imagine yourself, dear Average Reader, shut up in a white-washed room, lighted from the top, at such a distance from the world that you hear nothing, whether the whistle of a railway or the quarrels of dogs or the clap of thunder or your mother's whisper. Suppose that of a sudden you hear the word water and you know what it means, you hear the word doll and you know what

that means, you hear the word ribbon and you know what that means. Suppose those are the only tidings from the outside which you receive between sunrise and sunset of that day, and suppose that you do not know that the sun has risen or that the sun has set, or that there is any sun.

It is quite clear that you would remember those three facts of the meaning of the sound water and doll and ribbon with a certain fixity and surety which are wholly unknown to that bright boy of yours who is now looking out of the window to see a company of soldiers go by. When the day is closed, your little Arthur will have had at least ten thousand impressions made upon his senses. Among them will be these truths, which are not in themselves central, about water, doll, and ribbon. It is clear enough that the impression on little Arthur has nothing of the intensity which belongs to the impression made

on poor little Helen when Miss Sullivan first teaches her this great secret that everything in Nature has a name.

I give this illustration of varying impressions because I think that all the teachers up to the topmost president of the oldest university in the world may find a hint here as to the impotence of our processes of education. Mrs. Fanny Kemble once said to me, in derision of the methods in which she was trained, that because women easily passed from subject to subject, as a butterfly passes from a carnation to a rose, "women are taught a little English and a little French and



HELEN KELLER AND HER DOG KAISER



HOLDING A CONVERSATION WITH A LITTLE FRIEND

a little German and a little music and a little drawing and a little painting and a little of ten thousand other things," while for her part she wished she had been taught three things well. What I observe in Helen Keller is that what she knows she knows with a vengeance, of what she does not know she acknowledges her ignorance with sublime audacity. I wish I could say that I know nothing of the Pali language with the same carelessness with which Helen would say that she does not know the difference between blue and yellow.

The most serious observation which any one makes who reviews the twenty years since Miss Keller's new birth is this: While we have been taught by many thoughtful philosophers that all our ideas

come to us from what we see and hear and feel of the outward world, there appears this young woman who cannot see and cannot hear, yet whose idealism is more ideal than that of nine out of ten of the five-sense people. And as you read the story of her life, you are constantly surprised in this very matter. Language, for instance; this young woman who could not speak and who could not hear learns how to speak and learns how to hear with her fingers, and eventually with her lips and tongue, *and*, what seems more remarkable, she has a special fondness for language. I do not myself speak French well. But I am told that Helen's French accent is better than that of some people who can use their ears. When she was fitting herself for college, she said to me—in spoken language,

observe—that she was at work on Xenophon's *Anabasis*. She spoke particularly of Cyrus's speech to the Ten Thousand before the fatal battle in which they were defeated. I remembered of old the college jests about those opening books of the *Anabasis*, and I said, laughing, 'Εντεῖθεν ἐξελαίνα, to have her take up the words as a Freshman would have done in my day and complete the sentence with *σταθμοῖς δύο*. Now, I tell that story, not because it illustrates simply the success of the people who taught her how to use lips and tongue and throat, but because it shows her joy in language as language. She will go into little shades of pronunciation which I should have said she would have been glad to push by.

When she was learning French, some one told her in my presence of the old French riddle about the letter A: "I am the captain of twenty-five soldiers, and without me Paris would be pris." Helen caught the wit of the riddle at once, and laughed heartily at its cleverness. This encouraged me to say that a friend of mine wanted to translate it into English; and he said, "I am one of the soldiers, and without me London would be undone." Helen instantly took the humor of the translation, but she noticed at once that the pronunciation of the *o* in the first syllable was unusual. "It should be," she said, "that London should be *ondone*." You cannot talk with her five minutes without seeing her real fondness for language as language.

The longest book which she has as yet published is her book on Optimism. Here she is, imprisoned, if you will let me take my old figure, in this white-washed room, open only to the sky, and she writes this careful, thoughtful, and convincing little book on Optimism. Part First, Optimism Within; Part Two, Optimism Without; Part Three, The Practice of Optimism. I have been trying to write out some statement of her feeling about the majesty of Ideas—or, if you want to be grand, the majesty of The Idea. But I cannot make so good a statement as she does: "Philosophy is the history of a deaf-blind person writ large from the talks of Socrates, up through Plato, Berkeley, and Kant. Philosophy records the efforts of human

intelligence to be free of the clogging material world and fly forth into a universe of pure idea. A deaf-blind person ought to find special meaning in Plato's Ideal World."

St. John begins his Gospel by saying, "In the beginning was the Word." If you want to be very modern and very grand at the same time, you say that St. John did not say this but that another man of the same name said it. That makes no difference; somebody said so. And when Goethe wants to describe Faust at the beginning of his poem, Faust is speculating as to this postulate of the Gospel, "In the beginning was the Word," and because Goethe wants to represent Faust as "going to the devil," if I may use our fine colloquial phrase, he comes out by substituting for that text the words, "In the beginning was the act." That is the sum and substance of the whole thing. Do we mean smoke and dust in life, or do we mean the Holy Spirit?

Well, here you have a sane, sound, unprejudiced woman, who, by what you like to call accident, cannot see anything. By a similar accident, she cannot hear anything. In the eternal controversy between the Word and the Fact she cannot see the written word in the stars, in the ocean, in the green grass, in the violet or the dandelion. She cannot hear the spoken word in the song of the blue-bird or the cricket or the peep-frog or the thunder or the surf on the shore. But none the less she does know what is the omnipotence of God, what is the Infinite range of Hope, and what is Faith in the unseen. And she has found out on the island where she lives what is the practice of Optimism.

"If I should try to say anew the creed of the optimist, I should say something like this: 'I believe in God, I believe in man, I believe in the power of the spirit. I believe it is a sacred duty to encourage ourselves and others; to hold the tongue from any unhappy word against God's world, because no man has any right to complain of a universe which God made good, and which thousands of men have striven to keep good. I believe we should so act that we may draw nearer and more near the age when no man shall live at his ease while another suffers.'"

# THE JOYS OF SMALL BOAT SAILING

BY WILLIAM FREDERICK DIX



A RACE OF "ONE DESIGN" BOATS OF THE KNOCKABOUT TYPE

I KNOW a shining waterway, not too far from town to be easily reached

"When the old spring fret comes o'er you  
And the gods make their medicine again,"  
where the white sails sparkle above the blue water, and where the breeze comes racing in from the ocean moist and salt, or drifting seaward, sweet with the perfume stolen from the pine forests as it passed through them. Sea breeze or land breeze, it is all the same to me so long as it swells the sail and tautens the dripping sheet-rope, for it blows the cobwebs from my brain and lets in the sunshine. Sea breeze or land breeze, sunlight or starlight, it is always beautiful. The low shores are clad with dense forests and dotted here and there with pretty summer homes and hotels. Down by the sea great areas of salt marsh stretch away on each side of the inlet, yellow, green by day, trackless, unlighted wastes by night. Further away from the sea the bay curves gently to the westward, and six or eight miles up the wooded shores are the homes only of the heron and the fish-hawk. No high hills

shut out the wind, and it is rarely that the ripples are not racing across the water.

Some say that the fishing at the inlet is excellent, but whether they catch minnows or whales I cannot say, for I have never had time to fish there. Some go down with guns and canvas coats and lie among the salt marshes at dawn waiting for wild ducks; but I always sail so late at night under the stars or the moon that I cannot get up so early. I have even heard of golf links and tennis courts somewhere along the shore, and of good roads near by for motoring, but of these I am ignorant, for I have a twenty-foot catboat, there are only twenty-four hours in the day, and I must sleep a little!

In the attic of a certain little hotel standing by the water's edge I keep a satchel of old clothes, and as they are packed away damp and salt-savored in the autumn, they are perhaps somewhat more wrinkled every spring; but the crabber, as he wades waist-deep in the water, towing his skiff behind him, recognizes me at once in them.

"Hello, Will!" he sings out; "daown again, are ye?"



CLOSE-HAULED AND A WHOLE-SAIL BREEZE





"A GENTLE BREEZE AND A BLUE SKY"

"Hello, Ollie! how's crabbing this year?"

"Fair. Nice breeze o' wind to-day."  
I luff up toward him.

"I see ye hain't forgot that there ketch I learned ye when ye was a boy," he remarks, noting expertly the details of the rigging.

"No," I say, "it's the best halyard fastening I ever saw."

And indeed it is. The halyards pass through pulley-wheels fastened to the deck at the foot of the mast, then run aft a few feet to the cock-pit coping where the cleats are screwed. Instead of winding them in the usual way, diagonally about these, I bring the line down the left side of the cleat, around the rear end, forward along the right side, around the front end, then over the top diagonally to the rear and around that end, then forward and loop it under the taut line lying along the left of the cleat. The fastening is perfectly secure, for the more strain on the halyard the faster it binds; yet one sharp pull on the slack end, which you can carry aft to the tiller, releases the halyards at once. This is especially useful with the peak halyard

when you are alone in the boat, and allows you to lower the peak and relieve the strain upon the sail when you are running before a stiff wind. You need never have a balloon jibe with this catch, even if your halyard cleats are forward—and the halyards are much less in the way when they are forward. It sounds complicated on paper, but so do Ruskin's directions in architecture in his "Mornings in Florence," while in reality they are quite simple when you put them in practice.

Do you know what a balloon jibe is, by the way? You may have sailed a catboat for many years and never had one. It is entirely different from the common or garden variety, which is most useful in light winds when you want to get around the race-buoy in a hurry or round up to a pier, and with which every small boat sailor is familiar.

A balloon jibe can occur only when you are sailing straight before a strong wind, with perhaps an occasional extra heavy puff, and when your peak is high and your boom light. The wind then pours so heavily into the center of the sail that it bellies out and raises the



"A CERTAIN LITTLE HOTEL STANDING BY THE WATER'S EDGE"

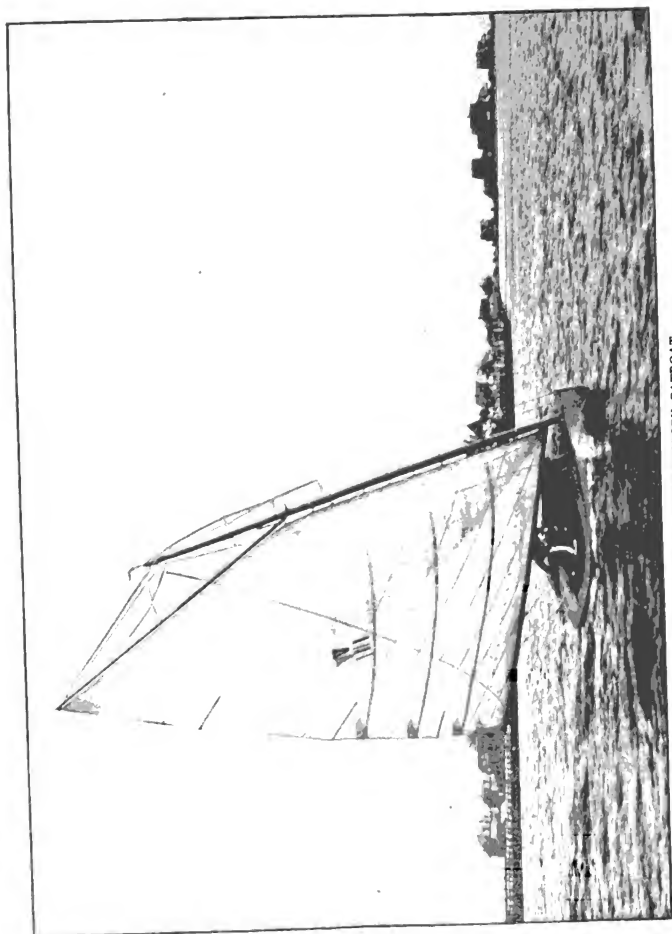
boom up. Should you neglect to ease up sharply or lower your peak considerably, the boom will rise with sickening suddenness, then dip into the water, then, as the boat rocks heavily to port and then to starboard, the end of the boom rises straight up into the air, and sail, boom, sheet-rope, and all wrap themselves about the mast, and you are hopelessly shipwrecked. The only thing to do is to pole or be towed to the nearest shore, shin up the mast, unrig the hal-yards, get the sail down, and rig her anew amid the jeers of unsympathetic fellow-sailormen. I will confess that I had a balloon jibe once, and the subject is too painful for me to dwell longer upon it.

The catboat is the swallow of small sailboats; it flashes and flies about under perfect control, beating up easily into the wind, flying lightly before it, darting hither and yon with graceful ease. It sails closer to the wind than a sloop-rigged boat, pokes its nose straight up to the pier with no bowsprit to punch into any one who might be standing upon it, and needs no extra hand alternately to loosen and belay the jib-halyards. With

a deep centerboard and a few easily changed gravel-bags of ballast, one may sail alone in her without help in a stiff breeze, and toss her into and out of the wind with light touches on the tiller. A centerboard catboat of eighteen or twenty or twenty-two feet in length on the water-line can sail in a few inches of water, yet stand considerable sea, even without a cabin—that is, considerable sea for sheltered waters. When the white-caps dance across the bay, and the shores have no high hills upon them to conjure up sudden puffs and gusts, you can reef her down to the third line of reefing-points, sit up on the windward gun'l', take your drenching of spray in the spirit of sport, watch the foam swirl along the lee scuppers, and sing aloud in sheer ecstasy, matching your wits against the weather, and jam her into the wind to the last point.

With a gentle breeze and a blue sky you can loaf along in the sunshine, occupied just enough physically and mentally to enjoy to the full your holiday. But, best of all, when the stars are out and a thin crescent moon hangs in the sky, when the shore lines fade away and are





A TYPICAL NEW JERSEY CATBOAT

lost in the night, when the evening wind lags lazily in from the sea, when some one aboard with you takes the guitar out from its green case and a sweet soprano voice rises to its accompaniment, then, ah! then comes to you, as you sit dreamily in the stern, with the tiller gently pushing against your hand, the idyllic charm of small boat sailing.

A faint chug-chugging comes to your ears across the water and your nostrils are insulted with a whiff of gasoline, a tiny row of yellow lights in the distance announce the presence of a motor-boat, and you feel the same contempt for this sea-going trolley-car that the mariners of the frigates of the forties felt for the first steamships. Pooh! a motor-boat! no delicate science of tacking and running free, no flirting with every passing zephyr, no skillful fencing of wits versus wind there! A motor-boat is all very well if you want to get anywhere, but who wants to get anywhere when you have left the city and business and duties behind you and have come down to this breeze-strewn estuary from the sea? Up river or down river, it makes no difference, so

long as there is a sailing breeze. Mid-day dinner or supper can wait, there is no hurry.

"Lazily swings each canvas fold,

All the sky is a golden glory,

All the sea is shimmering gold.

Ah! the dreamy, tremulous motion!

The long waves come and the long waves go."

Sometimes of a late afternoon we will pack our supper baskets and chafing-dish aboard, sail down to the inlet where, through a narrow channel, the ebb tide pours out through the breakers, camp upon the sandy beach, and watch the sun set behind the woods and the moon rise from the sea. Early in the evening the cool sea breeze awakens, and a little before midnight we up sail and flee homeward before it, skirting the sedges and shoals, occasionally running upon an oyster-bed so sharply that the skipper may have to step overboard and push the boat off into deeper water, finally making for the well-known dark shadow on the shore caused by the great willow-tree which guards the pier.

The careful sailor, when he has others aboard, never makes fast his sheet-rope



POLING OFF FROM THE SHALLOW SHORE

about the cleat so temptingly near his hand under the tiller, but holds it free, no matter how it tugs; for that is his safety-valve, and no matter how hard or unexpected the puff of wind, he can instantly ease the sail simultaneously as he luffs up. It is the inexperienced amateur who takes chances, who makes fast his sheet-ropes or who allows it to lie about under the feet of his passengers, who neglects to keep his eye on the peak when running before the wind. The expert takes no chances; he knows that the catboat is as nervous as a race-horse, with mettle quite as fine, that it is gentle and easily guided by the skilled hand, but will take instant advantage of any unwariness. This is what makes the art of small boat sailing one of the most delicate and fascinating in the world; and he who has learned the art, through years of experience and patience and study, whose judgment is lightning quick and accurate, whose muscles and actions

respond instinctively to every situation, will find a joy in the sport that cannot be told of in words.

Yes, I know a shining waterway girt by green-clad shores, where a certain modest little craft with white sides and shining brass and woodwork awaits me. We are the best of friends, we two, and when the spice of spring fragrance fills the air, and the old spring fret comes o'er me, I think longingly of that satchel of old clothes lying in the dark attic, of a certain little pier, of Ollie crabbing waist-deep in the water, of old 'Gene, the draw-tender at the bridge, and of Cap'n Bart, who has just written me that he must rig a new toppinglift for me; and I hum to myself the immoral refrain,

"When joy and duty clash,  
Let the duty go to smash!"

And strong indeed must be the impediment that keeps me from a week-end with tiller and sheet-rope.



"AND JAM HER UP INTO THE WIND TO THE LAST POINT"

# THE HARVARD-YALE RACES

## BY ROGER ALDEN DERBY



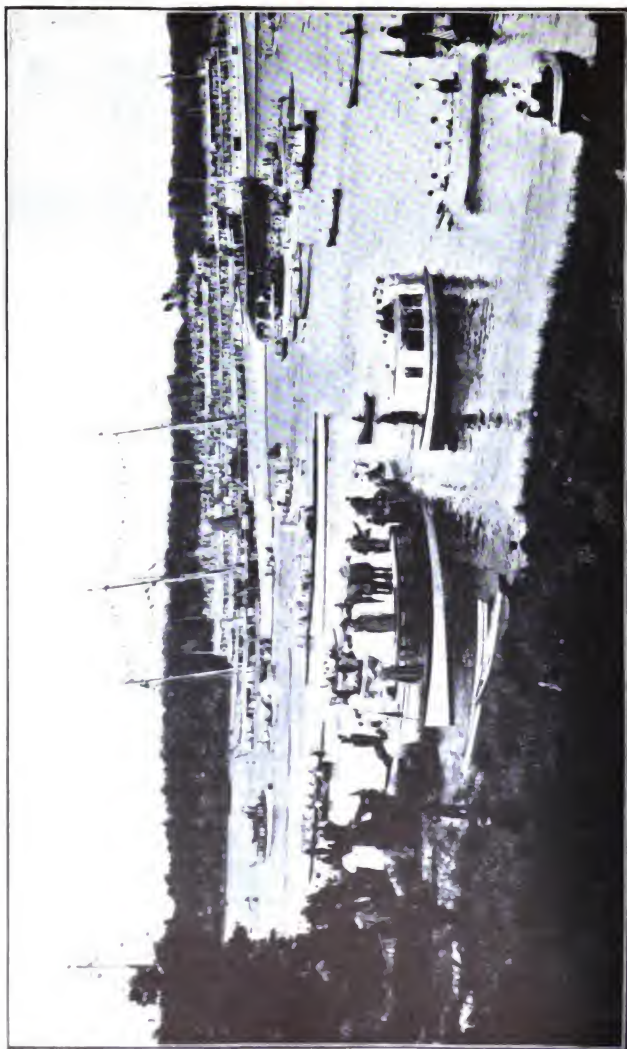
THE START OF A FRESHMAN RACE

**T**HOUGH Harvard and Yale have rowed against each other ever since 1852, their first dual contest on the Thames at New London was held in the spring of the year 1878. Before that time their races had been more or less sporadic, since the two Universities met at different places and in the company of many other crews, these regattas being held under the auspices of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association. The first race was rowed at Center Harbor on Lake Winnepiseogee, and the succeeding ones at Worcester on Lake Quinsigamond, at Springfield on the Connecticut River, at Boston on the Charles River, and on Lake Saratoga. The Thames was finally chosen because of its great natural beauty, its suitability as a race-course for two crews, and the fact that it lies approximately half-way between Cambridge and New Haven. As a course for more than two crews it has not proved altogether satisfactory, though this experiment has on several occasions been tried.

Since 1878 twenty-six races have been rowed over the four mile course, of which

Yale has won eighteen and Harvard eight. The fastest time on record is 20 minutes 10 seconds, made by Yale in 1888; and fortunately so far there has never been a tie race in the University eight-oar contests. It is now the custom to row three races on regatta day—a freshman eight-oar race of two miles, a University coxswain four-oar race of two miles, and a University eight-oar race of four miles. The river is broad, with the exception of a few places, is fairly deep, and though its surface can occasionally become extremely rough, the many coves and sheltered reaches afford, on the stormiest days, some chance for practice. From the banks, which are covered with thick verdant foliage, the land rises gradually to the rolling farming country beyond, in which nestle peaceful New England homesteads.

The Harvard quarters and boat-house are on the east bank of the river, just four miles above the railway drawbridge which spans the Thames at New London. The freshman quarters, which were formerly used by the University crew, consist of a cottage built on a low plateau



JUST AFTER THE FINISH OF THE 1905 UNIVERSITY RACE: YALE LAUNCH PICKING UP THE VICTORIOUS YALE CREW

near the river bank—it and the entire surrounding locality being known as Red Top. The University crew is now quartered in a group of cottages about half a mile back of Red Top on higher land, which has the advantage of a healthier position. The Yale quarters are in the town of Gales Ferry, a mile farther up stream on the same bank. Formerly a large native house was used, but two years ago, through the generosity of one of their graduates, the crew was presented with a splendid up-to-date building with a dormitory, comfortable living-rooms, and shower-baths. This new building overlooks the river, and has the advantage of permanency, though its location in the town itself is hardly as pleasant as the more rustic surroundings of the Harvard quarters.

Towards the end of the first week in June preparations are made for the reception of the crews, and it is not an easy matter to have everything in such good working order that when the men arrive there will be no break in their work. A day or two before the appointed time the staff of servants is sent down, and they begin to clean and scrub the rooms and

put the unused ranges into working order. They are supervised by the crew manager, a tireless individual who has left more to be done at the last minute than he should, and is reaping his reward in nervous worry. Perhaps the captain is a bit of a martinet, in which case, if things do not go right, the manager will be held responsible and made the scapegoat for the sins of the entire staff. There are a thousand and one little affairs for him to attend to, from counting the bed linen to arranging with a French-speaking chef the menu for the evening meal, as he scuffles about, straw hat on the back of his head, collar fast melting, and pockets stuffed with countless sheets of paper. Down in the boat-house the riggers are hard at work unloading the shells from the baggage-car in which they have traveled from Boston or New Haven, and putting them on their proper racks. The engineer of the launch is shoveling coal on to his fires and swearing quietly to himself because the manager has lent a deaf ear to the two or three simple wishes he has been harping on all winter. How can he be expected to keep the launch in good



HARVARD STUDY TENTS WITH STUDENTS WORKING FOR EXAMINATIONS



condition when the end of the pier is covered with rusty nails that scratch the clean white paint off her sides, and, what is more, the quality of the coal given him is enough to drive the firemen of a six-knot tramp steamer into an attack of melancholia?—of course he has a race in mind with the rival launch, but he keeps that plan strictly to himself. Before the exhausted manager has half his work done, the crew blows in, boisterous and jubilant, and proceeds to make his life miserable with criticisms and demands that are purposely impossible. But the

Suppose one were to row a time trial. At the start, sitting on the bank, would be a peaceful and rural-looking Yankee farmer, square-bearded and togged out in a broad straw hat and dust-colored clothes. He might be fishing, or he might be merely watching these "gold-darn college boys" row, but in the palm of his hand there would be a very accurate and expensive stop-watch. Immediately that the crew started he would jump to his feet, pull a red bandanna handkerchief out of his pocket and wave it in the air. Half a mile farther down



AN OBSERVATION TRAIN

boats are rigged and the captain orders the men dressed in half an hour for a row, so they leave the manager for a few moments' peace and tumble off to their rooms to unpack and make tidy.

The first appearance of either crew on the river always excites the most intense interest on the part of the other, and the first impression, whether favorable or otherwise, affords ground for much speculation and discussion. Years ago, when the feeling between the crews was not as good as it now is and there was a tendency to screen the performances of one from the other, innumerable dodges were used for the purpose of spying.

the river would be a coy and buxom young woman clad in a bright calico dress and wearing a sunbonnet tied demurely under her chin. When the crew passed she would likewise jump to her feet, wave another red bandanna, and dash off through the scrub in a most athletic and unfeminine manner. So on down to the finish of the course, these simple farmer folk, spaced regularly every half-mile, would suddenly evince the keenest interest in the racing crew, and eventually know, to a fraction of a second, in a clear and concise way, exactly how long it took to cover the whole distance or any fraction of it.

Nowadays the substitutes and freshmen have something better to do, and either crew is privileged to follow the other over the course during a trial and snap as many watches on them as they please. The Harvard crew invites the Yale crew to watch its rowing from the launch John Harvard, and the Yale crew returns the compliment with the Elihu Yale—in fact, an attitude of friendly, generous rivalry has taken the place of the foolish animosity so prevalent in the years gone by.

The life of the men at New London,

and dress when this exercise is over, if one may call getting into a soft shirt, sweater, and flannel trousers dressing, and immediately sit down to a substantial breakfast. Usually, just after breakfast, the managers, who have arisen at the unhappy hour of six and gone to New London to shop and to get the mail, return, and the men put in a busy hour with their letters. By nine we find them trooping down to the boat-house for the morning row, which is never very long or severe. It generally consists of a stretch of paddling, say a mile up or



AN OBSERVATION BOAT

for the short time that it lasts, is nearly ideally healthy and pleasant. Of course there is work and serious work to be done, but there is also a great deal of recreation of the most wholesome kind. The hours are naturally very strict and the discipline rigid. As a general rule, the men rise at 7:30 A.M., and immediately go for a walk of a half-mile through some wooded path or across the fields, breaking into a smart run as they approach the quarters again. It is a motley throng, clad in pajamas, nightshirts, and jerseys, that turns out at this early hour each morning, but at all events a very hale and hearty one. The men wash

down stream and return. During the examination period it is made rather short, so that the men can be back at their studies in time to finish a three-hour test before 1:30 P.M. Lunch is a rather quiet meal, for the hard afternoon's work with its many troubles and woes is before the crew. On the days when a time trial is to be rowed the men are inclined to be nervous and show it perceptibly by their actions, though after the meal is over they will very likely fall asleep and not wake until called. At the Harvard quarters scrub baseball used to be a most popular game in the early afternoon, but since a captain and





"RED TOP," HARVARD QUARTERS

stroke of one of the recent crews broke a bone in his ankle a few days before the race while engaged in this sport, it has been placed under a ban. As a rule, the men get quite enough exercise during the day to be content with cards and games of less physical and more mental exertion. Chess, checkers, and bridge serve to while away the hours that hang heavy on their hands. After the evening row the men take their bath and get ready for dinner, which never seems to come too soon. On the whole, the dinner is a cheerful meal, though it is to a certain extent affected by the work, good or bad, the crew did during the afternoon, and also by the time the rival crew may have made over the course. Perhaps there are several differences of opinion as to what this time really was, and then begins a most glorious discussion, with the pessimists on one side and the optimists on the other. The optimists usually win, for they drag up various explanations for a fast performance that the pessimists really want to believe in and eventually do. For instance, the optimists point out that there was a very strong wind blowing down the course; nobody can deny that; and then the recent rain has made the river current much faster to-day than it was "when we rowed the course last Thursday"—and so on until it is satisfactorily explained and all are happy

again. There always seems to be somebody on a crew who can play the piano well, especially so after each man has had his allowance of ale and dinner is over. Then is the time that Tom, Dick, or Harry is put down on the piano-stool and made to perform, while the others either sing or sit around and listen until the captain shouts "Bedtime!" and the shop is shut.

Thus we have completed a day with crews at New London, which, with a few variations, corresponds pretty much to what really happens. Of course during the examination period things do not run quite as smoothly, for there is considerable worry and strain on the men's minds. The spare hours of the day are given up to study, and there is little opportunity for fun and amusement, but when these are over everybody heaves a sigh of relief and sets about to have a good time.

Each year it is customary for the two crews to exchange calls; one year the Harvard crew journeys to Gales Ferry, and the next year the Yale crew journeys to Red Top. These calls are inclined to be rather stiff, although they are carried out with the best of intentions, and there is a certain element of humor in the unbending formality which attends them. Clad in their best "Sunday-go-to-meeting" blazers and uniforms, the visiting crew tramps up to its rival's camp. They are received with the



THE NEW YALE QUARTERS, GALES FERRY

utmost dignity, and immediately the ball of conversation is started rolling, touching everything, from the weather to the condition of the countryside, until it inevitably falls on rowing. Briefness on these occasions is considered a cardinal virtue, for they only serve to introduce the men to each other and break the ice; as a matter of fact, many of the members of the two crews are old schoolmates and friends, so that in the evenings much informal visiting is carried on between Gales Ferry and Red Top. Bedtime for the crew is the hour when the managers are widest awake and looking for trouble. Not content with having to get up at six o'clock in the morning, they must needs occasionally spend the whole night on a coon hunt. Somebody brings a good dog down, and if the moon is shining and he finds a trail, the fun begins—back across the country and through the woods until the coon is treed or the trail lost. On Sunday the laws of the Sabbath are strictly observed, in that rowing is suspended. The more religious men attend church at New London in the morning, while others, courteously termed open-air worshipers, spend the forenoon on the water in a canoe with a book. Often some graduate or friend brings his yacht up river and takes the crews for a run down the Sound, while they lie around the decks and find relaxation in the cool salt breezes.

As the annual Harvard-Yale baseball games are played before the boat race is rowed, the returns from them are sent over the wire to the quarters. The crew of whichever University wins celebrates the victory after dinner by a bonfire and many and brilliant fireworks, always (if not intentionally, at least very evidently) visible to the losing camp. On several occasions some very ardent freshman-substitutes have seen fit to drive the victory further home by making a clandestine expedition in the small hours of the morning to their rival's boat-house and painting the score up in large letters along the side of the building. This, of course, calls forth much indignation from both sides, apologies are in order, and the over-ardent youngsters are made to go and wash out their indiscretions with turpentine.

As race day approaches things take on a more interesting and lively appearance. Graduates arrive to size up the situation and see if the crews are doing the trick the way they used to do it thirty years ago. The omnipresent official photographers and newspaper men haunt the boat-houses and endeavor to catch a characteristic group. Yachts begin to enter the lower harbor, and those belonging to privileged friends sail up the river and anchor in the stream. It has been customary for the past two or three years to hold a graduates' eight-

oar race on the day before the University contest; and last year Mr. Graves, of Yale, gave a handsome cup to be raced for annually by these crews. The event causes the greatest enthusiasm and merriment, largely because the crews are constituted of men whose names one could conjure with on the river years back, but who have, however, rather lost in the meantime their once perfect physical condition.

The race is but a half-mile—quite far enough, to be sure—and they are a blown and tired pair of crews when they let her run after this short dash. The University crews follow in the launches and make bets across the water before the start; then a regularly appointed referee gives his instructions, fires a pistol, and away the eights go, with the water flying and the coxswains yelling. Backs are jumping on and legs are driving home with a spirit of the old-time rivalry suddenly awakened, and memories of famous contests fought over the same water come back to the struggling oarsmen. It is always a close race and a heart-rending finish, for the winning crew never seems to get in more than a few feet ahead.

The freshman four-oar race is held on

the same day, and also excites a great deal of interest, it, as well as the graduates' race, being regarded as a significant omen. If Yale wins, the Harvard University four figure out the result of their coming race with the Yale four as follows: "Well, we could always beat our freshmen four, five lengths in a mile, and Yale could never beat hers more than three. Their freshman four only beat our freshman four half a length in a mile, or a length in two miles, so after all we are one length better than Yale." The reverse is deduced if Yale wins; so, unless the omen is a satisfactory one, it is disregarded.

But now look at the river. Down the middle of the stream are two long, narrow lanes marked every half-mile by three tall poles driven into the river bed; the pole in the center flies a white flag, and those on either side a red and a blue. They lead straight to the draw of the railway bridge, which seems like a toy, with a toy train crawling over it, four miles away. From the navy-yard, half the distance to the finish, yachts of every description are anchored. Steamers, schooners, sloops, catboats, houseboats, and yawls are massed together as near



THE HARVARD 1906 UNIVERSITY CREW JUST STARTING FOR A PULL DOWN THE RIVER

the lanes as they can safely get, while the draw is continually opening and letting more up. In the lower harbor are apparently even a greater number waiting their turn to ascend and obtain a good position. A fast, low-lying automobile boat races up the lane, filled with collegians who are eager to say a word of encouragement to their friends at the quarters and to find out the inside opinions as to to-morrow's results. The oarsmen gaze down this long course and imagine many and beautiful things. How glorious it would be to sweep along those last two miles ahead, with the cannon booming and the whistles shrieking victory! how glorious to glide under the drawbridge winners, and let her run after the fierce struggle! But these thoughts are driven from the dreamers' mind by the captain's voice calling the men to dress for their last practice spin, and the stern reality of to-morrow's race is again brought home.

Down at the Pequot House on the night before the race is a scene of gaiety and revelry beyond description. The river itself fairly sparkles with the lights of the yachts and the little green and red glows of the buzzing launches

as they steal back and forth or make a landing at the Pequot pier. Approaching the porch of the hotel, one hears the strains of a brass band playing college airs, and when closer the hum of numberless voices. In the corridors and piazzas are the wives, mothers, sisters, and sweethearts of every Harvard or Yale man one ever knew. In fact, the men are there themselves, arguing, discussing, and hailing friends they have not seen for years, all intent on one topic, the coming race. In a corner are two dignified old gentlemen, talking very quietly but decidedly.

"Well, Jim," says one, leaning against the wall, "it's a curious thing that our boys should be racing against each other to-morrow, exactly as we did ourselves at Worcester in '69. Only we are going to beat you this time!"

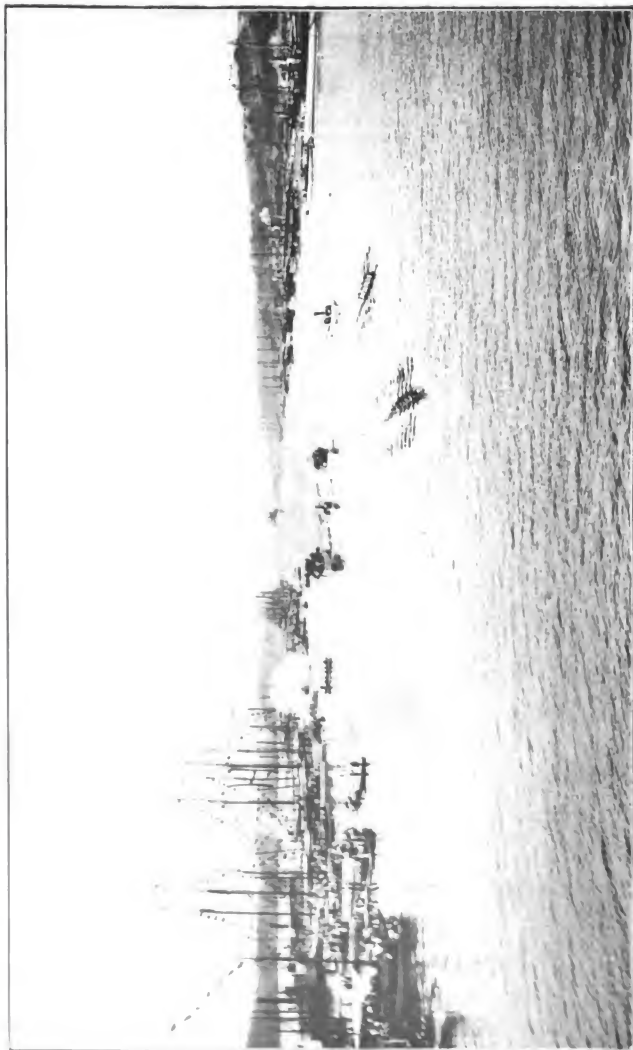
So here are two men to whom the traditions of Harvard-Yale boat races mean something very near and dear. Their friendship was cemented by battling against each other forty years ago. And to-morrow their sons are to try their worth over the grueling, heartbreaking four miles.

Six miles up the river, at the rival



THE YALE LAUNCH

The coach trains his crew in action



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FINISH OF THE HARVARD-YALE UNIVERSITY RACE, 1906

The winning Harvard boat slightly in the lead

quarters, this momentous evening is being spent in a different way. What a contrast to the brilliant lights, music, and crowds of laughing, excited people is the scene in the living-rooms at Red Top or Gales Ferry! Faces are a little drawn and sober here, and occasionally a yawn or two shows the real state of the men's feelings. All is quiet, there is no attempt at forced gayety or noise; these well-trained animals appear to be conserving every effort for the great contest. The race is not referred to, but it is uppermost in all of their minds.

The sun has just reached its zenith and is beating down pitilessly on the smooth river; not a breath of air is stirring. One can see the heat rising from the ground along the river banks, and the railway bridge, four miles down stream, is slightly miraged and raised above the horizon line. The innumerable flags of the yachts that have dressed ship, and those which mark the lanes, hang limply in the listless air. Up the course comes the speedy, white Regatta Committee boat, followed by the trim Referee's boat, directly headed for Red Top. They are returning from their last inspection of the course, and are now to call the crews out. Like two long snakes, one on either bank, the observation trains, veritable kaleidoscopes of color, twist and bend as they make their way up river. Gradually they draw nearer, and, with a clanking of brakes, come to a halt opposite the starting line. Each is a series of miniature grand stands filled with eager, expectant men and women. It is a wonderfully nice crowd, this; one feels as if everybody in each train knew and liked everybody else, they look so fresh and happy and pleased with life. After all said and done, rowing does draw the best people to watch its contests, and at no time does the eminent respectability of the New London regatta strike home so hard as when these sociable observation trains, with their Harvard and Yale cars intermixed, come to a halt before the University Race. The Regatta Committee boat, which slowed down for a moment to megaphone to the Harvard quarters, has gone on to Gales Ferry, and now from under the

point the long, slim nose of a shell shoots out. The backs of the men follow, and then the Yale crew glides along without a splash, like a beautiful piece of oiled machinery. At this first sight of their crew the Yale cars break loose into resounding cheers, and back and forth across the river echoes the well measured beat of their "Brek-kek-koex." With even step the Harvard crew march out of their boat-house carrying the light shell down to the float, where they toss her deftly in the air and drop her into the water. In a few moments they have shoved off and are pulling away to join Yale at the start. Now is the time for the Harvard cars to cheer, when they see the power and evenness of their crew and the long, easy swing of the eight bodies as they lift her along.

Both shells are in line at the start, the Referee's craft has steamed up behind, and the Referee himself can be seen, standing in the bow, giving his last instructions through a megaphone.

"Are you ready?" He lowers the megaphone and raises his arm. Bang! They're off!

The trains lurch forward, and the intense spectators lean out to discover who is ahead. Some cry "Harvard," others "Yale," but it is impossible to tell; both appear absolutely even.

The splashing of the first few strokes after the start has subsided, and they have settled down to their four-mile gait—the long, grueling stroke at the pace that kills.

Past the flags they shoot, eating up the course mercilessly, half-mile after half-mile, yet those sixteen bodies are swinging true and together, and the oars go in and out with never a ripple. Like mere automatons they speed along; from the observation train one can notice no sign of fag or break in either boat; it seems as if they could keep up that easy, rhythmical pace forever.

It's a glorious race! This fact at last crosses the minds of the spectators who, after being disappointed that the crew they favored did not take the lead, now appreciate the splendid scene. The red and blue oars still flash regularly, and the sunburnt backs heave, side by side.

They have passed the navy-yard, but

no change. The yachts begin to blow their whistles, and cannon roar out encouragement. The noise becomes deafening, but yet in all this tumult those two slender shells move evenly along through the narrow lanes.

Two miles and a half! Three miles! Still no change. The tumult increases, and only occasional glimpses of the crews can now be caught, for the train is going behind some wretched buildings to emerge later and cross the drawbridge.

For a moment the spectators lean back, and a few close their eyes as if dreading the resulting sight. It is an awful moment; anything might happen in this brief time—an oar break or a man collapse.

But the river again and the gliding shells. One is ahead and is increasing its lead! The backs of the leading crew fly on harder at the beginning, and the oars flash faster through the air. In the losing shell there are signs of collapse. Two of the men are swinging badly out of the boat, and the life of the crew is gone; the oars beat the water on the recover, and the time is passed up from stroke to bow with several breaks. For the first time the crew appears to be human, and not a mere machine.

A flag drops through the air by the rail of the judges' boat, and the winning

shell darts under the bridge—a length of open water ahead.

Pandemonium breaks loose from every cannon, whistle, and human throat within a radius of two miles. All honor to the victors, and also to the vanquished, who made such a magnificent fight.

What matters it which won—Harvard or Yale—the sport's the thing, and that was glorious! To the excited partisan, who waves his hat and roars his throat hoarse in the observation train, perhaps flaunting victory rather too obviously before the eyes of the defeated, what better lesson in true sportsmanship could be taught than the action of the winning crew after it has ceased rowing? The captain raises his hand, and leads a cheer for the losers, which his exhausted men make a final effort to give handsomely.

And this, then, is the moral of New London, the true essence of good sport: to win fairly, to win decisively, and to be magnanimous. No deception, no trickery, and but little luck can decide the outcome of a boat race—true worth is the sole criterion. Whoever wants his blood to run faster than it does in the ordinary humdrum course of the day's work, whoever wants the nobler instincts of his nature to be appealed to, could do far worse than buy a seat in the observation train and witness a Harvard-Yale boat race at New London.



# FISHING

BY ALFRED L. DONALDSON

Do you know the charm of fishing on the lake,  
With the rod that's lithe and limber,  
In the shadow of tall timber,  
And the pools of gloom that setting suns forsake?

Do you know the hush of trolling for the pike,  
Through the waters softly gliding  
And in peace and hope abiding—  
The tingle that foregathers with a strike?

Do you know the fret of feeling for big trout  
In deep caverns dark and hollow,  
'Till you feel the sudden wallow  
Of the monster as he strikes and goes about?

Do you know the pride of landing twenty pounds—  
The moments tense with feeling  
As you slowly keep on reeling,  
And the mind foretells the story that astounds?

Do you know the wistful waiting for a bite,  
Till the sun grows low and mellow,  
And at last, above the yellow,  
You perceive a limpid lantern of the night?

Do you know the spell that fishing really weaves  
Is the pause it gives to thinking,  
And the way it takes of linking  
The soul of man to water, clouds, and leaves?

Have you heard the shore-born breezes as they break  
Into lisps soft and winning,  
Like far distant mandolining,  
Drifting down the rippling reaches of the lake?

Has the thought of crowded cities crossed your mind,  
Where the tired ones are panting,  
While the sunset gleams are slanting  
Down behind yon solemn hills so cool and kind?

Then thank God for Izaak Walton and his book—  
For to him first came the vision,  
In this Vale of Indecision,  
How to solve this life's equation with a hook.



# CREATIVE AMERICANS

## TWO LEADERS IN SURGERY

BY WILFRED T. GRENFELL, M D., C.M.G.

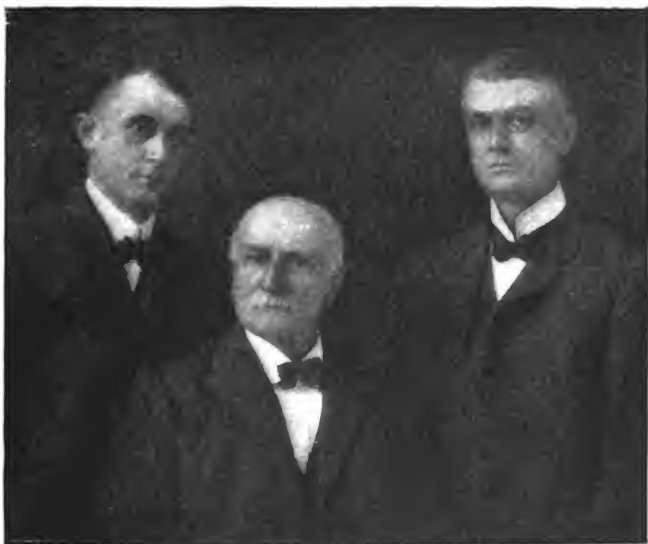
IT has been a difficult task for The Outlook to gather the information which is presented in this introduction and in Dr. Grenfell's article. The ethical principles which govern the medical and surgical profession are such that an article of this kind approaches dangerously near the edge of the legitimate. The Outlook wishes to make it plain, therefore, that it assumes entire responsibility for the publication of this article. Neither of the famous surgeons whose work and spirit it interprets had any knowledge that it was in preparation. The Outlook has taken every possible precaution that neither they nor any of their coadjutors should so much as suspect its publication in advance of its appearance in these columns. In obtaining the information here given we have not been guilty of larceny; but we have had to engage in acts of surreptitious character. An acquaintance of the brothers has informed us that procuring a photograph of them is a cardinal offense! It should be added that the picture reproduced herewith was honorably, though strategically, acquired. Aversion to publicity is the salt of the medical and surgical profession, and the two brothers who form the subject of the article are imbued with this quality; they are distinguished, as it were, by their avoidance of public distinction. Although they are two of the greatest surgeons in the world, their names do not even appear in either of those records of notabilities, "Who's Who" or "Who's Who in America." They will not, we fear, altogether welcome this occasion of figuring in a public print. The Outlook, therefore, extends to them its apology for any offense it may have committed in this act.

There are some men, however, who by virtue of their very genius are, so to speak, in some degree public property. They cannot, and it is not right that they should, remain in seclusion. No man, least of all any man of public spirit and human feeling, can live unto himself, or even unto his profession. What the Drs. Mayo have accomplished, America, in a very real sense, has accomplished. They are representatives, types, of the American people from whom they have sprung. It is right and just that the people of this country should know what their own land has achieved in surgery, as well as in art or engineering or education or any other department of life. It is right and just that the people of this land should know that not only in art and engineering and education, but also in surgery, men have arisen who are worthy to be called creative Americans.

The great clinic of which these two surgeons are at the head is not the product of an ambition, except the ambition for perfect work. It began humbly; and if it is, as it has been called, the greatest clinic in the world, it has become so simply because it could not remain obscure.

One August, a number of years ago, the little city of Rochester, Minnesota, was visited by a tornado which killed twenty-five persons and injured one hundred. At this time, in a temporarily arranged hospital, Dr. William W. Mayo, the father of the two surgeons here described, was a prominent worker. It was at this time, it is said, that his idea of building a hospital in Rochester originated. Now, at the age of eighty-six, he is physically and mentally active. He is consulting surgeon of the hospital.

His sons grew to young manhood on a farm on the borders of the town. They were not regarded as prodigies. Their education, so far as their instruction in



THE FATHER, DR. W. W. MAYO, AND HIS TWO DISTINGUISHED SONS,  
DR. C. H. MAYO ON HIS RIGHT HAND, AND DR. W. J. MAYO ON HIS LEFT

school was concerned, was not extended. They did not even complete the high school course in the town. Each was employed in a local drug-store. They became physicians because they inherited, or acquired, a natural taste for the profession from their father. William J. Mayo became a graduate of the Medical Department of the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor; his brother, Charles H. Mayo, took his medical course in the Chicago Medical College, now the Medical School of Northwestern University. The Roman Catholic Sisters of St. Francis have their Motherhouse in the city. Dr. W. W. Mayo persuaded the Mother Superior of the advantages of building a hospital there. His sons, upon graduating from their medical schools, very naturally became the surgeons of the hospital. These two country practitioners did not undertake to found any great institution; but, partly because there were not many hospitals in the region, as there are now, partly because the patients who came to them were of a hardy stock, but mostly, we must believe in the light of their continued success, because of their skill and the conscientious use which they made of it, they soon established a reputation for St. Mary's Hospital. The death-rate of the patients in the hospital was so low as to be incredible to Eastern surgeons. They had one advantage over their confrères of any large city: they were not tempted to become specialists. From the outset they had a great variety of cases, and had opportunities to examine, diagnose, and treat almost every kind of surgical ailment. Performing each day an ever-increasing number of operations, seeking always to do a little better than before, they won the confidence of patients and surgeons alike. The scientific student of surgery has doubtless discovered in their great technical skill abundant reason for their success; but the lay observer may not be altogether mistaken if

he is satisfied that he has discovered the reason for their success in their poise, calmness, assurance, thoroughness, and simplicity in all things. Like athletes, they keep in condition for their work.

In contrast to the cases that came to them at first, those which they now treat are to a very great extent matters of life and death. The mortality of the hospital has therefore necessarily increased; but still it is amazingly low. In looking over the Seventeenth Annual Report of the hospital, and examining the tabulated list of surgical operations, one is struck by the smallness and sparseness of the figures in the column headed "Died." In a glance at one of these pages is told a story of happiness and relief that lures the imagination. The hospital was opened on October 1, 1889. During the first year of its existence there were admitted somewhat more than three hundred patients. Last year, 1906, there were admitted just one less than three thousand three hundred, and in addition there were over six hundred out-patients. It is interesting to note that of the total number of patients in this Roman Catholic hospital last year only six hundred and forty-one were Roman Catholics—a less number than those who professed no religion at all. It may be noted in passing, whatever it may signify, that three patients are allotted to Christian Science.

Now we will leave Dr. Grenfell to tell his story. For those who have lately joined the circle of Outlook readers we will merely add that Dr. Grenfell is the medical missionary, surgeon, master mariner, industrial leader, the builder of a new civilization in Labrador, whose work *The Outlook* has several times described.—THE EDITORS.

IT is natural nowadays to expect that the leading and most up-to-date people and things will be found in the great centers of civilized life. If this is true at all, it is doubly true in relation to the learned professions. For in the big cities center all the inducements that would lead the cleverest men to gravitate there. Moreover, once there, the environment itself tends to still further evolve to the utmost limit the natural capacities that men bring with them. In no line of life is this more likely to be true than in the medical profession. For the newest knowledge reaches the cities first. There the schools afford an unequalled mental stimulus to the men who teach the clinics, while constant contact and competition with other leading men make a worker conscious of a searchlight that will without fail reveal any falling behind the march of modern science, as well as the results of any second-rate work. Eminence, moreover, in general surgical work should be the more easily obtained in the city from the fact that for many diseases the public prefer the aid of a specialist, and thereby curtail the field of work.

In professional circles, to go into country practice is almost synonymous

with "going to vegetate," so far as modern surgery is concerned.

It struck me as strange, then, that when standing one day in the ornate operating theater, built and equipped regardless of cost, in one of New York's hospitals, a famous surgeon whose clinic I was attending asked me whether I had been to Rochester, in Minnesota. On my replying in the negative, he immediately said, "You certainly ought to go there."

On getting out of the train at the small wayside station of Rochester, the very platform of which was so much shorter than the train that I had to descend and walk around the rails to it from the sleeper, I was surprised to be at once accosted by one of a very unusually large number of cabmen with the question, "Do you want to go direct to the hospital?" As my appearance in no way suggested need of medical treatment, I readily guessed that this was only a sample of the whole spirit of Rochester. This soon proved to be the fact, for in the town everything centers around the hospital, and everything in the hospital around its two surgeons, William and Charles Mayo. Naturally, the first thing that arose to my mind was the question, "What is the secret of the fame that

these men have acquired?" What is the advertisement, so to speak, which is causing this little town to be so well known that it has become an attraction to doctors as well as patients all over the world? A well-known surgeon said to me, "Oh, I visit Rochester twice a year, to come away each time with a renewed faith in the capacity of our profession and a new inspiration for the work."

Rochester, Minnesota, is a small country town of about four thousand inhabitants, and until lately has had no place on the map. Besides a camera factory employing about one hundred and fifty hands, agriculture is its sole resource. Yet it has succeeded in becoming a veritable Mecca for all the greatest exponents of the art of *Æsculapius*. A large hotel has grown up here, an entirely exotic growth, solely to accommodate the large number of visitors. These, it must be remembered, are not derived from an unreasoning, or a possibly false-reasoning or misinformed, general public. Among the names in the visitors' book lying on the table of the large, comfortable "Surgeons' Club" room are enrolled many of the most famous surgeons of the twentieth century. From Berlin, Vienna, Paris, and London, from New York to San Francisco, from the Philippines to New Zealand and Australia, medical men have traveled all the way to this country village to watch the work of these two "country doctors." There are never less than twenty, and often as many as fifty—a veritable corps of visiting surgeons—who every afternoon the whole year round gather to discuss the work done morning after morning by these men. This is no American Lourdes, this is no Christian Science fad. The work of these men appeals to the reason of the most educated men of the most enlightened profession. Moreover, the daily list of major operations for every day in the year averages from fifteen to twenty between breakfast and lunch, the afternoon being devoted to large private clinics. The operations include every kind of work. One can see the work of the abdominal surgeon, the gynecologist, the orthopedic surgeon, the aural specialist, the nose and throat specialist, the

eye specialist. The patients include every year some sixty to eighty members of the medical profession who pin their faith on these men. Indeed, there is an amusing story current that a certain well-known surgeon in New York fell sick. He put up on his door that he was bound for Europe and would not be back for three months; but he had gone to Philadelphia to seek treatment for an internal trouble. On arriving at the city he was disappointed to find a somewhat similar notice on his friend's door, stating that he had "gone West for a holiday." So, disappointed, he went on to Chicago, where he had yet another surgeon friend of world-wide reputation. Strange to say, this man had also left a note to say he had "gone South for a vacation." Hearing here of the work of the Mayo brothers, he decided to go on to Rochester, where he was not a little surprised to find that Dr. Brown had just returned home, that Dr. Jones was in the hospital, and that he himself, Dr. Smith, would be operated on to-morrow. The former were the men he had gone to look up. The afternoon clinic is devoted to seeing patients and giving advice. The crowd in the waiting hall is the nearest thing to a crowd after tickets for a football match that I have ever seen at any similar function. Almost every train that stops at this village station deposits fresh visitors in search of that help which they at least believe can be best obtained in this tiny township—a stream that takes its origin beyond the portals of this great continent. There is here a large hospital of about one hundred and sixty beds, where cases go for operation. It is always so full that, in spite of the comparatively short time patients remain after operation, numerous private nursing homes had to rise up all around, and a much-needed large new sanitarium for convalescents is already nearly finished. Yet, in spite of the great demand, prices charged are so reasonable that the poorest can obtain help there, and I was surprised to find at one of the nursing homes that good and competent attention could be obtained for as low as one dollar a day, including everything. The puzzle to me was what special thing there could be that these men could offer to great surgeons,

and to men in search of post-graduate work, that they should pass by the famous schools in the West, or that could lead medical men to wish to be treated by a country doctor in an obscure village—a country doctor who, by the way, is President of the Medical Association of the entire United States. That there are many causes contributing to this end there can be little doubt, but the main one, at the bottom of all the rest, appeared to be a very simple one, namely, the absolute sincerity and utter singleness of purpose that permeates all that these men do. In almost every walk of life we unconsciously absorb the idea that success is graded by dollars and dimes, and we consider “unremunerative” that which aims at no return in either money or the praise of men. Let us hope insensibly, yet only too naturally, most of us actually do attune the output of our energies and capacities with these ends in view. Even the founder of so pretentiously altruistic a cult as Christian Science has been shown clearly to be guilty of this. One thing that one feels pre-eminently in Rochester is the absence of this. For instance, here is a type of story told me on the spot. A patient, after a most successful operation, was asked if he could afford to pay. He replied in the affirmative. “What is the source of your income?” “I have mortgaged my farm to raise the money.” The check was accepted and the good faith thereby proved. But on returning home the man received a letter which, like the sacks of Joseph’s brothers, contained not only the returned check, but one of a similar amount, as “a trifling help” towards the losses that had accrued to him and his family through his unfortunate illness.

There has never been any crippling of the possibilities of the talents of these two brilliant men by even a moment’s thought of the results. Their ideal is obviously to do the best work—and that only. That the praise of men can never be considered a motive for their work is obvious, or they would long ago have gone to some great city. If they are to receive praise, then it must take to itself wings and go to their village to sit on their heads.

Hanging on the wall of their unpre-

tentious office is a small card, on which are written some such words as these: “If you do one thing better than any one else, if it be only the making of a mouse-trap, the world is sure to tread a path to your door.” The “one thing” of these men is good surgical work in Rochester. In every relation in which one sees them their transparent simplicity and their untiring efforts are always dominant. They are unfettered by any precedent, and they have the characteristic of all great men, the readiness to find out great truths, and then at once and always to throw off old habits and adopt the new ones.

Having no secrets themselves, they are always just as ready to tell to others what they know to be of value, as certain modern pseudo-scientists are to keep it to themselves and make money out of it. This openness characterizes every feature of their work. No clinic I have ever attended offers such facilities to the visiting surgeon to follow the cases after an operation—in Berlin, for instance, it is almost impossible to see them again—and I heard this commented on as a special attraction for students of post-graduate work.

To eliminate errors in diagnosis, certain to occur if they were to attempt to do the work which would serve for the clinics of six ordinary surgeons, the Mayos have built up a primary clinic in which they have engaged to help them as colleagues a group of the best men in their line that can possibly be obtained. Pathologists, electricians, clinicians, chemists, physiologists, and laboratory experts furnish all the details that can possibly be obtained, which accompany the patient when he first appears before the Mayos. The final decision as to what treatment is needed, and the execution of the treatment, alone call for their personal attention. Their absolute honesty in turning down every time those cases which they have the slightest doubt about being able to benefit has earned for them a confidence on the part of those who seek the benefit of their skill which is possibly unexampled.

They have no theories which they need to prove, they have no statistics which they are seeking to expand, and yet these

men are regularly giving to the world all the new truths that their work is capable of demonstrating. From the time a patient enters the first clinic to the end of his natural life, reports of all that concerns him are kept in catalogues, which, as far as possible, are illustrated. In this way no element is lacking, when death at last ends the tale, that might enable them to gauge the entire influence of their work on the whole life of the patient. Often enough published statistics are compiled to favor or discredit some particular work, and the deductions are often erroneous, partly because insufficient time has been allowed to elapse, but still oftener because of failure to take into account the period of invalidism, of incapacity for work following treatment.

A large part of the confidence in these men of their professional brethren, and through them of the general public, is due to their well-recognized care not to be led into such errors. This is one direct result of their absolute singleness of purpose, and of their being entirely free from those influences which so subtly yet so inevitably depreciate the work of so many of us.

It is true that they keep an eye on any promising new work the world over, and one of the brothers is invariably despatched as a kind of special envoy to obtain the new good thing for Rochester. It is true that they show an unusual willingness immediately to acknowledge the superiority of anything that is proved to them, and at once to appreciate it and make it their own, and thus make their clinic (as they say themselves) one continuous post-graduate course which is always at their doors.

Close alongside the operating theater is the pathological laboratory. The instant a case under treatment furnishes a piece of tissue wherewith to confirm diagnosis, a bell summons the attendant pathologist, who in two minutes, by a special process, can furnish the surgeon with the result of his microscopic observations; so that pathology is of use to the

case in question instead of being a guide only for future cases. On some occasions this may be of very great value, and even the millionth part of a chance of improving the work is seized upon without reference to cost.

The Mayos' thoughtfulness for their patients, first, last, and always, is accentuated by such simple facts as that the cabmen can charge only twenty-five cents to drive you to your hotel or to the hospital; that the very strictest economy in treatment is studied, so much so that by improved methods even the use of the bandage is almost eliminated, and with it unnecessary laundry expenses are saved.

In the least possible time, which they have shown to be shorter probably than thought possible anywhere else, patients are urged to leave the hospital for outside nursing homes, the property of other people.

These men are clever men. They have the boldness in execution which comes of complete self-reliance, of unlimited experience, and of unusual ability. They do, as I have said, truly travel frequently, and they have the practice of one or two poorhouses; but the secret of their success lies in the fact that in all they do there are a naturalness and an earnestness which can come only from an entire absence of self-seeking.

Their excellence and greatness do not seem to be especially in any great thing. There are plenty of other surgeons in the profession that I would just as soon have operate on me. I feel sure that personally I should not think it necessary to go to Rochester for treatment, except under special circumstances. It is the small things in every single department that could possibly contribute to the doing of the best work, from the initial diagnosis to the use of the knife, that contribute most to their phenomenal success. Everything, every motive, is subservient absolutely to what will benefit the sick man most. It is the real secret of all success—the obliteration of self—the life that is lived for others.



## THE NEW ENGLAND OF SOUTH AMERICA

BY J. GILBERT VAN METER

A CHILEAN VINEYARD WITH THE ANDES IN THE BACKGROUND

CHILE is the only country in South America that is neither Latin nor negroid. The progressing Argentine, with its vigorous new Italian graft on the old stock, is becoming yearly more and more Latin. The rest of the Southern continent is the turbulent home of half-breeds of varying kinds, of Indians and negroes. The Chileans have few Latin traits. And they have nothing at all in common with the sickly peoples of the tropics; they are a taller, sturdier, whiter race, with the mark of a higher ancestry set visibly upon them.

The Spaniards who conquered the northern half of Chile, and then fought the Araucanians for three hundred years with scarce a pause, were mostly of Germanic blood, the descendants of those who anciently had mastered the greater part of Spain. Very many of them were fair-haired, blue-eyed, and spoke a Spanish roughened with Gothic. And it was these hardier, bolder spirits, withstanding

the allurements of Peruvian gold, who fought for and settled the colder land of Chile, where dwelt Indians of sterner stuff than Incas—a climate bracing and even rigorous—a land hemmed in between mountains of prodigious height and a cold, boisterous sea, unlike the tranquil waters of Peru and Panama.

The free temper of the Chileans was shown in 1811, the first year of their Liberation, when slavery was abolished without compensation to owners by a Senate composed of the slave-owning class. Yet there were never many slaves in Chile, and to-day a black man is a curiosity. The Chilean has escaped the dangerous union with the negro which is the abiding curse of all South America, but a high cheek-bone or a swarthy face sometimes tells of the Indian. And this is often true of the poorer folk. But it is the blood of the Araucanians, who lived in a very restricted area of Chile, and were of a type, a fiber, a mentality unknown in any other breed of Indians,

north or south. They were hard-working beyond the wont of Indians; they were honest, bold, enduring, with a stubborn courage still unsubdued by three centuries of desperate warfare. Of such stock came the parent race of the Chileans. They lived in incessant contest with nature in the mountains and on the sea, hardened by the stern conditions of life and the rigors of Spanish dominion, until one hundred years ago they were already one people, strong, healthy, clean-minded, unspoiled by luxury, and accustomed to work.

During the nineteenth century the development of the nation and the molding of national character were greatly influenced by white immigration; and for South America it was immigration of a remarkable kind. It consisted successively of Americans (chiefly New England Yankees), Englishmen, and Germans. And this immigration was itself remarkable for the rapidity with which it amalgamated with the natives. It is true that the success of the German trader in South America is partly due to his readiness to marry native women, and to become in many respects like a native himself. But Americans and Englishmen hold themselves aloof in a superior way, and among the negroid races of South America, as in the Continental cities of Europe, form self-contained and exclusive colonies, and very rarely intermarry with natives. Yet in Chile this prejudice has never existed, and probably not a single prominent family could be found which does not show an infusion of British or Yankee blood. In spite of many faces that are Spanish-cast, the resulting breed is unmistakably Northern in type. The men are sturdy and well set up; the women on promenade, as you see them circling by in the huge, concentric rings of alternate men and women that form the national *paseo*, are often tall, strong, red-cheeked, with no noticeable predominance of either blondes or brunettes. This ready blending of blood may or may not be a mark of racial affinity, but let the fact of it stand as a symbol of the changes wrought among these people by men of our own kindred. For America immigration profoundly affected the destinies of Chile;

and the Americans came first in point of time.

In the early days of our National history we had a great merchant navy, and American whalers abounded in the South Pacific. Talcahuana, Valparaiso, and Coquimbo were favorite ports of refuge, besides being profitable smuggling posts. From 1808 until our Civil War Chile was constantly visited by vessels carrying our flag; our merchants were established in every port. And the historian of Chile declares that as early as 1805 the Americans were preaching their revolutionary ideas to his countrymen, and stirring them up to actual rebellion. Afterwards Americans had an important part in the upbuilding of the nation.

When Chile for a time became free in 1811, the United States was the first to recognize the new government. A rented American ship and a captured Spanish frigate, both manned by American officers, formed Chile's first navy; and it made such a record for daring and resource that Spanish commerce was driven from the southeastern Pacific. In 1812 the appointment of Joel Roberts Poinset, nominally as Consul, really as a secret diplomatic agent, was a powerful aid to the little republic. And to show the gratitude of the Chileans for the service he did them the story is still told that when Mr. Poinset gave a ball to celebrate the Fourth of July the Chilean Government proclaimed the day a national holiday.

After the definite achievement of liberty a great number of Americans came and settled in the country. They married the beautiful Chilean women; and, gradually losing their sense of American nationality, they became Chileans in fact, and their children typical *Chileños*. Quickly they came; quickly they multiplied, and their descendants to-day are legion. In 1812 there were more Americans resident in Santiago than there are to-day; and the census of 1820 showed three thousand Americans (sixty per cent. of the foreign population) living within the same city, against an estimated four hundred in 1905.

And these American immigrants played a great and industrious part in organizing the new life of the nation and





A CHILEAN VILLAGE IN THE FOOTHILLS OF THE ANDES

in introducing the machinery of our already more complex civilization. The first newspaper published in South America was the *Aurora* of Chile, first printed at Santiago in February, 1812, by three American printers with press and type brought from New England. From the very beginning American enterprise took the lead in providing Chileans with means of regular transportation. The first stage line, primitive but a boon, running from Valparaíso to Santiago, was established in 1838 by an American contractor. Then came the first street railway in South America—a road laid in Santiago by an American. Greater things swiftly followed. It was a Mr. Wheelwright, a Connecticut Yankee turned Chilean, who founded the first steamship line on the Pacific, and it was Mr. Wheelwright who built the first railway in South America—Caldera to Copiapó, 1851. Pushing, progressive, successful, he gave Valparaíso the first gas and water works in any South American city, and he set on foot a host of paying enterprises. He was as famous for his public spirit as for his genius in commerce, and at his death Valparaíso erected a monument to his memory—the only monument in all South America to an Anglo-Saxon who was neither soldier nor sailor. Henry Meiggs succeeded Wheelwright, and, beginning with the Valparaíso-Santiago line, constructed the greater part of the government railways. And to-day, as a distant modern successor, an American firm is building the great trans-Andine railway and tunnel.

Americans also led the van in every kind of industrial enterprise. The Yankees were first of all traders, and it was Joshua Waddington who, in 1817, became Chile's first importer. The first sawmill, the first cloth, glass, nail, brick, and wagon factories were built by Americans. Americans owned and worked Chile's first coal mine, built the first modern house on the Alameda in Santiago, planted the same noble avenue with American elms, and organized the first volunteer fire brigade in Valparaíso. A thrifty American, one John Brown, was Chile's first millionaire. And a nobler ending for this catalogue recital of the

feats of our indefatigable countrymen in Chile is the founding of Santiago College. It has prospered from its birth, and has been of untold benefit to Chilean womanhood. By its very success it finally forced the Government to establish schools and lyceums for girls, and to admit them to the University of Chile, which now turns out its annual quota of women lawyers, physicians, and dentists.

But American influence in Chile waned, and lacked but little of passing entirely away. Our sturdy and progressive immigrants and traders of the first half of the century had few successors. Their blood was merged with that of the Chileans, and our National and individual prominence disappeared, though with the incalculable gain to Chile of the blended race. The decay of our merchant marine, the Civil War, and the extraordinary internal development of our country that has since followed, restricted our energies to work at home. But the tradition of national friendship was cherished until 1891 and the unfortunate Baltimore incident, when a bitter feeling of hostility to the United States burst forth, and this lasted for many years. With the favoring chance England's Chilean trade rapidly increased until it held first place, and her merchants and capitalists, rather than her scanty settlers, contributed powerfully to the development of the national resources and character. Thanks to her enterprise and commercial persistence, Germany now comes second in the race for Chile's foreign trade; and the United States follows slowly after, a far distant third.

Slowly, and within a very few years, our commerce has been gaining. Americans once more are going to Chile, not now as immigrants in part, but entirely as adventurers of trade. And some of our successes are very striking. When an American arrives in Chile, he rides to Santiago in a Pullman car built in the United States; the railway is modern, and was engineered and constructed by Americans; he drives to his hotel in Santiago over an asphalt road laid by an American; he is hoisted upstairs by an American elevator; his telegrams



THE MANAGER OF A HACIENDA

are sent over an American wire by an American company. When he pays his bill he watches an American cash register ring up the amount; the paper he reads is printed by type set with American machines on American paper by American presses. He finds the furniture of Grand Rapids all the rage, and costly beyond the dreams of an upholsterer's avarice. In every street and alley of the business quarter you hear the click and the tinkling bell of the American typewriter; and wherever else you go you are greeted by the raucous humming of the American phonograph—all Chile reverberates with its din. Everything seems American.

Everywhere you hear of the advent of the Yankee. We have two steamship lines. Many important public works are being constructed by Americans, and in every province our fellow-citizens are conspicuously busy in coining the natural wealth of the country into Chilean dollars. But, after all, the list of our present-day achievements in Chile is formidable only by avoiding comparison. Our manufactured goods are more ex-

pensive than the German, and, in general, they are poorly packed. We have the handicap of incompetent salesmen and unattractive advertising. Our terms of sale are harsher, and money is lost in paying bills by way of London; for though there is no lack of English, German, Italian, and Spanish bankers in the larger cities, yet there is not a single American bank in all Chile; and the exchange between the two countries already amounts to sixteen millions of dollars annually. Yet, for all our disadvantages, we are still making headway. Our machinery is better than any other; our tools are unrivaled; our plows and agricultural implements far outwear the German. And Chile's trade will soon lie within our grasp. For competition in the trade of nations is already largely a competition in transportation; and when the Panama Canal is opened, with Santiago on the longitude of Boston, the natural track of commerce will be a straight line, north and south, from New York to Valparaiso. With a voyage of eighteen days instead of thirty-three, freight rates will at last be cheaper to

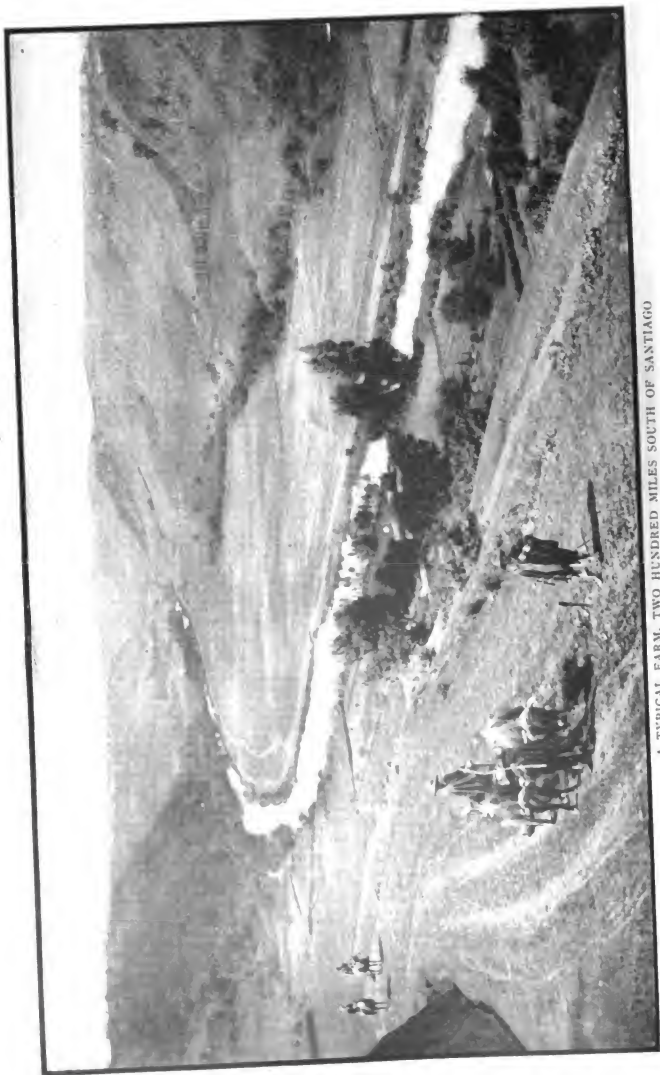


ENTRANCE DRIVEWAY TO A HACIENDA

the States than to England or Germany, and we shall then come into a richer kingdom of commerce.

In all of these things the Chileans themselves are keenly interested; for they are born traders and business men, and are like us in a thousand ways. You expect differences, and it is the resemblances that strike you. Neither at home nor in Spain will you find the counterpart of Chilean life. Yet the Spanish tradition often survives; and as often you will discover an Anglo-Saxon trait. A ceremonial courtesy, a maze of social customs, a tradition of chivalry and military valor, is inherited from Old Spain, but lotteries and bull-fights were abolished and prohibited by the first Chilean Congress, nearly one hundred years ago. Popular amusements show a significantly divided taste in pleasure. The outdoor *fiestas* have Spanish color and life. Every group lunching on the grass will have a ring of young men and women dancing the national *cencha*—a kind of Spanish posture-dance—to the accompaniment of harps, guitars, and hand-clapping in measured unison. And

there is more than this. Go into Santiago's great park on September 18—their Fourth of July—and you will think that the Chileans are a nation of horsemen magnificently garbed. The men wear gorgeous *ponchos* of every flaming color, vests of plush or velvet with gold and silver buttons, and gaudily trimmed gaiters; they have elaborately silver-chased spurs with enormous rowels, saddles and saddle-cloths of carved and inlaid leather. You will see many a gay *Huaso* with his Dulcinea sitting behind him on a sort of pillion, her arms around his waist. And there are children on horseback and hundreds of women. This is Spanish in brilliance of display, but it is Spanish with a difference, for there is a joy in the sport that is athletic and Northern. There are thousands of these riders in the park, and they go careering along the paths and drives in companies of from two to a hundred. At full speed jumping ditches, perhaps riding full tilt up to some elegant four-in-hand, they will suddenly jerk their horses back on their haunches to a dead stop, and not a woman even be noticed



A TYPICAL FARM, TWO HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF SANTIAGO



among them who has not kept an unshaken seat.

In organized sport the difference is still more marked. Riding to the hounds has become a passion with the wealthy; and every town of any size, from Iquique in the north to Concepcion in the south, boasts of its polo team. Horse-racing draws vast crowds; I went to the fine track near Santiago on a day when there were twenty thousand people in the grand stand, with more than a thousand carriages in livery waiting in the field. There are several tennis clubs, and there

ball, no massing of the players. National sports tell much of a people, but Chilean life is many-sided.

Valparaiso is a town of foreigners, of merchants and brokers. It is confused and grimed with the busy toil of a dirty port, and, apart from the awful ruin of the earthquake, is the abode of chaos; you leave it as soon as you can. You reach Santiago, and it seems as if you were in one of the world's great capitals. Everywhere about you are life, wealth, enterprise, and luxury. In New York alone in America could you see so



CHILEAN CATTLE AND COWBOYS

are golf links with brush fences and small ditches for hazards. But the one sport which has become national, which distinguishes the Chilean from all other South Americans for his love of athletics, is football; and nowhere except in England can you find so many football teams in proportion to the population. Joining in a shouting mob of ten thousand men of every class, I watched a match between clubs from Viña del Mar and Valparaiso. And the game was not between boys, but grown men, though they played it with all the enthusiasm of collegians. It was the English open game, too, free from all our invented abuses; there was no touching of the

great a number of handsome carriages—broughams, victorias, and landaus; and there are some of the most expensive types of French automobiles. You drive by imposing public buildings and splendid business blocks, along broad boulevards, past well-kept gardens and fine residences. Wealth is certainly ostentatious. You meet the people and find them genial, friendly, and hospitable to a degree. You are invited to the clubs, and if it is the *Club de la Union* you find an elegance of appointment that can hardly be equaled in the clubs of our greatest cities. You go to the opera—perhaps as I did to hear “*La Bohème*.” It is well staged, the orchestra large and



THE COAL MINES OF LOTA

excellent. Extending all around the house there are, as in Europe, two rows of boxes. All are full; the ladies are in evening gowns and wear many costly jewels. And so outside the cities. Many of their villas and estates are princely. There are country houses that are like palaces, set in great parks as in England. They have smooth and wide-stretching lawns, expensive stables, many farm-houses. They have lakes and flower gardens; one *hacienda* that I visited had acres of all kinds of roses in full bloom. In Chile there is a perfect pomp of wealth.

Two street spectacles are particularly impressive. There are the shows of the firemen, well trained at least for the exhibition, smart in their brass-plumed helmets, gold-laced coats, and white duck trousers. They are quick in their maneuvers, and when they come to a stand in a long line, with the sudden spurt of the dozens of huge, flashing arches of water and the rolling columns of smoke, you have a sight to delight the crowd. And the Chileans say that their firemen are efficient.

But the pride of the whole nation centers in its army. It is small, for, though military service is obligatory, its permanent nucleus contains less than six thousand men. Yet its fighting qualities are so high, and its drill and training have been so perfect, that the Argentine alone, with twice her population, can dispute Chile's dominance in South America. The officers are clean, neat, strong men, erect as statues, martinets; the men appear superb soldiers. In uniform, discipline, deportment, they are the exact copy of the German infantry which they have taken for their model. I have attended two of their reviews, and as company after company marched by not a man was out of line, not a gun seemingly the hundredth part of an inch out of place. Every foot struck the ground at the very same instant, and the celebrated and difficult German goose-step was impressively well done. And so with the cavalry galloping by in lines of a hundred men, every horse the same size, color, and gait. A perfect line of horsemen charging down the field in a cloud of dust is a thrilling sight any-



LAKE LLANQUHUE, FOUR HUNDRED MILES SOUTH OF SANTIAGO

The country about is settled by Germans

where, but when you know that these are the white men of a continent that is almost wholly negroid, it startles you with the fact of Chile's inevitable leadership in South America.

Such are some of the striking things that make up your first impressions of the land, and amid a bewilderment of strange customs they are strongly reinforced. The most miserable peasant is never servile. The poor are nearly all clad in gay colors; poverty becomes picturesque and its horror is obscured. But among the trooping host of riders that pass you in the streets, many of them in gorgeous cloths and trappings, you begin to notice others with only a bright-dyed *poncho* to hide their rags. Their legs and feet are bare, and to their naked heels enormous spurs are strapped. You burst with laughter at the ridiculous sight. Later you come to understand that it has its own significance.

The evidence of Chile's recent progress, taken cumulatively, is astounding. First and best index, there is the growth of the towns. Stopping on your way down the coast, Iquique, always famous for its nitrate, shows you a prosperity greater than ever before known. Antofagasta, some two hundred and fifty miles further south, is doubling in size through the discovery of large nitrate fields in the desert pampas near by. Taltal, one hundred miles beyond, has sprung from nothing into thriving life; and this, thanks again to the nitrate and to German enterprise. You see prosperity leaping ahead in its increase, and you hear that both the steamship companies are building new steamers to carry this developing trade. Then, far to the south, and the southernmost inhabited land on the globe, Tierra del Fuego is undergoing a kaleidoscopic transformation. Instead of being a land of eternal ice and snow, its climate proves to be much like that of Nova Scotia, milder than Vermont in winter, not so warm in summer. Here it is wool and gold and timber that are bringing wealth and life. Within ten years Punta Arenas, the center of the district, from a small village of convicts has become a bustling town. Broad streets lighted by electricity and well-built and comfortable houses have



taken the place of mud-tracks and hovels. You see other towns that are forging ahead; you meet enthusiasts who tell you of the wonderful growth of remote sections of the country. In Santiago itself you learn that, in spite of three years of feverish building, rents are still rising. It seems at first a local boom, but it is not. It is the boom of a nation, rich, prosperous, and busy, with most of its resources yet untouched; and Santiago is the Wall Street of the entire country, the center of money, the center of all new enterprise.

A veritable fury of progress and industrial development has seized the people. Chilean merchant steamers, flying their own flag, are multiplying rapidly, and are already crowding the British and Germans. Chilean capitalists have established industries in Patagonia and Bolivia, where they are building a great mountain railway; and they are

financing two trans-Andine railways to connect Chile with the Atlantic seaboard of the Argentine. Bankers estimate that within the last three years the conservative land-owning class has invested a billion Chilean dollars (about \$360,000,000 in American gold) in new industrial undertakings. This great sum, vast for a country like Chile, is being used to work new nitrate fields, to open copper, gold, silver, tin, and coal mines, to build railways, steamships, canals for irrigation, cold-storage plants, sawmills, to stock sheep farms, and for a great number of smaller business enterprises.

But there is a reverse to the medal, and a part of the progress you see shows too prosperous a face. The Chilean who boasts that the per capita exports of his country are half again as large as the United States forgets that more than eighty-four per cent. of Chile's exports are minerals, and that a



COUNTRY HOUSE OF MADAM COUSIRIO

Near the coal mines at Lota

full half of the rich nitrate fields and copper mines, the backbone of the national prosperity, are owned by foreign capitalists to whose coffers flow the profits. He does not tell you—he may never have thought of it—that Chile's per capita imports are also half again as large as ours, and that they include a large proportion of necessary foodstuffs, and many other products that should be obtained from her own rich and varied resources.

Chile's vaunted deposits of nitrate have been a great curse as well as a blessing. The good wages and the cheapness of the equipment needed to work the nitrate caused an unnatural and harmful displacement of population, and was the potent cause in reducing Chile from first to sixth place among copper-producing countries. Far more disastrous than this, for copper-mining is again becoming profitable, was the effect of its successful competition for labor upon agriculture. It enriched the foreign mine-owner, and all but destroyed the native farmer. Until 1890 Chilean wheat and barley were factors of some importance in the English market. But now, instead of an annual export of two hundred thousand tons, Chile is obliged to import a large deficiency of breadstuffs from our Northwest and from Australia.

It is true that two-thirds of the national budget is provided by the export tax on nitrate. But this again is a disguised curse, for its swollen bounty has pauperized the government. It has led to such extravagant military and naval expenditures that no surplus revenue has been left to aid in a wise development of the resources of the country, and this has been Chile's most crying need. It has more strongly entrenched in power the oligarchy of wealth and education that rules the land, and, creating a bureaucracy of inefficient and corrupt officials, it has repeated the old story of easycoming money that is prodigally spent.

Congress, nominally composed of two great parties, has habitually been broken up into wrangling groups. In the lack of a larger patriotism and effective legislative work, administration is often on the point of utter breakdown. The

State-managed railways are chronically demoralized. Hardly an attempt has been made to suppress a brigandage that is almost worse than Sicilian. Work done is often only half done, and when you see a perfectly equipped hospital without trained nurses, you are not surprised to find one-sided progress one of the worst handicaps of the nation. The most flagrant instance of it is the work of the Council of Public Instruction. By the last census seventy-two per cent. of the population is illiterate, yet, instead of attempting to improve national efficiency by designing an adequate system of obligatory primary instruction, money is lavished on secondary and university education for the benefit of the class which can well afford to pay for its own higher schooling.

You paint the present economic condition of Chile when you state the fact that the farm laborer receives thirty cents or less for his day's work, and yet beef, poultry, eggs, beans, potatoes, corn, flour, and fruit cost more in Santiago, surrounded by its farms of rich irrigated land, than in Chicago, St. Louis, or Philadelphia. House rent, gas, electricity, water, clothing, furniture, groceries, all except the hire of servants, cost more than in the United States. Equal democracy is unknown in Chile.

But Chile still holds a high place in the leadership of South America. Her Presidents have usually been men of high character and ability, and not, as is too common in that continent, a combination of the primal savage and the predatory politician. In revolution her people have fought for important political principles, or they have been driven to rebellion by actual distress. She has good laws that, on the whole, are well administered. She has never repudiated a debt or defaulted in interest. She has voted for a gold standard, and in the recent election of the honest, blunt Don Pedro Montt her conservative business men have definitely routed the league of politicians and speculators who were crying for an unlimited issue of fiat money. Substantial progress is constantly being made, and the whole life of the nation has been invigorated by this new prosperity that has come to her.



THE LABRADOR DOLLS

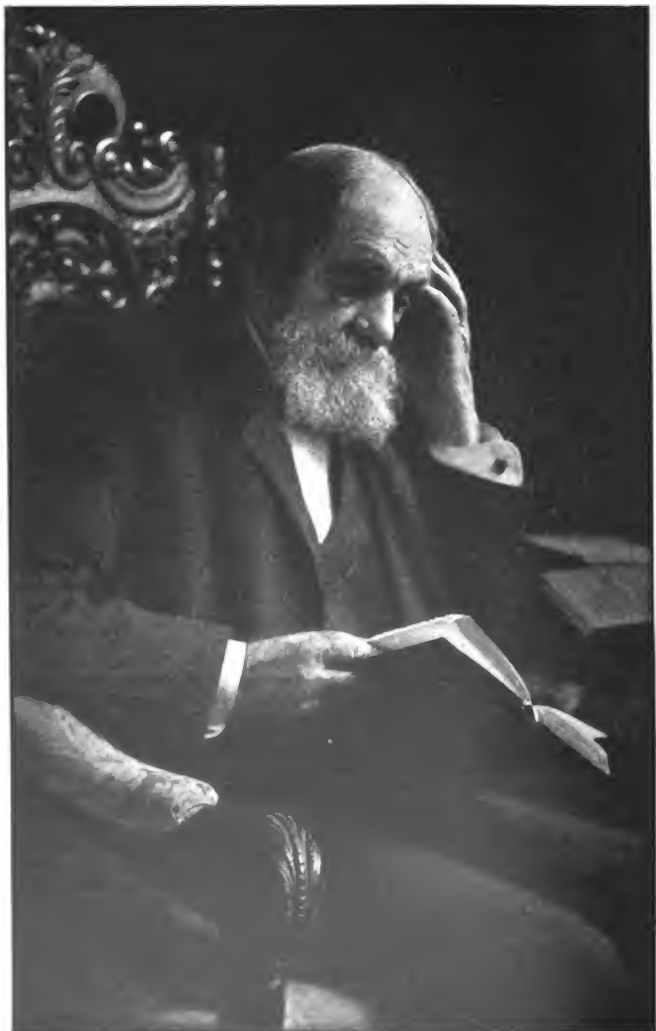
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE OUTLOOK BY H. H. MOORE

# THE LABRADOR DOLLS

THE dusty archives of the various boards of foreign missions would be searched in vain, probably, to find a record of a more charming group of foreign missionaries than that which is pictured on the opposite page. For these Labrador dolls are in the best sense of the word foreign missionaries. We have the authority of one of the greatest of modern missionaries for so defining them—the authority of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell, with whose noble work among the fishermen of Labrador our readers are more or less familiar. In an article in *The Outlook* Dr. Grenfell once told our readers how he and his associates “preach the Gospel” to the children of the bleak Labrador coast by means of libraries, games, football, and dolls. “The toys which we usually credit Santa Claus with bringing from the North have hitherto been conspicuous by their absence, the supply perhaps being exhausted. Anyhow, the birthdays of the Labrador children, like the birthday of our Lord, have never been characterized by the joyful celebrations which form oases in our own child life. We have turned the current of toys back to the North again. True, the dolls are often legless, the tops are dented, and the Noah’s arks resemble hospitals. But these trifles have made the Christmas trees no less a message of the love of God.”

In a certain office in the city of New York, in which Dr. Grenfell has many warm personal friends, there is held at every Christmas season a Christmas celebration which is attended by every worker in the establishment, from the oldest director to the youngest office boy. It is a sort of family festivity, and the fact that between fifty and sixty women are employed by the corporation adds to the celebration a domestic quality which it is not always possible to attain in a counting-house gathering. Last Christmas Dr. Grenfell, quite by accident, happened to come in to that office when this annual celebration was in progress. He was at once captured as one of the impromptu speakers of the

occasion that centered about a Christmas tree, from which were distributed souvenirs appropriate to the holidays. He referred again to the part that such friendly gatherings might play in the work that he is trying to do to bring comfort of body and happiness of spirit into the barren and often cheerless regions of Labrador, and he intimated that the children of that distant island sometimes need dolls quite as much as they need tracts. Whereupon the ladies of the office very quietly formed the delightful plan of sending a family of dolls to Dr. Grenfell in Labrador, to act as his assistant missionaries among the children. The dolls were carefully bought, dressed, shod, curled, and bonneted, and when the group was completed the officers of the corporation were surprised with an invitation to an exhibition, the charm of which the picture on the opposite page can only partially reproduce. Each of the little figures represents the faithful, loving, personal labor of a donor who is herself a daily worker in the bustle and turmoil of a great city. And these dolls were dressed, too, at a time of the year when not only every hour that can be had in the fresh air and among the green and flowering things of spring is eagerly desired, but when hundreds of stitches, the present writer fancies, have to be taken in hats, shirt-waists, and other necessary and charming accessories of summer life. These doll missionaries will carry with them baggage, too—toys of various descriptions, and mufflers, and other things that children like, which have come from fellow-workers of that sex in whose hands a needle is a dangerous weapon. It is an old saying, sometimes thought to be worn out, sometimes suspected of being impractical and sentimental, that “It is more blessed to give than to receive,” but the makers of these Labrador dolls and their associates know that in one instance at least it is very true. For the more happiness the dolls take to the children in Labrador the more happiness they will leave behind them in the busy office where they first saw the light.



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARCEAU

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

# COLONEL CLIPSHAM'S CALENDAR

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

DR. EDWARD EVERETT HALE, tall, dark, gowned, in the Vice-President's place offering the opening prayer as Chaplain of the Senate, is a figure which Rembrandt would have rejoiced to paint. The strong features, brought into striking relief by deep shadows, fashion a countenance of unforgettable dignity, slumbering energy, and active kindness. Among the many marked individualities of the generation now passing from the stage none has become more widely known than Dr. Hale's, nor has any made a more definite impression on the whole country. Rooted deeply in New England soil and in some ways typical of that section, Dr. Hale has been for many years a National man. Born in Boston, trained in the Boston Latin School and at Harvard College, Dr. Hale has escaped the provincialism sometimes fostered by this happy combination of educational circumstances. He has never spoken of the Charles River as the modern Ilissus, and he seems always to have known that there were people living beyond the Mississippi. A certain catholicity has stamped him from the first. He taught school, studied theology, became a Unitarian minister, an industrious and fertile editor of newspapers and magazines, a writer of books, a preacher of singular freshness of thought and clearness of style, an admirable speaker on special occasions; and through all these varied activities he has remained a friendly, kindly, human spirit, whose whole life has been a Samaritan's journey of ministry to his kind.

Franklin, Lincoln, Emerson, were typical Americans in the sense that they could not have been produced under any other civilization, and Dr. Hale belongs with them. Foreign observers often try to get at the secret of America by studying its political institutions and reading its formal histories; but the significant records of the American spirit are extra-political and to be read in the unformulated life of the people. Its most intimate reports are to be found in such books as Dr. Booker Washington's "Up from Slavery," Mr. Jacob Riis's "Making of an American," Miss Tarbell's "Life of Lincoln." There are many books of greater art than these; books that bring out the fine developments of American life along those lines of personal and social ideal which have shaped men of great stature from Pericles to Washington; but these books impart the distinctive notes of American life—valuation of a man by interior, not exterior, weight, the resolute holding open of the door of opportunity, and that friendly interest in all men which is the social expression of democracy.

In this country public life is not necessarily political life, as Dr. Hale has often pointed out. Political leaders here are less Napoleonic in spirit and method than in other countries because they are servants of fundamental ideas rather than masters of masses of men. President Eliot, Phillips Brooks, Mr. J. J. Hill, Mr. Mitchell, are quite as definitely public men as if they were members of the

National Senate or of the President's Cabinet. Dr. Hale has long been one of the fertile, helpful, devoted men in American public life, and no one has better understood the secret of democracy. The whole country has been one great community to him, and he has been neighbor to every man on the continent. This attitude of mind explains his candor, unclouded by egotism, his easy, familiar manner with his hearers and readers without loss of dignity, his command of the language of to-day rather than of the language of other ages and races. It never occurs to him, apparently, that differences of station are of any account; he thinks of life in terms of character, energy, and courage, rather than in terms of ancestry, fortune, and position. If a man is a man, that is the beginning and end of it for Dr. Hale. That this man should have his chance is a matter of course in this country, and that everybody should help him is simply a personal application of a universal truth. Hence the "Lend a Hand" movement and the long list of Dr. Hale's active interests in his fellows.

Dr. Hale has a long memory, and he has re-enforced it with a life-study of history in non-political affairs. Most men write history in a magisterial spirit and manner; Dr. Hale writes always as if he were making a record of neighborhood affairs. He knows the intimate, habitual life of older America; the towns, people, schools, churches, stage-coaches, taverns. He is one of those travelers who make friends of their companions on the journey, and get behind the hotels and clubs.

He has been a voluminous writer, using his pen always as a means of friendly speech with his neighbors, and not a sacred stylus set apart to a special service in one of the cultivated dialects of the one great language of humanity. In writing as in speaking and working, Dr. Hale has had many interests, and has dealt with them simply, directly, and with wonderful freshness of feeling. Every boy knows the "Man Without a Country," and will know it for generations to come. It is one of the original documents of patriotism, like the Declaration, Washington's Farewell Address, Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. There are other stories from the same hand that will live long because they are so unostentatiously human. Like all writing of extreme simplicity, they seem so obviously true and so much a part of every-day life that the novice, who thinks of Symonds when the word culture is pronounced and of Pater when literature is spoken of, is tempted to dismiss them as "mere journalism." Dr. Hale has a journalist's intuition for the pictorial and suggestive quality in the conditions and events of the day, and a quick feeling for history in the making. He has also inventiveness, humor, and De Foe's faculty of treating imaginary and even improbable situations as if he were making a record of fact. Hence the freshness of his methods and the breadth of appeal which his best short stories make to readers of every grade of intelligence.

"Colonel Clipsham's Calendar," which appears in this issue of *The Outlook*, in the series of twelve representative stories by American writers, is an entertaining example of his skill in turning the ordinary happenings of every-day life to account for the uses of fiction. By a slight dislocation of the routine of events he secures comic effects of the happiest kind; and his quick talent turns instinctively to humorous and kindly issues, as Poe's turned to fantastic or tragic ends. Dr. Hale is pre-eminently a companionable writer. The ease of the openings of his stories reminds one of Colonel Higginson's advice to after-dinner speakers to begin with

some remark of a neighbor at the table. Dr. Hale starts from the standpoint of his reader, however far he may take him before the story ends. H. W. M.

## I.

COLONEL CLIPSHAM led a curious life, but, for a man of his age, not an unpleasant one. His professional duties were not oppressive, and he had entered into a career which made it almost sure that they would never be oppressive. He had a very comfortable suite of rooms in his sister's house, and always breakfasted with her family. As will be seen, they did not often expect him at dinner, but nieces and nephews, Sister Prue and her husband Wintergreen, were always glad if he did look in at that meal. For the rest, Clipsham was a general favorite in Tamworth, where he lived, and if there were not a german every evening, or a progressive euchre party on his list, why, there was the Thursday Club and the Whist Club and the Chess Club, and the Union and the Association, and the pretty new room of the Harvard Club. "As to that," said Clipsham truly, if you had asked him how he spent his evenings, "I am never so happy as I am with a novel or with the newspaper at home." But it was to be observed that he seldom enjoyed this acme of his happiness, at the top-notch of his life's tide.

The one thing of which Clipsham's friends were sure was this, that he would never go into public life. True, he always voted—he even voted for the school committee, which most of the people in Tamworth forgot to do. But it was also true that he did not attend primary meetings. And it was by a series of rather curious circumstances that the public was led to place that confidence in him which has now lifted him so far out of the run of machine-made politics. It is the business of this story to tell, for the first time so far as I know, the way those circumstances followed each other.

Clipsham was a man of iron memory. And this was not all pig-iron. One might say steel memory, or a memory of watch-springs, if we understood better than we do the action of the mechanism of memory. By this I mean that he recollected what are called little things at the right moment, as well as he remem-

bered the big things all along his life. He remembered that the national debt was \$2,198,765,432.10 when it was at that precise amount, but he also remembered that he had told the washerwoman's boy to come round at a quarter past eight Friday evening and he would give him a ticket to the circus. On such a combination, of what I call the pig-iron memory and what I call the watch-spring memory, does much of the good cheer and success of a happy life depend.

But on a fatal day, after Clipsham was thirty-three years old, he thought he forgot something. I do not myself believe he did. If he did, it was before breakfast, when no one ought to be asked to remember anything—not whether Semiramis is the name of an empress or a toadstool. But he thought he forgot something. And so it was that he went down to Mr. Backup's shop and bought this calendar, of which I am going to tell you the story.

There it is. He gave it to me on the day of his inauguration. You see it has the days of the week on one scroll, and the days of the month on another. Then you turn this cog at the beginning of the month, and you are ready for thirty-one more days, if there be so many. The only defect in the machine is that you might suppose that there were thirty-one days in February. But, as Judge Marshall said, "the court is expected to know something."

Now, Clipsham is a charming public speaker. He tells a story well—in particular, he tells with great good humor a story to his own disadvantage. He remembers well—that has been said. He passes, by a sudden change—what do singers call it, modulation?—from grave to gay, or from gay to grave. Best of all, he never says one word about himself. Then he never pretends that he does not like to speak. He does like to speak. A man would be an ass who did not like to speak, if he spoke as well as Clipsham does. He makes no introductions to his speech. When he has done, he makes no "conclusion." Just when you are hoping he will say more he



sits down. And he never makes a long speech. These are all sterling qualities, and they are not often united in one handsome, graceful, intelligent young man of thirty-three.

So it is that Clipsham is much invited to public dinners. As for that, we all are. But generally the invitation is accompanied with a request that in accepting you will pay for your ticket—a dollar and a half, or three dollars, or five, or ten—according as the honored guest of the evening is a college professor, doctor of divinity, an agent from Japan, or a traveling English lecturer. Now, as most of us can bolt our modest dinner of mock turtle, fried oysters, charlotte russe, and coffee at any eating-house, even the most fussy, noisy, and showy, for less than the lowest of these prices, our invitations are not so attractive. To Clipsham the invitation always came with a ticket. That is quite a different thing, and Clipsham, who was in a good many college societies, was the great-grandson of a Cincinnatus and a grandson of a hero of Lundy's Lane, and son of the man who stormed Chapultepec and held the block-house at Gannon's Three Corners—Clipsham, I say, who was a member of the United Guild of Men of Letters, and of the Consolidated Sodality of Lovers of Art—Clipsham, whose good humor and good fellowship had related him to pretty much all the associations in Tamworth, and indeed in that whole State, found that he was bidden to a public dinner almost every day. Indeed, sometimes the "bids," as his childish nephews called them, overlapped each other.

This was the reason why he dined so seldom with his sister. On the other hand, it was the reason why you met him so seldom at a restaurant or public table.

You would generally find him if you went upstairs to the great dining-room of whichever Delmonico or Wormley or Parker or Young of Tamworth happened on that day to entertain the "Soul of the Soldier," or the "Brothers in Adversity," or the "Nu Kappa Omega," or whatever sodality happened to be holding its annual dinner. And if you looked in at the right moment, Clipsham would

be making a speech, and a very good speech, too.

## II.

Clipsham's little niece, Gertrude, is the first heroine of this story. And it is on her that the plot turns, more than on Elinor May, who is the other heroine. Gertrude has the run of the house, but never ought to go to her uncle's room unless he asks her. And this Gertrude knows perfectly well.

But on this day of which I speak, some impulse of Satan, as the old indictments would tell you, and Dr. Watts would confirm them, led Gertrude into the "study," as the room was called. The same Manichean divinity, whose name begins with S, but shall not be mentioned again, moved her to take down the calendar mentioned before, and to try the screws. She twirled them this way, she twirled them that. Of a sudden she heard Kate Connor, the girl who made the beds.

Gertrude feared detection. She hung up the calendar hastily and fled. But, alas! she left M, which stands for Monday, and 10, which stands for the tenth day of the month, both one notch too high. T., W., Th., F., and the rest all followed M., and the engagements for the month were all set one day wrong.

Kate Connor did not in fact enter the room. But guilty Gertrude thought she would, and the result was the same. Gertrude was called by her mother, before she had any chance to go back again, and was made ready for a tennis party at Mrs. Fisher's. And now it is that, strictly speaking, this story begins.

George Clipsham came home to dress for dinner. He stopped a moment, and took down the cyclopædia to look at the account of the Battle of Bennington. For he had been turning over a speech which he was to make at a Grand Army gathering, and he remembered that Plunkett's mother was a Stark. He wanted to make a good allusion to Molly Stark and her widowhood. But as he passed his desk he took the fatal calendar, which guilty Gertrude had not had time to hang on its peg. Clipsham hung it up without a thought, but did look to see, to his amazement, that the Grand

Army dinner was done and gone yesterday. The calendar said he was to dine with the graduates of the Western Reserve College to-day. "Lucky I did not fire the battle of Bennington at them," said Clipsham to himself, "but what will Plunkett say?"

The truth was that Clipsham had this dreadful cold which you all had. And just as you and I determined that we would go to Florida another winter if our lives were spared, Clipsham had determined. Handkerchiefs?—he was bankrupt in buying them. Hearing?—he had been stone-deaf all the week. He did not cough very badly, but the cold was just on the juncture of the pharynx with the larynx, where it is uncomfortable to have it. He had stayed at home the day before and nursed it—glycerine and whisky, taken with a very small spoon, was his remedy—and he had persuaded himself that he could go out to-day.

To tell the whole truth, his sister Prue had had pea-soup and salt codfish for dinner yesterday, and the children had been very noisy. Clipsham had determined to change the scene. So he had determined to dine with the Grand Army to-day, and now the calendar said the Grand Army dinner was "done and gone." "Well," said Clipsham to himself, "I could not have spoken aloud anyway. And I should not have heard a word they said. Western Reserve it is to-day. Lucky I looked." And he went on with his dressing, and thought over some old Harvard stories which would do to tell to the Western Reserve graduates.

As he went out, furred and even veiled, and with those horrid arctics on which made him limp with pain, Prue met him at the door.

"Dear George, you are not going out with that dreadful cough? Why, I was sure of you. I have asked Mrs. Oliphant and the Pryces to meet you, and I have such a lovely pair of canvas-backs."

George intimated that he didn't hear.

Prue shouted her bill of fare, physical and metaphysical, into his ear.

George was sorry. But he was all ready, and to the hotel dinner he went, and left those canvas-backs behind.

Prue's would be warm, alas! and at the Hotel Jefferson—that was more doubtful.

### III.

The waiters all know George to a man, and he was shown to the reception parlor instantly. The reader understands what George did not—why a third of the guests were in uniform. Of course they were, for it was the Grand Army of the Republic. But George, who thought it was the Western Reserve dinner, was surprised that the college men wanted to bring out their old blue frocks and bright buttons. "But that was all right," he said, "if they chose to." Oddly enough, his friend, Colonel Plunkett, was receiving the guests, and Clipsham slipped into his hand the note of apology he had written. Plunkett slipped it into the little pocket of his uniform coat, and found it there two years afterwards, when he dressed for the same anniversary again. Clipsham mumbled an apology to Plunkett, which, almost of course, Plunkett, in shaking hands with half the soldiers in the State, did not hear.

Clipsham is a bright man, and one would have said that he would have caught the thread of the occasion earlier than he did. But he did not hear one word in five that any one said. As for the uniforms, all the world knows that five-sixths of the college men of the West served in the war. Besides, they had introduced Clipsham to Professor Schmidgruber, who had just arrived, as the agent from the Government of Hesse-Cassel to study Western education. Clipsham was interested in the savant, and they talked very earnestly, the savant speaking directly into Clipsham's ear.

So it was that, when Clipsham got a card at the dinner-table from Plunkett, who was presiding, which said, "You next," he knew that now was his turn to speak, without having known much of what had been said before him.

And a very good speech it was. Not one word about the war, nor the bird of freedom, nor the American soldier, nor Molly Stark, as there would have been had Clipsham understood the truth, that he was speaking to a Grand Army post. Instead of this he spoke, with serious feeling, on the work which edu-

cated men can render in any community. What he had been saying to the German he now said aloud. There is the secret of a good speech. He spoke to the men before him as if they were all scholars, all men of conscience, and all leaders in the villages or towns where they lived. He told some good stories, he made some good jokes, but his speech was not in the least commonplace, and it ended with a very serious pledge as to the duty they would all do to their country.

It was received rapturously—yes, wildly. Indeed, as the reader will understand, it was better received than it would have been by the graduates whom Clipham thought he was addressing. Every one of these good fellows was pleased that one of the most accomplished men of letters in Tamworth spoke to him as an equal with equals. They had only too much of soldier-talk, and were glad to hear something sung or said to another tune. Clipham had gone deeper down than the average and commonplace, as he was apt to do.

Now you would say that, before he left the hotel, he would have found out his mistake, or that, at all events, he would have understood it from the newspapers next morning. But there you are quite wrong. In the first place, he only stayed "to listen to two more speeches," as he said. For it did not seem courteous to go away the moment he had himself spoken. In fact, he did not hear one word of either of them. As for the newspapers, Clipham generally looked at them, though not always. He never looked, however, at what the reporters called their "sketches" of his speeches. "Why should I make myself miserable?" said Clipham. "Nobody else reads the things, and why should I?" If he had stayed long at his office next morning, or looked in at the club, he might have found that his calendar was all wrong. But instead of this he took Dr. Schmidgruber to examine the high school, so he remained quite sure that he had spoken to the college men the night before, and that to-night he was to speak to the carriage-builders. In fact, as the reader knows, he would meet the college men, and the carriage-builders' night would not come till to-morrow.

And it all happened just as before, as it says in the Arabian Nights and in Grimm's fairy tales. Only this time Clipham sat at the cross table, because he was to respond for Harvard and was among the more distinguished guests. But little did the poor fellow know what he was to respond for. He did know that the Carriage-Builders' Association of the country brings together a remarkable body of men. He had dined with them a year or two before. Their business requires an interest in design, a knowledge of the physical structure of the world, an acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, all combined with remarkable tact and promptness. Observe that carriage-builders, like railroad men, are always trying to annihilate time, or to give us more of it, which is the same thing.

"Ye shall become as gods,—transcendent fate!"

So Clipham knew he was to speak to a bright set. In point of fact, he did speak to the triennial gathering of the graduates of the Western Reserve College, one of the oldest and largest of the Western universities. And he told them things which it was very good for them to hear, but which people did not very often tell them at these meetings. He told them that man is man, because he can control matter by spirit—that this shows that he is a child of God. He told them that the child of God works with God, and that here is the difference between work and labor; that work elevates man, while labor fatigues man. He charged them to see that the men whom they employed should not be mere laborers, but should become fellow-workmen with God. He said they might rest from their labors, but that their works must always follow them. And he said very seriously that this was no matter of book-learning, that they would not find it in Seneca and Aristotle, but that they would find it in proportion as they were men of honor and truth, as they forgot themselves and consecrated their workshops into temples.

Then he sat down, and, just as it was the night before, the speech was received with cheers. The truth is that, at any

such college gathering in America, the men are only playing at being men of letters. Every man of us is a workman, or ought to be ashamed if he is not. As for poor Clipsham, the nervous excitement of speaking brought on a fit of coughing, and he had to excuse himself and go home.

He soaked his feet in hot water with mustard, put a porous plaster on his chest, and went to bed with a lump of sugar by his side on which he had dropped Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But he slept all night, and did not need the sugar.

Four days went on in this way, with four different dinners. Nobody told Clipsham he was all wrong, because nobody knew. On the other hand, everybody thought he was all right, and said he had never made such good speeches in his life. The next night he really went to the Carriage-Builders' dinner. But he thought he was at the annual meeting of the Chautauquan Literary Circle. That is to say, he thought he was speaking to a large company of people who, in the midst of every sort of daily occupation, read regularly in a systematic course. So in fact he was. And the carriage-builders liked his speech all the better that he made no pretense, as they said any other lawyer would have done, to a knowledge of their business. He said nothing about varnish, or the strength of ash, of which he knew nothing, and he did not once allude to the hub of the universe, the wheel of time, the chariot of the sun, or Dr. Holmes's One-Hoss Shay, which had been worked to death at their celebrations.

#### IV.

The two other dinners on the calendar that week were at the joint anniversary of the Chautauquan Circles, as has been said, and at the anniversary of the trustees of a fund left for the education of that sub-tribe of Ojibwas whom the first settlers had found fishing on the point which makes Tamworth harbor. These Ojibwas had long since gone where other Ojibwas, I fear, are going. But the fund remained, as funds will, to curse the descendants of the trustees. And the

only way which had been devised to use up the annual interest was to have the trustees dine together, with such of their friends as wished to meet them, after they had chosen themselves again into office at their annual meeting. At the Chautauquan dinner, accordingly, Clipsham went rather carefully into a discussion of the movements of American emigration, and the elements which have contributed to the making up of American civilization. This was on Friday, and all through the week Clipsham had never forgotten the day of the week, although that mischievous Gertrude had thrown him out in the use he made of the several days as they came. Meanwhile his cold grew no better. His deafness grew upon him, and he sent for the doctor. The doctor told him he must stay at home. Clipsham said he could well do that, that for once there was no evening engagement, and he looked up the serial called "My Friend the Boss," which he was reading, which was full of allusions to his Tamworth friends. Little did he think, as he discussed the side-bone of the nice turkey his sister Prue had provided, that the trustees' dinner was cooling while they awaited his arrival at the Hotel Jefferson. The truth was that they were entitled to that excuse which he wrote at the beginning of the week, to Colonel Plunkett, and which Plunkett still had, unread, in the handkerchief pocket of his dress uniform.

But all the staying at home over Sunday, and all the whisky and glycerine, and all the cherry pectoral which could be administered did Clipsham no good, and on Monday morning he asked the doctor if a change of air would not help him. The doctor said of course it would. It was clear it would not harm him, for he was past much harming. He was deaf as a post, his nose and throat and all the passages to them were inflamed and red with the inflammation, his eyes were drooping with watering, and he said he was as stupid as an owl. The doctor gave his permission for a journey to Colorado. Clipsham looked on his calendar, and with his pencil marked off all the dinner-parties, and wrote letters of excuse for the next three weeks. But

there was one engagement he could not manage so easily, for here his conscience pricked him.

It was the city election. Clipsham knew in his heart of hearts that he had not done his duty in this affair. He had not gone to one meeting where his friend Gordon had summoned him, to obtain a competent, non-partisan school committee. He was afraid there was a "job" at the almshouse, and he had not looked into that. He distrusted the reigning mayor, yet he had not lifted a finger to dethrone him. Now, if he went to Colorado, he should be away on election day, and should not give even one vote against the rascals, and one in favor of honest men.

But Clipsham did so wish to go to Colorado! He had promised his cousin Lucy that he would visit her on the way—and she wrote such a pretty letter!

Clipsham compromised with himself. He would go to Colorado because he wanted to—and his cold was so bad. But he saw on the calendar that on Monday night there was a meeting of the Friends of Good Government at the Mechanics' Hall. He knew who called this meeting, and that it was in the right interest. John Fisher and all the rest had signed the call. He would go to that meeting. That would show which side he was on. He would not go on the noon train; he would wait until the evening train, which went at 9:30. And his presence there would, in practice, show his colors as well as if he stayed in Tamworth nine whole days, sneezing and coughing, to vote at the end of them.

Indeed, he might be in his coffin if he stayed, and a man cannot vote when he is in his coffin.

So, when Monday came, Clipsham sent his trunk to the train, ordered a carriage for himself an hour before the train started, and went down to the hall. The truth was that the citizens' meeting was not to take place until the next night. But Gertrude had changed all that, and Clipsham found, to his surprise, that the large hall was not lighted. However, the smaller hall was. An assiduous gentleman whom he did not know, who had been drinking more than was good for him, asked him in; and Clipsham, regret-

ting that the friends of order made so poor a show, went in. As has been said, he was not used to primary meetings. Once in, it was like all other meetings, though not very large. There were two hundred men there, of whom he did not recognize three. The president was a man who had once tried to sell him a horse. The mayor was making a speech, and Clipsham supposed from this that that officer had been frightened, and was trying to "get good," as the children say. But whether he knew them or not, they knew him. Three or four showily dressed men met him and led him to a front seat, and expressed their pleasure at his presence. In a moment after, the mayor's motion was carried, and a committee was sent out—nominated from a list which had been prepared in his office that afternoon—to suggest a ticket for aldermen.

Then it was that another man, who also had been drinking more than was good for him, arose and said that they were honored by the presence of a gentleman whom they had often heard in public, and who was known to be interested in all public affairs, and that he hoped Mr. Clipsham would address them on the great issues before them; and all the people shouted, "Clipsham, Clipsham!" Why he was there the leaders wondered, but they supposed, in their low way, that he had quarreled with John Fisher and his set, and had come over to them to see what they would give him.

The truth was, as the reader sees, that he had come to a meeting which was one day earlier than the meeting which he had meant to come to.

Clipsham himself did not hear the man who spoke, and did not know what they were shouting at. But when another man came to lead him to the platform he knew what that meant, and he stepped up and sailed in. And a capital speech he made. It was that speech which put him into what people call public life. For my part, I think he had been in very public life before. He was pleased at being called upon so early; he was pleased at being recognized as in some sort a leader; and he said to himself, as he mounted the steps, that this was what he had come for, and that, if they wanted

him to lead, he had better lead. He did not quite know what to do or say about the mayor. For here was the mayor at his side. If he had repented of the dirty job he had been in, Clipsham thought, he would let him off; and he did. But he did not let off anybody else in that meeting. He exposed, from cellar to cupola, the disgraceful jobs about building the new school-house opposite Prue Wintergreen's house, and the unkind audience howled with delight as they saw Alderman Bob Lyon and Councilman Bill Stuggs held up under Clipsham's pitiless ridicule. One of these gentlemen had led him to his stand, and the other was secretary of the meeting; but this Clipsham did not know. Clipsham could see that the assembly was a low-lived set, and mad enough was he with Fisher and the rest who had signed the call and then stayed comfortably at home. So, after dissecting every nasty job which his hearers had been engaged in for five years, he closed with a really eloquent denunciation of the indifference of educated men and holders of property in the management of the affairs of the city. His own conscience pricked him, as has been said, and he spoke all the better for that. The closing passage, where he describes the rich manufacturer, who could not sign his name if the public schools had not taught him, and could not squeeze on a pay-roll if the public school had not taught him, yet who, when he is rich and prosperous, will not go to a meeting which cares for the schools, and does not know a school-master when he meets him in the streets, has gone into the reading-books; and if you will go to the graduating exercises of the Lavinia Academy, you may hear it spoken.

Well, that one fellow held that angry assembly by the mere force of audacity and truth, and they did not even remember that they could pelt him to death with their private-gin-bottles and other "pocket pistols." When he had finished his speech, he did not wait to hear what followed. He did not care to hear the hisses nor curses. He did see the scowls, but he had not supposed that everybody would like his speech. He bowed himself away from the hall, and

in half an hour he was asleep in his berth as his train started for the West.

By great good luck it happened that the chief shorthand man of a newspaper unfriendly to the crew had been sent to "do" the meeting. It was supposed that a square or two of "matter" would be all the result of his probing such an ulcer. But he caught the position in an instant. He wrote down every word of Clipsham's speech, and the next morning Tamworth and the State had it all. Such headlines!

#### BILL STUGGS ENLIGHTENED!

A LIVELY CAUCUS!

A CITIZEN'S PROTEST!

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES!

And the public soon knew that, for once, the little coterie which had "run" Tamworth for some years had been told the truth by one modest, quiet gentleman, who had no ax to grind, and no ring behind him.

That man was Clipsham. While he was doing the mountains and cañons of Colorado, without the slightest suspicion of it himself, events were making him the most popular man in the State. So soon as there was a chance, the friends of good government put him in nomination for Governor—and Governor he was chosen. He will be Governor till he wishes to go to the United States Senate.

V.

"But who was Elinor May?" asks my kind reader, Emma, who has followed this little story with the faithfulness which has given a charm to other stories, and who remembers something said in the beginning about the heroine. My dear Emma, can there be no story without a wedding at the end? No, there cannot be, if the story is quite perfect. So you shall hear who Elinor May was, for it belongs to the calendar also, and can be told in a few words.

So soon as Clipsham had determined to go to Colorado, the doctor asked him if he should stop in St. Louis. He said he certainly should. Then the doctor told him that he must call on some friend of his named Day, and gave him the address. The doctor took a card and wrote on it, "Col. George

Clipsham, introduced by Dr. Jones." Clipsham was lying on a long extension chair, carefully wrapped up in a Zuñi blanket, and he asked the doctor to put down the name and street on this fatal calendar; and there the doctor put it, just as Clipsham bade him. Before Clipsham started upon his journey, he copied all the lines from his calendar into his pocketbook. There was not much, and he did not look at the dates. They came thus :

M. Speak at Caucas.

Tu. Stop over at Aunt Lucy's.

W. Day, 999 Olive Street. (This in the doctor's writing.)

But Clipsham never noticed that the dates were wrong. He copied the entries into his own note-book; and thus it happened, as we say, that many pleasant things followed. Elinor and George do not think anything "happened." They think it was all made in heaven. This I know—that they had that mischievous Gertrude for their only bridesmaid.

For so it was that, on the evening when Clipsham meant to call on Mrs. Day in St. Louis, he was in Chicago. He looked at his diary, and he found this entry. "How queer it is!" said he. "I thought Jones said these people lived in St. Louis"—as indeed Dr. Jones did. But Clipsham had formed this notion that his memory was failing, so he consulted the hotel clerk as to how he should find the street. The clerk never heard of it, but saw in a moment that it should be Ohio Street, and that Clipsham had copied it wrong. Clipsham went to No. 999, as he thought he had been bidden. Here he sent in the card: "Col. George Clipsham, introduced by Dr. Jones." After a moment's delay he was admitted, and a very charming lady came forward to meet him. Clipsham bowed, and said she was very kind to be so informal and to permit him to be, but he was a traveler, and had but one night in Chicago; and then he was presented to Elinor, and I think the whole thing was pretty much finished then, as far as he was concerned—and so would you, if you knew Elinor Clipsham as well as I do. Then there was a little inquiry about Dr. Jones. But

that did not come out very well. In the first place, Clipsham did not hear very well. In the second place, he was a good deal preoccupied with Elinor. In the third place, the Dr. Jones he was talking about was the leading physician of Tamworth, and the Dr. Jones they were asking about was the Rev. Dr. Jones, president of the theological seminary at New Berea. But she was well-bred; she saw there was some mistake, and she let it pass.

A very pleasant evening Clipsham had. It proved that he heard Miss Elinor much better than he had heard anybody for a fortnight. The journey had been of use already. Then they fell to singing duets, even on this slight acquaintance. She plays a charming accompaniment, and he sings admirably when he has no cold. She was tolerant that evening, though his voice was all wrong. Then, when her father came in, it proved that they were all going to Colorado Springs on the next day but one; and so it was very easy for Clipsham to make up his mind that he had business which would keep him over a day in Chicago. Although he did not tell them so, he made his resolution to stay before he left the house.

When he had gone away, Elinor's mother said she pitied him, because he had such a horrid cold. "But, Mamma," said Elinor, "did you ever know a cold make a man say 'Day' instead of 'May' ? He kept calling you Mrs. Day."

Mrs. May had not observed this. But it was even so. As for Clipsham, when he met them at the train, and took his seat with them in the same Pullman, he was no such fool but that he could see that their seats were taken for Mrs. May, Mr. May, and Miss May. But then he supposed the P. P. C. man had written this wrong. When, however, the names which they had themselves put on the books with which they traveled proved to be May, Clipsham gave up his conviction that he knew their names better than they did. As he went on, indeed, he began to be wondering whether he could not persuade Miss Elinor to change hers. He was very soon on that plane of conversation where he called her "Miss Elinor."

Yes, a Pullman is a very nice place when the company is good. They sang in the twilight, for Clipsham's voice improved very fast, and his hearing gained so that he could hear Miss Elinor, even when she spoke in very low tones, of experiences of hers which she would not care to have that Russian merchant hear, who was on his way to Alaska. The Pullman people had not then advanced so far as to have a piano in the car between the saloon and the smoking-room. But these two people found that they could sing without any accompaniment. At the stations Clipsham always managed to bring in something; if there were no flowers there were queer crullers, or if there were no crullers there were fossils. Sometimes there was half an hour's detention, and then he and Miss May would have a good, brisk, constitutional walk together.

Now Clipsham had mining interests in Colorado, and Mr. May had smelting interests. And while Mr. May attended to the smelting, Colonel Clipsham would wait with them. And while Clipsham inquired about the mining, the Mays were not far away. And the "Garden of the Gods" was more divine than ever, when they dismissed the carriage one evening, and under the moonlight walked home together, while those old divinities looked down, in still approval of what these younger people said and did. Altogether, the journey out, and the journey there, and the journey home, were charming. Clipsham never received one newspaper all the time, and he did not dream that he was growing famous. As for the Mays, they never asked nor cared whether he was a public man or a private man. It was enough for them that the Rev. Dr. Jones had recommended him. Nay, they did not long think of that. For, give him a chance,

George Clipsham is anywhere his best recommendation. He is a modest man, but you cannot be with him a day without seeing that he is a brave, quiet, true, Christian gentleman. He thinks very little of himself, but is glad—nay, eager—if he can, to make other people happy and good, and to serve the world where he has a chance to serve it.

Nothing, indeed, could have been better or brighter or more happy in its results than this Colorado journey. Clipsham threw off his cold entirely, and before the journey was over he had undertaken to take care of Elinor to the end of her days, if she would let him. She, on her part, has taken such good care of him from that day to this that he has never made the wrong speech in the wrong place, and he has never had that "horrid influenza" again.

When he came back to Tamworth, in all the exuberance of his new life, he did manage to ask Dr. Jones how he managed to write "Day" instead of "May." For the calendar still hung there, and there was the "D," perfectly plain, in the doctor's handwriting.

Then it was that a thorough examination and explanation ensued, and then Gertrude, in tears, confessed to her mother, for she, poor child! had never forgotten her sin. But she had perfect absolution. A beautiful doll, open-eyes-shut-eyes, was given her, and she has never been scolded from that day to this.

You would say that Clipsham would have called on Mrs. Day in St. Louis on his first visit there. But he has never done so. His wife says she is afraid to have him. He says he has found out that there are no nice daughters there.

Both he and Elinor bless Gertrude, every day of their lives, for her little experiment on his calendar.



## Comment on Current Books

### *The Mystery of Hamlet*

This volume<sup>1</sup> presents a group of lectures by a distinguished scholar, translated by Elizabeth Wilder, and prefaced by an introduction from that lifelong student of Shakespeare, Professor William J. Rolfe. The translator has made a selection from a body of lectures, and gives to the reader, not the substance of the whole book, but such parts of it as are necessary to the presentation of the lecturer's theory of Hamlet. Readers of *The Outlook* are familiar with the leading interpretations of this profoundly interesting and perplexing play, from the time of Goethe to that of Mr. Sidney Lee. The theory presented by Professor Werder may be briefly stated: The duty which the Ghost imposed upon Hamlet was not merely the killing of the King, but bringing him to justice, the killing being the objective form which justice must take on. The King, under an elective monarchy, had a legal right to the throne. It was necessary, therefore, that he should be shown as the murderer of his brother, and seizer of the crown by a crime. Hamlet's aim, therefore, was to force the King to a confession, and his whole course of action was dictated by that purpose. It was not the throne, but the unmasking of the villain, the securing of a confession, and his punishment, which led Hamlet through all his apparent vacillations. This is the secret of the uncertainties and apparent inconsistencies of Hamlet's course, and that course finds its logical climax in the production of the play within the play, when the King, without actually making a confession, reveals his villainy. The argument is presented with great clearness and force.

### *The Friends of Voltaire*

The author of the latest biography of Voltaire has now added a delightful supplementary volume<sup>2</sup> that will be enjoyed by all its readers, irrespective of their acquaintance with the previous work or with the fascinating if stormy age in which Voltaire lived and wrote. By the "friends" of Voltaire are meant not only those with whom he was intimate but also others personally little known to him, yet "whose aim was his aim, to destroy from among the people 'ignorance, the curse of God,' and who were, as he was, the prophets and the makers of a new dispensation." On the basis of this liberal definition room is found for d'Alembert

and Diderot, the founders of the famous *Encyclopædia*; Galiani, the mirthful Italian wit; Vauvenargues, the short-lived aphorist; d'Holbach, the blatant atheist and model host; Grimm, the German journalist and warmest friend of Diderot; the enigmatical Helvetius; the statesmanlike Turgot; the ubiquitous Beaumarchais; and Condorcet, the luckless—a notable if not altogether praiseworthy company. Each is made the subject of a biographical study, sympathetic, animated, rich in touches that bring the hero and his times very near to the reader; and, though no profound analysis of character is made, and little attempt to measure the individual with relation to his influence on the thought of his own day and of posterity, there is throughout a stimulating informativeness that should lead to a lively desire for closer acquaintance with all ten of the Voltairean gentlefolk. Even in the least successful of the studies—those of Vauvenargues, Turgot, and Beaumarchais—these qualities are plainly discernible; and, apart from an occasional and sometimes pardonable lapse into extravagance of statement, there is little to criticize in the rest. Especially good are the portraits of d'Alembert, Diderot, d'Holbach, and Grimm; although it is perhaps as well to point out that if Mrs. Frederika MacDonald makes valid her contention that Diderot and Grimm conspired to ruin Rousseau's reputation, it will be in order for the author of the present work to do some radical revising.

*The New Far East* Striking political changes during the past month in China make the publication of recent observations of expert observers in the Orient especially timely. It is a satisfaction to call attention to two books<sup>3</sup> on the Far East which deserve particular notice. Both have been written by men of long experience in the Orient; both are full of interesting information; both point out that the great event and the possible peril of the twentieth century lies in the development of China; finally, both volumes are valuable as books of reference because they contain the texts of important state papers, of the Anglo-Japanese, Portsmouth, and Peking treaties, and the Japanese-Korean protocol. In addition, Mr. Putnam-Weale's book<sup>2</sup> includes admirably detailed exhibits of China's foreign trade and an inquiry into the assets and liabilities of

<sup>1</sup> *The Heart of Hamlet's Mystery*. Translated from the German of Karl Werder. By Elizabeth Wilder. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Friends of Voltaire*. By S. G. Tallentyre. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>3</sup> *Signs and Portents in the Far East*. By Everard Cotes. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Trade in the East and its Aftermath*. By B. L. Putnam-Weale. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3. net.

China in international commerce, also tables showing the Japanese public debt, the cost of the Russian war to Japan, and the comparative strength of the Japanese navy and the navies of the Great Powers. While both authors are keenly interested in the dangers connected with large Japanese and Chinese armaments, Mr. Cotes points out that, if England, America, and Japan unite to guarantee Chinese integrity, we need not worry about signs of unrest as seen in the boycott of American goods, the attempt to win back control of the customs, the campaign against British-Indian trade "under the guise of a crusade to abolish the undoubted evils of the Chinese opium habit," and a determination to supplant European and American enterprise in railway, mining, commercial, and industrial undertakings. As an Anglo-Indian journalist Mr. Cotes is, of course, specially sensitive concerning the potentialities of India as England's coadjutor in the future of the Far East. This part of his general survey forms the volume's distinctive feature. Mr. Putnam-Weale's book is especially interesting as a continuation of his earlier publication "The Re-Shaping of the Far East."

**Persistent Problems**

Although, as the author remarks, philosophy since Hegel's time can be credited with no original work, but only with variations of existing systems, this volume<sup>1</sup> exhibits attractive freshness both of arrangement and of thought. In a historical view modern philosophy is clearly the result of an evolutionary process, in which we have the survival of the fittest. What great thinkers have severally contributed to it is found in the systems which they have successively formulated. A systematic introduction to modern metaphysics, which now for a century has been, at least qualitatively, monistic, quite naturally comprises the history of philosophy since the dawn of its modern period in Descartes. Such a fusion of propædæutic and history is a striking feature of the present work. Another distinctive feature of it, and a fresh contribution to clear thinking, is its grouping of systems from the view-point of the final question of philosophy—the nature of ultimate reality—is it One, or Many? of one kind, or more than one? of the same nature as our consciousness, or absolutely other? In congruity with these distinctions, all modern systems are here grouped as, either numerically or qualitatively, monistic or pluralistic; the monistic systems as non-idealistic or idealistic; the idealistic, as spiritualistic or phenomenistic. This class-

ification lights up the entire course of exposition and criticism which forms the book. The largest space is deservedly given to Kant, and here the arrangement of material is relatively new. Uncommon also is the estimate put upon Schopenhauer, as essentially a monistic idealist within easy distance of Hegel. The author's standpoint is the conviction that "Hegel's essential argument for monistic spiritualism" is irrefragable. Among present writers Royce is most nearly followed, but with clearly noted divergences. Stress is constantly put upon the immediateness of self-consciousness, as the starting-point of philosophy and the guarantee of truth. In guarantee of the estimates and criticisms of the systems surveyed the writers speak for themselves in ample citations, and a touch of personal interest is added by brief biographies. These, with annotated bibliographies and critical excursus, form a large appendix, of value to serious students. Insight, poise, and a fine blending of clarity with brevity make this an eminently serviceable book for all such. Such a work, in addition to her well-wrought "Introduction to Psychology," gives Professor Calkins a distinction among American women as meritorious as it is unique.

**Half-Science**

An accomplished biologist-professor at the Sorbonne in Paris, presents in this volume<sup>2</sup> the mechanical theory of life. According to this, life is not the cause but the effect of chemical processes, which work mechanically, that is, with uniformity and precision, in an invariable sequence of antecedents and consequences. He expects that scientists will in time be able to discover the secret of these processes, and to originate life thereby at will. Granting the possibility of this, it would demonstrate, at most, that life is the concomitant, not the effect, of those processes, and appears whenever the conditions of its appearance have been prepared. So much must be said to those who fear certain inferences already set up in anticipation of the supposedly revolutionary nature of the expected discovery. The mechanical processes that build up and sustain living bodies are exhibited in the present volume with remarkable clearness and completeness. On this side of the subject given in its title it is all that could be desired. It is the physical side only: "the study of life," says the author, "belongs to chemical physics." To be convinced of "the absence of all essential difference and all absolute discontinuity between living and not-living matter" is a mark of "the enlightened mind." The

<sup>1</sup> *The Persistent Problems of Philosophy*. By Mary Whiton Calkins. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Nature and Origin of Life*. By Félix Le Dantec. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. \$2, net.

"purely objective" study of living beings, to which this biologist limits his science, regards consciousness, the psychical side of life, as "an unverifiable hypothesis." But the signs of fright, of grief, of guilt, of hate, of love, which human faces exhibit, are material for an objective study without which human intercourse is impossible. That consciousness is not operative in directing vital movements is an amazing assertion, tantamount to a confession of willful ignorance of unimpeachable facts accepted by unprejudiced science.

*Germany's  
Industrial Growth*

Prize essays do not always—one is tempted to write do not often—deal with subjects of interest to the general reading public; but this cannot be said of Dr. Earl Dean Howard's "The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany."<sup>1</sup> To Americans in particular the phenomenal rise of the German Empire during the past quarter of a century from a position of economic insignificance to one of prime economic importance is of the greatest interest; and anything tending to throw light on the means whereby this development has been attained should be warmly welcomed, and the more warmly since in Germany we are forced to recognize one of our two most formidable competitors in the world's markets. For his facts Dr. Howard has gone directly to official sources; his statements are supported by official statistics, so far as it has been possible to obtain such; and his conclusions are based on an investigation that has clearly been open-minded, judicial, and thorough. In beginning he takes, properly enough, a survey of the economic history of Germany prior to the political unification from which her industrial progress really dates; and he finds that the chief causes of her backwardness were the geographical position that so long made her the battle-ground of Europe, the conservatism of her people fostered by her peculiar agricultural system, her inadequate trade and transportation facilities, and her obsolete banking system. Coming to the period of progress, which he finds chiefly characterized by a transition from reliance on agriculture to reliance on manufactures and commerce, he specifically locates the causes of her amazingly rapid economic growth in (1) increased domestic consumption due to increased population and a generally higher standard of life; (2) the betterment of transportation facilities; (3) the Kartel system, "which is able to promote the export inter-

ests of the Empire and introduce greater steadiness in the domestic industrial world;" (4) the system of industrial education; and (5), the fundamental cause of all, the characteristics of the German people. On the question of the relation between the tariff system and the economic prosperity of the country he scarcely touches—an omission that is distinctly regrettable—but he does develop much that will be found not only new but surprising by most of his readers. Thus, in opposition to the view that the economic progress of the United States has been due largely to the force of individual initiative, Dr. Forrest insists that in the case of Germany a most powerful contributory factor has been the subordination of individual initiative to habits of obedience and discipline, for which he gives chief credit to the army system. Here, of course, there is room for honest difference of opinion; as also with regard to his view of the connection between industrial progress and the Kartel. There is no questioning, however, the intrinsic value of his work, which assuredly makes for a clearer understanding of modern Germany and her people.

*The Chancellorsville  
Campaign*

Had Colonel Charles Richardson chosen to utilize his personal experiences as the basis for his "The Chancellorsville Campaign,"<sup>2</sup> he might have made an interesting contribution to Civil War literature; but as it is, his narrative is quite negligible. Barring a tedious and—to readers not familiar with the ground—difficult description of the scene of conflict, his account of the operations of Early and Sedgwick about Fredericksburg displays little originality, and consists for the most part of quotations from official reports strung together in a commonplace way. In fact, more than half the book is given over to an appendix of abstracts from reports of the operations of the Army of the Potomac.

*The Wild Flowers  
of England*

Under an apt title and written by a nature-lover of unusual skill in description as well as in observing, this book<sup>3</sup> will bring back pleasant memories to all who know the English fields and hedgerows. The author is an artist, too, and gives us really charming full-page pictures in color of primrose, orchis, anemone, hawthorn, broom, gorse and heather, harebells, poppies, and a score of other wild-growing beauties. The year is followed month by month—a convenient and agreeable arrangement.

<sup>1</sup> The Cause and Extent of the Recent Industrial Progress of Germany. By Earl Dean Howard, Ph.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1. net.

<sup>2</sup> The Chancellorsville Campaign: Fredericksburg to Salem Church. By Charles Richardson. The Neale Publishing Company, New York. \$1. Postage, 10c.

<sup>3</sup> Nature's Own Gardens. Written and Illustrated in Colour and Line. By Maud M. Clarke. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6.



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## CONTENTS

International Unselfishness.....	439	The Czar's Coup d'Etat.....	450
The Hague Conference.....	440	The Drama Once More.....	451
The Crisis in France.....	441	Heaven on Earth.....	454
New Alliances Abroad.....	442	The Spectator.....	455
Do Immigrants Pay		Imagination in Natural	
Extortionate Railway		History. A Letter from	
Fare?.....	443	John Burroughs.....	457
The Recount Bill.....	443	The Attacks on Japanese. From a Special	
A Popular Uprising.....	444	Correspondent.....	460
College Events.....	445	First Impressions of	
The Smoke Nuisance.....	445	America. By W. H.	
By Air-Ship to the North		Mallock.....	462
Pole.....	446	The Revolt of a Hero.	
The Intercollegiate Civic		By Elliott Flower.....	467
League.....	447	Studies in Social History	
A Proposed Church		Comment on Current	
Union.....	448	Books.....	475
The Scottish Churches.....	449	Letters to The Outlook.....	481

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.  
The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.  
Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.  
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**International Unselfishness** Of the twenty-four millions of dollars which China is under obligation to pay to the United States as indemnity on account of the Boxer uprising, the United States Government now proposes to remit over thirteen millions—over one-half. This was communicated by the State Department to Sir Chentung-Liang-Cheng, the retiring Chinese Ambassador, last week. All that the United States will receive from China, if Congress agrees to this proposal, is enough to reimburse the American property-owners who suffered loss, and to pay the share of the cost incurred by the United States in restoring order. The balance of twenty-four millions which the United States is entitled by treaty arrangement to receive would be in the nature of a penalty exacted from China for failing to protect life and property. It is this

penalty which the President, if he obtains authority from Congress, will decline to exact. The relief to China is greater than these figures indicate, for the twenty-four millions was by agreement to be paid by China during a period of thirty-nine years, with interest which would have brought the total amount taken from the Chinese treasury to thirty-eight millions. If it ever were true that the State is, as Nietzsche makes Zarathustra call it, "the coldest of all cold monsters," it certainly is not true in these days. Once upon a time it was a very common belief that, however unselfish it might be right for an individual to be, a nation in its relations with other nations would be and ought to be invariably selfish. The ghost of this idea peeps between the lines of occasional editorial articles on international subjects even nowadays. Indeed, a large part of the argument of the self-styled anti-imperialists was based on the idea that it is impossible for a Christian nation really to be Christian; and that to pretend that it could be helpful to the weak, that it could really be a neighbor to a dependent people, that it could bear another's burden, was to act the hypocrite. An offer, however, of twenty-seven millions to a nation which has no legal right to the money, and which could not obtain it by any forcible means, is a somewhat too material evidence of sincerity to be greeted with cynical skepticism. The fact is, this proposal is in fine accord with American tradition. Of course magnanimity is not exclusively a Christian virtue; but from any point of view which is antagonistic to the Christian point of view, it is actually a vice; and in any case it is a trait which ought to be exhibited by any people that has such a moral inheritance as ours. It is true that this Nation has failed all too frequently to follow the altruistic impulse, sometimes even when to do that



would have cost us little. Our treatment, for instance, of the Philippines has not been flawless. To use the phrase of Paul, we have not yet attained. It is to be hoped that in this case Congress will not fall behind the high mark set by the executive.



*The Hague  
Conference*

The second International Peace Conference was opened on June 22 in the Knights' Hall, in the Bittenhof Palace at The Hague, with an attendance of 209 delegates, representing forty-seven countries, from whose dress military orders and decorations of all sorts were conspicuously absent, even the naval and military experts appearing in civilian dress. The hall, with its arched oak roof, bare white walls, and stained-glass windows, was a somber background for formal and rather uninteresting introductory exercises. The delegates were placed at green baize tables in the alphabetical order of their countries, Germany and America on the President's right. The large number of representatives from the Central and South American Republics made the Latin element conspicuous in the assembly. Special significance attaches to the fact that for the first time a Congress representing the entire civilized world had assembled, with the whole field of international relations open to it. Whether it accomplishes much or little in the way of definite action, the mere statement of this fact is evidence of a progression of opinion and of condition so great as to be revolutionary. The Dutch Minister of Foreign Affairs called the Congress to order, and made a brief speech welcoming the delegates on behalf of the Queen. M. Nelidoff, Russian Ambassador to France, proposed Dr. van Goudriaan as honorary President, and W. H. de Beaufort, head of the Holland delegation, as Vice-President. The Czar of Russia initiated the Hague Conference; it was therefore appropriate that his representative should give the introductory address, which may be dismissed by a brief characterization; it was without color and it was pessimistic. In closing the speaker said: "On behalf of the gracious Sovereign I here repre-

sent, I ask you to join in laboring to achieve the impossible but forever to be desired ideal, permanent peace of the world."



*The Question of  
Leadership*

Of the four Commissions into which the original Russian programme was divided, M. Victor Bourgeois, of France, Count di Tornielli, of Italy, M. Beernaert, of Belgium, and Professor Martens, of Russia, were appointed acting presidents. The German delegation presented a proposal for the constitution of an international court of appeal for naval prizes, to which the support of England was immediately pledged by one of her delegates, and that of the United States by General Porter. A letter from Mr. Choate was read announcing that he would present to one of the Commissions the question of the collection of public debts by force, and that he might also present other questions not mentioned in the programme. The Drago Doctrine will thus be brought before the Congress for serious consideration. The American attitude on the question of the limitation of armaments has been defined in the statement that our Government regards this matter as pre-eminently a European question, and, in view of the divergence of views among the European Powers, and the unwillingness of any of them to assume the responsibility, does not feel justified at the outset of the Conference in interjecting an issue which might jeopardize the important work achievable. "Nevertheless, the United States does not want to see the door closed, and the reservation is made to protect her right to introduce the subject if for any reason later she should decide to do so." It would be absurd from every point of view to surrender the leadership of this great movement into Russian hands at a time when Russia is the most prominent representative of reactionism in the world. More than any other country she needs the opportunity to reorganize her government and to develop her resources in a period of peace. Her military prestige has received an almost fatal blow at the hands of the Japanese. She is apparently on the

verge of a revolution; and while all Americans have a very friendly feeling for the Russian people, and do not forget the friendship of Russia in dark and critical days, it would be impossible to leave to a Power so constituted and in such a condition the leadership of a world-wide movement. It may be that the time has not yet come for action looking toward disarmament; but it is the right and duty of the United States, not to follow, but to lead in such a movement. The limitation of armaments was one of the subjects which stood first on the list proposed by the Interparliamentary Union. It may be thought advisable to defer action on this matter; but if so, it ought to be, not because Russia takes the lead, but because the United States is convinced that the movement would be forwarded rather than retarded if it is not pressed too vigorously at the moment. The New World is very largely represented in the Conference; it has a much freer hand in dealing with international questions than the Old World. It is the part of the New World to lead and not to follow in such matters.



### *The Crisis in France*

What was at first an industrial demonstration of a unique type, not without its amusing features, last week became in its proportions very like a revolution and brought about a national political crisis. Only the strong personality and convincing eloquence of the Premier, M. Clemenceau, saved the Cabinet from a positive defeat in the Chamber of Deputies. M. Clemenceau's handling of the subject before the Chamber was masterly, and it resulted on Friday of last week in a vote of confidence passed by the great majority of 104, under which the Administration was left free to take all necessary measures to repress violence and re-establish law and order in the disturbed departments of the Midi. There seems to be no doubt that Marcelin Albert, his chief aid, M. Ferroul, and their associates in the strange peaceful revolt planned by them for the vine-growers, were perfectly sincere and single in purpose. But it is

easier to arouse men's passions than to restrain them. The cessation of civic functions by mayors and magistrates, the refusal to pay taxes by the vine-growers and wine merchants, the implied threat to the Government to disregard it entirely if legislative measures were not at once passed for relief, the parades and street agitation—all combined not only to excite an always excitable people, but also to call out all the hatred which existed against the Government for other than industrial reasons. The Clerical party, the Monarchists, and the Socialists have many adherents in the cities of the South, and the mobs which have filled the streets of Montpellier, Narbonne, and Béziers were, we judge, largely made up of these elements. Troops were poured into the disaffected districts, and the curious fact developed that the disaffected people were bitter in their feeling to the cavalry, who repressed demonstrations roughly, while they were well disposed to the infantry and tried to gain their sympathy and forbearance. The leader, M. Albert, came to Paris, saw M. Clemenceau, and returned to submit to the law; his chief lieutenant, M. Ferroul, was arrested, escorted by one hundred and fifty soldiers to the station, and taken to Montpellier. Orators of the people addressed the troops in this fashion: "We love you as you love your friends. We do not wish you harm, but we hunger and you will not fire on us." Then an emotional exhibition of fraternity took place between mob and troops, in which the latter shared the former's bread and wine. This was in Narbonne, but in the same city on Thursday attempts to disperse the mob led to firing by the troops, and it was reported that seven deaths resulted, including, as usual in such cases, innocent people, women and children. On the same day rioting took place at Argelliers, and even in the large town of Montpellier. So far as can be ascertained (and the reports given out have been very meager), no deaths were caused by these latter outbreaks, although a number of people were wounded. It was at first reported that public buildings had been burned, but this report seems unfounded. Finally,

on Saturday came the report that at Montpellier, the previous night, barricades had been erected and defended by the mob against a charge by the dragoons, and this news was accompanied by the still more serious report that near Béziers two companies of infantry had mutinied and had persuaded four other companies to join them, but that the mutinous soldiers had soon yielded to the influence of their commanding officers, and had been shut up in barracks to await the action of the military authorities. It is perfectly evident that the acts just described constitute, when taken together, something very like an extended revolt in a large and important section of the Republic. In such a case, no matter what sympathy may be felt with the financial losses and real necessities of the people in that section, it is clearly the first duty of the Government to assert its authority, restore order, and insist on the resumption of the usual functions of administration by those who have willfully relinquished them, or to appoint other officials to take their place. The action of the Chamber of Deputies will make this possible, and after it has been done it can hardly be doubted that the demands of the disaffected section for protection against the adulteration of wine, the concoction of imitation wines, the admission of the inferior product of other countries to come into competition with the vine-growers' product, and the excessive cost of sugar, an essential in their business and now under a high protective tariff—that these and other demands will be carefully considered and made the subject of thoughtful and wise legislation.



*New Alliances  
Abroad*

A realignment of the Great Powers was rendered imperative by the results of the Russo-Japanese War, which put Russia into the background and pushed Japan into the foreground, not only as a Power of the first rank, but also as a force in the East to be reckoned with at every turn. England was quick to understand the situation, and her speedy alliance with Japan was a masterpiece of diplomacy when one considers

her vast Oriental interests and what she has at stake. King Edward VII. has a genius for diplomacy of the constructive sort. Not only has England come to a thorough understanding with Japan, but with France, with Italy, and with Spain. The latest achievement of the King is substantially an agreement between England, France, and Spain, expressed in an agreement between the English and the Spanish. It is reported that by the terms of the treaty with Spain, which is one of the fruits of the King's diplomacy and a very auspicious accompaniment of the recent marriage between the royal houses of England and Spain, Great Britain has secured for the first time a formal recognition by Spain of her right to the peninsula on which Gibraltar stands; while England, with the backing of her immense navy, substantially guarantees the Spanish possessions in the Canary Islands and the Mediterranean. The agreement between France and Japan recites that the two Governments are moved by a desire to strengthen the friendly relations now existing between them, and to avoid every future cause of misunderstanding; that they agree, therefore, to respect the independence and integrity of China, as well as the principle of equity, in the treatment of that country, for the commerce and subjects of all nations; that, having special interest in seeing order and peace guaranteed in the regions of the Chinese Empire in the vicinity of the territories over which they have sovereign rights of protection or occupation, they have mutually engaged to support each other in assuring the peace and security of these regions and in maintaining the situation and the territorial rights of the two contracting parties on the Asiatic continent. It is believed that a similar agreement will shortly be made between Japan and Russia. The feeling evidently exists in Germany that the result of these various agreements is the isolation of that country, but there is very little doubt that the conclusion of these various treaties means the removal of a number of possible causes of irritation, a thoroughly good understanding between a large group of Powers, and a condition extremely favorable to the continuation of

peace and to the free development of the Orient.

*Do Immigrants  
Pay Extortionate  
Railway Fare?*

⊗ There never was a better illustration of the need of our National Inter-State Commerce Commission, and equally of a Commissioner of Immigration eager to protect his poor and often ignorant wards, than was seen last week at the preliminary hearing before the Commission on the asserted wrongful and shameful discrimination against immigrants by the railways. The hearing was not completed, and it would not be fair to criticize the railways unreservedly before their case has been presented to the Commission in full at the postponed hearing. But it is not too soon to say that if the facts are as alleged by the Immigration Inspectors, and at least in part admitted by Mr. J. R. Wood, the General Passenger Traffic Agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the need of stringent supervision and control by the central authority of the United States is so strong as to appeal both to one's sense of justice and to one's human sympathy. It is alleged that seven of the leading railways of the country have united to charge immigrant passengers unjust and unreasonable rates, while at the same time the service given is extremely bad in every particular. Thus, it was admitted by Mr. Wood that within five years the cost of a ticket for an immigrant between New York and Philadelphia has been raised from \$1.75 to \$2.25, while at the same time the ordinary first-class passenger's ticket has been reduced in price until it is now only \$2.25—precisely what the immigrant pays. So also an immigrant bound for Atlantic City has to pay \$3 for a single ticket, while an ordinary passenger can buy a round-trip ticket for \$2.50. But this is only half of the story; for the immigrant's ticket is good for only two days, and he has immeasurably inferior accommodations. For instance, the seats are mere benches; there are no porters or brakemen to assist women and children in getting on or off; an immigrant cannot buy a sleeping-car ticket even if he wishes to; the cars are crowded, so that often the

passengers have no seats at all; there are poor lavatory accommodations and sometimes none; and the immigrants have to wait penned up like cattle in the stations, sometimes for ten or twelve hours. Much of this was admitted by Mr. Wood, while the actual condition of affairs was saliently brought out by the story of Inspector Cowan, of the Immigration Department, who journeyed from New York to Philadelphia in company with about three hundred and fifty immigrants. He described the floor of the room where they were penned in for four hours as covered with refuse and in a filthy condition, while there were only plain board seats without backs. There was no opportunity to obtain provisions during the four hours' wait, and when they were bundled in a seven-car train they found not enough seats, so that many of the passengers went to sleep on the floor. There was no lavatory, no wash-basin, and no water in the water-cooler. At Philadelphia the immigrants who had overcrowded the seven-car train were all jammed into a six-car train; and at this point Mr. Cowan felt that his experience had been all that he could stand. And for this kind of accommodation, if the charges made by Mr. Watchorn are correct, the great railways are charging as much as or more than they obtain from first-class passengers, occupying first-class cars, and having liberal stop-over privileges and all provisions for comfort!

*The Recount  
Bill*

⊗ Governor Hughes has signed the Recount Bill, and it is now the law of New York State. He has accompanied this signature with a memorandum giving the reasons for his approval. They might be expressed in a single sentence thus: Special exigencies sometimes require special legislation, and such an exigency is produced by the uncertainty in which is involved the result of the municipal election of 1905. This exigency the Governor thus describes:

It is well known to all who are conversant with sentiment in the city of New York that there is widespread doubt as to the accuracy of the official canvass. The failure to resolve that doubt and to determine in a prompt and decisive manner, satisfactory to all fair-minded citizens, the result of the election

has become a grave public scandal. The denial of all relief, either under the existing law or through appropriate legislation for the ascertainment of the fact whether the votes had been lawfully counted as cast, has brought our law into contempt and created a grievance shared by many thousands of our fellow-citizens who believe that a great wrong has been committed which it is the duty of those charged with the enactment of laws to repair.

The Governor holds that *quo warranto* proceedings do not afford adequate remedy, because they necessarily involve great delay. He concedes that the bill as signed puts the Mayor at disadvantage by requiring him to pay the cost of recount in any districts which he asks to have recounted, in case that recount shows that he was duly elected. But this injustice, he declares, is remedied by the supplementary bill which has already passed the Legislature. We regret that a careful reading of Governor Hughes's memorandum does not change the opinions which The Outlook has expressed respecting this recount bill. We regret this because this is almost the only executive action of Governor Hughes which we have not been able heartily to approve. Nor do we for a moment question the worthiness of his motives in urging this measure, though we differ from his judgment respecting the wisdom of setting a precedent which appears to us perilous. We shall be glad if he proves to be right in thinking that proceedings under this bill can be pressed to a more expeditious result than *quo warranto* proceedings. But as we go to press it is, on the one hand, officially announced that Mr. Hearst will call for a recount and a recanvass—that is, a judicial examination—of all the ballots cast in all the districts, and it is unofficially reported that Mayor McClellan will resist such a recount and recanvass on the ground that the law is unconstitutional, and will, if necessary, carry the question of its unconstitutionality up to the Supreme Court of the United States. We do not doubt the purity of Mayor McClellan's motives in thus insisting, at very great expense, on what he believes to be the best interests of the city, against what he believes to be a dangerous experiment, but we think that such a protraction of proceedings under this

bill would be inexpedient, and that the advantages of having the measure declared unconstitutional, if this result should be secured, would not be sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages of keeping the question open for months, if not years, to come. His protest against this bill has been dignified and strong, and now that it has been overruled he would be wise to accept the result without further contest. The chief good result which we look for from this agitation is the possible impetus which it may give to a very much needed reform of the ballot and election laws in this State.



#### A Popular Uprising

Two million consumers of natural gas in the cities, boroughs, and villages of western Pennsylvania are aroused against the monopoly of light, heat, power, water, and traction facilities maintained by the Philadelphia Company. This corporation, which has a history of "bold financiering," exercises privileges by virtue of an extraordinary charter. It owns nearly all of the gas-mains in Pittsburgh and western Pennsylvania, nearly all of the electric light plants, every-street railway in Pittsburgh and Allegheny, and nearly every street railway line in western Pennsylvania. Outside of the city it controls water companies and electric plants. The charter, which was granted under the old State Constitution, is of the blanket variety; it allows the Philadelphia Company to do practically anything it wants; to enter any line of business, manufacture any article, and sell anything. The Company used to be owned locally, but recently the United Railways of San Francisco took over practically all of the stock. This fact has increased the exasperation of the people against what they regard as its exorbitant charges and its arbitrary course. Against this Company a storm has been brewing for years; but when recently letter-carriers handed into eighty-eight thousand homes thin slips of paper bearing a brief announcement from the Company that after June 20 the price of natural gas would be thirty cents instead of twenty-five cents a

thousand cubic feet, the storm broke out with full force. This increase of five cents will net in Pittsburg alone, as indicated by the Company's annual statement, \$1,750,000 profit. In that city a majority of the industries are operated by natural gas, and not one in a hundred dwellings has any other fuel or illuminant. Outside of Pittsburg the use of natural gas is as general as within the city. It costs no more to sell the product now than it did several years ago, when the price was fifteen and twenty cents; and even now it is sold by the Company in West Virginia, which requires as much pipe line as Pittsburg, at fourteen cents. The Company has many street-car ventures; and losses it has incurred from these it is, in the opinion of Mayor Guthrie, trying to offset by raising the price of gas. Moreover, the Company, because it can thus make more profit, is making discrimination in favor of manufactured gas and electricity. Thus, it refuses to make contracts for the use of natural gas with incandescent mantles. Though the courts have ruled that the Company cannot say what use a man shall make of the gas after it has passed the curb line into his house, the Company evades the ruling by threatening to shut off the gas. The Company has refused to build the needed extensions of the street-car lines without free and untaxed franchises in perpetuity; it has refused to observe the clauses in its franchises requiring it to keep the streets clean between the car tracks. It has failed to provide all the needed and promised additional cars; it has ignored the proposal to abolish the car line loops; it has failed to pay its increased license for its cars; it has declined to establish the system of "grounds" that will save the city water-mains from electrolysis due to the electric conduits of the Company. In the fight against the practices of this Company the leader is the Mayor of Pittsburg, George F. Guthrie. Associated with this Democratic Mayor are the Republican Mayor of Allegheny, Charles F. Kirshler, Mayor Coleman, of McKeesport, and committees from city councils, boroughs, and business organizations. Together these officials and delegates have petitioned Governor Stuart

to invoke the sovereignty of the State in an attack upon the Company's charter. This fight is not without meaning for the Republican State organization. Its dilemma seems to be either to affront the people of western Pennsylvania, or to strengthen the leadership of Mayor Guthrie, who might be a powerful Democratic candidate for the Governorship.



*College Events* College festivities have filled much space in the reports of the newspapers during the past week. At Smith College the Senior class presented "Much Ado About Nothing," with the admirable scenic background and exceptionally good acting which for years past have characterized these dramatic presentations.—The Commencement address at Mount Holyoke College was delivered by Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago.—Dr. Wheeler has declined the invitation to become President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and remains at his post in Berkeley, where he is rendering admirable service in broadening the field of work and of influence of the University of California.—At the Virginia Military Institute, at Lexington, the resignation of Superintendent General Scott Shipp, after a service of seventeen years, was accepted, and Colonel Edward W. Nichols, Professor of Mathematics and Economics in the Institute, was appointed temporary Superintendent.—Speaking in New York City at the Commencement of the College of St. Francis Xavier, Archbishop Farley commented on the large number of graduates of Catholic colleges who did not send their sons to the schools to whose training they owed their success; and the Rev. Dr. Brann called attention to the fact that the poor built and supported Catholic parochial schools, and as yet no man of wealth in the metropolis has built and endowed such a school.—Lafayette College, at Easton, Pennsylvania, celebrated its seventy-fifth year by addresses from Professor Münsterberg, of Harvard, Professor Cattell, of Columbia, and Professor Owen, of Lafayette.—At Brown University the address before the Phi Beta Kappa

Society was delivered by Mr. Bliss Perry, on "The Academic Temper." At the alumni dinner Judge Grosscup discussed "The Every-day Man and Our Corporation Problem," and said, among other things:

The American people have on deposit in banks and banking institutions nearly \$13,000,000,000, a sum of money unemployed for investment directly by themselves, but employed by a comparatively small borrowing class. This huge deposit nearly equals at their present market prices the value of all the railroads of the country put together. It constitutes almost the entire wealth on which the corporate business of the country actually rests. It is not the rich men of the country who own this wealth. Indeed, were all the banks and savings societies to liquidate at once, there would immediately turn up in direct possession and ownership of the people at large so large a part of the corporate securities that the American people could be said to be, in fact, the owners of the property of America.

How ought sane men to meet these conditions? Should the corporation, for the mere sake of election tactics, be hawked at from every angle of human disappointment? . . . We should transform the corporation from a position of inviting distrust to a position that invites the people's trust. In the evolution of events the corporation has become sole trustee over nearly the whole field that ought to invite the individual interests, the individual hopes. And this alone ought to invite us out of the delusion that the character and career of a state-made corporation is of no more public concern than the character and career of an individual. The corporation is a mighty agency of and for the people whose character and career are of the deepest public concern. And the great work of this generation is to raise it up to the stature of the mission it has to perform; to make it for the future a trustworthy agency commanding the confidence of the future. That, and that alone, is the sane way of meeting the conditions that confront us.

### *The Smoke Nuisance*

The Anti-Smoke League of the City of New York has announced that, in its judgment, the smoke problem in the great power establishments has been satisfactorily solved. These establishments are practically the only ones in the metropolis which have been breaking the law and pouring out from their great chimneys clouds of black smoke. As a result of experiment at a station of the New York Edison Company, which has been among the foremost offenders, the nuisance

will hereafter be abated. There are eight great chimneys at this particular station, and the volume of smoke which has come from them has very materially blurred the sky and contributed an element of gloom and dirtiness to the whole neighborhood. This is only the beginning of what it is to be hoped will prove to be the final triumph of the Anti-Smoke League in preserving the skies of New York, and also its beauty and healthfulness. It has been shown that the impregnation of the air by smoke is a material element in very serious diseases; that it involves an enormous waste in the way of expenses and loss of property is also well known. From every point of view black smoke ought to have no place within the limits of a great city. The endeavor has been made to secure this general result without imposing too heavy a burden on the great establishments, and for this reason the League has been patient with a number of offenders. If the problem has been solved in a practical way, every excuse will be removed, and the League will be in a position to compel all other smoke-producers to conform to the law. The Outlook has regarded this as one of the most important public services now being rendered by any organization in New York City, and the Anti-Smoke League is entitled to the gratitude of the whole country; for the sky of the metropolis is one of its most beautiful features.

### *By Air-ship to the North Pole*

The proposal of Mr. Walter Wellman to reach the North Pole by an air-ship has been regarded by most people, we fancy, as visionary and impracticable. With just this feeling the present writer glanced at Mr. Wellman's own account in the current McClure's of the present state of the project. A drawing of the skeleton frame of a hall built to house the air-ship caught the eye by its remarkable dimensions. It is 190 feet long, 82 feet wide, and 85 feet high, and is covered with sail-cloth. Not only was this great iron structure erected last year on the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, but it was fitted out

with many tons of apparatus, including a gas-making plant; and three ship-loads of all manner of materials, provisions, machinery, tools, coal, instruments, and an almost endless variety of necessities, were landed. Moreover, the air-ship itself was in part set up and equipped, and only the delay of the Paris contractors rendered it impossible to make a start last summer. This air-ship, be it noted, is not a mere balloon such as wafted Andrée helpless to death, but is in large part a reproduction of *La Patrie*, the most successful of French dirigible balloons, which has shown a speed of twenty-four miles an hour, and has made more than eighty ascensions. *La Patrie* now belongs to the French army. Mr. Wellman's air-ship, *The America*, is one hundred and eighty feet long, has a speed of fifteen miles an hour before a favoring wind, is driven by a motor weighing six hundred pounds and having sixty horse-power, carries over five thousand pounds of fuel, and in all, in addition to its own weight, can carry about nine thousand pounds of cargo and machinery. With an opposing wind perhaps five miles an hour might be made. Slow as this seems, it is far faster time than has ever been made over broken ice-fields by sledges. Last July and August at Spitzbergen the winds were light and variable, often, Mr. Wellman says, blowing for days at a time out of the south directly toward the Pole. As to what will happen this year, the adventurous explorer says:

Some day in July or August, 1907, as we hope and believe, a man standing at the northwestern point of Spitzbergen, six hundred miles almost directly north of the North Cape of Norway, will behold a strange and wonderful spectacle. He will see, rising from a little pocket of land amidst the snow-capped hills of Danes Island, an enormous air-ship—a huge mass of hydrogen gas imprisoned in a stanch reservoir of cloth and rubber, in shape much like a thick cigar, its sharp nose pointed northward.

Well, it is at least possible! The royal road to the Pole may be, as claimed, "the free aerial pathway." Professor Janssen, the eminent astronomer who warned Andrée that what he was undertaking was "not an exploration but a suicide," declared before the French Institute that he believed Mr. Wellman had an excel-

lent chance. Naturally, on the other hand, Commander Peary is somewhat incredulous. What is certain is that, even if successful, the Arctic aeronaut will see nothing of importance or of real scientific value that Peary, Nansen, and others have not already surveyed. The race to the North Pole has been of recent years more an international contest in endurance and for the world's award of honor than anything else. If Mr. Wellman succeeds in passing over the ice-fields in the neighborhood of latitude ninety, longitude nothing, he will at least make future North Pole expeditions unnecessary.



*The Intercollegiate  
Civic League*

As a rule, the graduates of American colleges and universities are fairly well fitted to take their place in civilized society. But, however gratifying this generalization, do they in particular appreciate the responsibilities of citizenship? In every American college there is more or less intelligent and even appreciative study of national and international political conditions. How about the study of municipal conditions? Abysmal seems the ignorance generally shown by the average student as to municipal rights, privileges, needs, and duties, as well as to a knowledge of the present administration of the student's home city. Mr. Bryce is surely a notably keen and kindly observer of our affairs. Of this he has given us monumental evidence in his "American Commonwealth." It is his opinion, after a comprehensive and careful survey, that, of all necessary American reforms, the transformation of our municipalities is the most urgent. How shall that reform best be accomplished? By interesting the students in our institutions of learning, not only in theories of politics and their application in National and State governments, but in practical city problems—the police, for instance—which seem increasingly difficult of solution. Interest among students can be most quickly evoked, not through books, but, first, by lectures and papers from those in first-hand touch with municipal interests, and, second, by requiring the students to begin some practical connection with municipal affairs. From such initiative homester and



more efficient public service must result, not so much by an increase of those who make politics their profession as by the increase of those who would be vigorous reformers, yet who realize that they can never be fully such if they are dependent upon any political organization for their livelihood. The field is fit for this harvest, for in most colleges civic or good government clubs already exist. Twenty of these have now banded together into an Intercollegiate Civic League. Its Graduate Secretary, Mr. Arthur Woods, Harvard '92, is corresponding with nearly fifty other colleges which have expressed interest in the League's purposes and are either forming political clubs or are bringing those already formed into affiliation with the League. The undertaking has President Roosevelt's hearty approval, and other prominent men have contributed articles for the League's use. These have been and are being published by the different clubs in their college papers, and hence have had a wide influence in student circles—for instance, the Hon. James Brown Scott, Solicitor for the State Department, has written a paper for the League on "Municipal Problems in the Light of International Law;" ex-Alderman William Kent, of Chicago, on "A Municipal Creed;" Mr. Thomas Carl Spelling, General Counsel of the American Federation of Labor, on "Municipal Franchises;" Dr. Lyman Abbott on "What to Do;" Mr. Jacob A. Riis on "Man or Money;" and Dr. Samuel McCune Lindsay, Secretary of the National Child Labor Committee, on "A Challenge to Chivalry."



*A Proposed  
Church Union*

Negotiations pending since 1903 for an organic union between the Congregational, the Methodist Protestant, and the United Brethren Churches have resulted in an act of union which has been adopted by joint committees of the three denominations; an act, however, yet to be passed upon by the churches concerned. The Congregationalists have about 6,000 churches, the Methodist Protestants about 2,200, and the United Brethren about 4,000. To accomplish organic union it will be

necessary for these bodies to reorganize their missionary and publishing societies so as to make one society do the work now done by three, and also to reorganize their conferences and associations so as to make one ecclesiastical body serve the purpose of three. The union does not necessarily involve the merger of local churches, though this might doubtless follow in some localities. A liberal and evangelical declaration of faith has been agreed upon, though there is not in the Articles of Agreement anything to indicate that this declaration of faith is imposed as binding upon any of the churches. It is apparently a statement of what the churches do believe, not a statement of what the churches and the ministers are required to believe. The name of the joint organization is hopelessly cumbersome. It is, "The United Churches, Comprising the Congregational Churches, the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, and the Methodist Protestant Church." It is suggested that the title "The United Churches" will in practice be substituted; but if the one title is too cumbersome, the other title is too unmeaning. Very serious opposition to the union has been developed in some of the strongest Congregational churches, pre-eminently among them the Old South Church in Boston, the Broadway Tabernacle in New York, and the Tompkins Avenue in Brooklyn. It is not the province of *The Outlook* to discuss purely ecclesiastical questions; we leave those to be debated by the ecclesiastical journals. It is legitimate, however, to explain for the benefit of non-Congregational readers the three fundamental principles of Congregationalism. They are: (1) The absolute independence of each local church, which is a pure democracy and has power to frame its own creed, organize its own ritual, form its own rules of business, and elect its own officers. In doing this it may ask counsel of other local churches, but no ecclesiastical body, whether Council, Conference, or Association, has any authority over the local church. (2) In the local church all the members are on an absolute ecclesiastical equality, neither pastor nor deacon, however great

his influence may be, has any greater *authority* than the humblest member. (3) These churches fellowship one another and co-operate in common undertakings, and societies have been organized for the purpose of carrying on these common undertakings, but they are not under the direct ecclesiastical control of any distinctly ecclesiastical body. The Congregational Councils and Associations exercise neither legislative nor judicial functions; they only express opinions and offer advice. Whether the proposed Articles of Agreement between the Congregational, the United Brethren, and the Methodist Protestant Churches are consistent with these fundamental principles of Congregationalism is one of the questions upon which the Congregationalists themselves seem not to be fully agreed. Without undertaking to pass judgment on that question, it is clear that the Congregationalists ought not to surrender or modify either one of these three fundamental principles unless they do so intelligently, purposely, and with a clear understanding of what they are doing; and if they do not mean to surrender or modify either one of these principles, those principles should be made so clear in the Articles of Agreement that there can be no opportunity for future discussion on the question whether they have done so.



#### *The Scottish Churches*

The Established Church of Scotland, though ever averse to the intervention of the State in its affairs, availed itself, two years ago, of the appeal to Parliament made by the United Free Church for relief from the legal decision which despoiled it of its property. A bill creating Commissioners for that purpose carried a "rider" authorizing the State Church to alter its formula of subscription to the (Westminster) Confession, which in Scotland, as here, is the Presbyterian standard of doctrine. At the recent meeting of the General Assembly this was accomplished at the end of a debate of no great length. The object aimed at was to eliminate phraseology which was said to have "kept good servants out of the Church." The

amended formula reads thus: "I hereby subscribe the Confession of Faith, the public and avowed Confession of this Church, approved by former Assemblies as most agreeable to the Word of God, and ratified by Parliament in the year 1690, declaring that I believe the Reformed Faith therein set forth. To that I will adhere." What liberty this gives to many who scruple at the distinctive dogmas of high Calvinism appears when it is construed as a legal document, affirming no more than the words require. These seem to have been so drawn as to require adherence to only so much of the Confession as sets forth "the reformed *faith*"—a phrase of evangelical rather than scholastic import. The United Free Church is now practically out of its controversy with the small minority to whom the decision made in 1904 adjudged all its property, valued at \$20,000,000. The Royal Commissioners, empowered by Parliament to allot the property on the basis of competency to hold and administer it, have assigned to the United Free Church 941 churches and stations out of a total of 1,107, and also the three colleges of Aberdeen, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, with most of the foreign missionary property and funds. About \$750,000 will be required to replace the churches and manses of which they have been dispossessed. The chief event of the recent meeting of the General Assembly was the election of Dr. Marcus Dods, well known among us, to the principalship of New College, Edinburgh, in which he has been Professor of New Testament Exegesis since 1889. The General Assembly of the legal Free Church (popularly dubbed "Wee Frees") expressed sore dissatisfaction with the allotments made by the Royal Commissioners. Possession of only 115 churches and manses has been given to this fragment of the disrupted body, and divided occupancy in thirty cases beside. Now it is facing a financial deficiency. It still poses as the only bulwark of orthodoxy left in Scotland, and its Assembly has just pronounced condemnation upon the three colleges of the United Free Church as "seminaries of German rationalism and of infidel criticism."

## The Czar's Coup d'État

The Russian people have met the latest act of revolution on the part of the autocracy with a calmness and dignity which passionate Russian patriots of a generation ago, like Turgenief, would have thought incredible. There has been no disorder, no recrimination, but a noble silence, broken by a few strong, decisive words of protest. Since Napoleon III. seized the French Government fifty-six years ago, there has been no act in violation of the rights of a people so flagrant and inexcusable as this act of the Czar. It is true that he is the representative of a long line of irresponsible rulers. It is true that Russia has been governed for centuries by an autocracy sufficient unto itself and accustomed to act without taking into account the Russian people. It is true that, in a manifesto issued two years ago this summer decreeing the election of a Duma, the Czar reserved unimpaired "the fundamental law regarding autocratic power;" but it is also true that three months later, by another decree, he gave the country to understand that he renounced autocracy; that a Duma was to be elected on a basis to be changed only by the authority of the Duma itself. In other words, he guaranteed the integrity of a popular assembly and the inviolability of its members as well. On that understanding and under the conditions of that decree, bearing the name of the supreme ruler of all the Russias, the Russian people made a serious and earnest attempt to establish a responsible government on a basis of well-defined fundamental rights. The Duma, or National Parliament, had conducted itself with rare discretion and moderation. It made what appeared to the outside world to be a sober endeavor to bridge the chasm between irresponsible and responsible government, and to deal with real conditions in Russia in a conservative and not in a destructive spirit.

Again, as on the fatal Sunday two years ago, the Czar has struck his people a blow in the face. He has broken faith with them, violated his word, set at

naught the most solemn agreement, and become an irresponsible tyrant in this fundamental conflict between mediæval and modern ideals of government. He has all the advantages of position, armament, and organization. The Cossacks are behind him, the true representatives of the old ideas for which his Government stands. Accepting his promise at its face value, his people, who have been endeavoring to establish a working basis with him, have been taken unawares. They are for the moment powerless, though not for an instant cowed. Without warning, their Popular Assembly was commanded to violate its own integrity, and to condemn an entire group of its members without the opportunity of considering for a day the evidence against them. When it proposed an adjournment from Friday until Monday to sift the evidence and discuss the gravest question that could be presented to it, it was met by an abrupt and arbitrary dissolution. If certain deputies were guilty of treasonable practices, it would have been easy to deal with them without treating the entire Duma as *particeps criminis*. It was against such practices that the great majority of the Duma constituted the real defense of the Empire. They stood between the Czar and the Destructionists.

This *coup d'état* is a flagrant violation of the constitution granted by the Czar two years ago. It is a notification to Russia that no promise made by him will be kept any longer than suits his convenience; that his decree establishing fundamental rights is waste paper. In other words, he is doing all that he can to create in Russia a situation like that which Charles I. created in England when the English people were driven to the conclusion that they were dealing with a man whose personal word and whose public pledges were equally worthless. No agreement can be made with a man who tears it up when it suits his purpose; nor can any working arrangement be made with a monarch who has no sense of honor in dealing with his people. The Czar has again forced the Russian people to face the ultimate issue; and they can no longer blind themselves to the fact that autocr-

racy and democracy cannot live together. There is a chasm set between them ; they face each other in an irreconcilable conflict. There may be a brief truce ; there can be no permanent peace.

A decree has been issued providing for the election of another Duma, and defining a new electoral law, under which it is proposed to go through the farce of electing a third Duma in September. Under this law the landowners are put in practical control of the entire electorate of Russia. Under the old law there was a majority of peasants in absolute control in thirteen provinces, and in the other provinces they largely predominated. Under the new scheme every province will be dominated by the landowners, and the number of peasant electors will be reduced more than sixty per cent. One province, that of Viatka, where there are almost no landowners, and which is almost exclusively held by peasants, now becomes but a kind of proprietors' province, or rotten borough. The only two provinces not diminished in the present representation are the two which returned Conservative delegates at the previous election. Representatives of the sections outside the Empire have been cut down so as to give Russia proper an immense preponderance in the new Chamber. The provinces of the Caucasus, which formerly were represented by twenty-five members, have been reduced to ten members, and Poland, formerly represented by thirty-seven members, will be conceded only twelve. The number of cities which will be entitled to separate representation will be reduced from twenty-four to six ; and authority is lodged in the Minister of the Interior which will enable him, if dissatisfied with the returns, to redistribute the voters in any district according to his discretion. Every effort has been made to concede the appearance while denying the reality of a Popular Assembly. Add to this that the Duma elected under the provisions of this law may be dissolved after an hour's notice, and the farcical character of the Czar's dealing with his people becomes at once apparent. There can be but one end to this situation, and it is only a question of time when that end

will be reached. The Russian people are engaged in an irreconcilable conflict. They must either rule themselves or be ruled by arbitrary authority. They are no longer the Russians of "Fathers and Sons," or of "Spring Floods." They are the children of another age. Their eyes have been opened. They have assimilated an extraordinary amount of political education during the last twenty-five years ; they are being very rapidly trained by events. The Czar is no longer the "Little Father" to them. The old capital of devout loyalty which was his safeguard has been ruthlessly wasted. He is now dealing with those who do not trust him, who have no love for him, and who are resolutely determined to be treated like human beings and not like drudges, fools, or slaves.



## *The Drama Once More*

The danger of dogmatizing about matters of art is strikingly brought out by the reviving interest in the drama as a form of literature. Not many years ago a good many critics fell into the habit of speaking of the drama, as critics of to-day speak of the epic, as a literary form adapted to conditions which no longer exist, and vitalized by a feeling which has gone out of modern society. The tide, however, has turned, and more than one acute critic during recent years has predicted that revival of the drama which is now taking place in England and in this country. On the Continent the drama has been for years past, if not the most vital, the most interesting and influential literary form. Ibsen, who was a master dramatist, however limited his view of life, turned the thoughts of young writers of imagination and passion towards the drama as the most effective form of statement of the problems of modern character and fate, with the result that the whole field of motives and personalities, from his own early and striking epical plays, like "The Pretenders," to Maeterlinck's subtle psychological dramas of the soul, "The Blind" and "The Intruder," has

been diligently tilled, and an abundant harvest has borne testimony, not always to the soundness of the seed, but to the responsive vitality of the soil. Ibsen used the drama as a lash, Hauptmann as a medium for presenting anew the ancient dramatic antagonism between the real and the ideal, as in "The Sunken Bell;" Sudermann as the instrument for vigorous etching of social conditions, as in "The Weavers," and of the revolt against the conventional ideals of old German life, as in "Magda." D'Annunzio, with his extraordinary sensitiveness to color and melody in words, has touched with an audacious hand the corruption of an ancient society in a series of plays brilliant in diction but unwholesome and untrustworthy as interpretations of life.

In England there has been a group of brilliant playwrights of the order of Henry Arthur Jones, Arthur W. Pinero, Henry V. Esmond, and Mr. George Bernard Shaw, whose brilliant Gaelic temperament plays like sheet-lightning over the surface of English social life. Mr. Phillips's poetic plays contain lines of great charm, but he has not made any notable advance since "Paolo and Francesca." In this country a group of poetic dramas recently issued included "Lords and Lovers," "Jeanne d'Arc," "The City," and "Alcestis." Four plays of unusual interest and promise following swiftly in the wake of these interesting dramas indicate how seriously dramatic form is engaging the attention of American writers. Mr. Moody's striking though melodramatic drama of Far Western life, "The Great Divide," has perhaps had something to do with stimulating the energy of playwrights, because it has shown that a man of high poetic ideals and of very considerable poetic genius may achieve a popular as well as an artistic success on the stage.

Among these younger dramatists Mr. Percy Mackaye holds a first place, by virtue not only of what he has done, but of the promise of his work. The Outlook has more than once commented on the richness of humor and the lyrical feeling of many passages in "The Canterbury Pilgrims;" it welcomed "Jeanne d'Arc" not only as a literary but as an acting

drama. "Sappho and Phaon,"<sup>1</sup> which follows swiftly upon "Jeanne d'Arc," is set with a prologue, induction, interludes, and epilogue, and bears very comfortably the weight of this apparatus. Mr. Mackaye opens his play in a scene at Herculaneum among modern investigators; in the induction he brings in a group of well-known Romans, including Horace and Virgil; the tragedy, which is conceived as being performed in the theater of Varius, the host of these distinguished visitors from Rome, introduces Sappho, Alcaeus, and Phaon. The play is classic in form, but, like all other plays recently published, thoroughly romantic in temper, full of passion, color, and movement; an outpouring of the soul of a woman of genius. The love story of Sappho is interpreted in terms of modern rather than of antique experience, and is for that reason the more moving. If ancient forms are to be used, their spirit is fulfilled, not by reproducing imitatively the temper and mood of antiquity, but by using old-time forms as vehicles of modern feelings. A passage recited by Sappho brings out the poetic quality in this very interesting tragedy:

SAPPHO

Art thou then come once more, O Silent One?  
(*Sinking at his feet.*)

God of the generations, pain, and death,  
I bow to thee.—Not for love's sake is love's  
Fierce happiness, but for the after-race.  
Yet, thou eternal Watcher of the tides,  
Knowing their passions, tell me! Why must  
we

Rapturous beings of the spray and storm  
That, chanting, beat our hearts against thy  
shores

Of aspiration—ebb? ebb and return  
Into the songless deep? Are we no more  
Than foam upon thy garment—flying spume  
Caught on thy trident's horn, to flash the sun  
An instant—and expire? Are we no more?  
Reveal to me! Break once thine infinite  
Vow of secretiveness, and whisper it  
Soft. I will keep thy secret.

(*Rising.*)

Thou wilt divulge it—never. Thou wilt not!  
Fare you well.  
(*She rushes up the steps to the jutting shrine.*)

Another wave has broken at your feet  
And, moaning, wanes into oblivion.  
But not its radiance! That flashes back  
Into the Morning, and shall flame again  
Over a myriad waves. That flame am I,  
Nor thou, Poseidon, shalt extinguish me.

<sup>1</sup>Sappho and Phaon. By Percy Mackaye. The Macmillan Company, New York.

My spirit is thy changeling, and returns  
To her, who glows beyond the stars of  
birth—  
To her, who is herself time's passion-star.

Mr. Torrence's earlier dramatic work was characterized by fullness and pictorial power of imagination rather than by dramatic spirit. His new play, "Abelard and Heloise,"<sup>1</sup> is hardly an actable drama, and there is serious question whether the story really lends itself to effective dramatic treatment; but Mr. Torrence has charged his rendering with poetic if not with dramatic effectiveness, and the play is another evidence of the presence and power of the romantic temper among the writers of our time. The difficulties presented by this famous love story are so great as to be almost insuperable. Mr. Torrence has met them with courage and with tact; but the spectacle of Abelard presenting himself to Heloise after the tragedy is well nigh insupportable, and it is doubtful whether such a motive can be properly interpreted in dramatic form. Aside from these questions, the play shows a marked advance in the use of the dramatic form, and also in diction. It is full of passages of genuine beauty. The scene in the garden of the convent inevitably suggests Perdita's incomparable catalogue of the flowers, but it is in no sense imitative, and it may be quoted as an example of Mr. Torrence's lyrical feeling and skill:

HELOISE

I've only flowers for you, they're happier.  
No visions, they're of air, take flowers instead.

(*She plucks a handful of flowers and shows them.*)

Here is Herb Robert,—Robin of the Wood  
That sheds a rosebeam from a tower of  
gray—

He's the best comrade for a lonely heart.  
And yellow star-grass that swims in a field  
When autumn steals the summer's gold away.  
And Cyclamen that tries to go from earth  
And wins its colored feathers from the sky  
To make new wings with; and here's Jewel  
Weed

That keeps one morning's dew through all  
its life.

And last of all here is Dream Jasmine for  
you.

(*She gives it to Monica.*)

MONICA

Oh, thank you, does it make a dream come  
true?

HELOISE

No flower does that. This gives a better  
dream.

CECILE

You know the flowers' names, come tell  
them all.

What's this? (*Holding up a flower.*)

HELOISE (*seating herself on the sundial with  
the nuns*)

Ah, now, beware, that's St. John's Wort,  
The fairy doorway, on midsummer night  
After all's done, the mighty labors ended;  
Counting Cecilia's prayers for a whole year,  
Planting soft dreams for Monica to gather,  
And with the points of moonbeams making  
combs

To lure this hair to be straight gold again.  
(*Touching Teresa's hair.*)

Suddenly, swiftly, on the tick of dawn  
The sleeping bee booms his faint goblin drum  
Once, and the fairies are upon their drum.  
They do not go on some glad upward path,  
But enter downward here.

(*Showing flower.*)

And as they go,

With hair-fine swords and bee-sting javelins  
drawn,

They thrust and cut and hew toward this  
warm world,

Striking the outward and sweet-seasoned air,  
And so make sad retreat and disappear.

See, the poor petals are all hacked and  
stabbed,

By accident the fairy weapons did it.

MONICA

And what is this upon the fountain's edge?  
(*Showing flower.*)

HELOISE

Sea Lavender! But we'll not have that tale.  
. . . Too sad.

CECILE

Oh, tell it. Tell such tales.

HELOISE (*faking the flower*)

This was the Lady Rosmarine that loved—

CECILE

But that's not sad.

Miss Mary Johnston has written the Virginia novel of adventure in the freest romantic spirit and won a large company of readers by her picturesque description and idealizing feeling. "The Goddess of Reason,"<sup>1</sup> her first essay in dramatic writing, is as romantic as her stories and as interesting. It opens in Brittany on a summer morning in 1791, and the curtain

<sup>1</sup> Abelard and Heloise. By Ridgely Torrence. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

<sup>1</sup> The Goddess of Reason. By Mary Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

falls at the end on the banks of the Loire at Nantes. The plot is as skillfully devised to awaken and sustain interest from the beginning to the end as any of Miss Johnston's stories, and not until the last scene does the reader face the solution to the problem. The play has a beautiful setting of terraces and ancient homes, and the refinement, dignity, and wit of the old order, set in striking contrast to the turbulence, the passion, the intense conviction, of the revolutionary movement. The heroine, in whose veins flows the blood of an old French noble, but whose father was a peasant, and who had grown up in peasant surroundings, embodies in her own person the tremendous conflict of that intensely dramatic age. As a drama "The Goddess of Reason" is probably too complex for successful presentation. It is lyrical rather than dramatic; but as a piece of writing, both in construction and diction, it will advance Miss Johnston's reputation.



## *Heaven on Earth*

Whether the present age believes in the immortality of the soul or not, it puts a steadily decreasing emphasis upon it. Those who take thought for themselves are trying with all their might to realize a heaven of personal happiness here on earth. Those who live for others are endeavoring quite as hard to change and improve earth till it becomes a little heaven here below. Eschatology has given place to sociology. Mankind, equipped in this present time with new powers of science and fabulous accessions of wealth, has set to work to transform conditions and make its own millennium; while one enthusiastic band of thinkers has already proclaimed that sin, pain, and death are unnecessary evils created by human error, and need not exist any longer than humanity wills. Heaven on earth—here is the modern gospel.

Doubtless heaven on earth is better than no heaven at all. But there is a plentiful lack about it—a lack of infinity and of hope—that is more and more discouraging the more one thinks about it. So far, in earthly experience, when-

ever a man or woman has compassed every earthly thing conducive to personal happiness, happiness has remained exactly as far away as ever. Solomon, with every desire satisfied, and wisdom into the bargain, called his enviable lot "vanity and vexation of spirit." Humanity can get all sorts of things out of life, but satisfaction never; and the more men have, the less they are content. If this be true of Dives, who has had his innings for centuries, it will be equally so of Lazarus, who is now hoping for his turn. If every sociological dream could be realized, and every child born to-day could grow up well fed, well clothed, comfortably sheltered, and well educated, the next generation would be very much more comfortable, but not one whit more happy. Not that these things are not to be striven after with earnestness, or that praise is not due in generous measure to those who strive, but that there still remains the something beyond. Let us suppose that the sociological heaven on earth were attained to-morrow, and that no one in the new civilization believed in sin or pain or death—would humanity be really and permanently purified and satisfied? Would not the road still lead on, exactly as it does to-day, to the true satisfactions of the soul? The ultimate problem of human nature is a problem beyond political economy and social uplift. To try to make the race happy on earthly things is to forget "the awful soul that dwells in clay."

*Thy will be done, as in heaven, so on earth.* The better that man can make earth, the better for him and for it. This world is his battle-ground, his pilgrimage path, his experiment station. It is his destiny and duty to conquer and possess and shape it—but forever to leave it and pass on into a larger life. It was never meant to satisfy him. It cannot satisfy him any better in the twentieth century than in the Garden of Eden. Man can find no abiding city here, in the future as in the past, though he build wall and tower to heaven. The deepest value and significance of human life are that he cannot—that the soul must press on, led by an Eternal Spirit, linked to eternal destinies, heir to eternal joys. To do

the will of God on earth, to make it as much like heaven as its poor possible, but always to have the larger, infinite life beyond and the joy "of going on and not to die"—not until this glory is set before human souls can they be in any degree satisfied with life and its possibilities for themselves and for others. To lose it in the limited and doubtful proposition of establishing heaven here on earth is not progress, but loss—not a glorious enriching of human hopes, but a central cheapening of them.



## *The Spectator*

The Spectator regards the Philistine as a very useful, amiable, and stimulating member of society. Time was when the youthful Spectator, obedient in the discipleship of Mr. Matthew Arnold, would have blushed to acknowledge such a conviction. But time and experience urge most of us to go our own ways rather than those, even those, of the poets; and the Spectator has recently had full measure of both those commodities. As regards the former, nobody cares—least of all the Spectator—to enter into detail. But the latter was rather interesting; the reader may like to hear.



The Spectator lives much of the time in New York, in the midst of a varied and fluctuating circle of friends and acquaintances, the usual heterogeneous lot which we most of us pick up by chance or fancy as we journey on our way. There are lawyers and bankers and journalists, an artist or two, a policeman, an organ-grinder, a janitor, a college president (retired), some charming women, and one little girl who sells papers on a corner. Not in the least a harmonious company, based on no principle of selection, entirely haphazard; yet vital to the Spectator's being, as he himself little knew. Only the college president and one or two of the artists care for the interests which the Spectator has always been wont to consider of chief importance—namely, books and ideas. The poor Spectator has pitied himself for

the lack of sympathy in his world, and has complacently resolved to cultivate the next literary chap who came in his august way. Yet all the time he might have noted one significant fact if he chose: that, to one call on the college president in his library, he dropped in ten times on the lawyer in his office teeming with news.



Well, at last one day it came about that the Spectator received a call from one of his artist friends. "I say, old man," that worthy began, "we've got a chance, you and I. Here's a letter from Hughes-Smith (he lives in Pomford, you know), and he invites me to visit him and to bring you along. He says he thinks, from the papers you write, that you must be of the elect." The sagacious reader will understand the swelling emotion in the Spectator's breast. Pomford is famous among the elect—ah, yes, the elect!—as a center of ultimate culture. Congenial spirits have gathered there, withdrawing themselves from the haphazard world, to live in the peace of right sympathy and work out their tasks side by side. Not a Philistine in all the group! The Spectator had often considered their lot, wistfully, from afar, and had judged it in all probability the happiest in the world. Now he was blessed with an invitation to join them for a while. He packed his bag and set out with his friend, tingling with expectation.



The realization was indeed all that the fancy had pictured. Beautiful, quiet houses, set sweetly in the midst of lawns and gardens; delightful people whose wit and eloquence and substantial thought filled the hours of intercourse with magic fascination; days which, following softly on, felt no rude shocks and jarrings—the artist and the Spectator shook hands in a solemn rite of mutual congratulation as they parted at the end of their first day in Elysium. Their invitation was for two weeks; they settled to solid enjoyment. And for the first five or six days they had it in flawless perfection. They could neither of them



work, to be sure, which was a pity when the Spectator had a wonderful library at his disposal and the artist a studio all to himself. But, then, one can seldom work on a visit. The two beaming guests wandered up and down through the gardens and played with the children while their hosts were busy; then, when the clans assembled again, they gave themselves over to discussion of artistic principles, to laughter, to really good storytelling, with an abandon which the Spectator will always glow to remember. To look back, when one goes to bed at night, on a day which has known no rudeness is—pause there, however; what is it at last? It was there that the trouble came in.



The Spectator could not understand in the least what was the matter with him when, before the week was out, he began to feel restless. Such excellent talk they had just been having, on the Principle of Reserve in Art! The Spectator shook himself with annoyance to think how he had broken in with a story about his friend the policeman on the corner of Twenty-third Street. Why had he done that, fool and blockhead? The others had listened, politely surprised. Well, he was surprised himself. He went to bed deeply penitent; but the next morning, though penitent still, he was no happier. The sun shone as brightly as ever upon the peaceful blossoming gardens; the people were as serenely concerned with their high interests; the day was as tranquil; and yet the Spectator wanted something he had not got, wanted it desperately. Now the Spectator pretends to some skill and honesty in ferreting out his inmost desires. Therefore he took himself apart and interviewed himself for an hour, with the result that he sternly compelled from his shamefaced consciousness the admission that he wanted, he wanted—oh, how he wanted!—nothing so much in all the world as—his friend the policeman.



Well, he stuck it out for three days, the self-enraged and self-disappointed Spectator. But on the morning of the

tenth day of their visit he came down to breakfast, his traveling-bag in his hand.

"I find it is absolutely essential that I return to New York this morning," he apologized.

The Spectator will never forget in his life the altogether ridiculous rapture with which he hurled himself across Twenty-third Street at his friend the policeman that day. Three or four automobiles gasped and snorted in an affronted effort to stop before they ran him down, six cab-drivers swore at him, the policeman himself strode down upon him, purple with concern.

"Ah, begorra, ye crazy loon! What's got into the bye, sure enough? Come out o' there, now! Have ye lost your wits?"

And he dragged the Spectator out of the mess by the nape of his neck, shaking him as a bear shakes its bad cub.

"Go on!" cried the ecstatic Spectator. "Shake me, pound me; it's what I want. Swear at me if you like. I've come back, I tell you, old man, I've come back! Do you understand?"

Of course the policeman did not understand; but that did not matter. He never concerns himself in the least to understand the Spectator. But the two of them stood side by side for a while in the midst of the roaring street, and the Spectator's heart was big with joy. Then they went and had dinner together.



This tale the Spectator will leave for the reader to meditate at his pleasure. It seems to have some significance sufficiently far-reaching. It may go simply to prove, of course, that the Spectator himself is a Philistine and cannot exist apart from his kind. That decision will do very well. The Spectator is now in a mood to regard the Philistine body as that in which lies the motive power of everything, art and religion included. But no decision matters much to the Spectator, so long as he is not asked again to breathe any kind of prepared atmosphere, but only the good, indiscriminate air of the common world. He wonders if the Pomford artists will live their lives out, thus secluded. He doubts it very much,

# Imagination in Natural History

## A Letter from John Burroughs on the Roosevelt-Long Controversy; and a Reply

*To the Editors of The Outlook :*

A S a reader of *The Outlook* I could wish that in your editorial of June 8 on the use of the imagination in natural history, wherein you take President Roosevelt to task for his too sharp distinction between fiction and fact in this field, you had set forth a little more explicitly the distinction which you think permissible. You say you "agree that fiction ought not to be palmed off on school-children as fact," which is just the sum total of President Roosevelt's contention. He would have no confusion between the two in books of natural history that go into the schools. He enjoys Kipling's "Jungle Book," as you say, but not the animal stories of William J. Long. Is not this because the "Jungle Book" is avowedly fiction and can deceive no one, while in the stories of Mr. Long fact and fiction are constantly confused, and only the practical woodsman can separate them?

I do not agree with you that in insisting on the reality of this distinction the President implies that "imagination may not be used in interpreting and narrating facts." On the contrary, I know that the President would agree with me that the use of the imagination is indispensable in all such writing. There can be no good literature without it. (But it is one thing to interpret facts and quite another thing to invent them.) With Mr. Long's interpretation of the facts of natural history neither the President nor myself has any quarrel; all we contend for is for the fact—we dispute his statement of fact. Mr. Long may find in the croaking of the frogs a key to the riddle of the universe if he can, and be entirely within his rights. All that I demand of him is that he be sound upon his frogs. I will not even accept a toad; when he says frog it must be a frog.

Spring after spring, as revealed in his journal, Thoreau attributed the song of the toad to the frog, but at last he caught on; he saw his mistake, and thenceforth he rendered to the toad the things that were the toad's, and to the frog the things that were the frog's. I would have Mr. Long and every other nature writer equally honest and exact about his facts. Let the fact set his imagination all aflame if it can, but let him see to it that it is a fact. An imagination tipsy with its own creations is one thing, and an imagination aglow in the interpretation of facts is quite another. In short, there is a legitimate and an illegitimate use of the imagination in writing natural history, as in writing human history. Its legitimate use in nature-writing is in presenting the facts with charm and convincingness, as in the works of Maeterlinck and Thoreau, men who are always loyal to the mere fact, yet throw a charm of poetry and romance about all they write, that less imaginative men cannot attain to. Its illegitimate use is seen in the writings of Mr. Long, where it often takes the form of mere exaggeration, and where it as often supplies the fact which observation alone can yield.

Maeterlinck's book on the Life of the Bee reads like a romance, but Maeterlinck is always sound upon his facts. He takes no liberties with the life of the bee. It is his art of presentation, his play of imagination over the facts, the human interest he infuses into them, that so hold the reader. He romances about his flowers also; they become like conscious human beings under the magic of his pen; they love, they aspire, they plan, they suffer, they struggle, but they never cease to be the real flowers of the botanist; he is scientifically accurate about each of his facts; each plant and flower does exactly what he says it does; his extra touch is in

the human emotion and human history that he reads into them.

Thoreau schooled himself in accuracy of observation; he was not content until he had found out the exact fact about the plant or the animal; then he let his imagination, his great literary talent, have free play. Hence his books abound in common facts, every-day observations, woven into a literary fabric of fine texture and many colors.

Mr. Long sins in taking the steps which Maeterlinck and Thoreau never take, in letting invention take the place of observation. He makes his animals do impossible things; he perverts natural history; he does not present the ordinary so that it charms our imagination, but he thrusts the extraordinary upon us in a way that challenges our credulity. With his so-called interpretation of natural history facts, I say, I have no quarrel. For instance, he is at liberty to think that the fish-hawks that circle above him while he is fishing on their preserve recognize him as a fellow-fisherman, and that they are interested in his methods and success, as he says he believes they are. He is now interpreting nature; but when he says that the fish-hawks repair their nest in the fall and make it secure against the winter, he is in the region of fact. Is it true, or is it not true? Or when he says of the young hawks that they must be taught by their parents to catch fish from the first day they leave the nest, or they would go back to the old hawk habit of hunting in the woods, he makes a definite statement of fact, and the statement is not true. Young fish-hawks brought up by hand, according to that sane and accurate young naturalist, Harold Baynes, take to fishing like their parents at the proper age. I know from personal observation that young marsh-hawks do not have to be taught to hunt the marsh-hawk way.

At certain seasons it seems the bear has the habit of standing up on his hind legs beside a tree and biting and clawing the bark as high as he can reach. Mr. Long says that this is a challenge to a rival bear, and to let him know how big his would-be antagonist is. This is Mr. Long's interpretation of a fact. And

while I think it absurd, I should not call him down for that. But when he says the bear will follow a porcupine through the woods "to flip dirt and stones at him, carefully refraining from touching him the while, till the porcupine rolls himself into a ball of bristling quills," and thus falls a victim to the bear, he is supposed to be stating a fact, something he has seen; but can any real student of our wild life credit the statement? Absurd is the word for it.

Or, again, when he represents a shel-drake duck fluttering about her brood of young in the water where they had been scattered by his passing canoe, counting them again and again "lest any be missing," he is interpreting the action of the duck to suit his own fancies, and he is welcome to that interpretation. But when he says that the mother duck took a lot of young trout, punctured their air bladders and sank them to the bottom of a shallow pool in order that her young might dive for them and thus earn their own dinner, he is again in the region of fact, and must face the question, Is it true, or false? Is there room with sane persons for two opinions about it?

In nearly every chapter of Mr. Long's books there are such unbelievable incidents as these: He sees a porcupine in the shape of a ball rolling down a hill in the woods just for fun; he sees a lot of loons lined up in a lake to witness a race between two loons; he sees a woodcock make a clay cast for its broken leg, and then stand an hour on the other leg to give the clay time to harden; he sees an eagle smitten with death high in the air and then glide down to the earth and lay its head on a cushion of moss; he hides from another eagle beside a log, and reaches out his hand and puts it on the eagle's back as it comes to the log to fish; and so on through the long list of absurd and incredible things.

It is this kind of fake natural history that President Roosevelt objects to being put into the hands of school-children or into the hands of children by the fireside. It is vicious, because it is not true. Yet *The Outlook* accepts it and encourages Mr. Long to go on producing it. That a thing is true gives it no additional

value; that it is false does not detract from it!

In your comparison between the historians Froude and Freeman you seem to imply that the former's inaccuracies and carelessness about facts, which so called down upon him the criticism of the latter, added to the charm and value of his historical writings. Of course you do not mean that, yet such may be inferred from your remarks. Froude had a charm of style which Freeman lacked, and it is this, and not his romancing, that makes his history more readable than Freeman's. Greater accuracy, more attention to details, less bias, would not have detracted from the readableness of his writings, while it would have added to their positive value. Freeman had little imagination, hence his pages are dull. Froude had none too much, but he often gave it too free range; hence his histories are unreliable. More imagination or charm of style to one, and greater accuracy to the other, would enhance the value of each.

Pardon me for saying that you confuse my mind instead of enlightening it when you say we all see through our temperaments, and when you draw from this fact an excuse and justification for the misseeing of Mr. Long. Is there, then, not such a thing as seeing truly and seeing falsely? True it is that the report of every man of what he sees in nature and in life will be colored more or less by his temperament, or by his personal equation—colored, I say, but not necessarily distorted or falsified. The poet and the artist see nature through the imagination, but the natural history observer sees through his eyes, or else his observations have no value as natural history. With him it is not a question of temperament, but a question of accurate seeing and of honest reporting. He cannot tell the incredible stories Mr. Long does and then take refuge in the statement, as Mr. Long has, that there is a region beyond the world of fact and law in which he dwells, "an immense and almost unknown world of suggestion and freedom and inspiration," "a world that must be interpreted rather than catalogued." True, there is such a world, but it is not the world of the

natural history observer and reporter, it is the world of the poet and prophet and of the ethical teacher, and Mr. Long cannot escape into it when the sticklers for the truth of observation, like the President, get hot upon his trail.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

West Park, New York.

[We acknowledge that both Mr. Burroughs and the President speak on the subject of natural history with far more scientific knowledge, far wider experience, and far greater and more accurate observation than we possess. As to any question of fact concerning the life or history of animals, we should hesitate a long time before contradicting either Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Burroughs. Our criticism of the President's denunciation of Mr. Long was not based upon a question of fact. If Mr. Burroughs will look again carefully at what *The Outlook* said respecting the Roosevelt-Long controversy, he will see that we distinctly disavowed expressing an opinion regarding the accuracy of Mr. Long's observations. We think it undoubted that he has often made unconscious misstatements of fact, and perhaps not infrequently has been misled by erroneous observation. All men, not even excepting the President and Mr. Burroughs or the editors of *The Outlook*, suffer from these defects. We take issue with the President in this controversy on other grounds, as follows:

First, we regret to see the President of the United States making a personal attack on any individual citizen on a question of this kind, for the simple reason that the private individual stands on uneven terms in any discussion with any man occupying the President's position. It is debatable whether the President might not, in an extreme case for the protection of the public morals of the whole country, publicly denounce a man who, by common consent, was believed to be debauching the morals or poisoning the minds of all the school-children of the country. Mr. Long is not such an individual. Moreover, our own careful observation and experience lead us to believe that his books have, on the whole, done much more good than harm, by interesting the children of

this country in the life and welfare of animals. In this respect, in our judgment, he has had wider influence among young children than Mr. Burroughs himself. Mr. Burroughs appeals to the adult mind, Mr. Long to the imagination and curiosity of the child.

Second, the President, attacking a man for unscientific statements and methods, himself fell into the error of making a palpably unscientific statement. "That Wayeeses tore the heart of the bull caribou in the way that Mr. Long describes is a mathematical impossibility," says the President. This kind of an assertion as to a specific fact or occurrence is not made by the most careful scientists, even in support of their own hypotheses.

Third, there is in this controversy involved a question of psychology as well as one of actual facts concerning the habits of animals. The President and Mr. Burroughs support the theory of instinct as governing the acts of the so-called brute animal. Mr. Long supports the theory of reasoning intelligence. Here is a field which admits of enormous debate and discussion, and in which nothing can be proved as a math-

ematical possibility or impossibility. In a discussion of this phase of natural history the psychologist may freely enter and has a right to express his opinion. Instinct has been defined as "the sum of inherited reflex acts, becoming habitual and arising from blended reflex and subconscious though involuntary acts, performed at birth or through life blindly, without practice or previous experience, effort, training, or thought." Mr. Long, and with this we are in sympathy, takes issue with this theory of the intellectual process in animals. He believes, and we agree, that animals are capable of reasoning from certain premises and do possess and express, though in a rudimentary form, many of the moral and intellectual processes and sentiments of man. In previous articles Mr. Burroughs has taken severe exception to Mr. Long's writings because they support the theory of reasoning intelligence in contradistinction to the theory of instinct. Is not this really the basis of the antagonism to Mr. Long on the part of many students and authorities of natural history, rather than his alleged distorted misstatement of specific animal acts?—THE EDITORS OF THE OUTLOOK.]

## THE ATTACKS ON JAPANESE

### FROM A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

As the violence offered to Japanese residents of San Francisco by disorderly persons has been the subject of diplomatic representations and has also been the occasion of political agitation in Japan, The Outlook has requested a well-informed correspondent now in San Francisco to ascertain the exact facts in the case. It is believed that his report below printed is trustworthy in every particular.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is some conflict of testimony with regard to the attacks recently made upon Japanese restaurants in San Francisco, but the facts, so far as I have been able to ascertain them, are as follows:

On the evening of Monday, May 20, 1907, four white men, some or all of whom belonged to labor unions, were taking supper in a Japanese eating-house known as the Horseshoe Restaurant at 1213 Folsom Street. Between seven and eight o'clock another party of union men, acting apparently on a preconcerted

plan, appeared in front of the restaurant, and, after talking loudly and excitedly at the entrance, ordered the four men who were eating supper to come out. According to Mr. Tatsumi, manager of the restaurant, two of the men did go out, and as soon as they reached the sidewalk they were assaulted, knocked down, and beaten. The other two, taking warning from the fate of their comrades, escaped through a back door. The object of the attacking party was, evidently, to punish their fellow-workmen for patronizing a Japanese restaurant;

but the noise and fighting soon attracted a crowd, made up largely of hoodlums and roughs, and this crowd, not satisfied with the beating of the customers, proceeded to wreck the eating-house by bombarding it with bricks and stones. Several calls for the police were sounded, without bringing any officer to the scene; and at half-past nine the same mob stoned and partially wrecked the Folsom Street Bath-House, another Japanese establishment situated just opposite the restaurant on the other side of the street. About the same time a gang of hoodlums and boys made a demonstration in front of the Lion Restaurant (Japanese) at 124 Eighth Street, and threatened and intimidated its patrons. Hostile demonstrations, of a more or less threatening nature, were made by crowds or mobs in front of the California Restaurant on the evening of May 22, the Lion Restaurant May 23 and 24, and the White Star Restaurant May 24 and 25; but upon complaint of Mr. Matsubara, Acting Japanese Consul, police officers were stationed in front of these places at meal hours and the crowds were thus held in check. The business of the Japanese restaurant-keepers was injured, of course, by the intimidation of their customers, and they themselves were kept in a state of constant anxiety and fear; but apart from the wrecking of the Horseshoe Restaurant and the Folsom Street Bath-House on the evening of May 20, there was no actual destruction of Japanese property.

Owing to their having been made a subject of international diplomatic correspondence, these disorders have assumed more importance, perhaps, than they deserve. They indicate, of course, a feeling of hostility to the Japanese on the part of the San Francisco labor unions; and they show that the rougher, more lawless part of the population is always ready to resort to violence when its passions are aroused; but it is hardly fair to draw from such incidents the conclusion that the Japanese, generally, are not safe in San Francisco, or that such violence is approved, generally, even by the members of the labor unions. The restaurants recently attacked are not situated in the best and most orderly

part of the city, but in the region south of Market Street, where the inhabitants are chiefly manual laborers, where the hoodlum element has always been strong, and where there has been most violence in the strike of the Carmen's Union against the United Railroads. In other parts of the city the Japanese are well protected, and by an overwhelming majority of the population they are personally well treated, even if they are not well liked. San Francisco, at present, is very badly governed; its police force is inefficient; and since the street-car strike began, law-abiding American men, and even American women, have been subjected to far more insult and violence than those of which the Japanese restaurant-keepers complain. Hoodlum sympathizers with the striking car-men have stoned cars, have assaulted peaceable citizens who were obliged to ride on those cars, have atrociously insulted gray-haired women (even the wife of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court), and have attacked the innocent public with stones, bricks, dynamite, and infernal machines. The wrecking of a Japanese restaurant and a Japanese bath-house by the same hoodlums is only an incident in the general reign of lawlessness from which San Francisco has been suffering; and, consequently, it should not be given undue importance.

At the same time, it must be admitted, I think, that the attacks upon peaceable and law-abiding Japanese, the exclusion of Japanese pupils from public schools attended by whites, the boycott of the Japanese restaurants last fall and the stoning of some of them this spring, are all due, directly or indirectly, to a feeling of racial antipathy aroused by the trades unions for selfish economic reasons, and greatly intensified by the activity of the Japanese Exclusion League and the one-sided treatment of the questions at issue by the San Francisco press.

The view of the present restaurant case that is generally taken by intelligent and cool-headed Japanese residents of San Francisco may be stated as follows:

The reasons and causes which led to this outbreak of violence, as well as the explanation given by the police of its failure to protect, are, at present, inma-

terial. The undisputed facts are that violence was done and that police protection was not given. As was natural and proper under the circumstances, the injured Japanese reported the matter to their Consul, and he, in turn, communicated with the police department and the local authorities, and asked that protection be given to his people. As in duty bound, he also reported the facts to his Government. This procedure, which is that which would be followed, under similar circumstances, by the consular representatives of all nations, does not necessarily raise an international question. So far as such a question has been raised in the present case, it is the work of hasty journalism, on both sides of the ocean. An investigation is not a complaint, nor is an official inquiry a presumption of offense. An international issue can arise only when the constituted authorities of one nation deny justice to another. No such situation is now presented. Japan has perfect faith in the constituted authorities of the United States, and in the integrity of the courts of the State of California. The unfortunate incident of May 20 is one which is recognized as coming clearly under the jurisdiction of the State courts, and the subjects of Japan ask from such

courts nothing more than the treaties give them and the law concedes to native citizens. The question whether or not suit shall be brought against the city of San Francisco by the parties aggrieved in this instance rests entirely with them. Apparently they have a just claim for damages if they choose to push it; but any action taken will be personal and not official. Under these circumstances it is a matter of deep regret to the Japanese people that publication of distorted facts and erroneous conclusions should tend to disturb the kindly feeling that has so long existed between the two nations. The Japanese are not "looking for trouble," as is intimated in some quarters, and they recognize the fact that the unfortunate conditions now existing in San Francisco make the preservation of order difficult. They are compelled, nevertheless, to take notice of such incidents as the mobbing of the Horseshoe Restaurant, and they regret that a reasonable inquiry into the circumstances of such an act, or a justifiable protest to the police, should be construed as an offense.

Such are the views of some of the best Japanese residents of San Francisco with regard to the present trouble; and they seem to me reasonable, temperate, and fair.

## FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA

BY W. H. MALLOCK

*Author of "The New Republic," "Social Equality," etc.*

MOST strangers from the Old World, on their first arrival in the New, are very soon asked by one person or another what their impressions are, and most strangers who are known to have published anything receive suggestions that they should make their impressions public. To the recipients of inquiries such as those that I now refer to, they seem, in the language of to-day, to be possibly a trifle "previous." A lady, whose well-known brother had married an equally well-known American lady, told me that she and her husband, having taken a trip to Naples from England, and finding that they still had before them a month or so of spare time,

suddenly resolved to pay a visit to New York, sleep there a couple of nights, and then return to England by a steamer which would admit of this arrangement. The first thing of which she was conscious on touching American soil was, she told me, the insinuating voice of a reporter, who asked her what she thought of America. At that moment she had thought nothing except that she was glad to have got there, and that she was about to be submitted to the terrors of the American custom-house. She managed, however, to make certain replies, though what the replies were I could never succeed in extracting from her, and perhaps, under the circumstances, they

could hardly have merited immortality. Still, such questions with regard to first impressions, so soon as the impressions have had reasonable time to form themselves, are eminently natural, and there must be an interest in any faithful answer to them. I have often asked them myself of Americans new to England. What I wanted to find out was what were the most distinctive differences which first struck them between their country and ours. "Should you," I have often asked them, "have known, when you first drove through London, from the mere look of the streets, that you were not in New York? Should you have known in dining out, from the mere aspect and character of the entertainment, that you were not dining out at home? Did anything, when you first stayed at a country house in England, strike you as strange in the arrangements, in the rooms, and in the general atmosphere?" And I can readily understand how what an Englishman would like to hear from Americans, Americans would similarly like to learn from an Englishman.

Any solid opinions as to the general condition of a country can be given only after long and careful experience, and I have often been struck by what seems to me the reckless temerity with which many celebrated writers have hastened to generalize about this enormous country after a few months passed in the company of two or three hundred people. But so long as the stranger affects nothing that approaches to serious knowledge, and confines himself unambitiously to his own personal impressions, his very ignorance and inexperience have a certain value of their own. There is a freshness in first impressions which vanishes like the morning frost, and which soon becomes incapable of recall even by the person for whom they were at first so vivid; and impressions such as these are all that I can presume to give. Moreover, these impressions must of necessity be very partial. As to things in general, they are limited to mere moving visions, and can be precise only as to the small circle of existence with which the stranger, owing to private circumstances, is brought into immediate contact.

I crossed the Atlantic in a vessel of

the American Line, and the first thing that struck me was the profusion and the excellence of the oysters. My accommodation conducted to privacy. Most of the day I read Balzac's novels. The vessel was as steady—although the month was January—as if it had been a Pullman car; the seven days' voyage seemed like one night in the train, and I hardly felt that I had said good-by to Southampton when I found, on a Sunday morning, that we already had reached New York. If it had not been for the sight of some unfamiliarly shaped ferryboats, I should hardly have known, from looking in one direction, that I was not at Southampton still; but the spectacle on the other side would have at once told me where I was, even if I had had otherwise no means of conjecturing. This was the spectacle of the New York sky-scrapers; and these were hardly strange, I knew them so well from photographs. Looking at them in photographs, I had often said to myself that they must bear some resemblance to the towers of San Gimignano in Italy—that curious survival of the Middle Ages—where each of the little palazzos, the homes of a by-gone *noblesse*, still rears its brown campanile as an announcement of its own importance. The sky-scrapers of fact fulfilled the expectations of my fancy; thus in a moment I felt them to be doubly familiar, and I met in the new a paradoxical suggestion of antiquity.

My next impressions were those derived from the custom-house, the general aspect of which struck me as somewhat rough and squalid; but an agreeable surprise awaited me in my dealings with the officials, who are invested by English legend with a character of most disconcerting ferocity. They were certainly more searching than our own, and for that reason less expeditious, but I found them as prompt as they could be; they were courteous and even obliging, and I have reasons for bearing witness that they were incorruptible. My next impression was that the carriage in which I presently found myself was almost the exact duplicate of an old country cab in England, the only difference being—and for this I had been amply prepared—that the fare across the city



to the Long Island Railroad was exactly three times as much as it would have been in any provincial town in England, twice what it would have been in Vienna, and four times what it would have been in London.

Through the windows of this vehicle, one of which would not shut, came my first impressions of the streets. Such impressions are always delightful. Americans know them in England. Englishmen and Americans share them in Europe and the East. Who can forget the first breath of the streets of Paris in the morning—the cafés with their curtained windows, and the little tables prepared early in the open air, and soon to support siphons and other vessels with less innocuous contents? Who can forget the first hill town of Italy, and the pilgrimage church perched on the high hill; or the first palm of the Riviera, or the first minaret of the world of Islam? To me, my first glimpses of New York had something of the freshness of my first sight of things like these; but the freshness took the form of a succession of remembered familiarities. The first streets which I crossed reminded me—I can hardly tell why—of Marseilles. Presently came a great thoroughfare, with tall buildings having strikingly massive pillars, and then there came to my mind involuntary thoughts of Paris. Then came a street which might have made me think I was in Manchester; and then another of moderate-sized private houses, which seemed in their minutest details a repetition of parts of Glasgow.

I was on my way to Long Island, where I was to stay with an old friend, and I had, on the ferryboat and my short journey by rail, my first sight of the American traveling public. The general idea of the untraveled Englishman is that the American public is always in a much greater hurry than our own; and also that such difference as exists between American speech and ours immediately conveys itself to our ears. Both these ideas appeared to me to be quite erroneous. I will venture to say that an Englishman, so far as the popular speech is concerned, would be conscious of an incomparably greater strangeness in the voices and the intonations that would

greet his ears in Aberdeen, than anything which then or since I have noticed in this country. While as to the alleged hurry which is supposed to be distinctive of America, I never in my life saw a miscellaneous crowd more quiet in their movements, or more naturally self-restrained in their behavior. Another thing that struck me was the frequency of various types of face which had their exact counterparts in various sections of the community in England; and together with these types of face went precisely the same dresses which would inevitably have gone in England with precisely the same faces. But among these familiar things there was one that was not familiar; and this was the frequency, in the middle of my apparent fellow-countrymen, of figures which were evidently exotic in an Anglo-Saxon world—some plainly Italian, others possibly Russian, and others from some region of half-known Eastern Europe, to which none but a traveled expert would venture to assign a name. The train accommodation, which made no pretense to luxury, suggested a rather bleak contrast to our own first-class compartments, in which three times out of every five a passenger can travel alone. But I soon forgot this in looking out at the suburbs, which, compared with the suburbs of London, presented some striking differences. Chief, I think, among these, was the fact that most of the houses were of wood. What struck me next was a certain want of trimness in their surroundings. In the residential suburbs of London, even in those that are least opulent, every garden is fenced by carefully finished walls or palings. Everything looks neat as a man fresh from the operations of the barber. Here things suggested a man who lets his hair grow as it pleases.

The small station at which I alighted impressed me in the same way. Such a station in England would have been built of stone or brick. The platform would have had a coping of carefully hewn stone, and have had at the back some flower-beds, the pride of a horticultural station-master. The station I here speak of looked like a backwoodsman's hut. But close by was an automobile waiting for somebody, and beyond

the automobile were a carriage and a luggage-cart for myself. Here, at all events, was an absolute repetition of a typical English scene, and I felt once more that I had not gone far from home.

But during my drive a feature soon struck me which was as un-English as could be. Detached houses abounded, some of them of considerable size, but the private ground round each was, for the most part, quite unfenced. The Englishman's god, when his house, be it large or small, has any ground around it at all, is privacy. Here, this god to me seemed generally without an altar. Even my friend's domain, which had the air of an English park, had no lodge gates, and I think no fence or wall. The house itself, however, with its simple red brick façade, might have been in the neighborhood of Ascot; and other houses, which were visible beyond his belts of trees, might also have been at Ascot, if they had not had some resemblances to some of the larger villas at Cannes.

My first impressions of the hospitable interior which received me, and which gave me my first experience of any American home, were those of familiarity rather than of any strangeness, though now and again with the prevailingly English tone a note or two of Cannes mixed itself, to me hardly less familiar. I was soon, however, conscious of one thing, certainly not common in the homes either of Cannes or England, and this was the equable temperature, which obviated the English necessity for keeping all doors closed. Here American houses undoubtedly excel our own. In many of the best-built and most beautiful houses in England, on which no care and no expense have been spared, the halls and the passages are successfully warmed with hot water, but the bedrooms are left to the mercies of an excessive or a neglected fire; and in any case, if they are warm at night, they are ice-houses on a winter's morning. For the rest, I can only add that, as I sat that night at my friend's table, I felt that I had traveled but thirty rather than three thousand miles. I felt this yet more strongly when, on the occasion of a small dinner party, made up of his local neighbors, I found that I

knew the father of one in Scotland, and had endless acquaintances among the friends and relations of the others. I came, a few days later, on a further link with the familiar. My friend's coachman, who was Irish, had, I discovered, been born on the estate of a family many of whose members I once used to know well. He spoke of them with great affection, and asked me to remember him to them if I ever had the opportunity.

My subsequent impressions of New York, which have the same merit of immaturity that are still possessed by my impressions of an American country home, were again such as to make an unexpected sense of the familiar predominate over a sense of difference, though here, in many respects, there was a wider field for the different. So far as concerns the public aspect of things, the feature that struck me most was some of the New York architecture. A multitude of the larger buildings—I say nothing of the merit of their details—impressed me at once as exhibiting a grandeur of design and a bold sincerity of construction which seemed to be wholly spontaneous and not a mere copy of the past. In London, if one comes on a row of imposing columns, one knows that, oftener than not, they are brick coated with stucco. In New York—or I was very well deceived—such columns are as massive and as genuine as those of a Roman temple. The exteriors, also, of many of the larger private houses show the same massive sincerity, though this struck me as being in some cases marred by an over-elaboration of detail. No American of matured and cultivated taste will deny that such cases of unfortunate ostentation exist, any more than a cultivated Englishman will deny the existence of architectural monstrosities in London. In any great and wealthy city the wonder would be if they were absent.

And now the mention of ostentation leads me naturally to a matter which forms the subject of an opinion widely current in Europe—namely, that the wealthier and more prominent of the private citizens of America, and especially of New York, indulge in ostenta-

tion of an exaggerated and offensive kind. An observer with a very short and naturally very limited experience can only record what that experience is; but, as I know something of the societies of more than one country in Europe, and am as familiar as most people with the public aspect of capitals, my impressions are at least as valuable as those of anybody else. I can only say, then, that, with a certain exception which I will mention, the above idea, mainly disseminated by newspapers, struck me as completely false. English newspapers delight in collecting stories of dinners given by Americans which are ludicrous in their bizarre barbarity—dinners on horseback, for example, or dinners at which pearls were fished for in a vessel of water; and some color to the belief that these stories are representative was lent by an American in London not very long ago, who had a court at the Savoy Hotel turned into a temporary pond, the surrounding walls being masked by pictures of Venice, while on the pond was a gondola, in which he invited his guests to make themselves bilious with an unusually rich repast. But if these vagaries represent anything besides themselves, I have myself seen nothing to justify such a supposition. As to the general aspect of the fashionable streets of New York, one sees evidences of wealth, no doubt. It would be very odd if one did not. But as for what is called display, they appeared to me not comparable to London or Paris. Many of the carriages struck me as having admirable horses. It was a pleasure to look at them. But the "turn out" of the carriages generally was less calculated to court attention than much which would have passed unnoticed in Bond Street or Piccadilly. The automobiles, however—and I mean to pay them a compliment—compared, I thought, with those of London to the appreciable disadvantage of the latter.

As to New York life, considered under its private aspects, I can judge only of the little of it in which private kindness and hospitality allowed me the pleasure of participating. But what I saw must necessarily, within its own limits, have been typical; and if it was typical of any-

thing, it was mainly typical of the life about which English newspapers weave their most distorted legends. For instance, to take the opera, which is proverbially a fashionable rendezvous: my first impression was that the house was very much like Covent Garden, except for the fact that the boxes are arranged and partitioned somewhat differently. My next impression was of a difference which I could not at first identify. I was conscious of the absence of something, and I presently realized what this was. At Covent Garden the rows of boxes are semicircles alive with diamonds. In New York this sparkle, familiar to English eyes, was absent. Of the houses which I visited, some were large, some small, as is the case with those of the members of the social world in London. But even the largest of such houses, though they were naturally the products of wealth, represented charm and amenity, not the fact of expenditure; while the entertainments themselves suggested nothing but good taste, and were in many ways noticeably simpler than what would be their London counterparts. With the smaller houses the case was just the same. I met in them the same people, and encountered the same charm of manner. Of any tendency to ostentation, or to measure things in terms of ostentation, I personally detected no trace whatever. The only ostentation which I saw, corresponding in any way to what the newspapers mean by the word, I saw in the decoration of the hotels. Here, indeed, as a rule, was extravagance run riot. The hotel at which I myself stayed—and which, as I was made very comfortable there, I considerably refrain from naming—glittered with ornament in every possible spot from which a misguided ingenuity could deprive the eye of rest. The room in which I breakfasted was lined with satinwood—itsself an agreeable material—but satinwood did not content the decorator. Every panel was inlaid with ormolu and mother-of-pearl, which simply provoked the question of why so much money had been wasted. The elevator went up and down in a cage of tortured bronze. My bedroom ceiling was painted with what looked like paper roses; my parlor ceiling

was the playground of singularly unseductive cupids; and the doorplate was such a mass of intricate molding and ornament that it was difficult to find the keyhole, and I had to insert the key through what I believe was a cupid's stomach. The fact that such hotels are built, and

apparently pay interest on the money thus squandered on their decoration, is a sign that there must be people somewhere who associate wealth with the waste of it. I can only say that I have in my brief experience not come, so far as I know, into contact with any of them.

## THE REVOLT OF A HERO

BY ELLIOTT FLOWER

THE Author awoke, lazily stretched himself, and became conscious of the fact that the Hero of his unfinished novel was lolling in an arm-chair near the couch.

"So you're here," said the Author, evincing no surprise.

"I'm here," returned the Hero, pleasantly.

The Hero had been so much in the waking thoughts and sleeping dreams of the Author for so long a time that this personal call seemed quite natural. The Author eyed him with some curiosity and some resentment. The Hero was distinct but intangible; while there could be no doubt that he was in the chair, he gave the impression that it would be a mistake to try to shake hands with him.

"You're about the most ungrateful fellow I ever knew," declared the Author.

"You made me," suggested the Hero.

"And I'm sorry for it," declared the Author. "It's a ripping poor job. Why can't you be reasonable?"

"I am always reasonable," replied the Hero. "You are the one who is unreasonable."

"You reasonable!" exclaimed the Author, scornfully. "Why, I've been wrestling with you for a month, trying to get you to let me finish the story."

"But you are so silly about it," objected the Hero. "You want me to stultify myself by marrying Geraldine Dalrymple."

"What's the matter with her?" demanded the Author, irritably. "She's a fine girl."

"But not my kind," asserted the Hero.

"I made her for you," argued the Author.

"Oh, no, you didn't," returned the

Hero; "you made her for yourself. She's your kind of a girl."

The Author found this idea rather startling, and he paused to consider it. There could be no doubt that he had fashioned Geraldine to meet his own views rather than those of the Hero, although this had not occurred to him before.

"You ought to marry her yourself," persisted the Hero.

"I can't," protested the Author. "I'm not in the book."

"That's no fault of mine," rejoined the Hero, carelessly. "I didn't make the book."

The Author sat up. He was in his dressing-gown and slippers, having thrown himself on the couch after a vain effort to work out the finish of his novel, and he felt that the time had come for him to demonstrate his mastery of his own characters. The Hero watched him idly. The Hero was handsome, of course, and he had the air of careless ease that is so necessary to heroes.

"Do you mean to tell me," demanded the Author, "that you won't marry Geraldine?"

"No, I won't," replied the Hero. "You ought to know that by this time. You've spent a month trying to make me marry her, and you haven't found any possible way of doing it."

"That's true," admitted the Author, with a sigh. "You haven't turned out to be at all the kind of a fellow I thought you were when I started you on your adventures. I intended you for her, but the incidents have developed you wrong."

"I concede," said the Hero, "that I seemed to be the right kind of a man

for her at the beginning, but we've grown apart, matrimonially speaking. I'm willing she should be a sister to me, but that's the limit."

"Oh, hush!" exclaimed the Author, disgustedly. "This is a novel, and I can't leave you that way."

"Certainly not," agreed the Hero. "I could be a brother to Geraldine, and marry somebody else."

"Whom?" asked the Author.

"Well, there's Elsie Flipp," suggested the Hero.

"What!" cried the Author; "that insincere, flirtatious little thing!"

"She suits me pretty well," argued the Hero. "I like the vivacious kind, and she's all right at heart. I think she would develop into a mighty good wife for me."

"But don't you see," complained the Author, "that I'd have to write another volume to demonstrate it?"

"That doesn't concern me," said the Hero.

"But it does me," retorted the Author. "My publisher would have a fit if I mentioned a two-volume novel to him. Why can't you be reasonable?"

"Be reasonable yourself," advised the Hero. "You know me pretty well by this time, I guess."

"I should think I did," groaned the Author. "I've sat up nights with you for a month, and you've gone to bed with me when I tried to get a little rest."

"Well, knowing me as you do," persisted the Hero, "can't you see that Geraldine is not the girl for me, and that I'm not the man for Geraldine?"

The Author nodded gloomily. The Hero was not at all the kind of a man for this particular matrimonial purpose, and it had been impossible to reconcile him to this union. But it was very annoying to be defied by one of his own characters. The Author resented such rebellious conduct; he decided that he would not be thus imposed upon.

"Now, see here," he said, earnestly, "I made you, and I made you a pretty good sort of fellow. I made you for the girl, too, but I can see now that I have been too easy with you. I turned you loose in the pages of this book, and you've run away with the story; instead

of being your master, I've gradually become your slave; you've run things pretty much as you liked, and, as the various incidents and adventures have developed your character, you have frequently compelled me to let you act contrary to my original plan, and the result is that you are not at all the kind of a man that I thought you were in the opening chapters. But I want you to understand that I am still the boss."

"Oh, you are!" retorted the Hero, sarcastically. "Well, I notice that you've been thirty days trying to make me marry Geraldine and you haven't succeeded yet."

The Author, realizing how absurd it was to bluster in the face of these facts, weakened. "Won't you please marry her?" he pleaded.

"No," answered the Hero, uncompromisingly.

"But look at my predicament," argued the Author. "The publisher is impatient; he's been sending messenger-boys for the manuscript every day for the last week."

"I'm sorry," said the Hero, "but it's clearly impossible. You ought to be able to see that. Geraldine is the girl for you, not for me. You'd marry her, wouldn't you?"

"Gladly."

"Well, I'm no duplicate of you, am I?"

"No, indeed."

"We wouldn't be likely to do the same things, would we?"

"No."

"Or worship the same type of girl?"

"No. We're entirely dissimilar."

"There you have it," declared the Hero. "Geraldine isn't the girl for me at all; she's one of the serious, strong, earnest kind, and any one can see she's no kind of a wife for the kind of a man you've made me."

"The kind of a man you've made yourself," corrected the Author, grumpily. "I started you right, but you broke away from me somewhere."

"Anyhow," insisted the Hero, "she won't do for me any more than I'll do for her. Why, the critics would roast you to a frazzle, as an inartistic bungler, if you married us, and every woman who

read the book would hate you. Elsie's the girl for me. She'd be a relaxation, and that's what I want—not a great sympathetic problem."

"But she's only a subordinate character," the Author objected.

"Well," argued the Hero, "we don't always pick out the stars for wives, do we?"

"I'll think it over," sighed the Author, wearily, as he moved to his desk chair and picked up the manuscript. When he turned to the armchair again, the Hero was gone.

The Author was able to understand the Hero's point of view, but he could not bring himself to the sacrifice of Geraldine for such a frivolous and unimportant character as Elsie. He was partial to Geraldine, and it seemed outrageous to let any one else have the Hero. At the same time it would be humiliating to force her upon a man who clearly did not want her and was not suited to her. Bitterly the Author cursed the Hero for taking advantage of the liberty given him throughout the book to develop himself into such a very recalcitrant and difficult character. But there was little satisfaction in that.

The Publisher, too, sent a note that was so insistent that it was necessary to call upon him and make a personal explanation.

"This delay is most aggravating," said the Publisher, when the Author called, "and I cannot understand it. You promised me the completed manuscript over a month ago, and it is all of two months since I had the pleasure of reading all but the last few chapters, so I know that the story was then virtually completed. All that was necessary was to marry the Hero to Geraldine—"

"But he won't marry her," interrupted the Author, ruefully.

"What's that!" exclaimed the Publisher.

"He won't marry her," repeated the Author; "positively refuses to do it."

"What are you talking about?" demanded the Publisher.

"The Hero," replied the Author, lugubriously. "I've been wrestling with him ever since I saw you last, but he's the most obstinate fellow I ever knew."

"Does insanity run in your family?" asked the Publisher, solicitously, after a moment of amazed silence.

"I think not," answered the Author. "You see," he explained, "I was careless with this fellow, and I'm afraid he's rather got the best of me. That's what comes of not keeping a tight rein on one's characters."

It took a little time for the Publisher to grasp this, and after he had grasped it he did not know what to do with it.

"Is this humor?" he finally asked.

"I should think not," the Author replied, with deep feeling. "It's the worst predicament in which I ever found myself. Why, I'm not at all sure that Geraldine would marry him, even if he agreed, for I've been so busy with him that I haven't had time to take the matter up with her."

"Have you seen a doctor?" inquired the Publisher.

"Why should I?" returned the Author, in surprise. "This is a psychological, not a medical, problem."

"For yourself, I mean," explained the Publisher.

"Oh, there's nothing the matter with me except loss of appetite and sleep, due to the way this fellow has worried me," asserted the Author. "I'll be all right as soon as I get him settled."

"Well," said the Publisher, tactfully falling into the humor of the Author in the hope that it would keep him from getting any worse, "I guess it's up to you to make this hero do what you wish."

"I fear," sighed the Author, "that you lack the artistic soul."

"I may," admitted the Publisher, grimly, "but I don't lack the business instinct, and I know this book ought to follow on the heels of the announcements I have made. It's ridiculous for a character to dominate an author, anyway."

"Isn't it?" returned the Author. "That's what I've been telling him, but it doesn't seem to do any good."

The Publisher was more than ever convinced of the necessity of finishing the book before the Author's friends discovered his plight and sent him to an asylum. "Take a sedative," he advised, "and then finish the book before

your nerves go wrong again. Be a man! You can certainly do what you please with your own hero and heroine."

"I'll try," the Author promised, but the Publisher shook his head solemnly when he was left alone, and muttered something about overwork and its effect on a high-strung, imaginative temperament.

The Author was not surprised to find the Hero again occupying the armchair when he returned to his "den," but the long walk in the open air had had a most invigorating effect. His ingenuity had been freshened and his will strengthened. He gave the Hero merely a curt nod of recognition as he seated himself at his desk.

"I presume you haven't changed your mind," he remarked over his shoulder.

"No, indeed," replied the Hero. "I merely dropped in to hear what the Publisher has to say."

"He thinks I'm too lenient with you."

"Prosaic mortal!" commented the Hero. "Some of these publishers don't know a character when they see one."

"But I think he's right," asserted the Author, swinging in his swivel chair until he faced the Hero. "I am so sure he's right that I'm going to give you just one more chance to be reasonable."

"Meaning to marry Geraldine," said the Hero.

"Yes."

"I won't do it," declared the Hero. "It's impossible, and you know it's impossible. I wouldn't be myself if I did that; it would destroy the character you have created."

"*Then I shall kill you!*" cried the Author, fiercely.

"Oh, no," returned the Hero, carelessly.

"I shall certainly do it," insisted the Author.

The Hero saw that he was in earnest, and his face showed his anxiety. But he had the courage of his convictions. "You may kill me," he said, "but I will not stultify myself. I'd rather die as a real character than live as a foolish contradiction."

Without a word, the Author turned to his desk and began to write. The Hero was much distressed at first, but pres-

ently was able to face his fate with fortitude and even nonchalance.

"I hope it isn't going to be a lingering death," he ventured.

"Hardly," returned the Author, without looking up. "There isn't room for that."

"I'm glad," said the Hero. "A long illness or anything of that sort would bore me dreadfully."

"This won't," grunted the Author. "I'm going to smash you up in an automobile."

"Sort of messy," commented the Hero, regretfully, "but it's up-to-date, and I suppose you won't have to make me such a very unpleasant sight."

"I'll take care of that," said the Author.

The Hero was moodily silent for a few minutes. Then he made another suggestion. "Could you," he asked almost pleadingly, "let me die to save another's life?"

"Oh, I've got to do that much for you," answered the Author, reluctantly. "You don't deserve it, but I've got to let you die a hero. I'm going to have you run your automobile into a stone wall to avoid a collision with Geraldine's pony-cart."

"Always that serious-minded Geraldine," grumbled the Hero. "Why don't you let me do it for Elsie?"

"You keep still," ordered the Author. "You've made enough trouble for me already."

The Hero sank back in his chair resignedly, and the Author wrote with a nervous haste and energy that seemed to indicate a fear of weakening if he permitted any interruption. An hour passed thus. Then the Author looked up from his work.

"Here's your very last chance," said the Author. "I've reached the point where the crash comes. Will you marry Geraldine to save your life?"

"Not even to save my life," replied the Hero in solemn tones. "This is no reflection upon her," he added, "but I cannot permit you to be so untrue to Art."

The Author let an expression of annoyance escape him, took a firmer grip on his pen, and the next moment the automobile crashed into the wall. An

exclamation of horror, suddenly checked, came from the vicinity of the armchair, but when the Author looked up the Hero had vanished.

"Well, I've finished him," mused the Author, sorrowfully. "I hated to do it, but there was no other way. And it's something of a relief to feel that he can't turn up to make trouble for me any more. I can sleep in peace to-night, and I need the sleep."

Nevertheless, a feeling of depression settled upon him, and the little work necessary to complete the book and dispose of other characters was done in an atmosphere of gloom. Nor could he entirely dispel this gloom when the novel was finally delivered to the Publisher. He would find himself looking wistfully and expectantly at the armchair in spite of the fact that he knew the Hero was dead. "Of course he can't visit me," he would argue, "when I have killed him." And the relief that he felt was marred by a corresponding feeling of great sadness.

Then, while still battling with these contradictory emotions, the Publisher sent for him in great haste and much apparent excitement.

"This won't do!" exclaimed the Publisher, when the Author had responded to the summons.

"What's the matter?" asked the Author.

"Why, you can't kill the Hero," expostulated the Publisher.

"But I have killed him," retorted the Author. "He's quite dead, I assure you—hasn't been near me since the automobile crashed into the wall, so I know he's dead."

The Publisher was much distressed. His association with authors had naturally made him familiar with the operations of erratic intellects, but this was the worst case he had ever met. Still, his duty was clear. "It won't do at all," he argued.

"On the contrary," returned the Author, "it's the only thing possible. I've been over the ground a dozen times with him—"

"With whom?" interrupted the Publisher, hoping against hope that there might be some sense in the answer.

"The Hero, of course," replied the

Author. "He was so infernally obstinate that I had to kill him in self-defense. It's his own fault; I gave him fair warning."

The Publisher experienced much difficulty in meeting this line of reasoning; it was like arguing with a child about Santa Claus. Finally, however, he resolved to make one last effort to bring the discussion down to a basis of common sense. "Was it your idea in writing this book," he asked, "to construct an Embodied Frost?"

"Certainly not," answered the Author.

"Then you must resurrect the Hero. You've got something now that will be a blight."

"If the Hero masters me in this matter," complained the Author, "I'll never be a free agent again."

"I can't help that," said the Publisher, inexorably.

The Author sighed, and then asked, lugubriously, "How would it do to kill Geraldine?"

"No, no, no," protested the Publisher.

"It would be cowardly, of course," the Author went on, ignoring the protest, "and I'd hate myself for doing it, but it would leave the Hero free."

"No!" thundered the Publisher.

"You've got to dispose of those two characters happily. I don't care how you do it, but that much is imperative. Women are the great novel-readers of to-day, and a woman may like to shed a few tears in the course of a story, but she wants to finish it with a sigh of contentment and a smile."

"I'll see what I can do," said the Author, resignedly, as he picked up the manuscript; "but the responsibility for thus making me the prey of one of my own creations must rest with you."

The Author gave the armchair an anxious glance when he returned to his den, but the Hero was not there. "Still dead, of course," mused the Author, as he sat down at his desk.

Very carefully he went over the last part of the story, and then detached from the rest the concluding chapters. These he tore up. As he threw them into the waste-basket a chuckle attracted his attention to the armchair, wherein the Hero again lolled.



"So the Publisher wouldn't let you do it," laughed the Hero.

"He has no soul for Art," grumbled the Author.

"No," returned the Hero, "but his instinct for cash saves some of you people from the poorhouse."

"I don't see why you should side with him," said the Author.

"I'm not," asserted the Hero; "I'm merely explaining his point of view. I knew he wouldn't let you do what you planned."

"I suppose that's what made you face death so philosophically," suggested the Author.

"No," replied the Hero; "it was a matter of principle with me."

"Well, you see what your vagaries have done to me," retorted the Author.

"You are unjust in terming them vagaries," objected the Hero; "they are consistencies of character."

"Are you going to marry Geraldine now?" demanded the Author.

"In your heart," answered the Hero, "you know that I am not."

"Yes," said the Author, dismally, "I know that you are not."

"So what are you going to do about it?" asked the Hero.

"What would you suggest?" inquired the Author, humbly. "I've got to consider Geraldine, too, you know."

"You might marry her to my friend Clarence Lee," ventured the Hero.

"He's just the kind of a man for her, and she's just the kind of a girl for him."

The Author leaned back in his chair and gazed at the ceiling moodily. He felt his humiliation, but he was disposed to make the best of the situation. The Hero watched him with a confident smile.

"That might be done," agreed the Author, finally. "I could subordinate Geraldine somewhat and give Elsie a little more prominence. That would not be so very difficult. But I'll have to change Elsie's name; Flipp would never do for the girl who marries the Hero. I'll call her Elsie Dunraven, give her some of Geraldine's scenes, develop her character a little more fully, and then you may marry her."

The Hero nodded joyfully.

"But I want to say to you," pursued the Author, resentfully, "that you're an aggravation, a burden, a colossal lump of selfishness, an inconsiderate and obstinate egotist. You are determined to have your own way! You have made me more trouble than any ten other characters I ever put on paper."

"That's because I am your best," returned the Hero, complacently.

"What do you mean?" demanded the Author.

"If I were less distinct as a character," explained the Hero, "you could manage me with less trouble. You can always make a dummy do what you please."

## STUDIES IN SOCIAL HISTORY

MR. W. Romaine Paterson, who is well known in England as a novelist writing under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, has now, it seems, turned historian, undertaking a piece of work that will keep him busy for some time to come.<sup>1</sup> As he expresses it, his intention is to make a study of the development of civilization from the earliest times to the present day, with especial reference to the causes underlying the decline and fall of the nations that have successively obtained and lost world primacy; or, perhaps we should

say, with especial reference to the cause, for it is manifestly Mr. Paterson's opinion that in slavery are to be found at once the basis of civilization and the sufficient explanation of the changes in empire witnessed from age to age. This view, it is hardly necessary to point out, will not commend itself to all students of social history, nor will they feel altogether satisfied with Mr. Paterson's treatment of the subject so far as he has gone—that is, through the civilizations of India, Babylon, Greece, and Rome. In each case his method is the same. There is, first, a brief account, from ethnological, philological, archaeological, and geo-

<sup>1</sup> *The Nemesis of Nations*. By W. Romaine Paterson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3, net.

graphical sources, of the origins of the people whose history is to be examined; then a survey of the manner in which they took root institutionally; and, finally, an elaborate review of the development and consequences of their system of national aggrandizement at the expense of unpaid human labor. It is true that in fugitive passages Mr. Paterson recognizes the operation of other forces, internal and extraneous, in molding the destinies of the nations with which he is here concerned; but all of these he regards as subordinate to the operation of slavery, and in support of his obviously doubtful thesis depicts in most minute detail the horrors undergone by those who of old labored that their masters might attain a life of luxurious ease. In this, again, he exposes himself to criticism, on the score of hasty generalizations from insufficient data—a charge which he is prompt to bring against previous writers who have found extenuating circumstances in ancient slavery. Yet here his book really finds whatever warrant it has for existence. For, viewed not as a philosophical interpretation of the downfall of ancient civilizations, but as a history of their slavery systems, it is clearly a product of thoughtful and painstaking research, and contains much that is informing to a high degree. The reader, however, cannot be too strongly warned against unreserved acceptance of the sweeping conclusions Mr. Paterson would draw from his investigations, and this caution will probably apply also to the forthcoming volume in which he purposes tracing “that gradual transformation of the world’s social basis by means of which, in the Middle Ages, slavery became serfdom, and, in modern times, serfdom became poverty.”

Far more philosophical in conception and execution, if less interesting from the standpoint of mere readability, is Dr. J. Dorsey Forrest’s “The Development of Western Civilization.”<sup>1</sup> Dr. Forrest has his own pet theories, one of which involves a stubborn denial that the Teutonic peoples contributed aught to the upbuilding of modern civilization

except “their personal vigor and a certain spirit of independence;” while another, probably growing out of the former, tends to depreciate unduly the influence of the conflicting political ideals of universality of dominion and national individuality. But, in the main, his treatise embodies a helpful exposition of the ethical, political, and economic facts of history in their relation to social evolution. For starting-point he goes back to ancient Israel, tracing through the development of the religious and ethical ideals of the Hebrews their contribution to modern civilization, and finding that it consists chiefly in placing an added emphasis on the moral motive in life. From the Greeks, in his study of whom a capital account of the development of Greek art will be found, he similarly derives as their chief contribution clearer ideas of the standards by which moral conduct may be measured. And to the Romans he credits the institutional framework of modern society. Necessarily, in dealing with each of these ancient civilizations, Dr. Forrest is confined to an outline presentation of their growth and influence on future ages, and it must be said that his language is not always as clear as could be desired. But he makes his points with sufficient fullness, and prepares the student adequately for what is to follow—an examination, first, of the development of Christian theology and of the Church which was to become the great agent in reorganizing society after the disruption of the Roman Empire; then of the economic factors which came into play with the definite organization of agriculture; next of the social changes effected by the development of manufactures and commerce; and, finally, of the complex developments of the nineteenth century and the social tendencies visible to-day. This, in brief, is the scheme of his book; and while space forbids detailed criticism, it may be noted that the student will derive especial assistance from his accounts of the growth of the manorial system, the economic forces hastening the fall of feudalism, the early stages of manufactures in Europe, the growth of industry through the guild system, the economic aspects of the rise and fall of

<sup>1</sup> *The Development of Western Civilization*. By J. Dorsey Forrest. The University of Chicago Press. Chicago.

the Italian republics, and the evolution of the democratic ideal, which, it is interesting to observe, Dr. Forrest contends "is bound to control every state." On the other hand, in addition to the defects noted above, he fails to develop clearly the origins of modern states, the specific contributions of the Renaissance and the Reformation, and the continuing activity of the religious and ethical impulse after the breakdown in the authority of the Church. This last, indeed, is the most serious blemish in his scholarly work, affording ground, as it does, for the fear which Dr. Forrest himself entertains, that "some readers may receive the impression that my view of society is materialistic." Over and above and beyond all other influences in social evolution is unquestionably the religious instinct, and no social history can be thoroughly satisfactory that does not bring this fact out in bold relief.

The social consequences of modern economic conditions, which find a large place in Dr. Forrest's closing pages, are similarly emphasized as regards one important aspect in Senator Jules Meline's "The Return to the Land,"<sup>1</sup> now issued in an English translation, with a preface by Mr. Justin McCarthy. It is well known that, as a result of the improvement in transportation facilities and of the growth of the so-called factory system of industry, there has been in most civilized countries a steady flow of population from the rural districts to the town, until to-day one of the most urgent sociological problems is that raised by the presence of a vast mass of poverty-stricken city dwellers herded together

in noisome tenements, a burden and a menace to themselves and to the community. The obvious remedy lies in devising some means of attracting back to rural life those unable to make headway in the fierce competition of a city existence, and it is as a contribution to this solution of the problem that Senator Meline has written his book, which includes, it might be added, a vigorous if not wholly convincing statement of the causes of urban congestion and the economic outlook generally. It is the Senator's belief that in any event large numbers of city dwellers will ultimately be driven to agricultural pursuits by stress of industrial depression, the nearness of which he endeavors to demonstrate statistically; and he would therefore urge upon his fellow-countrymen the taking of immediate measures less to avert than to meet the imminent catastrophe, and at the same time make rural life more agreeable and profitable than it has been in the past. It is, in fact, in his recommendations, and in his review of the present state of French agriculture, that his work is most valuable, for here, by reason of long experience and thorough study, he is master of his subject. And even in that portion embodying views from which the American reader will be most inclined to dissent—the chapters dealing with the coming "world crisis" in industrial production—there will be found much provocative of careful thought. So that, while it is hardly possible to echo Mr. McCarthy's opinion that "this book seems . . . destined to make a deep mark upon the age," it is certainly desirable to call it to the attention of all interested in social and economic betterment.

<sup>1</sup> *The Return to the Land.* By Jules Meline. Preface by Justin McCarthy. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

## Comment on Current Books

### *Among the Novels*

The prevailing note in "Alice-for-Short" is surely that of human kindness. A gently humorous friendliness prevails as between author and reader, and in most cases also as between the characters of the story. This was largely what made "Joseph Vance" such a *likable* book; and we find here in at least equal degree the same cheerful, semi-confidential flavor. The people of this story, moreover, simply beam or bristle with individuality. The little waif Alicia (Alice-for-Short) is deliberately made a girl counterpart of Joseph Vance in that she is the child of a drunken parent, helped on and loved by a big-hearted young man and his sister, just as Joseph was helped on by a sweet-natured girl and her father. But one notes this resemblance in plot only as one would a coincidence in real life. Alice is positively real, and so was Joseph, and the resemblance in their lives is a superficial one and of no importance. So with the other people of this delightful narrative: Alice's Mr. Charles, as she calls him even when they are grown up; Charles's lovely and lovable sister Peggy; the poor old lady who has been fifty years unconscious and is suddenly restored to her senses, a timid, living link between two centuries; Pope and Chappell, the stained-glass manufacturers, who in a measure recall the elder Vance in Mr. De Morgan's earlier book—all these and perhaps a dozen minor people, men, women, boys, and girls, provide material for interplay of talk and action, for development of motive and character, and for the author's deliberately discursive comment and inimitable humor. A more ingeniously digressive author than Mr. De Morgan never wrote; but the reader soon finds that there is a method in this apparent carelessness; that there is plenty of incident; that the story-interest is never long lost sight of; that the digressive talk is never dull, or essayish, or self-reflective; but that, to the contrary, with every stroke the portraits come out clearer on the canvas; that with every chapter the melodramatic mystery of the past approaches the light of day; and that continually the people of the present time work toward their true destinies. A few ghosts happen in and are happily left unexplained. A melodramatic murder of a century ago is brought to light, and we rather smile than shiver. Who cares for the plot of "Martin Chuzzlewit"? There are even those who care little for that of "David

Copperfield"! Mr. De Morgan is not an imitator of Dickens, but he has certain things in common with Dickens, and one is that we, not grudgingly but cordially, forgive him traits that would damn utterly a lesser genius. One does not need to apologize, as some reviewers seem inclined to do, for liking "Alice-for-Short." It may violate the traditional unities of art, but it contrives some way to have a wholeness of its own—and a wholesomeness, too; it may ramble, but it does not weary; it may not be "subtle" or "psychological" in the manner of Mr. James or Mrs. Wharton, but, in Mrs. Browning's phrase, it emphatically "shows a heart within, blood-tinctured, of a veined humanity."

We have received the initial volumes<sup>1</sup> in a popular edition of Turgénieff's novels and stories, translated directly from the Russian by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, and to be complete in fourteen volumes; a reproduction, in a modest form and at a very reasonable price, of the handsome edition issued by the same publishers not many months ago. This edition leaves nothing to be desired for the reader's comfort. The books are tastefully made; they are not too heavy; and the type is of a delightful largeness and distinctness. It is useless at this late date to say anything by way of characterization of Turgénieff, not only one of the greatest of Russian novelists, but one of the first novelists in the literature of the world; whose work as a whole is probably the most important literary achievement of Russia during the last century; the embodiment of the genius of the Slav, the interpreter of the Russia of thirty years ago, the voice of a great inarticulate country now fast finding a language for itself. Miss Hapgood knows Turgénieff as thoroughly as she knows the language in which he has written.

Blessed is the humorist who does not try to be funny. In this category belongs Mr. Charles D. Stewart, whose "Fugitive Blacksmith" rejoiced many hearts last year by its freshness and oddity. "Partners of Providence"<sup>2</sup> may not please all readers as well, but it certainly will appeal strongly to all who know boy nature—to those, for instance, who delight in Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer. We doubt if even those

<sup>1</sup> The Novels and Stories of Ivan Turgénieff. Translated from the Russian by Isabel F. Hapgood. Rudin and a King Lear of the Steppes, On the Eve, A Nobleman's Nest, Father and Children, Smoke, The Jew and Other Stories, Virgin Soil, Memoirs of a Sportsman. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Each vol., \$1.25.

<sup>2</sup> Partners of Providence. By Charles D. Stewart. The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>1</sup> A. C. McElroy, William De Morgan. Henry Holt & Co., New York.

two immortal boys were more seriously funny, or funnily serious, than Mr. Stewart's waif Sam. Whether Sam is explaining the Missouri River to an ignorant professor, or is describing a great race between two steamboats, in which his own boat wins because of the useful office filled by the old black auntie's flat-iron as an adjunct to the safety-valve; whether he tells of his adventures as a minor member of a floating circus, or of his penniless prowls about the New Orleans levees, or of his visit to a cemetery with a little girl friend, accompanied by his dog Rags and his pocket-size alligator George (purchased, boy-like, with his last money), or whether, with his providential partner, the energetic Clancy, he is doing detective work in the great Valdes case by playing about the streets with his ears open—always he is first and last a boy, and is intensely interested in explaining everything to you just as a live American boy would be. There is a plot, but the reader sees it wrong side out, as it were, through Sam's eyes and Sam's boyish ideas of relative values and importance. Also there are not a few good characters sketched out, but to know them we must accept Sam's estimates and then make adult deductions. There are those who will find the tale too deliberate and too minute, but the flavor and humor are exceedingly refreshing. It is a book to read, not hurriedly, but a bit at a time. A special word of praise must be added for Mr. F. J. Taylor's drawings, which catch the spirit and intention of the author in a way rarely seen nowadays in book illustration.

To those who love a simple story, simply told, but with true sentiment and gentle grace, we highly commend the new novel<sup>1</sup> by Mrs. De La Pasture, author of that other charming tale "Peter's Mother." Catherine is a girl of quiet charm and of lifelong devotion to an ideal of romance. She quite takes hold of the reader's heart, and he is glad that she loves to the end the stately, handsome, conscientious husband she has awesomely admired as a girl, and that she never penetrates the secret that he is essentially a dull and commonplace gentleman. In contrast to Catherine there are two capital drawn elderly women, one of infernal temper and overbearing self-approval, the other of indolent and self-indulgent temperament but exceedingly clever in character-reading and in social comment. Altogether the story entertains but does not excite; it affords a refreshing contrast both to the

problem novel and to the cloak-and-sword romance.

Despite the mediæval flavor of the title,<sup>2</sup> this "Princess" and this "Ploughman" are both modern Americans. Their story is a bit of romantic absurdity, or a sweet and refreshing love idyl, as the individual reader's view-point will determine; but however the emotionally and mentally undeveloped lady and her quixotic lover may be viewed, there can be no two ways of regarding certain other of the characters—notably Andrew and Permelia McIlheny, whose transplanted Dissenting godliness and quaint manner of speech are welcome realities. Also Judge Chantry, the caustic old guardian, who writes thus to his ward: "My dear Mary, I am sorry to see that in your case the so-called higher education does not appear to have developed in the least your sense of relativity—ordinarily called common sense." This to the irresponsible Princess, just after her graduation from an institution of learning in "one of those tranquil New England villages where the strenuous processes incident to the unfoldment of the female intellect may be said to possess the place as a soul possesses its body."

Next comes a pretty story of Canadian rural life, by Anison North.<sup>3</sup> The heroine tells the tale, and we see her loving, helpful ministry to family and neighbors, yet sharing her father's feud and trying to keep it up after his death. But justice and love are too strong for her filial theories, and the houses of Mallory and Carmichael are reconciled. The illustrations and marginal decorations do not add especially to the simple narrative.

The beautiful dedication in Mrs. Andrews's book<sup>4</sup> of short stories of parsons, soldiers, and other fighters in the world—"To the memory of a man who was with his whole heart a priest, and with his whole strength a soldier of the church militant"—prepares one for the character of the writing that follows when the parsons' tales are told, one of which certainly holds a picture almost worthy of comparison with that ideal of a priest, Monseigneur Bienvenu, whose candlesticks and saintliness saved the soul of Hugo's Jean Valjean. The other tales, morally and otherwise rather less strenuous, are variously stimulating and as admirably written, every one.

In these days of agitated discussion of the value and authenticity of nature stories, one

<sup>1</sup> Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. Henry De La Pasture. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> The Princess and the Ploughman. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.25.

<sup>3</sup> Carmichael. By Anison North. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>4</sup> The Militants. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

hesitates to pronounce on an outdoor book of any description. But certainly with safety and entire truthfulness it may be affirmed of Mrs. Thompson Seton's animal anecdotes<sup>1</sup> that they are at least good reading—and that in these intimate and informal records of camp life and travel she has so well preserved the atmosphere of close companionship with woods and waters that, even to the uninitiated, what is after all the chief charm of sport with gun and rod is made quite clear. The reader who may prefer this charm disassociated from the idea of slaughter will so find it in Part IV., which tells of the "new" hunting of reindeer in Norway (where the camera was the only weapon used), following the many chapters of Parts I.-III., devoted to successive not so unbloody expeditions after big and little game in the Sierras and the Rockies and in Canada. The book has marginal and full-page illustrations—several of them Mr. Thompson Seton's, who, by the way, transparently disguised as "Nimrod," appears in the text, not only in his own character, the art-student of woodland lore, but in the less familiar rôle of camp poet.

Delia<sup>2</sup> is the maid-of-all-work for a "family of six," and so well is she rendered that one gets an unaccustomed serious glimpse at many things perhaps before unseen, through reading her diary, the humor of which also exists independently of its simplified spelling à la *Irlandais*. From that phrase it follows that Delia's heart is in the right place, so we at once know where her sympathies will be in her young mistress's love affair, and divine with equal certainty and pleasure her ultimate possession of a sweetheart of her own.

Crude Western speech and the commonplaceness of the event it chronicles—the coming of a little one into a childless home—do not lessen the force of Mr. Butler's slender book's appeal,<sup>3</sup> which is truer also for the smiles provoked quite as often as deeper emotions are stirred. All truly "daddies"—and others—should be interested in these "confessions."

The merry mood of Jean Webster is contagious, and we laugh over the absurdities of the situations that develop about Jerry Junior.<sup>4</sup> Audacious, resourceful, and finally gayly in love, he employs the most evident devices to gain the attention of the maiden, who is quite his equal in cool daring. With but occasional lapses, the farce goes on its

amusing way. An Italian background and an Italian head waiter are part of the necessary property.

Lawrence Mott, in these stories of Labrador and Gloucester fishermen,<sup>5</sup> introduces some amazing dialect, and tries to indicate the sounds of raging waters and crashing timbers by combinations of italicized letters. The effect of these two devices is to puzzle and annoy the reader. The stories themselves are quite brutal, yet lightened by attempts at current popular sentiment.

Here is a pretty, wholesome fairy book,<sup>6</sup> sufficiently mysterious to awaken interest in the children, yet very gracefully written, and having nice little morals tucked craftily away within its pages. The writer, Jasmine Stone Van Dresser, has the true gift of story-telling for little folks, and the pictures by Florence E. Storer quite suit the text. They are printed in color.

Mr. John H. Whitson in his new novel<sup>7</sup> has prepared a complete surprise for his readers, and, in charity, we warn them not to read the last chapter first. Louis Armitage, walking in Central Park, is suddenly kidnapped by two lovely women, one of whom claims him as her long-lost husband. Given this situation of mistaken identity, the complications that arise are many and become serious. The story is well told, and modern New York is graphically pictured. How the Castle of Doubt is freed from its mystery must be learned from the book itself.

#### *How to Understand the Old Masters*

A book stimulating the student's further consideration of a subject is of more primary importance to him than is the comprehensive and authoritative volume to be consulted at the end of his course as the final word. The first word has a more influential place than the last. If this is true in the study of art in general, it is particularly true in the study of painting. Few visitors to Europe remain away from the great galleries. But of the frequenters of those galleries the even passably well informed are few. Their comprehension would be more enlightened did they realize certain things—for instance, the distortion of purpose suffered by the old masters in the transference of pictures from their original settings in church, chapel, or palace to the glare of our modern galleries, where there is as well sometimes a too indiscriminate company of paintings. Then, again, one should have a knowledge of the old

<sup>1</sup> *Nimrod's Wife*. By Grace Gallatin Seton. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.75.

<sup>2</sup> *The Diary of Delia*. By Onoto Watanna. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.25.

<sup>3</sup> *The Confessions of a Daddy*. By Ellis Parker Butler. The Century Company, New York. 75c.

<sup>4</sup> *Jerry Junior*. By Jean Webster. The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>5</sup> *To the Credit of the Sea*. By Lawrence Mott. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>6</sup> *How to Find Happyland*. By Jasmine Stone Van Dresser. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.

<sup>7</sup> *The Castle of Doubt*. By John H. Whitson. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

masters' themes, often meaningless to the casual observer. A marked increase in that observer's information, as indicated above, and a consequent increase in his power of comprehension, should be the result of reading Professor Van Dyke's latest volume.<sup>1</sup> In addition, the seeker for information will find therein suggestive discussions of figure, portrait, genre, animal, landscape, and marine painting. The reason for relegating these discussions to the second part of the book, however, is not altogether evident.

### *Nineteenth Century Painting*

The great styles in painting are the outcome of the æsthetic, intellectual, and religious tendencies of the ages. If Inness and Monet represent one kind of craving in our own time, Velasquez and Van Dyck represented another in theirs, Perugino and Memling in theirs. Thus we may discover a bond of union between widely separated men, countries, and schools. We begin to appreciate more whatever unity there is in the development of painting. We now regard epochs rather than individuals. One of those epochs was the nineteenth century. We are still too close to it properly to weigh the influence of its salient characteristics. But, so far as can be, the psychological method of measuring should be employed. A master in this analysis, Dr. Richard Muther, Professor in the University of Breslau, has already given brilliant proof of the value of this method in his "*Geschichte der Malerei*," a work which reviews the history of painting to the beginning of the nineteenth century. It is appropriate that, within a few weeks of the publication of a translation of that work, there should appear a revision and translation of its more detailed continuation, the "*Geschichte der Malerei im XIX. Jahrhundert*." The present publication<sup>2</sup> is embellished with hundreds of illustrations in line, half-tone, and color, and is issued in four well-bound volumes. The revision is, of course, specially interesting in its account of the development of painting during the last decade of the nineteenth century. In this particular development Americans claim, with justice, that they have a notable share. They will feel some sense of disappointment, therefore, in not finding more pages devoted to American art in Dr. Muther's books. It does seem as if his perspective were scarcely accurate. If anything could atone for the lack of quantity, however, it would be the high quality of the German's criticism of our painters,

particularly of Mr. Sargent. Not being so interested in the development of German art as is our historian, it will seem to American readers as if the many pages devoted to Germany might have been condensed in our favor. Here again, however, Dr. Muther's criticism is particularly instructive, especially in dealing with the much-misunderstood Boecklin. Indeed, this historian is at his best when he touches Sargent or Boecklin or Whistler or any one who shows a contempt for conventionality, yet, assimilating the deep underlying strength of the ages, has transformed it by the power of genius. In any event Dr. Muther writes with an incisive phrase, far removed from the ponderous, involved style of some of his compatriots. Turning from individuals to national schools, we discover, as we might expect, as hearty acknowledgment of national independence, wherever found, as there is of individual excellence and freedom of expression. As his more general work would lead us to surmise, however, Professor Muther leaves us with the feeling that future schools of painting will be called, not by countries, but by principles of art. Methods are all very well, but are only vital when they are distinctive interpreters. The mission of art is to express life. What the nineteenth century's painting has done in truth, directness, power, and sincerity in such expression is well summarized in these pages.

### *The Haunters of the Silences*

Mr. Roberts's studies of animal life almost always have a vein of poetic feeling and broad sympathy with nature. This book<sup>1</sup> (charmingly printed, by the way) pictures animals shy and little known to most of us, while a few chapters deal with sea life, about which Mr. Roberts modestly forewarns the reader that his personal knowledge is slight. One is glad that the author does not try to humanize and dramatize and sensationalize his animals. He talks about the wild life from the standpoint of a man who knows it well and is also a writer of refinement and of literary instinct.

### *Round About Jamestown*

One of the officers of the Hampton Institute, Miss J. E. Davis, has prepared a convenient handbook<sup>2</sup> which will interest all visitors to the Jamestown Exposition who wish to consider it in its historical relations. Except for these historical relations the Exposition would have little excuse for existence. In a brief series of concise but readable chapters Miss Davis relates the main

<sup>1</sup> *Studies in Pictures*. By John C. Van Dyke. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The History of Modern Painting*. By Richard Muther. In 4 vols. (Revised Edition.) E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$25, net, a set.

<sup>1</sup> *The Haunters of the Silences*. By Charles G. D. Roberts. J. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$2.

<sup>2</sup> *Round About Jamestown*. By Miss J. E. Davis. Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

facts of the earliest colonial settlement of our country and gives a survey of the social and political genesis and development of one of the most romantic regions of the United States. Anecdotes, traditions, and especially some excellent illustrations and a clear and useful sketch map give a human quality to this little book, which may be cordially recommended to all those who want to know why the navies of the world have taken the trouble to make Hampton Roads a rendezvous this summer.

**Efficient Democracy** The key to this volume<sup>1</sup> is given by a single sentence in the preface—"To be efficient is more difficult than to be good." It would perhaps be unfair to say that in the writer's opinion efficiency is more important than goodness, but not to say that it is of co-equal importance. The writer's object is to point out some methods that will promote efficiency in the various departments of life, as in business, government, hospitals, schools, and the like. The principal instrument on which he depends for efficiency is an exact and accurate report of what has been done, is being done, and ought to be done, and this report presented not in general statements but in mathematical detail and with mathematical accuracy. The spirit which is essential to this efficiency is primarily a real and earnest desire to know the facts, and the intelligence necessary to understand the facts when they are presented. The author lays great stress on the value of statistics properly collated and compared and rightly understood, as a means of substituting classification for "messification." He writes in a clear, lucid, epigrammatic style, perhaps with too great fondness for epigram. The book produces a little the impression of a series of separate articles adapted for use to the several departments of which it treats. We are not quite sure that the teacher needs to understand what is necessary for efficiency in the conduct of a hospital, or the doctor what is necessary for efficiency in the conduct of a school. But the volume will be valuable to all men who are doing things if they will select from it what they specifically need, and will be especially valuable to students of the various social activities of our modern life.

**The Kingdom of Man** Man, as "Nature's insurgent son," has won, says the author,<sup>2</sup> dominion over her but in part, and is in peril if he neglects to make his conquest complete. In his migrations, and in his transportation of natural

products from clime to clime, he has converted into terrible scourges the parasitic organisms which in their natural area are beneficent, or, at most, innocuous. Governments which spend vast sums on armies and navies are blamed for their improvident neglect to spend what is necessary for the extermination of these microscopic foes. The chief seats of British culture are blamed for underestimating the importance to human life and progress of the studies on which a better control of Nature is conditioned. The author then sketches the progress made during the last quarter-century toward dominion over Nature, through the studies that have searched out her secrets to the bounds of present knowledge. As an illustration of the sort of work requisite to extend that dominion, a chapter on the "sleeping sickness" concludes the volume with an account of the investigation which led to the discovery of the antidote to the terrible scourge that caused appalling mortality in Central Africa by the bite of a fly introducing a parasite into the blood. The author, one of the foremost of British scientists, does not doubt what some have questioned, that the so-called "pithecanthropus" (*ape-man*), whose skull was discovered in Java in 1892, is "rightly to be regarded as a 'man'"—physically intermediate between the lowest races now known and the chimpanzee. His story of the recent advance of physical science is illuminating and well illustrated. The volume is a valuable addition to popular scientific literature. Its skeptical, almost contemptuous attitude toward certain conclusions of psychologists, quite as well established as the human nature of the "pithecanthropus," *e. g.* telepathy, freshly illustrates the streak of provincialism observable in men of the highest special learning.

**America's Insular Possessions** Regarded as literature these volumes<sup>1</sup> might be criticised as being sometimes encyclopædic, sometimes journalistic. But for the purpose for which they are written this is not a criticism. The encyclopædia gives in compact form information respecting the past. The journal gives the history of to-day while it is still in the making. This is just the information which the American reader wants to-day respecting our insular possessions. He wants to be told in a few pages what was the past history of Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam, and the Philippines, and more fully he wants to know what Americans have done in them and for them since they became our possessions. Both pieces

<sup>1</sup> *Efficient Democracy*. By William H. Allen. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Kingdom of Man*. By E. Ray Lankester, M.A., LL.D. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$1.40, net.

<sup>1</sup> *America's Insular Possessions*. By C. H. Forbes-Lindsay. In 2 vols. The John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia. \$5.



of information are very well given by Mr. Forbes-Lindsay. We wish that he had devoted one chapter to the fundamental constitutional question whether the United States has any right to have possessions, and to interpreting the decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States upon that question. The impartiality of the book will be questioned in certain quarters. Those who think that a historian should simply give a colorless account of events, without any attempt to interpret or to pass judgment on them, will not find these volumes to their liking. We do not so judge the function of the historian. We think he ought to interpret as well as to describe events; at least that the historian who interprets as well as narrates is a greater historian than he who simply narrates, as a portrait painter is a greater artist than a photographer. Of course the historian may interpret badly, as the painter may paint badly. But all we have a right to ask of either is that he shall interpret clearly and consistently, and shall not alter the facts to sustain his interpretation. We regard Clarendon's History of England as a great history, though we do not believe that he has interpreted correctly the events he described. But a frankly royalist history is better than a colorless one. Mr. Forbes-Lindsay believes that the prompt recognition of the Hawaiian Republic was right and President Cleveland's attempt to restore Princess Liliuokalani was wrong; he believes that the hope of Hawaii is in her sugar crop, that the sugar crop can be developed only by large estates and organized labor, and that for these reasons Chinese labor ought to be admitted to Hawaii. He sustains the course of the Administration at Panama, and has no doubt that the Panama route is far better than the Nicaraguan route. He thinks that there is a good deal to be said for Aguinaldo, and states the case for him and his policy as well as we have ever seen it stated—and we are somewhat familiar with the arguments of the Boston anti-imperialists. But he apparently believes that the exclusion of Aguinaldo's forces from Manila was absolutely necessary to safeguard the foreigners, especially the Spanish, and he believes, in spite of all that can be said to explain, if not to justify, the Aguinaldo campaign against the Americans, that "to have granted independence to the Philippines at that time would have been to visit the people with a greater misfortune than continuance of the rule of the friars, and it is well that the American government did not entertain either idea." The author's views are frankly stated, but we see no indication that they have led him either to misreport any facts, to

omit in his report any facts of significance, or to present the facts in false proportions on false relations. The volumes are attractively gotten up and well illustrated.

### *A Sorrowful Heroine*

The life of Julie de Lespinasse,<sup>1</sup> translated by P. H. Lee Warner from the French of the Marquis de Ségur, discloses a personality whose potent charm has certainly eluded the skill of either biographer or novelist. We are assured that this woman, who was the center of a notable and brilliant circle, was capable of the greatest intellectual and social attainments. She must have been so, yet, after reading all that has been written of her in history or fiction, the impression left is faint, unconvincing, and of unrelieved sadness. Her position in Parisian society was attained by her own talent, backed neither by wealth nor family. She lived in an atmosphere, so curious to any but the Latin mind, "where laxest morality went hand in hand with the loftiest ideas, the seriousness of which was only to be equaled by the frivolous expression given to them." She is described as one of the world's great lovers—exalted, torn, consumed, and exposed to the world through her letters published thirty years after her death, which were characterized as "the loudest heart-beats" in all the eighteenth century. She was a painfully complex nature, both in mental outlook and in conduct. She sought incessantly for some new sensation, and yet her life was conducted according to the most monotonous routine. The general public has made her acquaintance through Mrs. Ward's novel "Lady Rose's Daughter," which was founded upon this unhappy life-history. The present biographer unveils the secrets of her birth, her sad childhood, her troubled connection with the Marquise du Deffand, her strange comradeship with d'Alembert, her short-lived but powerful passion for the Marquis de Mora, and her painful last years spent in terrible alternations of joy and despair during her connection with Guibert. Hers was a life filled with most painful emotions and no rest.

### *The Year of Grace*

The discourses included in this collection<sup>2</sup> are suited to the Sundays of the Christian Year, and were for the most part given at Stanford University. Their clearness and freshness of presentation, and closeness to the needs of modern thought and life, are such as belong to the best type of university sermons.

<sup>1</sup> Julie de Lespinasse. By the Marquis de Ségur. Translated from the French by P. H. Lee Warner. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$2.50, net.  
<sup>2</sup> The Year of Grace. By George Hodges. Thomas Whittaker, New York. \$1, net. Postage, 10c.

# Letters to The Outlook

## A HERO FROM THE RANKS

Some time ago The Outlook reviewed Mr. H. A. Kelly's "Life of Walter Reed," and told of Dr. Reed's remarkable and valuable service in establishing the now universally accepted theory of the transmission of the germs of yellow fever by the mosquito. Below is told the story of a private soldier who risked his life to help in establishing this theory.

In the autumn of 1900 Dr. Walter Reed, Chairman of the United States Army Yellow Fever Commission, built an experimental station, called Camp Lazear, near Quemados, Cuba, for the purpose of carrying on experiments which should prove or disprove the theory that yellow fever is transmitted by the bite of a certain species of mosquito. He was about to issue a call for volunteers for the purpose, when he was called on by two young privates, John R. Kissinger and John J. Moran, both from Ohio, who told him that they had heard of his wish, and came to offer themselves as subjects for experiment. Dr. Reed explained to them fully the risks involved, and then, finding them determined, he said that a definite money compensation would be made to them. Both young men refused, saying that they volunteered in the service of humanity, and made it their sole stipulation that they should receive no reward. Kissinger was the first subject of experiment in Camp Lazear. On December 5, 1900, five infected mosquitoes—that is to say, mosquitoes which had recently (within two weeks) fed upon yellow fever patients—were allowed to bite him, and a little over three days later he was taken ill with the disease. In speaking of the incident afterwards, Dr. Reed said: "In my opinion, there has been no higher exhibition of moral courage in the annals of the army of the United States."

Kissinger had a severe attack, and his life was for some time in danger. He recovered, however, as it was supposed at the time, perfectly, and not long afterwards he left the army, married, and settled down in private life. Within the last year he has been seized with a spinal complaint which has destroyed the use of his lower limbs, and keeps him confined to a wheeled chair. He is now unable to do anything for his own support or that of his wife, and his wife can do nothing which takes her away from home, on account of his necessities. She has, therefore, been supporting them both by washing, in which he was able, until recently,

to help her, as he sat propped up in his chair. Now, however, the physician has forbidden him to do so any longer, and he says that he feels the burden on her shoulders more than any other part of his difficulties. He applied some little time ago for a pension, but the sum applied for was cut down from fifty to twelve dollars a month, and even yet hangs fire, because it cannot be shown that his present complaint arose from the yellow fever. It is not likely that he will recover.

The next session of Congress ought to pass a special bill to provide for this man's needs and comfort. Meanwhile, any private contributions to his support might be forwarded through Mr. Howard A. Kelly, 1418 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Maryland.

## PLEASE LEND A HAND

*My dear Outlook :*

One of the good things which The Outlook does, and forgets, is to print every June our Lend a Hand letter in behalf of old men, blind girls, and lame boys. At the office of Lend a Hand we know all about the fundamental principles of social philanthropy. And if it were necessary we could reel off yards or even fathoms of the same. But we never find this necessary. Certainly it is not on this occasion.

But at the office of Lend a Hand it is our business to take care of the exceptions. And every summer we find fifty, more or less, of the classes, to be scientific, thus described :

One.—The class of self-respecting old men.

Two.—The class of lame boys and girls.

Three.—The class of blind girls and boys.

Unfortunately, scientific philanthropy and the statute of Elizabeth have not provided any organized methods for giving these people an open-air holiday in summer. This is left to the Free Lancers.

What is interesting is that the summer readers of The Outlook like to provide for these people, who would not be otherwise provided for. And this is a circular-letter to the nice people who will read their Outlook at Bar Harbor, at North East Harbor, in Casco Bay, at Kennebunk Port, and at seventy-four other places of summer resort and at eighty-five shacks, bungalows, and other cottages in New England and the adjacent regions. All of those people who are glad to enjoy the sun and stars and wood and water will be glad of the opportunity to send us five cents or one hundred dollars which we will use before November for our

summer outing fund. You may address Mrs. M. C. Whitman, the Treasurer, at 1 Beacon Street, Boston, office of Lend a Hand.

EDWARD E. HALE,

Lend a Hand Office, 1 Beacon Street, Boston.

### THE STARLING SETS AN EXAMPLE

It never rains but it pours. My defense of the European starling brought a letter from a lover of birds telling where there were several immigrant colonies, and within a week I came upon a pair of them in Central Park foraging for grubs with the curious military precision that dignifies what in another bird would be a raid into a reconnaissance according to the rules. Nothing escapes. And now, the other day, I made the personal acquaintance of a flock residing in the tower of the Episcopal church at Great Neck, Long Island.

It seems that they moved in incog. and remained so for a year or more before some one who knew identified them. Where they hailed from is not on the records. A little flock came that way, saw the tower and thought it good, and there they stayed, making their nests in a secure but rather exposed place behind some open scroll-work on the outside of the tower, just above the bells. Some sparrows had made the discovery first, and for a season there was fierce warfare between them; but in the end they decided to live together in peace. The sparrows, as the hardier and incidentally the smaller birds, seem to have accepted chiefly the north side of the tower and the shelves below the bells—below the salt, as it were.

I looked my old friends over through a pair of field-glasses. They were starlings, sure enough, with all the ear-marks, a little toned down it seemed to me, not quite so gorgeous or shiny of coat as when I knew them as a boy; a little rough, as if they had gone through a hard experience, as in truth they had; for they seem to have changed their habits with their country. Abroad they migrated, lording it in the Riviera in winter. Here they have been all-year guests so far. Perhaps they have lost their bearings and don't know where to go. At any rate, they stay the winter out. The rector of the church, Dr. Huske, told me that in the coldest weather they forsook the tower and sought shelter under the bushes and brambles in the back lot. He was afraid they were going away, and scattered some oats on the snow. They ate it gratefully, and helped themselves, too, to the seeds of the vines that climb the tower. The starling is a bird of resources. When I watched them, Mrs. Starling was sitting on

eggs, and her lord was busy as could be feeding her grubs, much too busy to sing. He had learned the immigrant's lesson that it is "root hog or die" on a foreign shore. Perhaps, too, the memories of the long winter haunted him yet.

But he has not forgot his vespers any more than his family responsibilities. The last rays of the setting sun find him, as of yore, in the highest tree-tops, or on the peak of the tower, pouring forth his pean of praise in his sweet whistling notes. The rector likes him. He was his champion when the vestry found fault with the traces he left on the tower. He told them that it was not good for a church tower to look too new, and that the starling, having sought sanctuary there, should stay. He is a good bird, domestic and of devout habits, and, besides, he sets a good example. He sticks by the church. "I wish," said the good rector, thoughtfully, "that the people would flock to the church as numerously and stay as steadfastly as the starlings."

So now that my friend has been properly received into the church and owned as of the flock, perhaps we shall hear less about his being an undesirable immigrant. He isn't.

JACOB A. RIES.

### SAVE THE BABIES

Inspired by its successes, the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor will press during the coming summer, with increasing vigor, the winning battle with the dark, crowded tenements which manufacture crippled children and break down their parents. It calls for twenty-five trained nurses who will volunteer at a moderate compensation. Some are needed on the staff at Sea Breeze Hospital, some in district work, visiting tenement homes, and others at Junior Sea Breeze, where, in the heart of the city, sick babies' lives are saved and their mothers are taught how to care for them. This opportunity offers rich rewards in service rendered and in experience gained under progressive and inspiring leadership. Applications should be made at once, and may be addressed to Mr. William H. Allen, General Agent, 105 East Twenty-second Street. Many Outlook readers were among those who made it possible last summer to take over twenty-three thousand women and children from their hot, stifling tenements to Sea Breeze. They will be glad to know that while the Fresh Air work will not be reduced, more than ever will be done to help the sick and suffering in their own homes, which are, after all, the most strategic point. G.

## **Good News For Policy Holders**

The election for Trustees in the Mutual Life Insurance Company closed in December last. The canvass of votes which was conducted according to the new laws of the State of New York, lasted four months. The result has recently been announced. The most important fact for the public is that by an overwhelming majority—about three to one—the Trustees named by the Company have been elected. This means that

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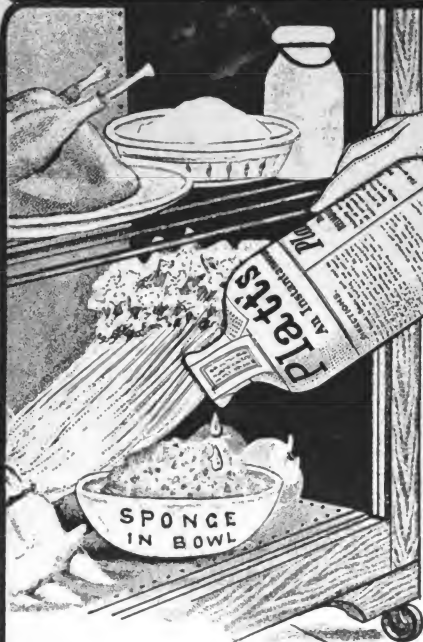
will be managed by the men who corrected the abuses of the past and installed the economies that have accomplished so much, and which will accomplish so much more. It is most reasonable to expect greater benefits as time goes on. Get the latest report of the Company. Get the recent address of the Trustees to policy holders; it is most interesting. Get acquainted with the Mutual Life; it is better to-day than ever. Get its protection while possible.

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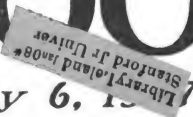
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# The Outlook

Saturday, July 6, 1907



## The Second Hague Conference

By Elbert F. Baldwin

Of the Editorial Staff of The Outlook

## Organizations of Railway Employees

By D. L. Cease

Editor of the Railway Trainmen's Journal

## Labor and the Lady

By Frederic Johnston

A Story of Southern California



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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 6, 1907

Volume 86  
Number 10

Price \$3 a year  
10 cents a copy

## CONTENTS

Senator Knox and the Constitution.....	483	The Second Hague Conference. By a Staff Correspondent.....	499
A Governor's Legislature	484	Organizations of Railway Employees By D. L. Cease.....	503
The Public Utilities Commissioners.....	485	Summer Vesper Sermons: The Joy of Self-Sacrifice. By Lyman Abbott	510
Steel Rails and the Public.....	486	The Christmas Stamp. By Jacob A. Riis.....	511
Commencement Notes.....	487	Labor and the Lady: A Story. By Frederic Johnston.....	514
The College Boat Races	488	The Censorship of the Church of Rome (G. H. Putnam).....	520
Mark Twain at Oxford.....	489	Comment on Current Books.....	522
The House of Lords.....	489	Letters to The Outlook.....	527
At The Hague.....	490		
Clemenceau Sustained.....	491		
A Law to Suppress Ugliness.....	492		
The College: Two Points of View.....	493		
Railway Mergers and their Benefits.....	495		
A Secret of Youth.....	497		

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building. Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary. Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor. The subscription price of *The Outlook* is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy. Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States, Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage. Change of address: When a change of address is ordered, both the new and the old address must be given. The notice should be sent one week before the change is to take effect. Orders and instructions for advertising must be received eight days before the Saturday on which it is intended the advertisement shall appear. Copyright, 1907, by the Outlook Company. Entered as second-class matter in the New York Post-Office.

### Senator Knox and the Constitution

Some of the influential newspapers of the country, especially those, like the New York Sun, which are opposed to increasing the power of the Federal Government over inter-State corporations, have been giving a large amount of space to the recent address of Senator Knox, of Pennsylvania, delivered at the Commencement exercises of the Law School of Yale University. On the one hand, the speech has been pronounced to be an act of courageous conservatism, as a defense of the rights of capital against the irrational attacks of visionary reformers; as a challenge of the social, political, and industrial policies of the President; as a reply to Secretary Root's great speech on the relation of the Federal power to the political rights and duties of the States; and, finally,

as a practical announcement that Senator Knox, if a Presidential candidate, would stand upon a safe and moderate Constitutional platform. On the other hand, it has been looked upon with some consternation and considerable antagonism, by those who believe in the extension of the administrative powers of the Federal Government, as a reactionary attack from a Constitutional lawyer who had previously shown great ability and skill on behalf of the Federal Government in its contest with powerful corporations. Both these views entirely misinterpret the address, and are unjust to Senator Knox. Delivered to lawyers, it is a clear statement of the powers already possessed under the Constitution, with the confirmation of the Supreme Court, by the Federal Government to regulate inter-State commerce. The affirmative portion of the address is decidedly in support of the right and power of the Federal Government, not only to regulate inter-State railways, but all corporations engaged in inter-State commerce, so long and so far as the object of the regulation is "to secure equality of commercial right or to prevent restraint of or interference with commerce." The negative part of the address is devoted to denying the right of the Federal Government to prohibit the manufacture of goods innocuous in themselves under conditions which the Federal Government believes to be harmful to "the persons by whom the articles of commerce are produced." In other words, Senator Knox's long and interesting address is simply an argument against National child labor legislation. We certainly do not think that for taking this position Senator Knox should be either hailed as a defender of the Constitution at a great crisis, or denounced as an obstructor of the Administration in its endeavor properly to regulate inter-State corporations. If a child labor law



should be placed upon the Federal statute-books, the Supreme Court will very soon determine whether it is Constitutional or not. So long as we have the Supreme Court, Senator Knox is quite accurate in asserting that "the Constitution is not to perish at the hands of the impassioned phrase-maker." We may add that it does not, at present at least, need the aid of the platitudinous phrase-maker, although the New York Sun—a terribly eager friend of the Constitution—sometimes seems to think that it does.



#### *A Governor's Legislature*

After a wrangle which marred a good record, the Legislature of New York has adjourned. The controversy which unduly and vainly prolonged the session was over the problem of changing the political divisions of the State. In order to guard the political interests of former Representative Wadsworth and his son, the Speaker of the Assembly, certain Republican party leaders permitted a deadlock between the two houses. Thus, though the highest court of the State has decided that the present reapportionment is unconstitutional, the Legislature has adjourned without providing a new one. This petty quarrel is particularly unfortunate because it has obscured the praiseworthy achievements which preceded it. Not in many years has a Legislature of the State been so free from suspicion of corrupt influences; not in years has a Legislature of the State passed such an array of good measures, or killed so many that were palpably vicious. After all, however, its chief title to distinction it has won by putting into law the recommendations of Governor Hughes. It has been fiercely criticised on two opposite grounds, and, strangely, some of the critics have not seemed to see the contradiction involved in their criticisms. On the one hand, it—or rather the upper house—has been castigated for withstanding the will of the Governor by refusing to dismiss, in accordance with his recommendation, the Superintendent of Insurance; on the other hand, it has been lampooned as a "rubber-stamp Legislature" because it adopted so many of his recommenda-

tions. The fact is that the corrupt or selfish and short-sighted members of the Legislature have united, without regard to party, in trying to defeat the Governor's programme; but the Legislature as a whole has felt the force not only of his personality, but also of his peculiar position as a representative of public opinion. A comparison of his message at the beginning of the year with the list of measures passed shows how strongly dominant the Governor has been. The recommendations in that message were grouped at the time by The Outlook under three heads—Elections, Corporations, and Social Welfare. Under the first head, Elections, only two recommendations out of six were adopted—the recount of the McClellan-Hearst votes and the regulation of campaign expenses. Of these the latter was only in part adopted. Mr. Hughes's urgent recommendations for permanent provisions to secure the recounting of ballots, for a better form of ballot, for judicial control of party conventions, and for optional direct primary nominations were disregarded or defeated. Under the third head, Social Welfare, the proposals of the Governor were more successful. As a consequence, the Legislature more strictly limited the hours of labor for children and women, furthered the movement for good roads, made more secure the public control of public lands and water sources, gave relief to the municipal courts—the "poor man's courts"—and the like. It was, however, in the drastic legislation under the second head—Corporations—and in the response to special messages that the Legislature most emphatically followed the lead of the Governor. The well-known Public Utilities Law, and the legislation giving the Governor power to investigate the militia and the executive departments, are extraordinary signs of public confidence.



#### *The Source of the Governor's Power*

What explains this extraordinary ascendancy of the Governor over the Legislature? Certainly no fear of the Democratic party has driven the Republicans into cohesiveness and united support of the executive. The

Democratic members of the Legislature have done nothing to win respect for their party, though individual Democrats have won respect for themselves. The Governor's success cannot be attributed either to personal magnetism or to skillful political management. Although Governor Hughes's personality inspires admiration and confidence, it has won for him from among men in the several branches of the State Government few, if any, warm friends. No Governor ever held himself more aloof from his associates. Whether because of his temperament or because of his theories as to the separateness of the three branches of the government, he has made confidants of few, and, though he has listened to much advice, has not allowed his executive acts to become matters of consultation and prearrangement. When, for instance, he made his most important appointment, he not only did not confer in advance with any member of the body from which he had to ask confirmation of his choice; he did not even confide his intentions to his closest friends. Likewise, within a week of the day when the members of the new Public Service Commissions are to take office, the Senate, which will have to pass upon their appointment, appeared to have not the slightest foundation on which to rest a surmise as to what men the Governor had in mind for the positions. It is safe to say that the president of any private business corporation who should attempt to follow these methods would be regarded by the directors as self-willed and autocratic. And yet these methods have so far succeeded extraordinarily in a public business where they seem still more out of place. Why? It must be remembered that the situation in which Governor Hughes found himself was extraordinary and called for extraordinary action. The only candidate on his party's State ticket to be elected, the recipient of a vote of confidence which was unmistakably meant for him and not for his party, Mr. Hughes had laid upon him a peculiar burden. In a fashion almost unexampled, he was made the representative of the public opinion—or, perhaps more accurately, the public feeling—of the State. Whereas the

Legislature remained at the beginning of the year an exponent of party government, the executive in the State became for the time being an exponent of non-partisan government. For this reason the course of Governor Hughes cannot be regarded as a precedent for other executives under normal party conditions; and for the same reason it has been highly effectual under the special conditions that now exist in New York.



#### *The Public Utility Commissioners*

Although the Public Service Commissions, the appointments to which Governor Hughes announced after the adjournment of the Legislature last week, are State boards, their personnel is a matter of National importance. They are the first boards of the kind which have been created in this country; and the problems with which they will have to deal are to be found in all the States. The Governor in selecting these men had a difficult task. The duties of administering the Public Utilities Law, to which he summoned them, will be arduous and exhausting. The choice of a number of distinguished men would probably have met with immediate popular approval. It must be remembered, however, that men who have gained great distinction are already busy, and not always able to abandon their occupations; and that, moreover, mere renown is not equivalent to fitness for a position calling for a special kind of knowledge and ability. It is understood that before he had completed his list the Governor received several declinations from men he had asked to serve. As it is, none of the men chosen could have accepted except under the compulsion of a sense of public duty; for the salary is not such as would tempt men of their attainments to similarly responsible positions in any private undertaking. The Chairman of the Commission for Greater New York is Mr. William R. Willcox, former Park Commissioner, and for over two years Postmaster of New York, the most responsible position in the service outside of the Postmaster-General's staff. His associates are: William McCarroll, suc-

cessful New York merchant, President of the New York Board of Trade and Transportation; Edward M. Bassett, formerly Democratic Representative in Congress, leader in traffic reforms, and expert in property values in two of the boroughs of New York; Milo R. Maltbie, student of municipal conditions and public utilities, former professor of economics, and experienced executive official; and John E. Eustis, lawyer, former Park Commissioner and school official, and active as a member and officer of the Citizens' Union. The Chairman of the Commission for the rest of the State is Frank W. Stevens, of Jamestown, lawyer, who has held several public offices, and won distinction as prosecutor of charges against a judge of the State Supreme Court a few years ago. His associates are Charles H. Keep, of Buffalo, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and for seven months head of the State Department of Banks; Thomas M. Osborne (of whom the readers of *The Outlook* will recall a sketch published in the issue for March 23 of this year), formerly Mayor of Auburn, and a highly successful man of business; James E. Sague, of Dutchess County, mechanical engineer and practical railway man; and Martin S. Decker, of Ulster County, lawyer, for ten years Assistant Secretary of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, and one of the men who drafted the present Cuban railway law. With study of this list of men: one's confidence in their ability increases. It includes Republicans such as Mr. Willcox, Mr. Stevens, and Mr. Keep, Democrats such as Mr. Bassett, Mr. Osborne, and Mr. Decker, and at least one Independent, Mr. Maltbie. It includes college men such as Mr. Bassett, of Hamilton and Amherst, and Mr. Keep and Mr. Osborne, of Harvard; and men whose education has been chiefly that gained in the public schools, professional schools, and practical life. It includes the various callings of the law, engineering, transportation, business and scholarly research, each of which furnishes preparation for the work of the Commissions. And it includes men varying in age from thirty-six to sixty. It in-

cludes native Americans and one American by adoption. It would not be easy to prepare another list of men as broadly qualified, even without regard to the practicability of obtaining their consent; and it is safe to say that in their various callings they have as high a standing as had the judges of any of the State courts when they were placed upon the bench. The announcement of the appointment of these men should not rouse in the people of the State expectation of marvels; but it ought to awaken confidence.



### *Steel Rails and the Public*

A conference in New York last week of prominent railway managers and influential officials of the steel-manufacturing corporations gives weight to the complaints which have recently been made that the breaking of steel rails constitutes a serious danger to the traveling public. It is the railway managers themselves who have given voice to these complaints. In New York State during the first three months of the present year it is stated that there were nearly three thousand cases of defective rails. In the single month of February four hundred and forty-nine rails were found to be broken, or to contain dangerous flaws, on the Union Pacific Railway system. It should be said that both the railway officials and the steel officials of the country recognize the importance of this matter and are apparently doing all they can to remedy the difficulty by harmonious collaboration. Nevertheless, the public wants to know and ought to know the facts, and it appears to us that here is a phase of railway operation of which the Inter-State Commerce Commission might well take cognizance. The railway men have placed the blame for breaking on the manufacturers, alleging that steel-makers have used a low quality of ore and have adopted a process less thorough than they ought to employ, because of its greater economy. The steel-makers, on the other hand, declare that the railway managers have used too light a rail for their increasingly heavy trains, and that they must be willing to spend more money in railway construction. It is reported that one of the great trunk lines

of the country, as a result of the difficulty of getting durable rails, has insisted that hereafter its contracts for steel rails shall be carried out in accordance with specifications prepared by its own engineers and under the observation of its own inspectors. The whole matter, we think, should become the subject of National action. It patently constitutes another evidence of the desirability of Governmental supervision over every department of transportation in inter-State commerce. If it is necessary for Congress to appoint a Commission to watch the manufacture of armor plates for our war-ships, how much more necessary is it that a Government Commission should insist upon certain standards of manufacture in the rails which bear millions of our citizens on their peaceful pursuits. There is every reason to believe that the steel manufacturers of the country, both from commercial motives and motives of honor, are endeavoring to turn out the best steel rails possible under prevailing conditions; there is every reason to believe that the railway managers of the country are putting the best possible equipment into the construction of their roads. The chief thing that is needed is entire and authoritative publicity as to the facts. It is not unlikely that an investigation and publication of the facts would indicate that the tariff has something to do with the unfortunate steel rail conditions prevailing at present. So far as we know, there has been little complaint of English, Belgian, or German steel rails, and yet a tremendous duty keeps foreign rails out of the country and forces our railway-builders to pay the enormous price of twenty-eight dollars a ton for their rails, while the same rails have been sold for export at nineteen and twenty dollars a ton. The average man hardly realizes that the rate paid here makes a price of fourteen dollars for a single hundred-pound rail such as the New York, New Haven, and Hartford road now uses on its four tracks between New York and New Haven. A rail is thirty feet long, and there are eight lines of them extending for seventy-five miles to New Haven. A little simple multiplication shows that the New Haven road has to pay for rails alone to equip

that fractional part of its system a sum amounting to one million and a half of dollars. If this is the cost of mere rails for seventy-five miles of four-track railway or three hundred miles of single track, the gigantic total cost of steel for the entire system is almost staggering. Ought the railways of the country to be burdened with quite so heavy a tariff as is now laid upon them?

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#### Commencement Notes

At Yale President Hadley's baccalaureate was insistent, as always, upon the principles of ethical religion. To keep the hands clean and the heart pure from the subtler forms of evil, said he, no code of rules will suffice, but only a great purpose which looks outside of self to exalt the social standards of truth and honor. "The only men who are safe are those whose standards of honor are what the world calls quixotic—which really means that they are Christian." Increased requirements are to be made for entrance to the Law School and the Medical School, at the cost of an expected reduction of numbers, at least for a time. Yale is decisively committed against any shortening of the four years' course, but certain semi-professional studies are to be allowed students preparing for a professional career. The three years' courses of the Sheffield Scientific School attract such numbers that it promises to become ere long the largest department of the University. Gifts during the year have swelled the Endowment and Extension Fund to \$3,000,000—three-fourths of the required amount.—The Harvard alumni were informed by President Eliot that \$8,000,000 has been added to the endowment of the University during the past six years. Each successive class at its twenty-fifth anniversary now puts, it was said, \$100,000 into Harvard's treasury. Thus private liberality does for Eastern universities what State treasuries do for Western. The honorary LL.D. at Harvard, going mostly outside of the country, was given to President Wilson, of Princeton, Secretary Root, Professor Vinogradoff, of Oxford, the Duke of the Abruzzi, the French Ambassador, M.

Jusserand, and Ambassador Bryce, who received a most enthusiastic greeting from the assembly. A School of Business Administration is announced at Harvard for a two years' course of post-graduate study in the lines required for the scientific treatment of business as an intellectual profession. This ideal, already recognized in the German schools of commerce and in departments of commerce in some American universities, may be traced to its genesis long ago in the so-called commercial colleges.—— Wesleyan University has removed itself, despite the opposition of many of the older alumni, from the status of a denominational institution. The Trustees have unanimously accepted the amendment to its charter granted by the Connecticut Legislature, abolishing the requirement that its President, with a majority of the Trustees and Faculty, must belong to the Methodist Episcopal Church. President Raymond's resignation has been accepted, but it is understood that he will accept the headship of a new department of study.



#### *The College Boat Races*

The fact that both at Poughkeepsie and New London the eight-oared intercollegiate races, although closely and hotly contested, were won without the slightest charge of unfairness or sharp practice, strengthens the common claim that of all college sports boating is the most open and generous in its rivalry. Certainly, as a picturesque summer open-air festival, in which the spectators themselves furnish a great part of the spectacle, these annual contests on the Hudson and the Thames leave little to desire. At Poughkeepsie on Wednesday some twenty thousand, at New London on Thursday some sixty thousand, people waited patiently until almost dark to see races well worth waiting for; and the brilliant colors of the crowds, their vociferous enthusiasm, the shouts and songs, the moving observation trains, and the following fleets of yachts and steamboats, combined to make up variegated and blood-stirring aquatic pageants unique in their enjoyable and exciting qualities. Cornell's victory on the Hud-

son was by only a yard or two at the finish, and Columbia's achievement in leading for a mile, fighting every yard of the course, forging to the front again in the last half-mile, and only dropping a trifle behind in the last seconds, was indeed remarkable, especially considering Columbia's lighter weight and Cornell's longer training and traditions of triumph. Really the Columbia crew were applauded as genuine athletic heroes, and almost divided honors with Cornell. An interesting and novel feature of this university race was the first appearance of a crew from the United States Naval Academy at Annapolis. They were unable to cope with the two leading crews, but finished third easily, defeating Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Georgetown, and Syracuse. Cornell's time was 20 minutes 2½ seconds. The Varsity four-oared race was won by Syracuse; the Freshman eight-oared race by Wisconsin. At New London much sympathy was expressed with Harvard because on the very day before the race she lost by illness one of her very strongest men; his substitute, however, as all agree, did fine work, and experts credit Yale's victory to her possession of just a little superior reserve force when the last splendid spurt at the end was called for. Both crews rowed in fine form, and no closer-contested race is on the long Yale-Harvard record. One correspondent pithily describes the race thus: "Cheek by cheek and jowl by jowl the sixteen splendidly trained young athletes fought out the battle of sweeps over those four heart-breaking, nerve-racking, muscle-rendering miles, with inches only separating the two boats until the finish was in sight, when the Yale oarsmen had more in reserve and were able to make the spurt which won the battle." Yale's time was given as 21 minutes 10 seconds; Harvard's as only three seconds more. Owing to the dusk and the closeness of the race, the result was for some time in doubt among the spectators. The Freshman and four-oared university races, postponed until Friday, were won respectively by Harvard and Yale. On Saturday Harvard won the deciding game at baseball from Yale by a score of 7 to 2.

*Mark Twain at  
Oxford*

In point of age, history, architectural and natural beauty, personal association, and direct or indirect influence upon the literature and politics of the modern civilized world, Oxford is the most distinguished university in Christendom. An honorary degree from Oxford is, therefore, one of the great academic distinctions of the day—an honor not lightly given nor to be lightly prized by the man who is fortunate enough to receive it. Mr. Clemens, more widely and affectionately known as Mark Twain, has just received this honor from Oxford, and has now the right to place upon the title-page of his next book, "Mark Twain, Litt.D., Oxon." Lord Curzon, the Chancellor of the University, in conferring the degree, said, in University Latin, to Mark Twain: "You are one of the finest, most agreeable, and most witty men of the day; you have made the sides of the entire literary world shake with laughter; and so, by virtue of my own authority, and with the authority of the whole University, I admit you to the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters." It is not, however, merely as the most celebrated humorist of modern times that Mark Twain deserves this honor, which is a source of pride to his countrymen as well as to himself; nor is it because he is merely a gifted man of letters. We like to think that it is because he is a fine product of modern democracy—springing from the people, educated by contact with the people, and championing with a human sympathy—which is none the less profound because it so often expresses itself in a jocular form—the fundamental causes of the people that make for a nobler civilization. Mark Twain has never been a pessimist, a cynic, or a destroyer of faith in human nature. He has helped to eradicate meanness and pettiness of spirit in the individual, in commerce, and in government, by holding it up to a simple and yet merciless ridicule. We should not be surprised, in fact, if when he comes home he has something jovial to say about the Latin which the University of Oxford still uses on formal occasions. We think a little conference on this subject between Cicero, Horace,

Juvenal, and Dr. Twain, if it could be carried on in English, would "shake the sides of the entire literary world with laughter." Oxford on this occasion conferred honorary degrees upon Ambassador Whitelaw Reid, some distinguished English statesmen and scientists, and upon Auguste Rodin, the French sculptor, Hubert Herkomer, the English etcher, Rudyard Kipling, the British novelist, and Camille Saint-Saëns, the French musician; thus recognizing, as every institution of liberal education ought to do, the place and authority of æsthetic beauty in any general scheme of education. By a happy coincidence, a great historical pageant, which *The Outlook* hopes later to describe in more detail, was enacted during Mark Twain's stay at Oxford, which elicited the new doctor's interest and sincere admiration. He is reported in the cable despatches to have commented upon it as follows: "It was beyond anything I at all imagined. The Americans can do a few things well, I admit; but America has not the history, and it has not this," waving his hand toward the scenery surrounding the pageant ground. Then he added, with a humorous reference to the drizzling rain which set in steadily in the course of the last scene, "Nor has America that weather which may be said to inspire men to noble fortitude."



*A Declaration  
Against Obstruction*

The resolution passed last week in the English House of Commons by the overwhelming vote of 432 to 147 should be taken by the House of Lords as a serious warning. It is not unlikely to be the precursor of one of the most fundamental legislative acts in modern English history. Certainly, if the peers insist in the future upon the policy of such obstruction as was maintained by them in the matter of the Educational Bill, they must face a determined effort by the Liberal party to curtail their powers. That such action would be justifiable has now been firmly asserted by the House of Commons. The text of the resolution (an amendment from the Labor party declaring for

the abolishment of the House of Lords having been defeated) reads as follows :

That, in order to give effect to the will of the people as expressed by their elected representatives, it is necessary that the power of the other house to alter or reject bills passed by this house should be so restricted by law as to secure that within the limits of a single Parliament the final decision of the House of Commons shall prevail.

It is believed to be Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's intention to introduce a bill to incorporate this expression of opinion into law, just as soon as the Lords shall again nullify any important measure which really expresses the will of the English people. Mr. Asquith, who closed the debate, expressed the general sentiment when, after declaring that he had reluctantly accepted the proposed method of dealing with an intolerable evil only after being convinced that a friendly *modus vivendi* was not attainable, he roundly asserted that "the House of Lords had ceased to hold the position of a dispassionate, unprejudiced umpire; the peers had fallen into the hands of guides outside their chamber, who had degraded them from their position of a revising authority into an instrument of a single party; the situation had become dangerous and intolerable." The Premier calls his resolution just adopted "the preface to the volume," and within his own party the opposition he has met has been rather from those who ask for instant and sweeping action than from those who fear to infringe on the hereditary privileges of the peers. Apart from the obstructive obstinacy of the Lords, their House has become a byword for its inefficiency, indolence, and submissiveness to a few able leaders like Mr. Balfour. To reconstitute its principle of membership so as to make it in any true sense representative is hardly possible—although it has been seriously proposed to appoint peers for life only; the only alternative is to restrict its sphere of action. The method of effecting this, as outlined by the Premier, will probably be to follow with some modifications a system of conferences between the two houses when they are unable to agree, with a final power of passage in the House of Commons which will enable it completely to enact a measure in

one session. Another method proposed by some reformers is to submit to a popular referendum all bills on which the two houses disagree. But the consideration of definite plans is a matter for the future; what is important now is that a long step forward has been taken toward gaining the supremacy of the will of the whole people against hereditary partisanship.

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*At The Hague* Elsewhere in this issue will be found the first of several articles from The Outlook's staff correspondent at The Hague. In these papers he will give personal impressions of the place, the men who represent the nations of the earth at this great gathering, and the spirit and purpose of the assembly. Last week was occupied chiefly in the filing, before the four different Commissions into which the Hague Conference is divided, of proposals submitted by the different nations for consideration and discussion. Among these proposals are several on the all-important topic of arbitration, aiming to make it the ordinary course to be followed by disputants, and also to make the Hague Tribunal permanent. Another proposal of great moment was that of the United States embodying the so-called Drago Doctrine, which can be most concisely expressed in the statement that the nations should agree that, when a particular country desires to submit to arbitration questions relating to the collecting of debts due from it, there should be no attempt at forcible collection until arbitration has been fully tried. Dr. Drago himself is willing to add that force may be used if the debtor state refuses to obey either its own courts or the Hague Tribunal. Nothing could be fairer or more directly in the scope of international arbitration than this proposal; and if we may rely upon the cable despatches of the past week, General Horace Porter, who has formulated the doctrine for consideration by the Hague Conference, is justified in his impression that opposition will not be met with from Great Britain, France, Germany, or Russia. Holland, whose capitalists have had many bad South American debts, is inclined to oppose the doctrine. The German

proposal that an international supreme prize court should be established with a definite jurisdiction, and that in war time captures at sea should be brought before this court for consideration, seems to meet general approval and will presumably be adopted. The plan is for a prize court comprised of two admirals and three members of the Hague Permanent Arbitration Court. The court would be called into existence whenever a war makes it necessary, would be dissolved when the war ends, and the expenses would be paid by the belligerent Powers. Less acceptable to some Powers is the German proposal that belligerents may not employ in war the subjects of neutral nations. But the most notable event of the week was the eloquent address made by Mr. Choate upholding the exemption from capture at sea of all private property not clearly contraband of war. He followed the history of this question in an illuminating way, expressed pride in America's support of this doctrine for over a century, declared that under modern conditions privateering was a game not worth the candle, and predicted that the success of the American principle would be a crown of glory to modern diplomacy. Count Nelidoff, on the contrary, on the part of Russia, met murmurs of disapproval when, in reply to Mr. Choate, he argued, first, that the American proposition would defeat its own purpose, as the exemption of private property would have only the effect of rendering wars more frequent; and, secondly, that the menace to private property, especially in the case of certain countries whose greatest wealth was their sea commerce, would exercise a salutary influence on nations which, from material considerations, would avoid wars.



*Minor Proposals  
and Incidents*

A great number of proposals were made relating to the use of mines in naval warfare, the bombardment of ports (General Porter, for the United States, urged that the bombardment of unfortified and undefended towns and places by way of punishment for the non-payment of ransom should be forbidden), and to important questions

regarding neutrality. A minor matter of some picturesqueness was the acceptance by China of the Red Cross as the Geneva emblem, after the Chinese authorities had been convinced that there was no religious significance in the cross; and, on the other hand, the refusal of the Porte to adopt the symbol, with Turkey's declaration that the crescent would be used instead. An interesting utterance was that of Count Nelidoff, who, in receiving as presiding officer a memorial signed by fifty-six American and English bishops and a very large number of clergymen in many countries to the effect that it was hoped that the burden of ever-increasing armament would be arrested, remarked that the Conference would do everything compatible with the duties and obligations of the various Governments to diminish the burden of armaments. It was two thousand years, he added, since Christ preached the gospel of peace, yet until eight years ago the Governments of the world had never conferred to promote peace. Another memorial which excited no little sensation was that in behalf of the two and a half millions of people of the old Kingdom of Georgia. It was originally signed by hundreds of names of men of all classes—aristocrats, peasants, and workmen alike—but the signatures were not presented to the Conference, it was explained, for fear lest the signers should be deported or shot. This petition recited at great length and with many particulars what the signers describe as a systematic violation by Russia of its treaties with Georgia, together with the ruthless maltreatment and spoliation by the Russian Government of the Georgian people in respect both to public and private interests and rights.



*Clemenceau  
Sustained*

The action of the Government of France, under the active direction of the Premier, M. Clemenceau, in maintaining law and order in the provinces of the Midi, even with the use of force when necessary, was approved again by the Chamber of Deputies last week. The majority voting confidence in the Gov-



ernment's policy was the substantial one of 120, and this vote followed a fierce debate in which the Socialists and some of the Deputies from the disturbed section in vain attacked the Government as reactionary. As usual, M. Clemenceau held his own in debate, and convinced the Deputies that his conduct had been patriotic and justified. Taunted with alleged oppression, he recalled his long service in the cause of genuine republicanism, and maintained that a situation where two hundred municipalities refused to perform their functions and their citizens refused to pay taxes could not be tolerated by any Government. The Premier admitted that an investigation was desirable, and that the conduct of the soldiers in the disturbed provinces especially required close inquiry. M. Clemenceau summed up the situation in the following words:

The statements made render an investigation imperative. Throughout I have been animated by the spirit of conciliation, but when the municipalities adopted an illegal attitude the Government had no alternative except to use force. The laws were made for everybody. Everybody must pay taxes. The poor peasants of the north, east, and center are ready to pay more for their sugar in order to help the population of the south, where misery is not general, as proved by the accounts in the savings banks. The truth is that we face a revolt. Can it be tolerated?

To this inquiry the Chamber of Deputies shouted an emphatic negative, and equal applause met the peroration of the Premier's address, in which he said: "Our fathers, amid convulsions to which the present incidents are most trifling, built upon a foundation of rock and at the same time gave liberty to mankind, and the French nation will uphold them." Meanwhile in the Midi there has been a partial restoration of normal conditions and order is being restored everywhere.



#### *A Law to Suppress Ugliness*

House of Commons has passed the Advertisements Regulation Bill, as it is officially called, but perhaps better described informally by one member during the debate as a bill "for the suppression of

ugliness." The gist of the bill lies in the second clause, which gives "any local authority" power to make by-laws "(1) for the regulation and control of hoardings [bill-boards] and similar structures used for the purpose of advertising; (2) for regulating, restricting, or preventing the exhibition of advertisements in such places and in such manner, or by such means, as to affect injuriously the amenities of a public park or pleasure promenade, or to disfigure the natural beauty of a landscape." Such by-laws are not to become effective until confirmed by the Secretary of State, who must first consider any objections made to him by persons affected. Vested rights, so to speak, are further respected by a two years' exemption of hoardings or other advertising structures in use at the time such by-laws are made. The penalty for disregard of such by-laws is a fine not to exceed five pounds, and a further fine not to exceed twenty shillings for every day the offense is continued. The bill now goes to the House of Lords, where its passage is practically assured, but where it will probably be amended to extend the exemption described in accordance with an understanding between the friends of the bill and the bill-posting interests. Through this understanding unanimous consent was obtained for the reference to a standing committee—the only way practically to bring the bill before the House of Commons, as members are greatly restricted in the privilege of introducing private measures, and no party in power would make a Government measure of what an American would call "an aesthetic proposition." The fact that this understanding was not respected by the House of Commons, despite amendments offered by the friends of the bill, testifies to the strength of indignant feeling in England over advertising defacement, when once given opportunity for expression. The man to whom, first of all, credit should be given, as Lord Balcarras says, for this national pronouncement against disfigurement, is Mr. Richardson Evans, a barrister and publicist, the Honorable Secretary of the Society for Checking Abuses in Public Advertising, a society known for short by

the name of Scapa. In his efforts to arouse public sentiment Mr. Evans has been earnestly and ably seconded, Americans will be interested to know, by Ambassador Bryce. The passage of the bill is the outcome of fifteen years of persistent effort. The opening wedge was driven into general indifference when, some years ago, special powers were granted to Edinburgh to save the Mound from a blazing sign, and to Dover to save its far-famed cliffs from a like monstrosity. The present act, simply extending a principle then indorsed by the House of Commons, marks, as Mr. Evans says, "the introduction of a new principle into English jurisprudence. For the first time public statute recognizes the claim of the seeing eye to consideration, and for the first time scenery is treated as a national asset." The need of some similar general law in America is too obvious to be emphasized. In illustration it may be stated that a leading railway recently investigated the matter of suppressing advertising nuisances along its line, only to find that it was practically powerless to control the matter beyond the boundaries of its own property.



*The Restriction of  
Bill-Boards*

But in the United States the campaign for the restriction of the bill-board evil has scored a great victory in the opinion delivered lately by Judge Hazee, of the United States District Court at Buffalo. For several years Corporation Counsel Diesbecker, of Buffalo, has been seeking to give force and effect to the ordinance which prohibits and punishes the erection of bill-boards of upwards of a height of seven feet. The Gunning System has been fighting the legislation, as it has all such legislation everywhere. In the suit which it brought, Judge Hazee handed down a decision holding that the ordinance is a valid exercise of the city's police power, and that its enforcement does not interfere with the Constitutional rights of the Gunning System. Moreover, he goes further, and declares that the judgment in the State court rendered some time since is a bar to the maintenance of the

suit in the Federal court, and is one to which the court is bound to give the same effect as the courts of the State would give it. It is a significant and suggestive victory for the people throughout this country who desire to eliminate the bill-board nuisance, as well as for Buffalonians. It is considered particularly valuable for the reason that the decision regards the erection of bill-boards on private property. If eventually it is entirely upheld, which seems probable, it will be the opening wedge to successful legislation against bill-boards throughout the United States. The plea was made that the structures in question were not bill-boards, but bulletin-boards, and therefore the court allowed the System to file a replication to the plea, with a view of determining this question. The structures, it is claimed, are not bill-boards, because bills are not posted or pasted thereon, all advertisements, etc., being painted on tin which is tacked on the wood. The Corporation Counsel has little fear of this issue, and is quite confident of winning the case on every point.



## *The College: Two Points of View*

After receiving his honorary degree at Harvard last week, President Woodrow Wilson made a speech in which he contrasted the two universities. Harvard, he is reported to have said, stands for constant progress, for restless intellectual activity and desire to change what needs changing, while Princeton is steadfast in tradition, holds the belief that all change must conform to custom, and is the upholder of the simple, unchanging ideals of the fathers.

The contrast he drew was not exactly one between innovation and conservatism, though in part what he said suggested that; it was rather a contrast between individualism and social order. There is no place in America where tradition more strongly governs than at Harvard; and no college of high rank where the spirit of progress has been more bravely heeded than at Princeton,

under President Wilson's own administration. If President Wilson spoke of Harvard as a place of restless change and Princeton as a place of immobility, he must have done so in a moment of whimsical humor; for he had himself just announced a plan for revolutionizing college life at Princeton, the like of which no Harvard official has ever proposed. In accord, however, with his own interpretation of Princeton, Dr. Wilson's proposed innovation has for its object a closer and more wholesome social coherence.

College life at Princeton has largely resolved itself into a life centering in a number of college clubs. Several years ago the university authorities of Princeton prohibited the formation of secret fraternities at the college. It is in place of the fraternities that these clubs have grown up. Starting as eating clubs—to take the place of boarding places—they have become almost like colleges within the college. Unlike the colleges of an English university, however, these clubs form their membership on a basis of congeniality, athletic prowess, pedigree—in fact, almost anything but scholarship. In them the undergraduate members gather for their meals, for their billiards, and for their hours of idleness and good fellowship. President Wilson feels that this system develops a spirit of exclusiveness and prevents a broad sense of unity among the undergraduates. Instead, however, of undertaking to abolish the club system outright, he suggests the establishment of something better in its place:

My plan is to draw the undergraduates together into residential "quads" (quadrangles) in which they shall eat as well as lodge, and in which they shall, under the direction of a member of the faculty, regulate their own corporate life by some simple method of self-government.

Every undergraduate would be required actually to live in his quad, and the residents would be made up, as nearly as possible, of members of every class.

The objects of this arrangement would be to bring the faculty in close connection with the students, to bring the members of the four classes together, to give the university the bond of common consciousness which apparently comes from closer sorts of social contact, and to rid the university of combi-

nations, cliques, and separate class social organizations.

Whether President Wilson's plan is advantageous for Princeton, and whether in its details it is practicable, is a matter to be decided by Princeton men. We should not venture to discuss it. It has, however, one superlative virtue. It is a recognition of the fact that the limit of the duties of university authorities is not reached when instruction, housing, food, and opportunities for recreation are provided for the students; those duties include not merely provision for intellectual development, but also for the training of character that comes through the common life of the students.

There are two views concerning the function of the college or the university. According to one, the boy goes to college principally for instruction; his concern is chiefly with books, with laboratories, with teachers. To supply him with opportunities to learn is the real business of the college. Any failure on its part in this respect is fundamental. Incidentally the college may, of course, surround him with an environment which has an influence little to do with pure learning. It may mold him by traditions. Its very policy of aloofness in all things outside of the class-room may develop his self-reliance and individuality. In these respects, however, it is not called upon to put forth any conscious effort. It is under no obligation to offer him any guidance as to his manner of life, to assist or direct him in the choice of associates, to make it easy or even possible to acquire by a certain process of absorption a cultivated and sensitive taste. Such matters as these, according to one view, are to the college purely supererogatory. According to the other view, those things which have just been mentioned as incidental are the really essential things. If a boy spends four years at college without acquiring an increased capacity for friendship, for loyalty, for co-operation with others, for appreciating many points of view besides his own, for feeling the power of beauty in works of art, the college has failed as truly as if he had learned nothing.

The first view makes of the college a

pedagogue with some of the traits of a benevolent policeman. It demands millions for lecture halls, museums, libraries, laboratories, and scholarships, but not one cent for residential halls or clubs or athletic fields, unless that cent promises to bear interest. It allows without protest the multiplication of private dormitories which compete with each other for student patronage by offering all sorts of luxuries; it is indifferent to the fact that an undergraduate may spend his college life isolated from the great mass of his fellows and associated with others as rich or as poor, as snobbish or as neglected, as himself. The other view makes of the college a conserve, not only of learning, but also of a rare and charmed sort of life; it stimulates as generous provision for wholesome living as for great learning; it is as impatient of snobbery and narrowness as it is of ignorance; it presents the college, not as an office to which the student repairs as a man goes to work, but as a world in which he lives.

No college administrator would admit holding the first view; and none would, we fancy, assert that any college perfectly embodied the second; but the two tendencies, which logically would issue in these two views, are discernible in American universities to-day.



## *Railway Mergers and their Benefits*

The New England railway situation to-day is significant. If the proposed merger, or consolidation, of the two great systems—the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, and the Boston and Maine—is realized, substantially the entire section will be served by one great company. The few exceptions, although of considerable importance, do not count as against this broad proposition. In New England the consolidating process has already proceeded further than in any other part of the country. To be sure, the development of the giant systems all over the United States has established monopolistic conditions for large sections and popula-

tions. But in no other section with large a population and at the same time, such a density, such an intensity of industrial development, and such wealth, has the process gone so far. It is approximated, however, both in New York and in Pennsylvania.

New England has now a population of about 6,000,000. But with one-thirtieth of the population of the United States it has one-sixth of the wealth. It is the wealthiest community of its size to be found anywhere. Its people have the largest purchasing power per capita of any in the world. It is a region of large industrial and commercial centers, of prosperous factory towns, all within comparatively easy reach of one another, and united by railway lines running in every direction—steam and electric; or, better defined, ordinary and secondary. The population is chiefly urban; Boston is the second population center in the country, in metropolitan population the fourth American city, and in foreign and coastwise commerce the second seaport in the United States. New England built the first canals in the country, and Massachusetts aimed to achieve by such means traffic connections with the great West before the railway epoch began. All of these canals have been abandoned, with the exception of a short one in Maine; but, after an agitation of more than two centuries, the Cape Cod canal is soon to be realized.

The New England railway system was originally made up of numerous small lines, for the most part very short, operated by separate companies. Private and public enterprise shared in their building. Towns and cities aided liberally to make them possible, either by direct contributions or by lending their credit. In various instances States did the same. The stockholders customarily lived along the lines they were interested in, and had a correspondingly lively sense of proprietorship; the directors were customarily local magnates in their respective communities. Little was heard of "foreign capital" in those days. Proprietary conditions were similar to, and at first largely coincident with, those of the palmy days of American

shipping, when everybody in a community with money to invest joined in taking shares in this or that vessel—say a thirty-second or a sixteenth part—likewise officered and manned from the home port. The matter of connections and of through service, either for passengers or freight, was of a complexity that now would seem appalling; operation was correspondingly inefficient; rates were high. Twenty-five years ago nine independent railways radiated from Boston, and there were eight terminal stations—not counting one purely suburban line. The Boston and Lowell was only about forty miles long, the Boston and Providence a little over forty; the former was one of many links in a great through route to Canada and the West. One of the earliest of American railways was built at the frontier on the Maine coast, between Eastport and Calais.

The consolidation movement began early, and very slowly gained momentum. Late in the sixties the State, for efficiency's sake, compelled a reluctant union of the Boston and Worcester and the Western, thus forming the Boston and Albany. Railway competition has long since ceased in New England; in its six States regulated monopoly is the accepted principle.

The Boston and Maine is now made up of what originally were one hundred and twenty-five independent railways. The New York, New Haven, and Hartford has a similarly composite ancestry. Competition has vanished; efficiency, good service, lower rates, have increased correspondingly. These two great corporations now share the New England field between them—the one in the north, the other in the south, with their dividing line in central Massachusetts. They are not competitive in the least degree. Three other great outside systems enter New England on a friendly footing. The New York Central penetrates to Boston by means of the Boston and Albany, with its narrow but rich belt of contributory country; it also controls the Rutland in Vermont. The Grand Trunk has the Central Vermont and the New London and Northern, thus reaching a minor but valuable port on Long Island Sound. Its original line runs from

Montreal to Portland, its winter port. The Canadian Pacific simply traverses Maine on the way to the Maritime Provinces. Within New England the only independent system is the remarkable Bangor and Arroostook, in northeastern Maine—a comparatively recent development, serving what has become one of the richest agricultural counties in the United States. The Maine Central, while separately managed, is controlled by the Boston and Maine, through ownership of a majority interest.

In such an intensive and remunerative field it might be expected that railway development would be correspondingly efficient. This, however, is far from being the case. President Mellen, of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford, has graphically termed the present railway condition of New England as one of "suppressed development," and he calls it the most remarkable and exceptional instance of the kind in the United States. In New England, with all its wealth, all its industrious and prosperous population, Mr. Mellen, experienced in the wide horizon of the Far West, where railroading is regarded from correspondingly wide perspectives, sees upon his return to his old field most tempting possibilities in the way of undeveloped resources, practically boundless new wealth, vast additional growth, and corresponding advances in prosperity. His policy exemplifies the new idea in railway development: vast expenditures for improvements that assure immensely enhanced efficiency, with earnings to correspond.

The very wealth and prosperity of New England, as of old England, have impeded modern railway development where naturally it might have been first looked for. A laggard conservatism has thus been generated. In an old and thickly populated country improvements are exceptionally costly; in the West the field is clear and often virgin; magnificent developments, aided by the most effective modern resources, are comparatively facile. The modern policy, as applied to the "Consolidated," is expressing itself in colossal improvements in trackage, terminals, bridges, renewal of rolling stock and general equipment,

electrification, development of a vast auxiliary electric system—in fact, charging its whole territory with the most efficient instruments of transportation. Rates have been lowered, services have been improved; for the promotion of New England industries, transportation of raw materials is offered practically at cost.

The "Consolidated" likewise has enormous navigation interests; besides its Long Island Sound lines it has acquired the Portland and New York Line, and controls the lines from Boston, Providence, and other New England ports to Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, and other Southern ports. Under former managements the "Consolidated" fought the Cape Cod Canal project tooth and nail; it now encourages it for the sake of cheap coal and other supplies for New England industries, and promises a high-class all-water steamboat service between New York and Boston upon its completion. When the Morse combination, in its ambition to monopolize the entire Atlantic coastwise traffic, temptingly offered \$20,000,000 for the navigation interests of the "Consolidated," the protest of Boston commercial interests was heeded and the proposition declined.

With expansion the Boston and Maine has greatly advanced in efficiency. But partly because of rustic traditions, partly because Massachusetts laws have the effect of discouraging investments in home railway corporations, its big field has not been duly cultivated. Perceiving the vast possibilities of development there latent, the management of the "Consolidated" lately seized an opportunity to secure control of the Boston and Maine, with the purpose of applying to that huge system the same policy that is so magnificently developing its own properties.

Very remarkably, however, notwithstanding the earnest given by great performance, the proposition was viewed with suspicion, distrust, and hostility in the very quarters most to be benefited thereby. With extraordinary unanimity, the Massachusetts Legislature commanded a stay of proceedings for a year. The Attorney-General had declared that he could find no evidence of any viola-

tion of law in what had been done to obtain control of the Boston and Maine. But it was claimed that the law had been evaded. The action of the Legislature seems surprising. But there are certain reasons that account for it: political expedencies, distrust aroused by the disappointing performance of the New York Central with the Boston and Albany, and the intense anti-railway feeling now so universal in the country—to no little extent indiscriminate and unreasoning. Massachusetts has thus, for the present at least, obstructed a development of the railway industry in New England that would have been for the benefit of the people of six States.

The facts and reasons set forth above constitute the ground upon which The Outlook bases its advocacy of free railway mergers and consolidations under Federal regulation, and its opinion that no one State is competent to determine what is just and good in railway affairs that affect the people of all the States.



## *A Secret of Youth*

One of the good signs of the time is the fact that people no longer conceive of life as arbitrarily divided into periods of time. The women of forty to-day do not follow the habit of their ancestors, and put on caps and take to knitting, under the impression that henceforth for them there is laid up nothing but the profound respect which children ought to pay to advanced years, peace after toil, and the making of an endless series of small garments for newcomers. A recent writer in *The Atlantic* expressed the hope that some day the dear old lady of silvery hair and quiet gown and the ripened and mellow charm of advancing years will return to us. Something undoubtedly has been lost, but very much has been gained. The old-age limit was absurdly premature from Shakespeare's time to the time of our immediate ancestors. Emerson somewhere recalls the remark of an old gentleman who said that he had been born at a most unlucky time of transition; when he was a boy the greatest respect was paid to old age, and now that he

was old the greatest respect was paid to children.

There has been a great extension of the time of activity for men and women since the middle of the last century. People are no longer ashamed to be about and doing their work at eighty. They no longer feel compelled to apologize to their young descendants for standing in the way. They have discovered that old age is a relative term, and that, unless serious physical disablements or crippling disease come, at eighty one may be active without being disrespectful to the younger generation or lacking in respect for one's own contemporaries. There was a great deal of truth in the statement of a French writer that the gods made us all immortal and that old age is a voluntary matter.

Age is largely a matter of habit ; and most people who grow old, in the sense of losing their interest and their working power, fall insensibly into the slough of inactivity because they do not understand how to feed their spirits and nourish their bodies. Youth is not a matter of years ; it is a matter of spiritual condition. It does not consist simply in young muscles and arteries that have not yet begun to harden ; the root of it is freshness of feeling, vitality of interest, and joy in one's work. Men and women become old by involuntary mental process ; by thinking themselves old. They dwell so much on the mortal side that they forget their immortality. Disuse of muscle in any part of the body speedily means stagnation and hardening ; giving up interest in life, going into voluntary retirement, coming to anchor with the intention of never putting to sea again, is insensibly followed by spiritual and physical acceptance of declining energy and fading interests. The mortal must be kept alive by the immortal ; the body kept young by the mind ; the mind fed by constant contact with fresh ideas. The conservatism of old age lies chiefly in closing the doors, shutting the windows, and barring the house against the new ideas of a new time. It has come to be almost a tradition that old people are pessimists, bewailing the degeneracy of the later times, and holding constantly before the eyes of their

younger contemporaries the charm and beauty of a past age. A little intimate knowledge of history speedily cures all this. If one is not willing to keep up his interest in acting history, if one has an open door only for old friends and never makes new ones, if one has no companionship with the later world and the rising ideas which are always coming into it, his house becomes desolate and he falls into melancholy. When the years begin to multiply, one must fasten back the shutters and leave the latch-string out ; one must insist on his immortality. Elderly people must keep at the head of the procession in their hospitality to new ideas.

Variety and charm and interest lie in the preservation of freshness. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote : "Cling to your youth. It is the artist's stock in trade. Do not give up that you are aging, and you won't age." In this familiar and homely advice is hidden the secret of the artist's power and charm. He never grows old ; things never become commonplace to him ; the colors do not fade. As a matter of fact, they never fade ; it is the perceptions which become duller, the interest which becomes less keen. A good many men and women have discovered that it is a good thing to associate intimately with persons younger than themselves. This is one refuge against old age, but the real refuge is within. It is the assertion of one's immortality, the consciousness day by day, in all relations and occupations, that one is going forward and not backward ; that the world, which grows sadder because one's companions go out of it, is growing brighter because one is pushing toward the dawn and not toward the sunset. There is a great mass of misleading and cynical philosophy about old age. Poetry is full of images of disenchantment created for the greater part by disenchanted men. There was a profound truth in the old Greek picture of the spirit beginning its life in a strongly built house, protected from all the elements ; finding presently that the house begins to be less secure ; discovering at last that it begins to crumble, and at the end that it falls in ruins—only to leave the man free under the open sky.

# The Second Hague Conference

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

IN view of the world-wide importance of the Conference whose sessions are now taking place at The Hague, The Outlook's readers will be glad to have the personal impressions of an interested observer. Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, of the editorial staff of The Outlook, is at The Hague as its special correspondent. His introductory article below will be followed by others describing the personality of the delegates, the trend of their deliberations, and the outcome of the Conference.—THE EDITORS.

## I.

"LET the boy have his toy," laughed many diplomats when, in 1898, the young Emperor of Russia called an International Conference to consider how the world's peace might be better assured. But it was no toy. The idea had been forecast by older boys, among whose names are Grotius and Kant and Jean de Bloch. However vacillating Nicholas II. may be as to his home policy, he has writ his name imperishably in history as one who dared to do what great philosophers had dreamed.

In selecting a place of meeting for that Conference, the Emperor naturally avoided choosing the capital of a Great Power. That of one of the small states would be a more neutral ground. Many hoped that he would select Berne, the capital of Switzerland: first, because it is set high in the mountains, and they, not the lowlands, seem the serener place for a Peace Conference; second, because Berne is already the seat of various international conferences and unions.

As soon as the Emperor's purpose became known, various European Governments, the Swiss among them, proffered the use of their capitals. Choosing that of the Dutch, Nicholas invited the nations diplomatically represented at St. Petersburg to send delegates to an International Conference to meet during the summer of 1899 at The Hague. The Conference was duly held. The prestige then gained by the Dutch capital has since been emphasized by the meetings here of the International Court of Arbitration erected by the Conference. It is, of course, yet to be

more deeply accentuated by the second Peace Conference, opened to-day, and by the erection, through the generosity of Andrew Carnegie, of a Palace of Peace for the use of future Conferences and of the International Court.

As to the Emperor's reason for choosing The Hague over Berne, for instance, Baron d'Estournelles, of the French delegation, thinks that the Conference is here somewhat more centrally located. But Mr. Denison, Japan's legal adviser, has hit upon the real reason, I think, in saying that a republican capital would hardly appeal to a Russian autocrat. As possibly further emphasizing the value of this monarchical capital in an autocrat's eyes, I would add that the Dutch Court seems rigid in inverse proportion to its size.

If Berne were not to be chosen as a meeting-place, the Swiss, I am sure, would be the first to suggest The Hague. For the Swiss and the Dutch are much alike. Both are hardy, sturdy, thrifty, provident, tenacious, jealous of individual, municipal, and national rights. Hence, though the character of Switzerland manifested itself before that of the Netherlands, the history of both nations, as Dändliker's "Schweiz" and Motley's "Dutch Republic" witness, shows a fiber and quality of self-reliance beyond other European countries. If in nothing else, the laborious, patient, persistent Dutch have proved their worth in dike-building. They have won the right to say that if God created the sea, they created the coast!

To day—cold, windy, rainy, albeit the middle of June—the natives are in evidence bidding a cheery defiance to all



weathers. Are they fishermen and sailors? Yellow-haired, red-faced, pipe in mouth, and in purple sweaters, black baggy trousers, and wooden shoes, they are pulling in the catch at Scheveningen, a suburb two miles away from where I am writing. Are they soldiers? The gusts of rain and wind apparently make no difference with their continual parading on the Malieveld. Are they herders and gardeners? They plod on, rain or shine, knowing that their climate produces the best butter and cheese, strawberries and tulips. It also produces unequalled complexions. Where will you find such exquisite blush roses in the cheeks of young women as here? The people as a whole have a remarkably cleanly look; they go well with the immaculately polished windows of their houses. The climate makes continual polishing necessary, whether of windows or machinery, brasses or boots, to avoid mold and rust.

In Holland, however, a damp climate seems damper than elsewhere because there are canals everywhere. Many of them are stagnant, and even in dry weather are malodorous. Residents may have become accustomed to the smell from the green scum, but to the foreigner it is singularly penetrating and suggestive of malaria. One may even detect it in certain parts of The Hague, despite the fewer canals there than in some other lowland cities. Yet The Hague seems the lowest of all. As one stands on the dike at Scheveningen and looks on the one side out to sea, and on the other to the first houses of The Hague, a mile away, the city seems on a lower level even than the German Ocean.

As becomes such a position, The Hague is a quiet town. Despite its quarter-million inhabitants, here are no smoke and noise of manufacturing. Instead, here are many good shops, especially book and picture shops, testifying to the citizens' cultivated taste. Here are the many comfortable houses of well-to-do burghers. Here are apparently no slums. Here also is no crowd, no bustle. On the other hand, here is no stagnation to match the canals! There is always something going on in the Plein, the central square, even though a bronze

William the Silent stands guard with finger forever raised. There is always something going on in the principal shopping streets like the busy Spuistraat, or those bordered by beautiful trees like the Voorhout. There is always, to a lover of Dutch color, something appealing in the markets, like the fish market, where tame storks are kept, storks being a distinctive feature of the city's arms; judging from the fecundity of both field and town, a stork would not be inappropriate as the ensign for all Holland.

Finally, there is always something going on about and around that irregular, eccentric assemblage of historic buildings, the Gevangenpoort, the Binnenhof, the Mauritshuis, and the rest, mirrored in the Vyver, or swan pool, with its water kept gratefully fresh by machinery and its island of superb foliage in the middle. The Binnenhof marks Holland's proud days, for there the Stathouders, her rulers, resided. But others have lived in these buildings, as the histories of John of Barneveld, of Cornelius and John de Witt, can testify. The placid-appearing Dutch whom I saw there to-day certainly did not look like people whose forefathers had beheaded and torn to pieces those martyrs. Nor did all their forefathers look that way, if you may trust the types in Rembrandt's contemporary picture, the "Anatomy Lesson," over there in the Mauritshuis. I say "over there," for I am writing in an ancient building almost surrounded by the Binnenhof, namely, the Ridderzaal, or Hall of the Knights. In it the second Hague Peace Conference is about to assemble.

The first Hague Conference convened in the picturesque little palace, a mile or more away, called the Huis ten Bosch—the House in the Wood—built two hundred and fifty years ago by the wife of a Dutch prince in the Haagsche Bosch. This forest was for centuries a favorite hunting-ground of the Counts of Holland. Afterwards it came to be a vast promenade place for the people—indeed, the very name, Hague, means an inclosure, court, or, in its wider sense, park—and the full Dutch name of their capital, 's Graven Haag, is "the Count's park."

The Bosch includes delicious long drives and walks. Any town is fortunate in having such a park and in having one so accessible. I fancy Spinoza strolling over here from his dwelling in the Paveljoensgracht and gaining inspiration for his philosophical systems. One even imagines Rembrandt and Frans Hals visiting it from their near-by towns, which afforded no such ample retreat, and here developing an unmatched chiaroscuro after noting the startling effects of light and shade through these oaks and beeches.

Years before the first Hague Conference had made the House in the Woods notably historic, it had a peculiar claim to American recognition, as also to Dutch, for John Lothrop Motley wrote his histories of Holland there. As it should, Motley's portrait hangs there alongside those of kings and queens, and I was shown the very writing-table which the historian used.

If the little palace was barely large enough for the first Hague Conference, it is, of course, far too small for the second. The delegates are to be congratulated. For, picturesque as is the Huis ten Bosch, it is unfortunately surrounded by a stagnant canal, from which many others lead across the wide country. Here, in this Ridderzaal, in the very center of the city, conditions are better.

When, about 1250, William, Count of Holland, conceived the plan of erecting here a Gothic brick hall for his knights, with towers at each corner, looking like a great chapel, he could hardly have foreseen the honor to be paid to it in later centuries, when in it the opening of the sessions of the States-General, the parliament of a United Netherlands, would take place, the two houses meeting together here before proceeding to their respective chambers in the Binnenhof. Much less, of course, could he have foreseen the world-meeting about to begin.

The hall has been a bit modernized, yet the art-loving Dutchmen, justly jealous of unnecessary encroachments upon antiquity, have been careful not greatly to disturb the impression of thirteenth-century architecture. Hence, though

they have made the hall habitable at night by nearly fifty thousand candle-power, the electric chandeliers which they have hung from either side of the high, pointed, oaken roof are as simple as possible—and as graceful. Dutch decorators have made the hall seem warmer, too, by swathing the lower part of the gaunt white walls with Oriental-looking rugs, forming a kind of dado or wainscot twenty or thirty feet high and adding not a little to the effect of the square-set stained-glass windows. The hall seems warmer, too, because its floor space is now occupied by a mass of comfortable, cloth-covered benches and desks. I noticed that the ink-wells were screwed to the desks, and was informed by a friend that at the first Conference many an ink-pot had been carried off as a souvenir! At the end of the hall rises the presidential tribune, before which are places for the official reporters.

Back of the Ridderzaal and above it is a smaller and very beautiful Gothic hall, transformed into a writing-room and buffet, while Count William's study has been turned into a telegraph and telephone room. I visited it yesterday with Mr. Saunders, of the London Times, and noted but one telephone box for the use of two hundred and fifty men! The committee-rooms are to extend into one of the Government buildings alongside.

The second Hague Conference really began yesterday, when the delegates appointed at the first Conference, and those of the twenty countries not represented at that Conference, signed the Hague Treaty of 1899, in order to render possible the participation of the latter countries in the second Conference, which is to continue the work of the first. The treaty aims at the maintenance of the general peace of the world, and in particular, when disputes arise, by tendering the good offices and mediation of the Powers, by establishing international commissions of inquiry, and by introducing international arbitration.

The second Conference has now been formally opened. Only half an hour has elapsed since the delegates took their places. But they were a good half-hour in taking them. The press gallery is in the main aisle close to the entrance,

where one can easily converse with those passing up and down. The delegates were unanimous in expressions of displeasure at the depressing weather, but, as Dr. de Martens, of Russia, remarked, the weather was not inappropriate, as it represented the chilly attitude of the world at large whenever idealists' proposals are made. He might have added that the idealists among the Hague delegates of 1907 bid a far more assured defiance to a frowning world than could those of 1899. As the cynics assembled at that Conference, they could hardly help laughing in one another's faces. But some of the scoffers "remained to pray."

To-day I noticed little overt cynicism in the faces of the ambassadors, ministers, attachés, and secretaries, delegates to the Conference, who, all in top hats and Prince Alberts except the few in Turkish fezes and Chinese costumes, alighted before the entrance through which the great John of Barneveld once strode to his doom. For the naval and military attachés from every country had agreed to doff their uniforms just as if no longer needed because war was to be no more!

Thus the Conference of 1907 has a double contrast with that of 1899. First of all, because it marks the first time in history when the representatives of the whole civilized world have met together. In 1899 the representatives of twenty-six nations convened; in 1907, of forty-five. Think of it! Forty-five different *kinds* of flags are waving over The Hague to-day. For when an ambassador or minister stops at a hotel, up goes that functionary's flag. But, second, this Conference contrasts with the first in quality as well as in quantity. The absence of uniforms and of pessimism was alike remarked.

No religious ceremony, as might have been appropriate, was a feature of the

opening of the second Conference. Ascending the tribune, the Dutch Foreign Minister, Heer van Tets van Goudriaan, welcomed the delegates in the Queen's name. Why did not she do it herself? That would have furnished the needed touch at once of humanity and dignity.

The Minister had proceeded hardly a dozen lines in the reading of his address before he mentioned President Roosevelt, eulogizing that ruler's deeds in the direction of international peace. In his speech which followed, the Russian Ambassador at Paris, Nelidoff, in assuming the presidency of the Conference, did the same and also eulogized Mr. Carnegie's gift; he dealt trenchantly with the old fallacy that it is useless to try to abate the horrors of war, and proudly chronicled the fact that since the meeting of the first Conference no less than thirty-three arbitration conventions had been concluded, four cases of international dispute adjudged by the Hague Court, and one by an International Commission provided for by the first Hague Conference.

These references, together with the mention of the Russian Emperor as the summoner of the Conferences and of the Dutch Queen as hostess, evoked some applause, but it was of the kid-gloved kind. It might have been heartier; perhaps most of the delegates felt a sense of constraint at first in their unaccustomed surroundings. Nor, to my surprise, was there any formal hurrah for the young Queen at the close of the ceremonies. When the President of the Conference finished reading his speech, he left the tribune. There was silence for a moment. Then the delegates seemed to realize that the opening ceremonies were over, so they picked up their top hats and slowly left the hall.

E. F. B.

The Hague, June 15, 1907.

# ORGANIZATIONS OF RAILWAY EMPLOYEES

BY D. L. CEASE

*Editor of the Railway Trainmen's Journal*

THE organization of employees on the railway lines of the United States dates from the organizing of the Brotherhood of the Footboard, at Detroit, Michigan, May 8, 1863, by the locomotive engineers, which association is now known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Other branches of the transportation service followed, from time to time, so that now each branch of the service is organized.

The engineers' union started as a protective organization—that is, it stood for the strike as a last resort. The other organizations made their beginning without well-defined plans for that part of their programme, but all of them realized that a labor organization that denied itself the right to leave the service of the employer when occasion demanded did not amount to much in its chosen field.

This knowledge brought them all into the protective class. They have strengthened their positions by the creation of certain funds to be used for wage payments during and after a strike. From the beginning until the past eighteen years, the engineers' organization fought many hard fights for the defense of its members. In the great strikes of the seventies, and in the others of later years, it stood the brunt of the labor controversies, as was natural to expect of the pioneer organization. Since 1893 all of the organizations have been comparatively quiet, no large strikes having occurred, barring the American Railway Union strike of 1894. At that time many members of the railway organizations became involved, but the organizations as such did not.

The later-day organizations were formed for mutual protection in employment, with the insurance feature as an incidental part of their plan of operation. At the time of the organization of each association there was no redress from the action of the official under whom the

men affected were employed. Each man stood for himself, and the service was bound down with the evils of favoritism, prejudice, and arbitrary performance, as practiced by the majority of officers, great and small.

The advantage of organization was further emphasized by the consideration shown the engineers, while the remainder of the men were forced to suffer the good or ill nature of their superiors. Organization, therefore, was imperative, and it came as a result of that necessity which, becoming apparent, drives men of like occupation together for protection. The story of each organization is the same in this respect—that is, mutual need, and therefore an effort toward mutual assistance, which have developed into the organizations of to-day, with their methods of operation regulating their employment.

None of the associations properly can be called a trade union, for the reason that there are always employees going from one branch of the service to another, and, as a rule, a term of service is required in each occupation before the employee is eligible to the organization covering that occupation. Each one of the organizations requires a term of apprenticeship, nine months to one year being the rule in the older organizations, during which time the employee remains with the organization covering his previous service. In many instances he will remain with that association after he changes his occupation, instead of affiliating with the union that governs his new position.

To illustrate: A brakeman is a member of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, and is promoted to conductor. The Trainmen accepts men of all occupations in the train and yard service, but the Order of Railway Conductors admits conductors only. When the brakeman is promoted, he must run a

train one year before he is eligible for membership in the Conductors, and consequently he remains for that period with the Trainmen, which makes no pretense of being a trade organization. If it were, there would be no protection for the employee during the period of his apprenticeship as a conductor, unless the Order of Railway Conductors changed its laws and admitted him as soon as he was promoted. If a conductor, who is a member of the Conductors, goes back to braking, he retains his membership in the Order of Railway Conductors. The same organization rule applies to a man entering the train or engine service. A "student" brakeman, yardman, or fireman must serve from nine months to one year as such before he is eligible for admission to the organization covering his occupation. He, however, receives the same wages and other advantages as the members of the organization.

Taking the insurance feature, preliminary service, and change of employment, it would be a difficult matter for any one of the railway organizations to become, strictly speaking, a trade organization. The engineer sometimes returns to firing, and the conductor to braking or switching. The employee may be in one branch of service to-day and in another to-morrow, and while organizations might get to a point where they could agree to take immediate action so far as exchange membership was concerned, they never will get to a point where they will exchange insurance risks and policies. The natural tendency of the men is to affiliate with the union covering their employment.

The railway organizations are open shop organizations. The fact that there are no classifications of wages for the same employment, that the organizations bargain for the services of all the employees in a given branch of the service, and the further fact that they have denied admission to the employee until he has served for a certain period, make the closed shop impossible.

The railway employees are rather jealous of their organizations, and do not care to have as a member one who cannot fill a position with credit to his

organization. They hold that a man is not qualified capably to perform his duties without preparatory service. They have aimed to have it understood that when a member of an organization seeks employment, his membership is a guarantee that he is a capable trainman, yardman, or engineman. From a trade-union standpoint these views are incorrect, but there are several features in connection with railway organization management that do not strictly conform to trade-union principles.

The railway organizations have no disposition to force men to join them. With them it is a matter for the judgment of the man himself, and while each organization will do all it can by way of persuasion to get men to affiliate, there is no effort made to have them feel that they must do so. The organization men look upon them as industrial tramps and let it go at that.

The sensible and well-intentioned men realize the necessity for maintaining their organizations, and they also realize the need for giving the business their attention. They do not take the chance of allowing any certain set of men to run away with their organization; and as a result, the railway associations are credited with being conservative business concerns, having good control over their members, able to make and maintain wage agreements, and not afraid to practice their organization theories even at the sacrifice of the good but mistaken opinion of other unionists, who preach one thing and practice something else, because it sometimes goes against the grain to do the right thing.

Collective bargaining and the wage agreement are the ultimate purposes of every right-thinking organization of labor. The wage agreement is made to be observed by all organizations; but there are times when it has been repudiated, through a mistaken sense of sympathy, or for temporary advantage, or because certain members have taken the law into their own hands. It is no easy matter to get away from old practices. The railway organizations stand for the trade agreement and its observance. It is true that there have been occasions when misguided members have led their

fellows away from it, but they have been disciplined by the organizations in question to the extent of expulsion, forfeiture of insurance, and loss of organization protection. The railway organizations have expressed themselves as believing that the contract-breaker is no better than the strike-breaker, and they treat them both alike.

The old theory of "One for all and all for one," right or wrong, is a difficult proposition for some organizations to overcome. Regardless of how wrong it may be not to protect an agreement, the majority of men find it hard to take the places vacated by their fellows; and it speaks well for organization discipline when the men admit its justice to the employer and to their organization, and do so in the face of unfair criticism.

As a result of this position in defense of the wage agreement, the majority of railway managers prefer it, and feel that it is a reasonable assurance against irresponsible suspension of traffic.

That a labor organization will discipline its members for violation of a wage agreement may sound incredible, but it has been done when occasion demanded, and will be done again if the necessity arises.

The strike of the employees of the elevated lines in New York, two years ago, was an instance in point. The Brotherhoods of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen disciplined their members to the extent of taking the charters from the lodges engaged in the illegal strike in violation of their wage agreements. Expulsion meant more than the simple question of loss of membership. The men carried insurance in their brotherhoods, and there were many of them who had passed the age when fraternal insurance could again be taken out. They had paid on their policies for years, but their insurance contracts contained the agreement that they must obey the laws of their organizations, or forfeit their membership with all it involved. The organizations in convention approved the acts of their general officers for maintaining discipline and endeavoring to carry out their agreements.

In July, 1906, several of the yard employees of the New York, New Haven,

and Hartford Railroad Company organized a strike without following the organization laws governing such affairs and in violation of an agreement with the company. As soon as the strike was started, the general office of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, to which organization the men belonged, was notified that they had left the service in violation of their agreement. Officers of the organization at once went to the point of trouble and took up the work of reorganizing the service. They filled the vacated positions with the members of their own organization.

The fact that the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen did not hesitate to fill the places of the men involved occasioned adverse criticism from many, who declared that the Brotherhood "scabbed on its own members."

The organization preferred the criticism to loss of its business reputation and principles. A like situation would have been met in the same way if it had happened to any of the other well established organizations in railway service.

It can be said, truthfully, that not one of these organizations has ever sanctioned a violation of agreement, or attempted to shirk its responsibilities. The men understand what an agreement means, how it is made, and that it is their duty to accept its responsibilities for the period during which it is in force.

The charge has been made that railway organizations are responsible for lack of discipline; that is, they interfere with the employer if he purposes to suspend or dismiss for cause. This is an untruth. There are times when the organizations protest against discipline, but railway employees understand that rules are made to be enforced, that their own safety depends on the exactness with which each employee obeys the rules, and they do not oppose the enforcement of punishment against those who deserve it.

Before a fireman or a brakeman can be promoted to engineer or conductor he must pass a rigid examination on rules. The common practice is to make both verbal and oral answers to questions prepared, and put by, an examining board of officials. There is no

opportunity for the applicant for promotion to "squeeze" through this examination, for his promotion depends strictly upon his ability to make proper answer. As the list of questions runs very close to six hundred, and covers every known and imaginary proposition in practical train-running, it can be accepted that the successful man is fairly conversant with the duties of his new position. Every man knows that his life depends on the performance of duty of every one of his co-employees. Railway men are not anxious to die unnecessarily, and they therefore do not protest against the proper enforcement of discipline.

Occasionally a grievance committee will attempt to have a man reinstated through the good nature or sympathy of the operating official, but seldom demands it. The managing officers recognize that even if the men are disposed to carry demands to unreasonable lengths, the officers of the organizations will not sanction anything unreasonable or unfair.

One of our important Eastern lines had a very costly wreck not so long ago, and held the conductor of one of the trains responsible. The members of the organization with which he was affiliated thought his dismissal was unjust, and ordered the committee to protest against it. The committee did so, and asked for his reinstatement.

The operating officer said, in effect, to the committee: "Have your chief executive come here, go over this case, and if he decides that our position is unfair, I will reinstate the employee." The chief executive took up the case, listened to its details, and advised the committee that the official was justified in dismissing the man. The case was withdrawn. This is only one of many instances wherein railway managers attest to the fairness of the railway organizations, and it ought to go a long way to disprove the charge of organization interference with discipline.

The nature of railway employment brings the men always before the bar of public opinion, and even if they were disposed to cover up negligent or indifferent service, or to defend it, public opinion would not permit.

The railway employees have had cer-

tain unfortunate experiences with industrial organizations attempting to cover all occupations. The Knights of Labor taught them one lesson, the American Railway Union taught them their most severe one, while the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees attempted to repeat the experience, but the failure of the American Railway Union was too recent to have them take kindly to representations of the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees. The Industrial Workers of the World has also endeavored to get railway men interested, but has not been able to do anything with the men in train, yard, and engine service. They have found out by experience that each branch of the service can best take care of its own interests, or that two of them working together in interchangeable employment, as the conductors and trainmen work, can best serve their purposes.

The Order of Railway Conductors represents conductors only. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen represents conductors, brakemen, baggagemen, switchmen, and yard-masters. When a man is promoted to conductor, he is his own judge as to whether he will remain with the Trainmen, go to the Conductors when eligible, or hold membership in both.

The committee representing the Conductors and the Trainmen bargain for rates of pay and working conditions for the men in train and yard service. The advantage of this arrangement is apparent when it is understood that the occupations are similar to a considerable extent, and, when one set of men benefits, the others naturally expect to receive like advantage. Thus they work together and have many joint agreements. The Brotherhoods of Engineers and Firemen work along similar lines in some instances. The Telegraphers and other associations usually work by themselves.

There is on some systems a federation of all or a number of the organizations that purpose mutually to assist each organization or a part of it. A federation of this character is for offensive and defensive purposes, but it is seldom called into operation. The older organizations in train and engine service have

worked very successfully during the past few years. They have not been arbitrary in their demands, but rather have gone along slowly and methodically, but always gaining, and at this time the gains in wages and working conditions in railway service will show better results than can be shown in the majority of other employments.

They have agreements, joint agreements, or schedules, made by their committees, covering approximately 195,000 miles of the total mileage in the United States and Canada, and the Engineers and Conductors have separate agreements for much of the mileage in Mexico. The Telegraphers are splendidly organized, and hold working agreements covering about the same mileage as is covered by the train and engine organizations.

Aside from the organizations engaged in the train and engine service there are others representing the car-repair men, clerks, freight and baggage men working at stations, maintenance of way employees, and machinists. The purposes of the organizations are protection in employment, insurance, and education. The protective department provides the way for collective bargaining and all that goes with it, the insurance department for the care of the disabled, the killed, and their families, and the educational features are found in fraternal association, exchange of general information, and by way of the official publications.

The latter occupy a distinct part of each organization, and endeavor to keep the members advised on subjects of general moment, on legislative and economic questions, and by offering such reading matter, generally, as will be of the greatest practical value to the men and their families.

It has been said by a prominent reformer that railway men know less of economics than any other class of workers. So far as the statement refers to their study of what has been written in years gone by and accepted as standard authorities, the remark possesses considerable truth. But there is no class of wage-workers who understand what their employers are doing, what their roads are earning, when a "melon" is cut, how much they are doing in a given

time and with a given train, better than the railway employees. The majority of railway men know the market prices extremely well, and this is demonstrated by their requests for wage increases whenever market prices make their wages' purchasing power less.

Before their organizations acquired a knowledge of present-day economics, the men would read of a reorganization of the capital of their road, take up another hole in their belts, so to speak, and get ready to work harder to pay the interests and dividends on the extra water. Now they take up a hole by sending the grievance committee after more pay for the extra work certain to follow.

The methods of operation of each railway organization are much the same, and, for illustration, those of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, in following its work of collective bargaining, insurance, and education, will be used. There is nothing so much misunderstood as collective bargaining between the employer and the employee, through the accredited representatives of the latter. This part of the organization work is under the direct care of the chief executive. The organization is made up of local lodges, which are located at every principal point in the United States and Canada, to the number of 754.

Once every two years each lodge elects a committee of three to represent it before the employers. When there are three or more lodges on any line or system of railway, the chairmen of the local committees form a general committee. If the local committee is unable to adjust whatever it may have in hand, with its local officials, the question is then given to the general committee and by it referred to the proper operating officer of the line or system.

In making a wage agreement, which usually includes rules governing all of the conditions of employment, the local committees first present their requests to their local officers. It is seldom that the local officer has the authority to grant wage increases or to change the general rules affecting employment, and, in consequence, the matter becomes one for the attention of the general committee



and the operating officer of the system, who is authorized to meet and treat with them. Usually, by arrangement, a date is fixed when the representatives of the employers and the men get together and go over the propositions presented by the committee representing the men.

At this meeting there is usually an exchange of opinion concerning all subjects under discussion, and if, after all of the questions have been considered, an agreement is reached, the committee returns to the lodges represented, reports, and the members return to their respective duties. If, however, the conference does not result in a satisfactory settlement, and it is certain that settlement is impossible, the committee then requests the presence of the chief executive officer of the Brotherhood to assist in bringing about an adjustment. The chief executive, or his representative, acting with the committee, makes an appointment with the operating officer, and endeavors to bring about a settlement. Many of the managers prefer the co-operation of an officer of the Brotherhood with the committee, because of his experience as an employee, and his knowledge of prevailing conditions, gained by personal contact, which are of great assistance in adjusting the business in question.

If it so happens that an agreement cannot be reached through the assistance of the officer, and the questions are thought to be of sufficient importance to warrant it, the failure of the conference is reported to the men, and they are asked to decide whether their claims shall be further pressed, or dismissed. If they decide to insist on a settlement, which practically means that they are prepared to leave the service to enforce their demands, the proposition is submitted to a secret ballot of the men. If two-thirds of them vote to strike, and the vote receives the sanction of the organization officer and the committee, a strike may then be declared, but not until every effort has been made to effect a satisfactory settlement. This vote is strictly secret, and no pressure is brought to bear to influence it. Men may vote for or against, and no one can judge what they do. Each man is the judge of what he wants done.

The Brotherhood is pledged to arbi-

trate its differences, if arbitration is offered. This was evidenced in the adjustment of the wage controversy between the companies and the men of the lines running into New York City, in December, 1906, when they agreed to arbitrate the differences between the demands and the amounts conceded. The organization is opposed to a strike except as a last resort, and, to prevent hasty action and safeguard against illegal strikes, it is pledged to expel any member who violates its laws governing the strike. As it is with the trainmen, so it is with the others.

It will be apparent that there is not much opportunity for hasty or ill-advised action in the programme followed by the railway organizations. The way to the wage agreement is, as a rule, long and tedious, and occupies more time than is usually given by other organizations for the purpose, but the organizations believe that it is better to work slowly, conservatively, and safely than to act arbitrarily and perhaps unwisely. It will also be understood that if two-thirds of the members of the organization affected vote for a strike, the chief executive officer has the right to order them not to strike. This power has been used very often. He has no right to order them to leave the service unless a two-thirds majority has declared in favor of his doing so.

Successive years of contract-making, a determination to respect the provisions of agreement and to obey the laws of the organizations, have brought them the confidence and respect of a great majority of railway managers.

Through the protective feature of the railway organizations, wages and conditions have been bettered to a greater extent than is generally understood. Twenty years ago the railway employees were poorly paid, their hours of service were unlimited, and there was no opportunity offered for redress from the arbitrary performances of their superiors. Now it is different. The wage increases for the past twenty years, taking the reduction of the hours of employment into consideration, will average fifty per cent. upward.

The Brotherhood of Railroad Train-

men is used as an illustration to show what the other organizations are doing in the way of providing insurance for their members who are totally disabled or killed. Every applicant for admission must pass a physical examination, and if he meets all the requirements, he is compelled to take out a policy of insurance as a condition of his membership. The policies are in three amounts of \$500, \$1,000, and \$1,350.

In the event of total disability, which is construed to mean incapacity to perform the duties assigned him prior to his disability, he receives the full amount of his policy. In the event of his death the amount is paid to his designated beneficiaries. A reference to the insurance work of the organization will demonstrate most forcibly the extreme hazard of the occupation. During the year 1906 the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, with an average membership for the year of approximately 83,000, paid in claims \$1,671,000. This amount represents the payment of his claim to one out of every fifty-eight members. It is safe to assume that there are very few employments that call for such a sacrifice of life and limb. The amount of good done by the insurance feature of the railway organizations can be better understood when it is known that each one of the train and engine service organizations has an insurance feature similar to that of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen. These insurance departments are working under the same laws that govern all fraternal associations, and are subjected to the same investigations. The reports of the insurance commissioners attest to the excellence of the insurance departments and the correct business methods of their management.

The cost of insurance to the members of the Trainmen is less than \$18 per thousand per year, and as every policy carries with it a double risk, its cheapness to the employee is apparent. The Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has paid since the beginning, approximately, \$13,500,000; that of the Conductors has paid \$10,000,000; and the others have expended corresponding amounts.

The publications of the railway organizations are not as pretentious in their

make-up as the standard magazines, but the subject matter contained in the most of them is equal to much of that to be found in the other magazines. They are practically free from partisan discussion, and offer an open forum for the consideration of all questions that are thought to be of interest to their readers.

The organizations declare that their official publications in every way are of the utmost importance to them, as employees and good citizens. Their titles are here given, with their monthly circulation:

Locomotive Engineers' Journal.....	60,000
Locomotive Firemen's and Engine-men's Magazine.....	65,000
The Railway Conductor.....	40,000
Railroad Trainmen's Journal.....	95,000
The Railroad Telegrapher.....	37,000
The Advance Advocate, Maintenance of Railway Employees.....	55,000
Railway Carmen's Journal.....	22,000
International Car Workers' Journal..	12,000
Journal of the Switchmen's Union...	12,000
The Railway Clerk.....	6,000
Railroad Freight and Baggage-man..	10,000

These publications represent organizations whose members are not employed outside of railway service. The International Association of Machinists has several contracts with railways, but many of its members are employed outside of railway service. The circulation of each representative publication is a fair index of its organization membership. With few exceptions, there is little circulation outside of the membership.

The two organizations of car workers cover the same branches of the service, and are known as rival organizations. The Switchmen's Union, organized many years after the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen, purposes to cover the yard service, but that service is generally under agreements made by the Trainmen. The Brotherhood has twenty-four thousand of its membership engaged in the switching service.

The influence of these railway organizations for good is better understood by those who are familiar with railway conditions, wages, and employees as they were some twenty years ago. The railway organizations have united their influence for legislation covering several questions that are of the utmost importance to them. They have secured the enactment of the National Safety Appli-

ance Law and an employers' liability law, and are now working for a law regulating the number of hours of service for railway employees and an anti-injunction law.

As the pioneer organization, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers deserves special mention. It is now regarded as the most conservative organization of labor in America, and yet the first twenty-five years of its history represent a continued struggle for right to a voice in fixing the conditions under which engineers should serve, culminating in the great strike on the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy in February, 1888, the results of which opened the

doors of the employees to peaceful negotiations and lasting peace.

The railway organizations represent a high type of labor association, carefully managed, democratic in theory and practice, non-partisan and non-sectarian, and operated for the purpose of benefiting the social, moral, and financial condition of the employees. Their record, individually or collectively, will stand close inspection without fear of adverse judgment.

The practical plan of each railway organization is that of co-operation with the employer and a fair exchange of labor for fair working conditions and wages.

## SUMMER VESPER SERMONS THE JOY OF SELF-SACRIFICE

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame,—Hebrews xii. 2.

A YOUNG man sets out for the Klondike. He endures exile from home, a long and wearisome journey, and a disagreeable camp life for the sake of the fortune which he hopes to acquire. We make a great mistake if we suppose that Christ thus endured the cross for the sake of a future coronation, that he weighed the pain of a brief life against an eternity of glory, and chose the latter.

"Death so nigh,  
When time must end, eternity  
Begin,—and cannot I compute,  
Weigh loss and gain together, suit  
My actions to the balance drawn,  
And give my body to be sawn  
Asunder, hacked in pieces, tied  
To horses, stoned, burned, crucified,  
Like any martyr of the list?  
How gladly!—if I make acquit,  
Through the brief minute's fierce annoy,  
Of God's eternity of joy."

If this were all, then Christ's self-sacrifice was simply a shrewd speculation.

No! He saw the joy *in* the cross: therefore he despised the shame. The joy that was set before him was the joy of the self-sacrifice. It was as the joy of the soldier in the battle, of the nurse

in the hospital service, of the athlete in the struggle, of the scholar in the problem, of the mother in ministering to her child.

What do we mean by self-sacrifice? What we ought to mean is the sacrifice of self. Self is forgotten, put aside, lost sight of, as Paul says, put to death; it is as if it were not. There is no joy like that of a service of love so absorbing that one ceases to be conscious of self.

General Armstrong is assigned at the close of the Civil War to the care of a camp of contrabands at Fortress Monroe. He sees that the Government may go on furnishing the negroes with rations indefinitely, and so raising up a community of paupers. He sees that not help but education in self-help is what they need; not food, but the offer of choice between work or hunger. He stops the rations and opens a school. He is execrated by the idle and the vicious for compelling them to go to work. He is criticised by sentimental philanthropists who think it hard to impose hardship on these idle and incompetent freedmen. He is laughed at as a visionary by hard-headed, practical men who think they know the negro and think they know that nothing

can ever be made of the negro. But to the realization of his ideal he gives his life, spending half his time in educating in the principles of industry an outcast race and the other half in the North educating in the principles of brotherhood a careless Christian constituency. He gives himself unreservedly to this work, and dies before his time, having spent his life too speedily in his devotion to it. And after his death in his diary is found written the sentence, "I have never known what self sacrifice means." Of course not. Self was dead; there was left no self to know.

Dr. Grenfell, a young physician in London, with good prospects opening before him, abandons them and gives his life to the service of a forgotten community of seamen and fishermen and Eskimos on the coast of Labrador. He becomes their servant as doctor, preacher, merchant, magistrate, policemen. Any post which has in it the promise of service he is ready to fill. Exile from home, cold, ice, storm, sleeplessness, poor food at the best, hunger at times, are his life companions. "Do not pity me," he says to his American friends. "I am in a hurry to get back to my Labrador life; I am happiest there." He also might write in his diary, "I have never known what self-sacrifice

means." Of course not. When self is dead, there is no self left to know what sacrifice means.

When one is trying to serve two masters, when one is trying to serve self a little and others a little, to divide one's energies between self-seeking and service of others, he is always unhappy. His service is incomplete; he has not the happiness that comes from consecration to unselfish service. His self-service is incomplete; he has not the happiness that comes from unabated self-indulgence. But when one is so absorbed in his work, so dedicated to his mission, so full of a great purpose that he has no thought for self, his life is one of unalloyed joy—the joy of self-sacrifice.

Buddha tells his followers that the secret of happiness is in the loss of consciousness: Nirvana is heaven. Christ tells his followers that the secret of happiness is in the loss of self: Consecration to service is heaven. The way to find comfort in our own sorrow is to forget it in carrying comfort to another. The way to lighten our own burden is to add to it the burden of another. The highest of all joy is the joy of a life so consecrated to service that there is left no thought of self, of a self-sacrifice so complete that self does not know that it is sacrificed.

## THE CHRISTMAS STAMP

BY JACOB A. RIIS

IN my Christmas mail, three years ago, there came a letter with a story to tell that was queer in this, that it was all on the outside of it, where no postmaster, not even Uncle Sam himself, could prevent everybody from reading and telling of it. And I guess everybody who saw it did just that and was heartily welcome. For, in truth, that was the intention, or part of it. And yet there was but a single word to read, the word Christmas—Jul, as they still call it where they speak Santa Claus's own tongue. At least that is the way it sounds to me when I think of my childhood under those northern skies. Ever since, the holiday mail from Denmark

has rehearsed to me that story with the clear intent that I should pass it on. And here it is now, at last. I did not mean to wait so long.

It was in October, 1904, that a Committee of Fifteen met in Copenhagen to devise ways of putting in practice the idea of a Christmas stamp, advanced by a postal official, Mr. Holboell. I do not know how much of it was original with him. There had been charity stamps before. They are used in Austria, and in Holland whence there came recently a wail begging people to buy them for stamp collections. And I know that they were considered in Germany, but for some reason, I believe, did not



find favor. I think I can guess the reason. They didn't have the right spokesman. It remained for Hans Christian Andersen's countryman to enlist Santa Claus. With him as their champion they don't have to ask anybody to buy the stamps in Denmark. Their only trouble is how to print enough. The people, the king, and the post-office think of nothing else than how they can best help along the cause.

This was the upshot of the Committee's work: that two million stamps were to be printed, and sold through the post-offices at two oere each (about half a cent) during the Christmas season—to be exact, from December 9 to January 6—the proceeds to be used in building a hospital for tubercular children, something like our Sea Breeze in New York. The Government stipulated only that the stamps should be different in size and shape from the ordinary postage stamps, so as to be easily distinguishable from them. The Christmas stamp is not good for postage; every other way it is good—for the man who buys it and puts it on his letter; for the clerk who cancels it with a glad thought for the little waifs with every whack; for the postman who delivers the letter with a smile as broad and as good as Christmas itself. The proof that

they like it is this: that they refused to a man to take anything for their work. In the plan of the Committee there was provided a small profit of ten oere on each sheet of fifty stamps, for the local post-offices, but it was refused. They all wanted to help.

The newspapers joined hands; that was another part of the plan. Posters telling of it were put up everywhere. Denmark is a small country, and a thing gets quickly to be talked of from one end of it to the other. There was a run on the post-office as soon as the stamps were out. The two million became four, then six. Business houses asked the privilege of retailing the stamps; but that was refused. They were told to buy them at the post-offices, and they did. Many business houses let no letter or package pass out in the holiday season without the Christmas stamp. The executive committee of four that was appointed to manage things had their hands full giving out stamps. They were not allowed to give out much else. Labor, office rent, furniture—everything outside of the actual printing of the stamps—was given to them. When it was all over, it was shown that 4,113,000 stamps had been sold and paid for—about two for every man, woman, and child in the country. The children's hospital had to its account in

the savings bank 68,000 kroner through this penny subscription.

That was the first year's showing, when the matter had been talked of only a month or two. I saw in the Danish papers that last year's receipts—the third season's—were nearly four times as big. The hospital is built, I suppose, by this time, or under way, and out of a small beginning has grown a great benefaction. But that is not the greatest thing about it, to my mind. The thought itself, with its power of setting everybody to thinking of a great wrong that can only be righted through everybody's thinking of it, deserves that place. What else is the tuberculosis scourge than such a wrong? Nothing in all the world is better proven to-day than that it is a preventable disease, and therefore *needless*. And yet in our own country, to bring the matter home, it goes on year after year killing an army of one hundred and fifty thousand persons, and desolating countless homes in which half a million men and women are always wearily dragging themselves to graves dug by this single enemy. Perhaps I feel strongly about it, and no wonder. It killed six of my brothers, and I guess I know. That was in the days when there was no help for it. There is now.

What I want to know is why we cannot here borrow a leaf from Santa Claus's Danish year book, and do as they have done. Why should we not have a Christmas stamp, printed by a Tuberculosis Committee, and sold by the Government, not for the purpose of building a hospital—let each State or town build its own—but for the purpose of rousing up and educating the people on this most important matter? Look at the photograph of the three-years-old letter here. It is just as it came to me, except that in the upper row, whence collectors had pirated three stamps, three of last year's have been pasted in instead, while in the lower right-hand corner I have placed one of the 1905 kind, so that all the three years are there represented. Assume that the practice became general of putting on letters even one or two Christmas stamps, instead of eight as on this letter, and think of Uncle Sam's mail in the same breath! What might it not mean

in revenue to finance the cause that creeps along where it ought to run? But, much more than that, what might it not be made to mean as an educating medium in fighting the White Plague? Practically every man who saw this stamp on a letter, or on a postal card—it is pasted on both in Denmark—would want to know what it meant. And when people want to know, half that fight is won. It is because they do not know a few amazingly simple things that people die of tuberculosis.

Why should it not be done? Is the country too big? The bigger the mortality from this pestilence and the bigger the results to be got from that kind of education. Are the mails too heavy? There would not be any more letters because of it, and even if the number of stamps per letter were limited to save labor in canceling, the object would be attained. Would there be a rush on the Government by all the charities in the land for a like privilege? That could be prevented by giving notice at the outset that permission to use the mails for this purpose was only for the one cause because its appeal is incomparably the greatest. The object attained, it should be dropped. At any time it might be revived in the face of a National emergency, for which alone it should be used.

At the very time, three years ago, when the Christmas stamp was invented in Denmark to provide a hospital for tubercular children, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis was formed in New York. Upon basis of careful and conservative computation, its president estimated that the mere loss of revenue to the country in nursing and burying tuberculosis victims was three hundred and thirty millions of dollars a year. The society, often spoken of as "the Tuberculosis Committee," has to-day fourteen hundred members, doctors and laymen. Education is its shibboleth. The three points it tries early and late to impress upon the consciousness of the people are: (1) that tuberculosis is infectious; (2) that, if infectious, it is preventable; and (3) that, taken in the early stages, it is, as a rule, curable. It has organized associations in fifteen States and seventy-four towns, and maintains a tuberculosis

exhibition that travels about the country, from city to city, leaving a wave of aroused, intelligent interest in its wake. A campaign is now being planned for the South, where it is badly needed, but money is lacking. The secretary tells me that if instead of one there were a dozen, two dozen, such exhibitions, the country might be aroused from one end to the other to action that would result in the passing of proper sanitary laws and the building of sanatoria and dispensaries for the sufferers, and so speedily in a greatly diminished mortality from this cause. Last year the funds at the disposition of the Association aggregated \$12,000, no more. It might have spent \$100,000 to advantage, but no millionaire came forth to endow it.

No millionaire is wanted to do it. It were far better done by the people themselves, for only in doing it so will they learn that which is of more value than

preaching and doctoring—namely, how to help themselves. Why should not the Government add itself, in the person of some competent official or officials selected for the purpose, to the "Tuberculosis Committee" and try the Danish plan next Christmas? Or at any other season, if it were thought best, though I do not think that would be best. The season of good will opens hearts and minds and pocketbooks as nothing else can, and takes the growl out of it, if there is any. Five years of that sort of campaigning, and we ought to be on the home-stretch.

I hold no brief for the "Tuberculosis Committee," and I am not pleading for it. But I am pleading for the half-million poor souls all over the land whose faces are set to-day toward an inevitable grave because of ignorance, heedless ignorance, and for the friends who grieve with them and for them.

## *LABOR AND THE LADY*

### *A STORY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA*

*BY FREDERIC JOHNSTON*

I DON'T suppose it would be quite reliable to say that Christine Ellis was ever the only young woman in Southern California. But it is a demonstrable certainty that most of the young men in Rosalia thought so—taking the notion one or two at a time—and that the Mothers' Club noticed the fact and made honorable mention of it at their meetings. The consequence was that Chris had an option, in the long run, on every fruit ranch in the place, though personally she had no interest whatever in the orange business, except that her father was immersed in it up to the eyelids.

I had had my feelings about Chris among the rest, and one afternoon when work was slack I went over and gave it out to her, slow and careful, that her acquiring a half-interest in a brand-new packing-house with improved machinery and options covering the best fruit—navel and seedling—in all Rosalia, de-

pended solely on her own inclination. She gave it back to me, just as slow and just as careful, that it was out of the question.

I was a little surprised. There had been things said about that packing-house which modestly forbids my giving out for publication.

"What's the trouble?" I said. "Anything the matter with the business?" I was trying to reach her on her weak side. She had a sweet way, Chris had, of talking about the Glory of Labor. But she laid it before me, in ladylike terms which I cannot at this moment recall, that business was all very well as a staple, but, if you were wise, you wouldn't try to stock the whole shop with it.

"Well," I says, "then there's virtue. Noticed how I've been treating Mother lately?" Then she got excited and her eyes blazed. (I don't know whether I have mentioned that they were blue and very beautiful.) She stated, in language

which must have been ladylike since Chris chose to use it, that a man who called it virtue to act white to his mother might be an ornament to a packing-house, but was a little likely to seem out of place in a lady's parlor.

I suppose I should have taken this misadventure very much to heart. But we got into trouble with the Santa Fe just then over a fruit-car proposition, and by the time I had made their freight-man see reason, my feelings were considerably soothed. After all, a man's business is the main thing.

From then on I didn't take much interest in Chris's little matters. I was rather sorry when she turned down Jimmy Storthing. His place was putting out the best valencias in Southern California, and it seemed a pity she couldn't go and live there just because Jimmy was bald-headed. Aside from this, I kept my eyes turned the other way till she began to have trouble over young Harriman.

I had never fancied Harriman much while he was growing up. I won't go so far as to say he was a perfect lady. But his fair hair was always neat; and his hands were always lily-white; and his name was Clarence. I never could conceive, somehow, of that name on a sign-board stuck up in front of a live place of business.

When he finished school he had a chance to go into his father's packing-house and learn something. But no, he was going to college. I suppose he had his own way of looking at it, but four years always seemed to me a terrible lot of time to take out of a man's business. However, except for the waste, Berkeley didn't seem to do Clarence any harm. He came back and went to work, and it seemed likely that in time he'd be as good a judge of fruit on the tree as his father was. (This is *not* an easy thing.)

Then it all stopped. Clarence fell off the ventilator of a fruit-car one morning, and the next day some surgical people came up from Los Angeles and did something to him in a scientific way. Then he had six weeks of lying flat on his back full of stitches in bed. And when he got out, he could walk a little and eat a little and that was all. He tried his

old place in the packing-house, but when he had been carried home by six fruit-sorters on three separate occasions, Language put his foot down and said it'd got to stop.

Language was Clarence's father. That wasn't his real name, of course. He got it from a certain fluency he had of interpreting his feelings. I remember once hearing him tell how he felt to a man who'd forgot to feed enough nails to the box-making machine. I never knew a person find so many phrases to express the same idea. It seemed almost a pity that so little of it was fit to print.

Chris's troubles over Clarence began one cold evening in December. A lot of us had dropped in at the Ellises—I don't know exactly why—and Clarence was there merely because he belonged to the crowd. We were not a sweet-tempered company. The frost came early that year, and half the men there had spent their nights for a week snudging it off the trees. Chris hadn't missed any sleep—she was too wise for that—but she had caught the temper of the time, and she was working it off on a tourist from the East, the only stranger there. The subject (as usual when she hadn't herself quite in hand) was the Glory of Labor, and likewise the worthlessness of a man who didn't make his living by the sweat of his brow. She was wonderful in this part, and she made the Easterner wish he was back in his dear Denver home before she got through. But, unfortunately, the shot caromed and struck Clarence in the naked heart. His face was a bad enough thing to look at at the best of times—dingy white mostly, without a sign that there was any blood underneath, even in the lips. But now it turned an unwholesome green, and his mouth crinkled up with pain, and he looked just as he did on those three separate occasions when the fruit-sorters brought him home.

Chris didn't notice it at the moment; so, when the others had gone off to put in a little sleep before the frost fell, I concluded to stop minding my own business for a while and give her a newsy little report of the circumstances. I explained, as careful as I could, that her opinions, wholesome as they were to the general



run of men, had a blighting influence on Clarence's peace of mind; and that if she saw fit to moderate them when he happened to be around, she would justify that reputation for tact and judgment which had been bestowed upon her by the orange-growing world. She answered that I was a fool.

Now this had nothing to do with the case in hand. But I let it go, partly because it was true (my worrying over Chris when I had a first-class business to attend to proved that), and partly because there was a little throaty wobble in her voice as she said it which showed pretty plain that things were going considerably much as I wanted them to on the inside. Her eyes got bluer than usual, too. I'd never seen them that way before except on the day I mentioned my devotion to Mother. But I must say, though not much given to rhapsodies on female beauty, that it was decidedly ornamental.

What I said to Chris that night appeared to have an extraordinary effect. It may seem impossible to believe, and so I'm not going to try to prove it; I merely state the fact, viz., that Christine Ellis, twenty-three years old, and apparently possessed of all her faculties, passed over nearly every eligible business man in San Lorenzo County and then allowed her mind to get into a bad way over a boy who couldn't do a day's work! Which was just like a woman.

I, personally, seemed to have a good deal more to do with it than was at all necessary. And it came particularly my way to see into the dismalness of it all. Clarence apparently kept tight hold of those bright ideas that Chris had entertained the tourist with, and when he was alone I s'pose he brooded on them. I saw him once watching some half-breeds set up a wheel in the irrigation ditch down at Las Cruces. Now, setting up a water-wheel is not what you'd call a romantic incident, and there is very little glory in a half-breed. And yet to Clarence, with Chris's Labor Day oration written all over the inside of him, there, in the sight of his eyes, was all the romance and all the glory, and he was eternally out of it. And this didn't happen once only. It happened twenty

times. He was forever watching men doing something. And the look in his eyes always meant the same thing. Chris had a terrible way—as much as anybody ever did, I guess—of making people care for what she said. And it may be—though you can't be sure, of course—that Clarence had had that notion in his head all along, and that Chris's remark just spiked it down.

Then it seemed to come over him that he'd better learn to ride. He'd been born with a weak foot, and they had kept him out of the saddle all his life by brute force. Now he said it couldn't do him any harm. Nothing could do him any harm. He was going to learn if he died doing it.

He nearly did die. He came near it every time he went out. I used to wish he wouldn't come my way. He was bad enough on foot, with his dead-looking face and desperate eyes; but coming along on a horse, swaying as if he'd drop, he looked dead and buried. It was no pleasant sight, for a man going to work, to see such a specter. And if you tried to help, it only made things worse. Once I met him just at his gate. As I came up his face changed—I don't know any way of saying how it changed—and he swayed, and crumpled up in my arms. I carried him into the house, and never said anything about it. He never said anything either. But when I met him next I could see he had chalked the thing up against me to the day of judgment.

He openly avoided Chris. The thing was so hopeless that that was the best way, I suppose. At any rate, it was his way of looking at it. It wasn't hers, though. She had always been an independent girl, owing to her relation with the fruit-growing industry. Hers was the only house in town you couldn't smoke in. You might always tell when a man began to come within her sphere of influence by his falling away in the matter of cigarettes. Toby Granger, the tobacconist, got real hippy about it. But though her declarations of independence were almost an hourly occurrence, there is no doubt that she began to run after Clarence in a manner that would have been scandalous if anybody but Chris

had done it. And the Mothers' Club found it out. And mentioned it. At their meetings Chris's latest was the golden text; and the central thought was, What *could* her father be thinking of? But old Ellis wasn't worrying about Chris. A man who raises oranges for a living always has troubles enough of his own.

One of Chris's methods was to go to town by Valerio Street. This was not the shortest way for her, but it was the shortest way for Clarence, and he commonly took it when Language had any errands to be done—which was pretty often. When Chris happened to meet Clarence (this was pretty often too), the errands were delayed in transmission, and Clarence spent the afternoon under a tea-tent on Ellis's front lawn. I happened by there one day when they were standing at the gate saying good-by (or whatever it is you do say on such occasions). It looked as if they had been trying to get it said for some time. And just as I came up—of course they had no eyes for me—she laughed at him (a particular little laugh of her own—it was worth a day's work to hear) and said, in a kind of surprised way, "Clarence, anybody'd think you were a tourist."

Now, of course I don't need to be told that that's a pretty hard name to call any one by. And if you must use it, it's well to be prepared for accidents. But Chris didn't mean any harm. She was only referring to a sprig of peppertree that some child—the little Walton girl, I suppose—had put in Clarence's buttonhole. Making a walking conservatory of yourself is, next to stealing oranges, a tourist's idea of Beulah land.

But Clarence didn't take it right. His back was to me, but I could see the fright leap up into Chris's eyes, and I knew how the boy's face looked. He was thinking of that Denver man, of course, and what she had said to him. And the pity of it was, you couldn't explain it, no, not in a Bunker Hill oration. I felt sorry enough for poor Chris that night. It seemed a pity she couldn't have taken Storthing, after all. It wasn't any fault of his that his hair wouldn't grow.

By this time everybody in town could

see that his trouble over Chris was making Clarence worse. People began to say he ought to get away for a while, and at last even Language caught the idea. He was terribly fond of Clarence, though he had his own way of showing it. And one day late in March I happened to find out how the matter stood between them.

I had stepped over to their packing-house to see what results they were getting from a new patent brush they'd just put in. I didn't see anything miraculous about it. It wasn't any more rapid and didn't make the fruit any brighter than the old kind. While I was making up my mind I heard Language and Clarence coming over the plank from a fruit-car.

"Go? Suffering angels! Why in the name of seven kinds of perdition *shouldn't* you go?" It was Language, of course. "You haven't got a scrap of reason. All you've said is just so much simple, solemn, sanctified poppycock. Don't I know the brain-pan of my own son? You've gone and got it into your dizzy little head that you don't want to spend the money." His indignation spouted considerably more—about a page, I guess—but all the plot there was in his remarks ended with the word "money."

"I never made a dollar in my life," said Clarence. Then Language uncoiled his whole vocabulary. I never heard such eloquence. It rose and fell, a long joyous riot of exasperated affection. I don't suppose the parts of speech ever got quite so scrambled. Even for Language it was a great performance.

"Who ever asked you to?" was what he was trying to say, but of course he gave two columns to it.

Then he came over and tried it on me with regard to the fruit-brush proposition. But though I couldn't help admiring his talents, I was no more spellbound than Clarence was.

The peculiarity that ended the whole matter, finished it off beautifully—though, I must admit, the materials for a beautiful settlement were not especially evident—was a peculiarity of temperament in a man named Skiddings who lived on Valerio Street and has nothing to do with this story. His singularity lay in doing always what he was

told not to do. And this led him to buy a stallion and to use him in the saddle. He named the beast the Demon. What he had against demons as a class I don't know. I never meet Skiddings. I knew the stallion, though, and called him by his name, just like the other men. The girls called him "Mr. Skiddings' horse."

On Memorial Day Chris got up a riding party, and left Skiddings out. This was not unusual. Neither was it unusual to start at 7 A.M. In an orange country Memorial Day is generally a warm occasion. And it had come to Chris in the night that it would be the height of a good thing to ride a side-saddle. I don't mean that Chris was usually foolish. But she had her moments just like any other woman.

Billy Waters, Ellis's man, put the thing on Beetle's back, and pulled the cinch till the poor brute could just breathe. Little Abe Shunts was going by at the time, and Billy (who loved Beetle and was the only man in town who wasn't afraid of Chris) called out to him to ask at the druggist's if they had anything that was good for saddle-gall. Chris understood, and gave Billy a look that was worse, on the whole, than anything Language Harriman ever said.

We had a good course laid out—up Nevada Avenue to Las Cruces, then across through Pecos Arroyo to Big Spring, and so home—a nice little triangle of twenty miles through a gale of roses and orange flowers till you could hardly breathe. We took it easy on account of the heat, and everybody—there were twelve of us—seemed to be enjoying it except Chris. She never enjoyed anything in those days where Clarence Harriman had to be left out. My private opinion is that all her nonsense about the saddle was due indirectly to him. A person is very liable to be erratic when much given to thinking of somebody else. I had found it so myself.

We were all loping easily down Valerio Street on the home-stretch, rather quiet, under a sun that was getting warmer every minute, Chris and I in the lead, when it came over Beetle's mind that the proper thing to do was to bolt for

home—which he accordingly did. There was nothing serious in this. Beetle was a kind horse with a good conscience and a knowledge of how to behave to a lady. But just as I heard Chris call out something—I suppose it was to the effect that it was alright, and we needn't worry—I saw something that put a cold chill all through my insides. Chris's saddle—Heaven's curse be on the fool who invented it!—was beginning to turn. There was no horse in the crowd that could pass Beetle running in that mood. In ten minutes Chris would be dragging in the road.

I had the best horse there was, and by using my spurs—poor Tim, he hardly knew what it meant when he felt their sting in his side—I could at least keep Chris in sight. I saw the saddle slip and slip. As we approached Skiddings's I saw the Demon hitched out in front—with a chain. Nothing but metal would stand that brute's teeth. Then suddenly, as we shot by, it came over me—and seemed somehow perfectly natural, too—that Clarence was there unhooking the Demon's chain. And a moment later, in a whirl of dust, the brute went by me like a bullet, with the worst horseman in Rosalia on his back.

There is something in the madness of a bad horse that goes past any other kind of fury in the world below. And yet even the Demon himself could never have caught Beetle running full tilt against the curb. But just then things began to happen in Beetle's mouth. Chris was a girl who could make it a grim proposition for any horse that chose to take her home against her will. And just as Clarence came along, swaying and tottering with no more grip on the beast he rode than if he had been traveling on a cyclone, Beetle began to slow up.

Then the queer thing happened—the beautiful thing if you like that word better than another. Clarence's arm was out to catch Chris as he passed. But just as the moment came he drew it suddenly in again. It had struck him, just at the instant it struck me, that, if he caught her, both were doomed. If he had so much as touched her dress it would have been to save himself. And

so he shot past with nothing to expect but the immediate inevitable end.

But Chris didn't look at it that way. The next moment she had grasped the cinch on Beetle's right side and flung her weight instantly on the stirrup. The result was almost disastrous. The saddle slipped down so suddenly that Chris seemed for a moment all in the dirt, and the poor brute, still going a good clip, lurched horribly. But Chris pulled herself up and forward, using Beetle's mane to hang on by, and, when she had got safely astride his withers, gave him such a crack with the whip as he had never felt since the day he was foaled.

That ride was the worst that ever Rosalia knew. I've never had a nightmare since, though it happened years ago, that wasn't just that trip over again—Clarence thundering ahead and swaying in his saddle a little further every rod he rode; Beetle next, clipping along in his neat-footed way, and gaining a bit with every step; and myself pricking poor Tim, in the rear, with no purpose that I can discover, except to find out what it's like to see a man killed.

I don't know that Chris had any reasonable purpose either. I suppose she had a general idea that it was her business to be around when Clarence was in trouble. She had a strong arm and knew how to sit a horse; but riding as she was, without stirrups, she never could have held up a man's weight, even though it was a man pared down by sickness as Clarence was.

Like a triple chain-shot, if there is such a thing, we galloped through the town and out on the other side. I could see the white stems of the Santa Lucia ranch far ahead through the dust. As we approached, it dawned on me, without any particular connection, that Skiddings had owned Santa Lucia before he moved into town. The Demon had remembered it, too, *with* connections, as it happened. For when he reached the drive he turned suddenly in without a halt, and whirled Clarence off like a stone from a sling. Even through the dust I could see the boy's limp body rise into the air and then fall out of sight among the roses.

Chris and I reached the spot almost

at the same moment. She had stopped Beetle in a hundred yards—I never even tried to make out how she did it—and then trotted him quietly back while I was getting what was left of Clarence out of the bramble.

The man who had bought Santa Lucia luckily owned a detachable door and a telephone, and in ten minutes we had made use of both; though, to tell the truth, I thought ten hours would be quick enough for anything we could do for Clarence.

Pretty soon our work with the telephone began to have some effect. Three surgeons came, and decided that something must be done immediately in a scientific way. And a young woman in a gray uniform, rather good-looking, but with a very icy personality, came with the doctors. Then old Ellis appeared, and added considerable to his age trying to get Chris to go home with him. But Chris brushed him off—very kind but very firm her way was—and he gave it up. That day was a lesson to him. He never tried to play the disobedient parent again.

Clarence was in the front room upstairs, and the icy young woman was getting him ready for what was to happen. I was below, and the three medical men were having a scientific set-to on the stairs. Two, it seemed, were for ether, and the third for chloroform. And the minority won.

"Very well," said one of the others, rather peevish, "if you want to bury him, go ahead."

"I guess there'll be plenty of time to talk about burying him," said the minority, very stern, "when he's dead."

I liked to hear that. It seemed rather cheerful to think there was a man on the premises.

I sat around and waited while they did it. I hadn't any hope naturally. A man who can just walk is not likely to be helped much by being thrown off a horse. The reason I stayed was that there wasn't anything else to do. The man who invented holidays would have had a disagreeable half-hour if he had happened into Santa Lucia that morning.

Chris, meanwhile, was upstairs, and, judging by the sounds, was giving several

kinds (of trouble to everybody she could get hold of. Two men had been called in from the ranch and turned over to Chris with instructions to keep her out of the operating-room. And unless my ears are guilty of a good deal of mis-report, she wasn't letting those two men suffer much from ennui.

After a while, an hour perhaps, though it seemed very much more to me and to Chris, and especially to the two men, the sounds from upstairs seemed to change.

A door opened. Then came a woman's cry—it must have been Chris, though it didn't sound like her at all. And somebody, one of the body-guard, I suppose, swore softly. Then one of the surgeons came down, and the moment he spoke I knew he was the minority.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, rather blunt.

"Nothing in particular," I said. "I chanced to be around when it happened, and I know both of 'em."

"Both?" He didn't say the whole word, though. He just got to the middle and smiled. He was a knowing man, that doctor. I should like to have had him in our packing-house.

I spoke further. "The ice-maiden in the gray frock told me a while ago that there was going to be a laparotomy. If you can give me something in American I shall be obliged." The doctor smiled

and explained. A laparotomy, it seems (he even spelled it out for me), is an affair in which a surgeon goes to great lengths in a scientific way. In the present case they appeared to have gone the same way as the Los Angeles people—falling off anything being scientifically the same, evidently, whether it's a horse or a fruit-car—and had found a sponge which the Los Angeles people had mislaid somewhere inside of Clarence. I couldn't quite get the joy of this discovery through me at first. But when the doctor mentioned that this had been the trouble with Clarence all along, my eyes began to stand out at the proper angle.

"So it was the sponge that done it!" I said.

My grammar seemed to make the doctor rather anxious, but he held steady.

"Yes," he said, very brave and quiet, "it was the sponge that done it." (I always liked that doctor.)

Afterward we had a long parley, and I wished more than ever that I could get him interested in the fruit business. Finally we had our last little say.

"In three months he'll be doing a man's work packing oranges," was what the doctor said.

"In three months he'll be thinking more about orange flowers than oranges," was what I said.

And I've always been sorry we didn't bet on it.

## THE CENSORSHIP OF THE CHURCH OF ROME<sup>1</sup>

THIS is a kind of work of which we have too few in America. It is prepared by a scholar for scholars. It takes rank with such works as Henry Charles Lea's volumes on "The Inquisition of the Middle Ages," "The Inquisition of Spain," and "Sacerdotal Celibacy." We predict that it will be an authority on this subject for American and English readers. It is unmistakably the result of very painstaking and elaborate study, not merely

of the subject in general, but of the specific Indexes, issued at different times, of prohibited books. The method of arrangement has led the author into some repetitions, and for general use the book might be improved by some condensation. We wish, indeed, that he had pursued a different method altogether—had published one volume in which he had dealt with censorship in general with specific illustrations, and had put the more specific information as to special Indexes into the second volume, in which case the first volume would have had much larger reading by the general

<sup>1</sup> The Censorship of the Church of Rome, and Its Influence upon the Production and the Distribution of Literature. By George Haven Putnam, Litt.D. 2 vols. \$2.50, net, per vol. G. P. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

public. But perhaps this is only to say that we wish that Mr. Putnam had made a book, not merely for scholars, but also for the unscholarly reader. This is not, however, what he has attempted to do.

As reading Dr. Lea's book on "The Inquisition of Spain" makes it clear to the twentieth-century reader why it is that the Anglo-Saxon race lays such emphasis on certain legal principles for the protection of the innocent against an unjust government, so the reading of Mr. Putnam's book on "The Censorship of the Church of Rome" makes it clear why it is that the Anglo-Saxon people are so resolute in defending the liberty of the press, and so extravagantly patient with its license. We have been taught by the history of the past how perilous it is to allow any censor to determine beforehand what ought to be printed. We have not yet learned how important it is to hold the editor and publisher responsible for what they print after it has been printed. The censorship of the press did not grow out of a centralized authority in Rome. It was at first local, and by no means exclusively ecclesiastical. It followed the discovery of the printing-press, and was due to a real anxiety on the part of both civil and ecclesiastical authorities lest teachings destructive of religion or morality or inimical to the interest of the State should be given to the public. It was based on the paternal theory of government, on the idea that the great mass of men and women were children, and that the authorities, civil and ecclesiastical, had a duty to protect them from pernicious literature, much as now we hold it to be the duty of the civil authorities to protect the people from adulterated food and unsanitary conditions. This opinion, it must be borne in mind, was entertained by the people as well as by the authorities. "If," says Mr. Putnam, "the literary productions of Spain were restricted and hampered to the point of crushing out altogether . . . it was because the people of Spain had decided for themselves that such methods were necessary for their spiritual safety." This was equally the case in France, where the Gallic Church exer-

cised the censorship at first in complete independence of Rome. This censorship was by no means confined to the Roman Catholic Church or to the states controlled by the Roman Catholic Church. It was maintained in Protestant countries and by Protestant churches. If it was less efficiently maintained, this was only because the churches were themselves less efficient. "There can, of course," says Mr. Putnam, "be no question that from the outset the leaders of the Protestant Reformation believed as thoroughly in the necessity and in the rightfulness of the censorship of literature as did the ecclesiastics of Rome and of Spain. The duty of protecting the minds of the faithful against the insidious and wrong doctrine was just as clear to Calvin, to Zwingli, and to Luther as it was to Loyola or to Braccioli." The argument for such censorship was not, however, always based on a consideration of the welfare of the people. It was claimed by at least one defender that this sacred office of the Inquisition originated in Paradise, and that its record can be traced through the succeeding ages of Jewish and Christian history. It was thus based, it will be seen, on a quasi-doctrine of apostolic succession. The censorship extended to matters scientific as well as to matters political and religious. Indeed, in the Middle Ages no such sharp distinction was drawn as is now recognized between the scientific and the religious. The publication of the Copernican theory of astronomy was prohibited, and although after a time this prohibition became a dead letter, "it was not until September, 1822, that the Inquisition gave formal permission for the printing in Rome of books maintaining the theory of the earth moving about the sun, in accordance with the accepted views of modern astronomy."

The theory that it is the duty of the few educated, cultivated, and moral leaders to determine what the many ignorant, neglected, and superstitious may read has much in theory to commend it. The fundamental objection to it is that it has never worked well. It led to the suppression of great works of imagination, records of scientific discovery, books of

impartial history, as well as of independent treatises in philosophy and theology. It repressed and stifled the natural and vigorous development of the intellectual and literary powers in the community. The intellectual paralysis produced was just in the ratio in which the censorship was applied. It checked the effect of the Renaissance and the production and circulation of the great classics of antiquity, for the classical writers were pagans, and the study of paganism was discouraged by the moral masters in the Church as likely to have a worldly influence on the minds of the faithful. It led, in many cases, to such eliminations and interpolations that the author of the book, as it appeared, was made responsible for views which he did not hold and sometimes for views directly contrary to those which he held. Perhaps more potent than either of these effects was its influence in deterring independent thinkers from giving expression to their thought, and encouraging only those who repeated the doctrines already

accepted by the traditionalists. Even, therefore, if the censorship had been exercised by men of the highest intelligence and the greatest independence, it would have been perilous. In point of fact, it was often exercised by men who had neither independence nor intelligence; who were either ill paid or not at all paid for their work; and who found it easier to prohibit the publication of any book which they could not understand than to take the trouble to understand it.

We commend a study of these two volumes to any man who, disgusted with the excessive license of the modern press, is inclined to re-establish some form of censorship, though, as we have said, they furnish no reason why, after the book or article is printed, the author and publisher should not be held to a strict accountability for any injurious results which follow from the publication if it violates either the rights of the individual or the general ethical standards of the community.

## Comment on Current Books

*M. Sabatier and Cardinal Gibbons*

One of the most respected French thinkers is M. Paul Sabatier,<sup>1</sup> the Protestant *pasteur* of Chantegrillet and the author of the standard biography of St. Francis of Assisi. Of that volume it has been said that no Roman Catholic writer could have given to the subject more real reverence, atmosphere, and appreciation. Spending part of every year in Assisi, M. Sabatier's subsequent publications of his Franciscan studies have only deepened this impression. It has made many friends for him among Roman Catholics, one of them having been Pius X. himself, who, during the first year of his pontificate, granted him a long private interview. But if the French situation has now changed the Papal attitude towards the French critic, the attitude of many priests has not been so changed. A large number of these, after hearing M. Sabatier's lecture in Rome, in which he handled the French situation without gloves, invited him to a further friendly conference over a cup of tea. This was as it should be. For M. Sabatier stands for a Protestantism

as liberal in its way as is the Roman Catholicism of the Abbés Loisy and Houtin. When such Protestants and Roman Catholics meet together, a distinct step is always taken towards Church unity. Hence, whatever M. Sabatier says or writes concerning present-day ecclesiastical conditions in France, as affected by the State, receives consideration from both Protestants and Roman Catholics. In the recent long and sometimes sharp discussions concerning the proposed legislation, now law, in France, no contribution was more valuable, both as to timeliness and as a book of reference, than M. Sabatier's volume translated into English under the title "Disestablishment in France." From the publishers of all M. Sabatier's works, the Librairie Fischbacher, Paris, we now have a smaller but hardly less remarkable volume. It is a reply to the pronouncement by Cardinal Gibbons in January publicly criticising the new law in France, popularly known as the law separating Church and State. According to the published report, his Eminence charged (1) that the chiefs of the present French Government were inspired by hatred of religion; (2) that they had no regard for Church prop-

<sup>1</sup> Lettre Ouverte à S. E. Le Cardinal Gibbons. Par Paul Sabatier. Librairie Fischbacher, Paris.

erty rights; (3) that the new law entirely ignored the Roman Catholic Church's constitution and laws; (4) that if that Church should accept the Separation Law, she must expect to disappear because of the law's natural effect; (5) that if the separation of Church and State in France were of no more significance than in America, there would not be such an uproar; finally, (6) that he had too much confidence in the French nation to believe that it would not rise against those Government chiefs who were endeavoring to destroy religion. According to M. Sabatier, to prove the hatred of the Government for religion there were only the words spoken by M. Viviani, a Cabinet member; the immediate adverse comment on these words in France showed their extraordinary character. For, as the Jesuit Father Abt declares, those who would destroy all churches and all religion are only an infinitesimal minority in France. As to Church property, M. Sabatier protests that not a single word in the Concordat (between France and the Vatican, in force for a century, but now abrogated) shows the salaries paid by the Government to the clergy to have been a sort of compensation in return for property confiscated during the French Revolution. Moreover, the Pope could have prevented the return of the property to the State by accepting the new law, as a majority of the bishops wished him to do. While the State entered into the possession of property which belonged to it, adds M. Sabatier, neither have churches been closed nor seminary teaching stopped. It is true that strangers arriving in France are often surprised to see priests, nuns, and monks freely going about and religious services tranquilly conducted as in the past. As to ecclesiastical constitutions and laws, M. Sabatier informs us that the new law, being the same for all religions, could not enter into the details of each organization. He does not, however, cite the text of American laws, in their more distinct and detailed recognition of hierarchical organizations, as pointed out months ago both by Cardinal Gibbons and The Outlook. Article IV. of the French law says that the new religious associations must conform to the general rules of the particular form of religion of which they propose to assume the practice. Of course, as applied to the Roman Catholic Church, this implies the canonical communion of a priest with the bishop, of a bishop with the Pope. As to an American's pride in the separation of Church and State here, one has but to read the Pope's bull to see that he absolutely ("Vehementer," says M. Sabatier) condemns such separation. If the

Holy See supports it in America, adds the critic, it means a forced and provisory tolerance. Finally, France will not rise against her Government, for the good reason that she sees in it an emanation of her will. No *coup d'état* is necessary simply because one man, or Viviani, has indulged in blasphemy. The term separation, as applied to the present conditions in France, is certainly unfortunate in one respect. But let those who deprecate remember that a birth is a separation. That is what is taking place in France. A new civilization is being born.

#### *The Creed of a Layman*

About one-fifth of this volume<sup>1</sup> is occupied by an autobiography; the rest of it is composed of different articles and addresses produced at different times by the author. His object, both in the autobiography and in the articles, is to commend to the readers Positive Religion, "wherein I find, as my life closes round me in old age, such perfect peace, such joyful anticipations of a life to come." This religion, which Mr. Harrison desires to commend to his readers, is what orthodox beliefs would call irreligion. For the service of God he substitutes the service of man; for the spirit of God the spirit of Humanity; for the worship of God the worship of Humanity idealized. He satirizes rather than describes orthodox religion, but we have no doubt that his satirization is unintentional and unconscious; that he describes orthodoxy as he sees it. He is inclined to assume, as most critics of orthodoxy are, that those who profess the faith of the Church do not really entertain it. This assumption is based partly on his conviction that no intelligent person can really entertain the faith of the Church, partly on his understanding of what some of his orthodox friends have said to him respecting their doubts, their difficulties, or their disbeliefs. He is quite sure that orthodox faith is losing its power, and that the hope of the future for humanity is the substitution of his Positive faith for faith in Christianity. In the elucidation of this conviction he is quite as dogmatic as the dogmatists whom he criticises. "The Supreme Power on this petty earth can be nothing else but the Humanity which, ever since fifty thousand—it may be one hundred and fifty thousand years—has slowly but inevitably conquered for itself the predominance of all living things on this earth, and the mastery of its material resources." We can see no sign that this Positive religion, this worship of Humanity, is having any tendency whatever to take the place of the service and worship of a Personal God. The

<sup>1</sup>The Creed of a Layman. By Frederic Harrison. The Macmillan Company, New York, \$1.75, net.



Christian churches in London are said not to be very well filled, but it is also said that an American humorist, who went from motives of curiosity to the Positivist chapel in London, when asked what he found there, replied, "Three persons and no God!" We quite agree with Mr. Frederic Harrison that religion is sure to end in vague sentimentality "unless it has an object of devotion, distinctly grasped by the intellect and able to kindle ardent emotions." But we also think that the history of the world shows very clearly that such an object is furnished by Jesus Christ more clearly and more fully than by any other object of faith which has ever been suggested, and that this "realized Ideal," to quote Dr. Martineau, is far better able to kindle ardent emotions than either an impersonal Great First Cause on the one hand, or Mr. Harrison's idealized Spirit of Humanity on the other. We do not, however, know of any book which will give to the curious and interested reader so good an interpretation of the Religion of Humanity as this volume of Mr. Frederic Harrison's.

**Magellan** In narrating the careers of the early explorers of the Western Hemisphere, Mr. Frederick A. Ober has certainly a sympathetic task in describing the life of Ferdinand Magellan.<sup>1</sup> It would seem as if Magellan was the first real "globetrotter." He had adventures in Morocco and in the East Indies, but it was in connection with his Patagonian adventures that his name is best known. He then found the "Straits of Magellan," and, sailing around South America, ventured across the Pacific, discovering Guam and the Philippines. One ship of his little fleet returned to Europe, thus succeeding in circumnavigating the globe. Mr. Ober's volume is not the least interesting of an interesting series.

**Venice and Religion** One is not apt to associate Venice so much with religious as with secular observances. Hence, such a book as the Rev. Alexander Robertson's<sup>2</sup> is pertinent. The volume, we judge, comprises a selection from his Sunday afternoon discourses in Venice. They must have been impressive discourses, the auditor sitting by the open window and listening as well to the ripple of the water below. But he who reads these chapters should have no difficulty in conjuring up pictures of the Bride of the Sea, and no conventional pictures either. Indeed, the author may do as much to give new notions about Venice as

he did some years ago in another volume which affords us opportunity for greater appreciation of the Venetian *hinterland*—the Dolomites.

**The Mayflower** A work of uncommon interest and historical value, drawn "chiefly from original sources," here appears in a second edition, revised and enlarged. With the general outlines of that great and epoch-making adventure very many are familiar, but the picturesque details who knows, unless he has found them here?—such matters as the quarters, food, and cooking provided for one hundred and thirty people on that tiny craft of a hundred and eighty tons. It is gratifying to know that the women had what are now called staterooms; wonderful that in her hold were ten cannon of three tons aggregate weight. Dr. Ames seems to have omitted no minutiae that one would like to know about the ship, her company, and her cargo. Her "Log" is given in "The Journal" of events from July 15, 1620, to April 5, 1621, when she sailed homeward, arriving May 6. This is the "old style" dating. The reformed calendar, "new style," makes each date ten days later. The volume is enriched with maps and illustrations, and its sumptuous form befits its intrinsic merit, as the most complete and reliable account of an ever-memorable undertaking.

**Navigating the Air** The question is often asked nowadays, just what has been done toward attaining the art of navigating the air? We all know that Santos-Dumont, the Wright brothers, Professor Langley, Mr. Maxim, Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, and others have worked in two entirely different directions—some experimenting with aeroplanes and trying in a measure to combine the principles of the kite and of the bird; others trying to find a motor light enough, strong enough, and powerful enough to propel a gas-filled balloon, usually semicigar-shaped, against the wind. The belief seems to be very general that the Wrights, of Oberlin, Ohio, have, in actual attainment, gone beyond any others. Just what they have done is not positively known, as they are keeping their own secrets until they have made such arrangements with capitalists as seem right to them. It is alleged on pretty good evidence, however, that in 1905 the machine then operated by the Wrights made forty-nine flights with very few accidents, and that these flights extended in some cases to nearly twenty-five miles, while as to steering control the results were almost per-

<sup>1</sup> Ferdinand Magellan. By Frederick A. Ober. (Heroes of American History.) Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1, net.

<sup>2</sup> Venetian Discourses. By Alexander Robertson, D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3, net.

<sup>1</sup> The Mayflower and Her Log, July 15, 1620—May 6, 1621. By Ariel Ames, M.D. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$5, net.

fect. The present volume<sup>1</sup> contains, in over twenty chapters by noted aeronauts, practical and clear accounts of what has been accomplished by many experimenters with kite-sustained aeroplanes, motor-driven balloons, and other dirigible air-ships. The authors are Dr. Bell, Professor W. H. Pickering, the Wright brothers, Professor David Todd, Dr. A. F. Zahm, and others. There are abundant illustrations and diagrams.

*Memories of  
Plymouth Church*

The author of this volume of reminiscence<sup>2</sup> has been a member of Plymouth Church since 1850. He recalls many incidents that were of National importance, and relates vividly personal incidents connected with Mr. Beecher, with the anti-slavery cause, and with the services, development, and life of the church itself. He closes this little volume by saying that "however much the centers of population may change, the needs of men never change, and even if other churches should follow their constituencies to other sections, Plymouth will remain, a living monument to the truth and the life that has been from its origin its power."

*The Brownings* The ideal poet is a prophet, inspired by God to proclaim absolute and eternal truth in the midst of the changing and passing. So avers Signor Antonio Fogazzaro in his preface to the latest book on the Brownings.<sup>3</sup> To many Italians, he adds, Mrs. Browning's ideal may seem too mystic, too high to others who cannot or will not attain it. But he would have more of it in Italy, and he appeals in its behalf to his countrymen and women in the glowing, finished phrase which one has a right to expect from the author of "Il Santo." For Robert Browning, Signor Fogazzaro does not feel the same attraction, though thoroughly admiring and appreciating the poet's recondite, original thought. Though English by much environment of every kind, the Brownings ever turned towards Italy with passion. It could hardly have been exceeded by any Italian; indeed, Robert Browning was wont to say that the word Italy would be found written on his heart. From Italy the lives and the work of both man and wife draw their choicest inspiration. It is specially fitting, therefore, that Italians should celebrate the Brownings, as does Countess Salazar in this well-printed volume, and as does the foremost of Italian novelists in the preface which he has con-

tributed to his friend's biographical and critical study. As an essayist Countess Salazar has long been favorably known. She has a special claim on America because of her two books dealing with Emerson's life and works. In those volumes she did much to make Emerson better known and appreciated in Italy. By her latest publication she will do the same, we are sure, for the Brownings. She writes with feminine facility but often with a masculine force, and carries her reader with her in the current of a fine enthusiasm. Only very rarely do her judgments seem questionable, as, for instance, when she speaks of Whitman in the same breath with Shakespeare and Tennyson. But this is hypercriticism. Her interesting and useful book should be translated into English, French, and German for the benefit of those who do not read Italian.

*Canada* An excellent subject for that type of book which has now become very popular, in which the emphasis is laid on a large number of reproduced paintings made originally for the book in question, is certainly to be found in Canada. The present volume<sup>4</sup> is one of the most attractive of this class we have seen. The paintings here reproduced in excellent color-printing are by T. Mower Martin, R.C.A., and the descriptive text is written by Wilfred Campbell, who is well known to writers on both sides of the Canada border as a poet, an enthusiast, a patriot, and a nature-lover. Author and painter have combined happily and successfully in presenting Canadian life and scenery agreeably and with abundant and dependable information.

*The Pyrenees* Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould has a long list of books to his credit. Among them his present volume<sup>5</sup> is likely to hold prominent place both because of its intrinsic worth and because tourists and sojourners have long needed a book on the Pyrenees of exactly the kind now supplied. It will not be Mr. Baring-Gould's fault if an exquisite mountain region is not better known and appreciated.

*Christian Rome* A good small guide to Rome has always been a desideratum. The latest competitor for public favor<sup>6</sup> has been compiled by J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank, who have compiled their pages as much as possible on the lines laid down by the late Mr. Grant Allen for his series of historical guide-books, of which the present

<sup>1</sup> *Navigating the Air*. By the Aero Club of America. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> *Sixty Years with Plymouth Church*. By Stephen M. Griswold. The F. H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.

<sup>3</sup> *La Vita e le Opere di Roberto ed Elisabetta Barrett Browning*. Da Fanny Zampini-Salazar. Società Tipografico-Editrice Nazionale, Roma.

<sup>4</sup> *Canada*. Described by Wilfred Campbell, L.L.D. Painted by T. Mower Martin. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$5. net.

<sup>5</sup> *A Book of the Pyrenees*. By S. Baring-Gould. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50. net.

<sup>6</sup> *Christian Rome*. By J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. (Grant Allen's Historical Guides.) The A. Wessels Company, New York. \$1.25. net.

volume forms a part. His idea was to concentrate the reader's attention only on what is essential, important, and typical. Hence the compilers have made no attempt to catalogue every church and work of art connected with Christian Rome. The result is an admirably practical guide.

**Savonarola** Savonarola was a Roman Catholic in doctrine. But he was a Protestant in his warfare against the Papacy. He was a Puritan in his reform of public morals. He was a democrat in his advocacy of the rights of the poor. So affirms Savonarola's latest biographer,<sup>1</sup> and so we may affirm. This latest biographer—President Crawford, of Allegheny College—writes with contagious enthusiasm, though his style seems far from being as finished and full of color as the subject demands. It is certainly a far cry from Villari to Mr. Crawford. But it is wrong to judge the latter's matter or manner by the standards applied to others; indeed, he distinctly disclaims any pretense to a comprehensive biographical study. But he does describe with force Savonarola both as man and as a prophet of righteousness. His book will be helpful to many.

**A History of Art** We welcome a new edition,<sup>2</sup> published in a compact volume with rounded corners, of M. Salomon Reinach's "Manual of the History of Art throughout the Ages." The book comprises the lectures delivered by M. Reinach at the École du Louvre, Paris. The text, well translated, has been expanded and brought up to date, and is provided with about six hundred illustrations. The bibliography is especially rich and ample.

**The Escorial** So far as we know, the Escorial—that great Spanish royal palace, monastery, and mausoleum in one—has not yet been treated in exhaustive detail in any English work. It is a satisfaction, therefore, to find one of the volumes devoted to it<sup>3</sup> in the excellent "Spanish Series," edited by Mr. Albert F. Calvert. The book is specially noteworthy because of its nearly three hundred illustrations, which have been published together, and form the second half of the volume.

**Edinburgh** It need hardly be said that there are a thousand and one associations connecting Edinburgh with the name of Sir Walter Scott. Even with this in mind, one is rather surprised to find how easily and readily the author of this volume<sup>4</sup> has at the same time presented a carefully drawn picture of Edinburgh at the beginning of the nineteenth century, and shown us the delightful figure of the great romancer in the city's streets, courts, and houses. The book is most emphatically readable because of its many personal anecdotes about notables and odd characters, and while the stories about Scott himself are not, as a rule, new, they are grouped in a new way. A more enjoyable book of literary and personal reminiscences is not often published nowadays.

**Water Wonders** This is an interesting book<sup>5</sup> because it deals in a very simple and entertaining way with frost, ice, snow, dew, and running water; and because it is enriched by many reproductions of beautiful photographs of crystals taken by Mr. Bentley. This book happily combines adequate knowledge of the subject with a graphic and entertaining style.

**The New Testament Emphasized** This very convenient and attractive pocket volume<sup>6</sup> of the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version of the New Testament emphasizes the words of Jesus by full-faced type. For the untaught reader it has the further advantage of indicating the correct pronunciation of all proper names.

**Lilies and Orchids** These color-studies of many fine species of lilies and orchids are notable for their exquisite tints and faithful reproduction of the originals. The book<sup>7</sup> is not only beautiful in itself, but will be a guide to those interested in this particular branch of floral and botanical study, and will be of use also to all lovers of wild flowers. The flower families are illustrated by specimens chosen mainly in the United States east of the Rockies, but with a few also from Canada and California.

<sup>1</sup> Girolamo Savonarola. By William H. Crawford. Eaton & Mains, New York. \$1. net.

<sup>2</sup> Apollo. By S. Reinach. Translated by Florence Simmonds. (New Edition, Revised.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50, net.

<sup>3</sup> The Escorial. By Albert F. Calvert. John Lane Company, New York. \$1.25, net. Postage, 14c.

<sup>4</sup> Edinburgh Under Sir Walter Scott. By W. T. Fyfe. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3, net.

<sup>5</sup> Water Wonders Every Child Should Know. By Jean M. Thompson. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.10, net.

<sup>6</sup> The New Testament. (Emphasized Edition.) Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York.

<sup>7</sup> Lilies and Orchids. By Rosina C. Boardman. Illustrated. Robert Grier Cooke, New York. \$2.50, net.

# Letters to The Outlook

## THE TAXATION CURE

Your comprehensive editorial in a recent issue upon the State Control of Public Utilities affirms that the Hughes Bill "is well worthy the study of publicists, editors, and economists," and, again, that "to put into law a plan for State control of all public utilities is a great undertaking." The latter statement appears to me to be painfully true, because, like the President's proposals for arbitrary limitation of fortunes by death rates, or an arbitrary fixing of railway rates, such a plan well-nigh savors of the impossible, in that, instead of being an automatic regulation, it is an attempt to divide between corporation and State administrative duties which naturally should be performed by one party, either the corporation or the State.

The conviction appears to be rapidly gaining ground that one of two things must come; viz., either public utilities must be owned by the State, or they must be regulated by the State. It is respectfully submitted that the best if not the only effective regulation possible is through the agency of taxation, which can be made to extract from the corporation that part of its profits directly contributed by the public, leaving all its improvements, in other words, its plant—the capital devoted to its industry—free of taxation. The astonishing thing is that economists, legislators, and newspapers, in their opposition to ownership of certain monopolies, do not suggest and discuss, even if they are not ready to advocate, the compromise alternative to ownership. How else can the opposition to public ownership head off its coming better than by advocating taxation in its stead? and why not be as persistent in experiments of taxation as of ownership, thus contributing to the only possible solution—experimental test and demonstration—the survival of the fittest? The true system when found will be the one which bears the supreme test of furnishing a maximum service at a minimum cost.

Public ownership, it is said, may be all right under comparatively pure civic conditions, but it is not safe where there is graft. Of taxation it can be asserted that it is safe and sane, graft or no graft. The essence of any graft exterminator must reside in taxation—the taxation of special privilege.

For one, I do not incline to ownership of transportation; but I do not pretend to be wise enough to decide between the two, nor does it appear to me immediately necessary to make such choice. There is one way

easily open for its determination; viz., the comparative test of time. That the use of taxation, an instrument ready made and close at hand, is wise, I have not a doubt. It must be admitted that legislative regulation, being uninformed and uninspired, cannot be otherwise than arbitrary, unaccommodating, indiscriminating. Taxation is neither of these, but is elastic, self-adjustive, self-operative, and admittedly corrective.

Do we always analyze in our own minds what is meant by public utilities, quasi-public corporations, semi-public functions? We mean, do we not, that a part is public business and a part is private business; that one part represents public capital, another part represents private capital; one part is public function, one part is individual function; one part is franchise, the other part is equipment and operation?

If these constituent parts can be separated, why not treat them separately? Why, in order to control the public agency, is it necessary to assume the private agency? Why not, through taxation, assume gradually the public's right to the franchise, and let improvement and operation remain in private hands? If not quite sure that it is wise to take over both, why not take the franchise first and observe the effect? If persuaded that it is wise to take both, why not, in the natural order, take them over one at a time—the franchise first? Then, instead of a legislative reduction of rates once in ten or twenty-five years in the face of a formidable lobby, there would be an annual regulation of the rate, or of the corporation tax, or both, by the board of assessors, or the board of equalization, in the light of an honest, expert public accounting, to secure all the benefits which could be claimed for public ownership without the dangers which would attend the latter. C. B. FILLEBROWN.

Massachusetts Single Tax League, Boston.

[Taxation may serve to secure to the public its share of the wealth secured through a public franchise; but it has no effect whatever to secure either just or equal rates for passengers and shippers, none to prevent stock-watering and corporation-wrecking, and none to guard against accidents produced by underpaid or overworked employees or false economies.—THE EDITORS.]

## MILITARISM

It is unfortunate that the public does not recognize that in the supposed conflict of opinion between Mr. Carnegie and Professor

Münsterberg, who is supported by Mr. Bertling in your issue of June 15, both are right regarding German military service. The one says that German militarism is a burden and many come here to avoid it; the other claims that the Germans who remain at home do not, as a whole, feel it to be a burden. Each statement is compatible with the other. Doubtless German military drill has decided educational advantages, and the term of service is looked upon as "school time," as Professor Münsterberg declares. But though many peasants look forward to this period as one which takes them from farm drudgery to the city and not as an infliction, the fact remains that conscription as a whole is a heavy burden which women and all classes suffer from, whether they have sufficient observation and logic to perceive it or not.

The consumption of liquor is likewise a heavy burden to this country. We spend as much on it annually as on all our boots and shoes and breadstuffs—a prodigious and appalling amount, sufficient to allow \$120,000,000 a year to educate our 6,000,000 illiterates and to have more than \$500,000,000 annually for good roads, draining swamps, irrigating arid plains, for parks, hospitals, and forest reserves, for which latter Congress cannot be persuaded to give even the pitiful sum of \$3,000,000.

Though German commercial and industrial classes are far more prosperous than formerly, it is in spite of, not because of, her military expenditure. The bulk of the people are poor. While Germany has more excuse at present than many other nations for huge armies, she would be enormously better off in every way should she, by providing at the Hague Conference for a more efficacious means of getting peace with justice, be able to add the present years of conscription to the boys' compulsory schooling and leave her youth of army age in productive employment. This would give them an earlier and more valuable education, and could be made as strict and as full of physical training as was desired.

Nothing is wholly bad, not even conscription of all a nation's young men, which leaves their mothers and sisters to work in fields and city streets, cleaning gutters as women do in Munich, or harnessed with dogs to milk-carts, and which puts the support of millions of able-bodied men upon the taxpayer. Mr. Alfred H. Fried, the well-known editor of *Die Friedenswarte*, in a criticism on German Militarism, quotes Werner Sombart's figures in "Das Proletariat": "The half or nearly the half of all persons live in homes of not more than one room; and in Berlin there are 30,000 homes in each of which six or more persons

live in one room," and he calls attention to the fact that one-third of the voters are Social Democrats and opposed to the military system. Whether the other two-thirds of the voters and their wives are conscious of it or not, militarism in Germany and militarism everywhere is a frightful burden, as such facts as these indicate.

LUCIA AMES MEAD.

Boston, Massachusetts.

### UNCONSCIOUS ENGLISH HUMOR

Occasionally one comes upon morsels of the English critic mind which it is criminal to refuse to share with the general world of laughter.

To add to the joys of life, some one should reproduce in this country an edition of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," with the introduction by Gilbert K. Chesterton, published by Blackie & Sons, Limited, London.

The introduction is in itself delightful because of the author's desire to say something hitherto unsaid. The more humorous part of the book, however, is in the notes by E. H. Blakeney, M.A., Trinity College, Cambridge.

I am not going to take up the space of your useful pages by quoting at length these amusing interpretations of the text of Wendell Holmes. They seem to be founded upon some belief in the dense ignorance of the average English reader, to whom it is necessary to explain that "Johnson and Boswell used regularly to meet and dine at that Club which existed long without a name." We are informed that "William Cullen Bryant was an American poet;" that "Hogarth was an etcher and painter, and probably unsurpassed as a satirist." We are told of "that fair sheet" that it is the Frog Pond on Boston Common. As the 'Autocrat's' boarding-house was in Boston, he naturally found the local names and associations of the place amply sufficient for his use." We are kindly informed that Thomas Browne wrote the "Religio Medici," and really there is not a page of these notes that has not its supply of gentle mirth for the American reader.

Best of all, however, is the note on page 285, a comment on the lines of "The One-Hoss Shay":

"Eighteen Hundred:—it came and found  
The Deacon's Masterpiece strong and sound.  
Eighteen Hundred increased by ten:—  
'Hahnsun kerridge' they called it then."

To make this clear to the English mind we have the following note: "'Hahnsun kerridge'—surely an anachronism. The patent for 'Hansom cabs' was not taken out till 1834, or twenty-four years after the date (1810) given here."

S. W. M.

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# The ✓ Outlook

*Saturday, July 13, 1907*

## President Roosevelt as a Nature Lover and Observer

By John Burroughs



**Reverend  
Sam Jones's Widow  
Gets \$1,000 per Year for Life**

The name and the fame of Rev. Sam P. Jones have gone over the nation. While the noted evangelist preached the Gospel with great power, it now transpires that he provided for his wife with great good sense. As a result of this foresight and self-denial

**The Mutual  
Life Insurance  
Company**

is now paying Mrs. Jones \$1,000 per year, and will continue to do so during her life. In a recent letter Mrs. Jones thanks the Company for the way in which this matter has been handled. This is all good for Mrs. Jones, but how about the woman yet unprotected and the man yet uninsured? The need is great and certain. The Company is strong and ready. Write and learn more about how such protection can be secured.

**The Time to Act is NOW.**

For the new forms of policies consult our nearest agent, or write direct to

**The Mutual Life Insurance  
Company of New York,  
N. Y.**

# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 11

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## *The Right to be Overworked*

The Outlook regards it a dangerous practice to criticize court decisions. The stability of our government depends upon the cheerful acquiescence of the citizens in the interpretation of the laws by authoritative tribunals; and anything that tends to shake popular confidence in those tribunals savors of anarchy. Nevertheless, The Outlook cannot refrain from calling attention to the consequences that will result from a recent decision of the New York Court of Appeals. From a lawyer's point of view the decision may be sound; but from the point of view of one interested in social welfare and progress it seems hurtful. According to that decision, the law protecting women from night work in factories is unconstitutional. This law prohibited the employment of women in factories between nine o'clock in the evening and six in the morning. Judge Gray, who wrote the opinion in which all the other judges concur, holds that the law is an unwarrantable interference with women's freedom of contract. The learned judge says:

The provisions of the State and of the Federal Constitutions protect every citizen in the right to pursue any lawful employment in a lawful manner. He enjoys the utmost freedom to follow his chosen pursuit and any arbitrary distinction against, or deprivation of, that freedom by the legislature is an invasion of the constitutional guaranty. Under our laws, men and women now stand alike in their constitutional rights and there is no warrant for making any discrimination between them with respect to the liberty of person, or of contract. . . . I find nothing in the language of the section which suggests the purpose of promoting health, except as it might be inferred that for a woman to work during the forbidden hours of night would be unhealthful. . . . It is clear, as it seems to me, that this legislation cannot, and should not, be upheld as a proper exercise of the police power. It is, certainly, discriminative against female citizens, in denying to them equal rights with men in the same pursuit. . . . The tendency of legisla-

tures, in the form of regulatory measures, to interfere with the lawful pursuits of citizens is becoming a marked one in this country, and it behooves the courts, firmly and fearlessly, to interpose the barriers of their judgments, when invoked to protect against legislative acts, plainly, transcending the powers conferred by the Constitution upon the legislative body. . . . An adult female is not to be regarded as a ward of the state, or in any other light than the man is regarded, when the question relates to the business pursuit or calling.

Practically, this decision preserving to women the freedom of working at night makes it impossible for women to refuse to work whatever length of time at night the employer may demand; for refusal spells dismissal. The physical differences between men and women, the debilitating effect of night work upon women who are, or are to be, the mothers of the race, the dangers to the health and vigor of the Nation caused by putting upon women the burdens that may properly fall upon men, are ignored, or dismissed as inconsiderable, by this decision. The effect will fall most disastrously upon young workingwomen between eighteen and twenty-one years of age, who form so overwhelming a proportion of the rapidly growing army of women who work. True, the Court holds that it is only adult women who cannot be restricted; but what hope is there of protecting working-girls when no proof of age is practicable after sixteen? While the New York Court has declared night work for women not sufficiently dangerous to warrant the State's interference, the civilized nations of Europe, with the exception of Russia (a significant absentee), have, in conference at Berne, Switzerland, drawn up an international treaty to the effect "that night work shall be prohibited for all women, without distinction of age," with certain specified exceptions. As yet the United States has not awakened to the importance of thus protecting the race by protecting

its women. In the old days, when individualism prevailed, the liberty of the individual to do as he pleased was the safeguard against tyranny. Now, when a complicated industrialism prevails, it is society—the community, the nation, the race at large—that needs to be safeguarded; and yet, so strong is tradition, we hold fast to that individual liberty until we allow it to become a social menace. It is interesting to note that those who are most concerned for the welfare of women are the quickest to repudiate this attempt to fasten upon them unlimited freedom of contract; while those who argue for their freedom of contract are largely those who find their unrestricted employment a night a source of profit.

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*Public Utilities : Two  
Methods of Control*

Following closely upon the action of the New York Legislature in passing a law to control public utilities, the action of the Legislature of Wisconsin in passing a measure with the same object is of special interest. New York has created two Commissions to control practically all public utilities except telephones; Wisconsin has given to its Railroad Commission control over all public utilities, including telephones. These two measures invite comparison. They embody two principles in common: first, that it is the right and the duty of the public to control every concern engaged in the public service; second, that the people can exercise control best, not by recourse to the courts, nor by the enactment of restrictive legislation, but by the employment of an administrative Commission. Their points of resemblance, however, may almost be said to be limited to these two principles. The methods of control which the administrative Commission of Wisconsin is empowered to employ differ in many fundamental respects from those which the New York State Commissions may legally follow. The problem in the two States is the same. Public service corporations, like other business corporations, are money-making concerns; but, unlike other business corporations, they have, or tend to

have, a monopoly of the operation of certain utilities on which the life of the community, as a community, depends. Their temptation is constantly to take advantage of the necessity of the people, to take advantage of their own public position by gaining undue privilege through influence over public officials, and to be careless of economical administration because of the absence of competition; moreover, even when the officers of these corporations are aggressively honest and public-spirited, and when there is some competition, there is often waste through needless duplication of equipment, and there are likely to be special favors offered to a privileged few in the matter of service in which all members of the community should be treated with equality. The evils are thus fourfold—first, unfair rates and unsatisfactory service to users of the service; second, arbitrary independence of public opinion; third, demoralizing relations with public officials; fourth, financial transactions which put an undue share of the proceeds of the utilities into the pockets of a few. The New York way is to deal directly with each of these evils: regulate rates and service, limit and tax franchises, penalize corruption, and regulate the issue and transfer of stocks and bonds. The Wisconsin way is to undertake to remedy what is regarded as the fundamental evil, out of which the other evils grow, and then trust to the elimination of the other evils by a natural process. This fundamental evil, according to the theory behind the Wisconsin bill, lies in the fact that public utilities have been allowed to include in their capital account, on which income is estimated, more than actual investment. By including in their capital, for example, the value of their franchises, by obscure and secretive accounting, and by other means, such corporations have succeeded in making great profits; they have therefore been tempted to corrupt the government, deal insolently with the public, and engage in unsound financial transactions. To put the theory in another way—establish an honest rate for an honest service, and all the evils of stock-watering, mergers, corruption, and the like will disappear.

*Public Utilities: The Wisconsin Measure*

The Wisconsin Utilities Measure is an attempt, therefore, primarily to secure an honest service for an honest charge. Its starting point is a physical valuation of public utilities made by the Commission. This is to be made public. All accounts are to be kept and recorded on a uniform system prescribed by the Commission. Permits to use public streets, to act as a corporation, to utilize certain forms of power, and the like, are to be granted without charge and without any specified time limit. Since such franchises will call for no expenditure on the part of the investor, they will not be added to the physical valuation to form the capital account; therefore higher rates to pay the expenses of franchises will be unnecessary; there will be no such expense on this account calling for reimbursement. Interest on the actual investment, cost of ownership and operation, including depreciation, extension, insurance, damages, and the like, and a fair profit in addition to the interest rate on the investment, would be thus considered the elements in a just return to the owners of the public utility. The capital account being thus determined, and a fair return upon it estimated, the Commission has power to fix a rate that will insure such a reasonable return. On the other hand, it can so regulate the management of the business and the character of the service that the public will not suffer inconvenience. Since these franchises are exclusive, indeterminate, and untaxed, protecting the corporation from competition, they are also made revocable under certain circumstances. It is, however, provided that if, for instance, a municipality desires to own and operate a public utility owned and operated by a corporation, it shall pay a definitely ascertained compensation, based on the official valuation. It is argued that stock-watering and other financial manipulations will disappear with the opportunity to obtain exorbitant profits. The courts are given full power to pass upon the reasonableness of all the acts of the Commission. It will be highly interesting to watch this race between the two States. Which will be more effectual, the New York

stroke or the Wisconsin stroke? Which will prove the more practicable, the Western measure, based on a definite economic theory, or the Eastern measure, drawn to meet certain definite and immediate problems?



*National Vagrancy: Its National Treatment*

At the recent annual National Conference of

Charities and Correction at Minneapolis the question of vagrancy in the United States was the subject of much discussion. A paper, presented by Mr. O. F. Lewis, Superintendent of the Joint Application Bureau of New York, gave certain startling facts. Statistics show that from 1901 to 1905 more trespassers were killed on American railways than the combined totals of passengers and trainmen killed. From one-half to three-quarters of such trespassers are estimated by railway companies to be vagrants. The annual list of trespassers reported by the railways to the Interstate Commerce Commission as injured is approximately equal to the number of trespassers killed. The direct and indirect annual cost to the railways from vagrants, who commit all kinds of depredations, even causing the wrecking of trains, was estimated by a representative of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to be at least \$25,000,000 a year. Society pays enormous toll in the form of care of vagrants in poorhouses and jails, through private and public charitable bodies and private individuals. The fact was brought out plainly at the National Conference that vagrancy is now a National problem, requiring National treatment. Massachusetts, using the State as the unit of activity, has in one year reduced by from sixty to eighty per cent. the number of vagrants applying for public care or shelter. This means, however, that there are probably more vagrants in contiguous States. New York City may make good lodging-house rules, but in the absence of a mendicancy squad, beggars can ply their trade during the day, and sleep in unsupervised lodging-houses in Jersey City, Hoboken, and Newark. Josiah Flynt put his finger on a sore spot in our

ineffectual treatment of vagrants when he said that a man who asks alms of you in the streets in New York on Monday may make the same request of you in Chicago on the following Saturday. The fact that half a hundred of our leading railways, representing more than half the total mileage operated in the United States and Canada, have sent detailed statements to Mr. Lewis, showing the seriousness of the vagrancy question on their lines, has led to the appointment at the Conference of a provisional committee of fifteen, composed of persons representing the different sections of the country. This committee of fifteen will appoint a National Vagrancy Committee, whose organization and methods of work for a number of years will probably be analogous to the well-known work of the National Child Labor Committee. The National Vagrancy Committee will consist of about one hundred members, among whom the railways will be prominently represented. The Committee will probably work along three lines. It will endeavor to secure the co-operation of railways, town and city authorities, private and public charitable bodies, State boards of charities or control, the press, and private individuals, in bringing about better legislation and better enforcement of present laws. It will seek to give wide publicity to well-known facts about vagrancy and tramping, and will try to show how ineffectual many of the present methods of treating vagrants are. As a third branch of the work of the National Vagrancy Committee, an extended investigation of vagrancy conditions in the United States will probably be undertaken. The tramp is the most elusive of all applicants for charity, and the perpetrator of many petty, undiscovered crimes. He generally has no settlement; he is moved on from place to place, or given short-term sentences in jail, and is altogether undesirable. If State committees are organized by the National Vagrancy Committee, and if the cities and towns in the different States commence to adopt a consistent programme looking to a more deterrent and consequently more humane treatment of vagrants, there will follow at least the beginning of a reduction of

the number of unnecessary vagrants now to be found in this country.



#### *Chicago's Plans for Improvement*

Chicago has embarked upon a comprehensive plan of municipal improvement. Under the leadership of the Merchants' Club (now known as the Commercial Club), Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, who has performed a somewhat similar service for Washington and Manila under Federal initiative, and for San Francisco under private initiative, has been retained (if that can be said of one who generously contributes his personal services) to prepare a plan to show how Chicago can be made a better place to live in, not only from the standpoint of civic beauty, but also from the more utilitarian standpoints of commercial advantage, health, comfort, and convenience. Although the plan is far from completed, preliminary suggestions have been formulated, and some of them actually put in the process of execution. One of these is the "recovery of the blue line," as it is locally called, which is another name for the improvement of the lake front. This involves the building of a narrow park strip on the mainland, and a broad one out in Lake Michigan, leaving an open lagoon between the two to be diversified with islands, and the shores to be planted with trees, shrubs, and flowers, affording a needed touch of color. This strip of parkway, which it is estimated will require three years to build, will be connected with the park system and boulevards, so that the city will be completely girdled by parks and artistic roadways. This stretch and the boulevard link connecting the North Side with a new parkway are all that is needed to complete the chain. It is Mr. Burnham's desire to evolve a clearly defined scheme permitting the unhampered growth within the city proper as the center, and the development of the city beyond, and to establish great circuit boulevards, into which may be gathered and from which may be distributed the traffic to every section of the city, the plan to include the development and widening of diagonal arteries. As the scheme of circulation within the heart of the city reaches a

logical and practical solution, the study will be extended further throughout the city limits, and will take up the outer park system and the outlying townships within a radius of forty miles, with the idea of perfecting communication between them and the city, and between the townships themselves. In a recent address before the Commercial Club, Ambassador Bryce, in commenting on these far-reaching plans, declared :

You have formed the conception of making Chicago worthy in its external aspects of its immense wealth and its splendid industrial future. You have in your lake front an opportunity such as few cities have for providing superb pieces of city landscape. Your great inland sea may be faced by a magnificent promenade, and you may rear colonnades like those of ancient Egypt, over lagoons like those of mediæval Venice. You have already, through parts of the city, a chain of parks and boulevards which only needs to be further extended and developed to make Chicago without a parallel among modern cities. The beauty of architecture will doubtless come in time to re-enforce those beauties which general street design can now create for you, and you will find that the effect on the minds of your people will stimulate the growth not only of an enjoyment of art, but probably of a creative faculty in art and in literature. With your wealth, with your public spirit, there is nothing impossible to such a city as Chicago.

Quite a little of the preliminary legislation required to put these various parts of the plan into effect was enacted at the recent session of the Illinois Legislature. The question of railways and street railway facilities will come in for consideration. The railways and the public alike recognize that congestion in the downtown district of Chicago has reached a point that is intolerable and even dangerous. To relieve this congestion is of the first importance. It is recognized that the question of railway terminals is inseparably bound up with the question of local street-car and subway service, and the Club's committee is therefore conferring with officials of the railway companies and of the traction companies.

®

*The Philadelphia Gas Situation*  
It would seem as if the gas question in Philadelphia, which has been so conspicuous a factor in the politics of that city for the past two years, had been

settled for the next twenty years, through the refusal of the Councils to give notice to the United Gas Improvement Company that they intended to terminate the present lease on December 31 next. In 1897 the City Councils, after a vigorous public opposition, leased the City Gas Works to the United Gas Improvement Company for thirty years, with a proviso that at the end of ten years the city might take them back by paying the Company all it had expended on improvements. The city then would have the right either to run the plant itself or to rent it to the highest and best bidder. In view of these privileges, the City Party Councilmen prepared two ordinances, one providing that the city give formal notice of its intention to terminate the lease in December; the other to advertise for bids for the remaining twenty years of the lease. For weeks a strong fight has been made for these two measures, simply, as one Councilman put it, "to take down the Chinese wall surrounding the present lease." According to the North American, the plant was worth \$25,000,000 ten years ago, and the Company has had the use of it free of rental and taxes, the city receiving ten cents on every dollar per thousand feet of gas sold (which amounted to \$4,653,153.87 in the nine years) unless the city should prefer to reduce the price to ninety cents, in which event the consumer and not the municipal corporation would receive the pay for the use of the works. Whether these ten cents go into the city treasury or into the consumers' pocket again, they come out of the latter, and this fact has been the basis of the frequently reiterated charge that the present lessee has the use of the plant free of rent and taxes. For the next five years the city will be entitled to fifteen cents per thousand; for the next, twenty cents; and for the last ten years of the lease, twenty-five cents. The claim has been persistently made by Sheriff Brown (City Party), a former Councilman, by the Citizens' Committee, and by the City Party Councilmen, that all these payments could easily be made to the city and the price of gas reduced to seventy-five cents to the consumer if new bidders were given a chance, and that the United

Gas Improvement Company itself would make this concession if forced to do so. But the Councilmanic Committee on Gas thought otherwise, and reported the Lewis ordinances unfavorably, a position which the two bodies of Councils sustained by a vote of 33 to 8 in the upper chamber and of 54 to 22 in the lower. At this distance, irrespective of the claim that the service of the United Gas Improvement Company had been so excellent (which we believe is generally conceded), it would seem to have been in the best interests of the city and a square deal all around if an honest attempt had been made to get more satisfactory offers. As it is, the position of Councils is tantamount to saying that no better bid would be forthcoming, unless a more sinister explanation may be found in the fact that the beneficiary company in this instance is the same one which made the grossly unfair offer in 1905 that precipitated the political revolution of that year.



#### *Japan and America*

Sensationalists who desire to foment discord between the United States and Japan found comfort at first in two incidents of last week. One was the fact that at San Francisco the Police Commissioners denied the application of five Japanese for the privilege of renewing their permits to keep intelligence offices, and refused two Japanese applicants who desired to obtain now permits for the same business, on the ground that the applicants were not citizens of the United States, and that "heretofore the policy of the Board had been always to give the preference in these privileges to citizens, against those who are not and cannot become citizens." The myth-makers who regard Japan and this country as almost at swords' points predicted that this report would excite fierce demonstrations of disapproval in Japan. Nothing of the kind happened; the Japanese statesmen and the Japanese press seemed to recognize instantly the fact that, so far as a new question had been raised, it was purely a legal one, and that the rights of Japanese in San Francisco under the State law and under treaty obligations might safely be left to the

courts, State and National, for definition. The other incident was the rumor that a fleet of sixteen American battle-ships was to be sent to the Pacific, and the totally false inference that such a naval movement would mean that our Government feared war with Japan. The President's Secretary at once stated that there was no intention of sending a fleet to the Pacific, at least for some months to come; and from Mr. Loeb's remarks and those of the Secretary of the Navy it appeared that for two years or more the Department has had under contemplation a long ocean cruise for a number of battle-ships, and that the voyage around Cape Horn and up to San Francisco may perhaps be selected. The object is to maneuver a squadron of big ships together, and to keep the battle-ships in American waters preferably to sending them abroad. Every one concerned ridiculed the idea that international differences had anything to do with the long-contemplated cruise. Again the yellow American papers predicted tremendous excitement in Japan, and again nothing of the kind happened. Japan, as a great naval power, knows perfectly well that every country must exercise the right of sending its war-ships where and when it pleases, and that no nation may properly take offense at the naval dispositions of another in time of peace. Apart from these two incidents, there have been cabled from Japan contradictions of a foolish report that American goods were to be boycotted in Japan, and assurances that intelligent people in the latter country understood perfectly that (to quote Ambassador Reid's remarks in London on the Fourth of July) "two great nations that have been friends from the beginning, and that hold similar positions in their respective hemispheres, are not going to hunt for a quarrel about small outbreaks in restaurants or bar-rooms, however much such incidents are to be guarded against and deplored." Beside these common-sense words may well be placed the recent utterance of the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Aoki:

I think the excitement, as you term it, is over in Japan, and, anyway, I do not think

it was ever of particular significance. The Japanese people have great respect for their Government. They have been accustomed for centuries to deep reverence for it, and they are not accustomed to rail at constituted authority. Consequently, when the Government makes known its position on any matter, the people are accustomed to acquiesce.

In this country the habit of obedience to authority is not so well formed. The country is still new, and many of its inhabitants have been citizens of it for a short time. Perhaps they could not be expected to have that love and reverence for it which comes of centuries of uninterrupted national life.

But much as we reverence our national traditions, we have elected to enter the concert of Western nations, and have adopted the forms of European civilization. As a nation we do not wish to do anything which might be a bar to our progress. We are acting in the utmost good faith, and we do not wish it to be thought that we are quarrelsome or insincere in our protestations.



#### *The Defense in the Haywood Case*

With the expected appearance on the witness-stand this week of William D. Haywood and Charles H. Moyer, who are accused by Orchard as principals with him in the murder of ex-Governor Steunenberg and other atrocious crimes, the defense in this remarkable and prolonged trial will come to an end. Without doubt both Haywood and Moyer will positively deny all of Orchard's assertions, and the claim of the defense will be that, apart from the allegations of a criminal shown, if the defense's witnesses speak the truth, to have been in many points a notorious liar, there is no valid or sufficient corroborative evidence that connects Haywood and Moyer with the crimes alleged. For two weeks or more the counsel for the defense have put witness after witness on the stand, each of whom has contradicted Orchard in some more or less important statement. Many of these contradictions were apparently of little consequence, but the intention was evidently to show that the whole narrative so unconcernedly delivered by Orchard on the stand abounded in circumstantial statements which, upon close examination, appear to be entirely incorrect. Apart from these contradictions of the chief witness for the prosecution,

the policy of the defense has been to set up a counter-conspiracy under which it is asserted that the Mine Owners' Association, aided by the Pinkerton detectives, formed a deep-laid plot to exterminate the Western Federation of Miners. Witnesses were introduced who testified that Pinkerton detectives joined the Federation as spies and in some cases attained high office in the society, and that under their guidance acts of violence were committed for the express purpose of making a case against the leaders of the miners. It was further claimed that Orchard had suspicious relations with these detectives; that he had nothing to do with many of the acts of violence to which he confessed; that at least one of these so-called crimes was in fact an accident; and that while Orchard undoubtedly murdered ex-Governor Steunenberg, it was through motives of personal revenge and because Steunenberg's enmity to Orchard had compelled the latter to sell for a trifle an interest he possessed in a certain mine which later became of very great value. What effect these various attempts of the defense to prove theories consistent with the innocence of Haywood may have had on the jury it is impossible at this time to judge. Presumably the *crux* of the case will be as to whether Orchard's testimony has been so fully corroborated by other witnesses, as required by law, that the jury will find such an unbroken chain of circumstantial evidence as to leave no reasonable doubt of guilt. That the mining troubles in Colorado and Idaho amounted to little less than open warfare, in which both sides committed acts which cannot be justified by law or by any ordinary exigencies, is the one fact that comes out most prominently in reading the testimony in this extraordinary case.



#### *Late Harvests and Prosperity*

Harvest commenced about a month ago on the southern edge of the winter wheat belt, is still continuing, and will soon end at the northern limit of the spring wheat area up in Manitoba. It is a late harvest—the latest in many years, as spring over the entire



country was the most "backward" in five decades. To the great Middle West grain region particularly the outlook for weeks was discouraging. Not only was there an average of very low temperature to hold back the growing crops, but as late as May 27 killing frost as far south as southern Kansas. In that State alone 600,000 acres of wheat were ruined in a few hours and the yield of much more was impaired. Added to this unseasonable weather was the damage done by the grain louse, or "green bug," which appeared for the first time since 1901. It fed on the young wheat of northern Texas, Oklahoma, and southern Kansas, causing a loss of millions of bushels. Oklahoma expects less than a half-crop, while Kansas will produce nowhere near the high figures of the past six years of plenty. The States farther north are in better condition, and will have a fair, though late-harvested, yield. Experts say the world will raise about 250,000,000 bushels less wheat this year than last, half the shortage being in America and half in Europe. The United States, which produced 735,000,000 bushels last year, will harvest about 630,000,000 bushels this summer. Already prices of foodstuffs have advanced. Wheat and flour are higher; corn and oats have risen in sympathy. The farmers are reported to have been much excited when wheat went to a dollar in the speculative market late in May, and to be organizing to hold back their crop so that such a price may be a regular thing at the interior stations. Whether or not this movement be successful, the farmer seems likely to get about as much for his wheat as last year in the greater value per bushel. If his corn is good, he will continue to smile and to increase his bank deposits. But how about the consumer, who must buy the high-priced flour, meal, and everything depending on cereals? Is his salary likely to increase in proportion with the shortness of the grain yield—or will stories of lessened production tend to lower it? This may affect the day laborer, skilled or unskilled, less than any other class of toilers—he seems always to have at hand the remedy of the strike for higher wages. But the

man on a salary, the clerk and the book-keeper, as well as the small merchants and tradesmen of various kinds who are carrying on business to some extent on borrowed money—these may find it an added burden. The enormous consumption of breadstuffs in this country leaves each year a smaller margin for export. The fact that the farmers have more old wheat on hand now than at any similar date in twenty years accounts for some of the confidence with which they consider a lessened return from their fields. They constitute about the only thoroughly independent class in this Nation. The predictions of reversal of prosperity at the end of seven years of plenty have not held good—this eighth year continues the farmers' high tide of profit.



*The Modern Education  
of Ministers*

Signs that the  
theological semi-  
naries of America

are becoming conscious of the fact that the conditions of modern life demand something more than the traditional curriculum are welcome. The Chicago Theological Seminary has made announcement of new courses to be given next year, which it is believed will greatly help its students to meet the exigencies of present-day life when they enter upon the practical work of the ministry. These courses comprise three departments of study in which progress has been evident during recent years. Biblical criticism and psychological research have combined to make great changes in the ideals of what, for the lack of a less clumsy term, must be called religious pedagogy. The basis for belief in the Bible has been changed; and conceptions concerning the character and the development of the religious life have been changed. As a consequence, in the world to-day there is less confidence in the value of cultivating acquaintance with religious words and phrases, and more confidence than ever in the power of cultivating acquaintance with the religious experience of individuals and of the race. Linguistic studies in Hebrew and Greek have therefore assumed less importance than they used to have; on the other hand, acquaintance with the messages of the great

men of the Bible and of the Church, knowledge of the processes of the human mind in the adult as well as in the child, study of the messages of other religions besides Christianity, observation of the effects of applying Christian principles to practical life, and the like, have come to assume greater importance. To adapt the curriculum to this new emphasis, the Seminary has established a new professorship of pedagogy, and put it upon the same status with other departments. In the second place, the study of the principles of relief, of penology, of the treatment of dependents, and the like, has borne much fruit. The work of redeeming men is no longer conceived as merely the saving of them from some great future disaster, but of rescuing them from present wrong and evil. As a consequence of this new conception, the Seminary will make it possible for theological students to do what may be called clinical work. Close affiliation with the Chicago Commons Social Settlement and the Chicago Institute of Social Service, and arrangements by which students can observe the work being done in the great city and confer with specialists who are doing it, will give to the study of "evangelism" a highly practical element. In the third place, the churches are more and more becoming aware that they have a part to play, not merely in rescuing men from evil, but also in elevating civic and social ideals, co-operating with civic and social organizations, and promoting honesty and efficiency in civic and social life. The clinical work and field study of the students will therefore be devoted, not merely to relief, but also to constructive effort. These changes in the Chicago Theological Seminary, coming at the same time with similar changes in the Yale Divinity School (as outlined in the issue of *The Outlook* for April 27), promise much for increase in the practical efficiency and genuine religious life of the churches in America.



#### Two American Dreadnoughts

The American Government is considering bids for the construction of two of the greatest engines of war known to modern nations—monster battle-ships

of the Dreadnought class. The plans call for battle ships that shall not be inferior to England's great Dreadnought or Japan's equivalent for the same. The two new additions to the navy of the United States are known at present officially as Nos. 28 and 29, and the specifications call for battle-ships of approximately 20,000 tons displacement, exclusive of armor and armament. Each of these formidable engines of war, it is estimated, will cost, when completed, \$10,000,000. The successful bidders were the Newport News Shipbuilding Company at \$3,987,000, and the Fore River Shipbuilding Company at \$4,377,000. The biddings were complex, with various designs and combinations specified, one of the successful bidders, the Newport News Company, submitting no less than seven alternative plans. As it is specified by law that no company shall receive a contract for more than one ship, the second lowest bidder naturally has rather the best of the bargain, as a comparison of the above bids shows. In order to have a check on contractors' bids, special bids were received from the naval constructors at the New York and Mare Island navy-yards, prepared under directions from the Department. The officials of the Navy Department were especially gratified at the lowness of the successful bids, which were not only lower than those prepared at the Government navy-yards, but that of the Newport News Company was even less than the cost of the 16,000-ton battle-ship *Minnesota*, and \$3,000 less than the cost of the greatest of our present battle-ships, the *Louisiana*. The new battle-ships are to be completed and delivered to the Government within thirty-six months.



#### A New College for Women

There is a well-defined movement on foot to establish a modern and, so far as it can be made, a model college for the higher education of women on the Pacific coast. The significance of the Pacific coast States in the future history of America and the world can hardly be overestimated. China and Japan are in the throes of new birth, and the relations of the entire Orient with the Western world and Western

civilization are growing more and more close, and therefore more and more complicated. California cannot escape the place assigned her in the very forefront of action in this development of Oriental and Occidental intercourse. The importance of the part she is called on to play will be greatly increased by the completion of the Panama Canal. The best sort of education will be necessary to fit the people of California as well as the people of the entire country to deal with the new problems of international intercourse which are presenting themselves to the citizens and statesmen of this country. California has already achieved some remarkable results in her educational system. In Leland Stanford University and in the University of California that State possesses two institutions of high rank. But there is not in the State, nor indeed is there in the entire country west of the Atlantic seaboard, a college for women of the first rank. Dr. W. A. Edwards, Principal of Throop Polytechnic Institute at Pasadena, California, points out that Western girls, in order to obtain a non-co-educational college education, have now to travel to the Atlantic States. "Of the four thousand students now in attendance at Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr, fully one thousand, or twenty-five per cent., come from west of Pennsylvania; and of this thousand about four hundred come from homes west of the Mississippi River. How many others," he continues, "have been refused admission because of overcrowded halls and dormitories, and how many others still would seek admission if there were a woman's college nearer home, no one can say." The movement for establishing a woman's college in California has already taken definite form. A charter has been obtained, a board of trustees organized, and a desirable site procured in the delightful town of Pasadena, adjacent to Los Angeles. In climate, in the character of its citizens, in its public and private achievements, Southern California is peculiarly fitted for the location of a woman's college, which shall not only maintain the highest standards now maintained anywhere in woman's education, but shall add some new features

and new ideas which have been developed since the establishment of Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, and Bryn Mawr. To quote again from Dr. Edwards's admirable statement, "The pioneers in the higher education of women naturally and properly model their courses after those which the experience of colleges for men had found best. Their success and their embarrassing oversupply of students show that they meet a vital need. But it is possible for a new college to add decided value to these approved curricula by incorporating into them the modern ideal of manual training."



## *Philippine Progress*

On the thirtieth day of this month, in accordance with the provisions of the proclamation issued by the President of the United States on the thirtieth day of last March, there will be held in the Philippine Islands an election for the first popular assembly, or legislative body, of the Filipino people. The issuing of this proclamation, followed as it will be by the election ordered and the convening of the Philippine Assembly, in which for the first time in their history the voice of the Filipino people, through popular representation, will be heard in the central government, marks a step of momentous import no less to America than to the people of the Philippines.

Some disappointment has been expressed at the light registration of voters—less than half of what might reasonably have been expected. This evidence of lack of interest on the part of the Filipinos should not obscure the more important fact that the American Government, by the President's proclamation, has shown its desire to give the Filipinos an opportunity to practice self-government. For the Filipino people this proclamation is the charter of their liberties—their *magna charta*—and though it may not satisfy all the natural aspirations of the people for independence, it nevertheless grants a measure of self-government which, in the benefits and rights it carries with it, falls but little short of absolute independence.

It cannot fail to bring to every think-

ing Filipino the assurance of the good will of America, and of her generous intentions for the future; for whereas, up to this period, the islands have been governed, since the date of the establishment of civil government, by a Commission made up of the American Governor-General, four American Commissioners and three Filipino Commissioners, appointed by the President of the United States and working under and carrying out a policy laid down by the Administration and the Congress of the United States, from the date of the convening and organizing of the Assembly all the legislative power conferred on the Philippine Commission will be vested in a legislature to consist of two houses—the Philippine Commission and the Philippine Assembly.

The under house, or Philippine Assembly, will under the law consist of not less than fifty nor more than a hundred members, chosen by the people themselves. They have, of course, the authority to elect their own Speaker and to perfect their own organization, and will be in all essential points a thoroughly representative body, with all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto.

So much for what we have done politically for the Filipino people at the end of nine years of American occupation. It is not the purpose of this article to discuss the question as to whether these people passing from the tribal stage of primitive civilization just three hundred and seventy-five years ago into Spanish domination and influence, and reared until just nine years past in the principles of Spanish imperialism, are, from a historical point of view, ready for the measure of self-government we have bestowed. America heretofore, in the great crises of her history, has never stopped to ask about precedents, nor has she done it now. With that courage and hardihood and self-confidence which have always been her characteristics, she has gone forward with strides unparalleled in the history of colonization, and has dared to do what no other nation under like circumstances has ever done before.

But, as in all history any great change in the established order of things has brought with it new responsibilities and

new difficulties and dangers, so will it be now. It has been well said that "legislatures do not create republics. They are the last word of the old régime; they are only the first word of the new." It is one thing to say to an individual or a people, "Thou shalt" or "Thou shalt not," and quite another thing to say, "Come, now, and let us reason together."

That there is in the people of the Philippine Islands the making of a successful republic in the generations to come, if America brings to the work patriotism, and a singleness of purpose that puts honor before gain, and an altruism of spirit that counts not the cost but looks rather at the opportunity for advancing the cause of civilization and of Christianity, no one who has witnessed the enormous strides of the Filipino people in the nine years of American occupation can doubt; but that we should hasten slowly in engrafting democratic ideas on a monarchically born and reared people is a thing about which there is also not the slightest doubt in the minds of all who are acquainted with the problem, Filipinos and Americans alike.

Like all great causes, this one demands our best for its working out. What we do and the way we do it is of just as much moment to us in its effects on our integrity, our prestige, and our honor as upon the Filipino people—indeed, more, since from a people of our enlightenment more is rightly expected!

It is much better that we stay at home and give the people of the islands the chance to work out their own destiny to their glory or their downfall, if we are not ready as a people to do this thing in a big way. We ourselves know better how to do it to-day than ever before. "In the fullness of time" our experiences come—just when we are ready for them—and America knows to-day, as in no former period in her own life, the value of practical training in citizenship; she is revolutionizing whole agricultural communities; she is learning new methods of reclaiming the waste places of the earth; she is studying the secrets of the forests; she is searching out the causes of poverty and distress; and while she trains the laborer and the artisan as never before, she also trains

the child to a sense of the responsibility of the citizen to the state.

All this knowledge, which, properly applied, will supply their greatest need, we can carry to these people whom the fortunes of war have brought us, and whom we hold in our keeping, whether they will or no, if we are fine enough to do it—if we live up to our ideals as a people and realize our responsibility as individuals. But if we shrink from the responsibility and cavil at the cost; if, worse still, we show a national selfishness in using these people and their interests in political traffic; if, either as a nation or as individuals, we barter for an allegiance we should win, or bargain for favor we should earn—if, in a word, we fail to command the respect while we strive to gain the confidence of the people with whom we deal, by just so much do we lose in national character ourselves, and by just so much retard their political and social regeneration.

In any thought of the Filipino people, whom politically we have advanced so rapidly, it is helpful to remember that, although they are far down in the scale of peoples in industrial and economic development, the Church for four centuries has done its work towards bringing them religious liberty, and that this fact alone makes them a people among all the peoples of the Orient peculiarly ready for progress in civil liberty.

They are the only people in the East who, as a people, worship the God of the Christian; and, bearing this in mind, we should do well to remember that before we ever reached their shores they had already raised up among themselves an apostle of regeneration in their Rizal—hero and martyr, who, in the last weeks of his life, on the very eve of the coming of America into the islands, said words like these to the people of his country: "Fellow-countrymen! No man has given greater proof than I of desiring liberties for our country, and I still desire them. But I make the training of the people a premise, so that they, by education and labor, might attain a personality of their own and become worthy of those liberties. In my writings I have recommended study and civic virtues to the people; without these redemption is impossible."

## *Industrial Mediaevalism*

The time must surely come when the strike as a way of settling industrial disagreements will be looked at as little better than a relic of barbarism. It is unscientific, economically wasteful, and usually ineffective. Illustrations of this have multiplied lately. The newspapers have teemed with reports of strikes: street-cleaners, garbage collectors, lamp-lighters, ice-deliverers, telegraphers, and others, all properly servants of the public at large rather than of individuals, have left the public needs unheeded, and have made it impossible for the ordinary citizen to be clean, comfortable, and secure, while wordy altercations between workers and officers on obscure questions in dispute have waged interminably. In a measure the quarrels have been tried by newspaper and settled by public opinion; yet out of the hundreds of columns printed in the New York papers about the street-cleaners' strike, for instance, how many were devoted to exposition of the points at issue? How many of us really have an opinion as to whether the strikers were right in asserting that their work was so arranged that they had to be on duty hours in excess of the time set by law, or whether the officials were right in saying that the pay was far higher than the men could earn elsewhere? How many of us, as regards the telegraphers' strike, understand why, after the public was informed that a satisfactory agreement had been reached through the intervention of Mr. Neill, the United States Labor Commissioner, the next day's despatches should announce that the operators had "gone out" at San Francisco, and that other points were threatened? If any one thing was made clear by the great anthracite coal strike and the settlement, it was that, when the people at large are injured by a labor dispute, the public must be regarded as a third party, and its interests safeguarded. But there is no definite or systematic way for the public thus to protect itself, nor even any fair and impartial way of learning the real facts. In the present clumsy fashion of

dealing with disagreements between employers and employed, industrial warfare takes the place of industrial democracy, and instead of clear, strong statements of claims advanced and arguments adduced, we have minute accounts of what the reporters suppose to be picturesque or sensational incidents. John Mitchell almost alone among labor leaders has begun his contests with employers by clear and intelligible declarations of his side of the case, free from perfervid rhetoric and rhodomontade. One great step toward making the public judges and not partisans in labor troubles will be taken when the representatives of both sides learn the wisdom of less heat and more light. In short, trial by newspaper discussion may lead, through popular indignation, to a cessation of intolerable conditions such as have lately prevailed in New York, but it cannot be regarded as a judicial and well-balanced method of deciding controverted questions.

Such a method there should be, and ultimately there will be. The only way to get rid of the strike is to put something better in its place. Those who think the labor question can be settled by crying out for the destruction of the labor unions are no wiser than those who say they would like to see the race problem solved by sending the negroes back to Africa. The privilege of collective bargaining will never be relinquished by workingmen wherever they have gained it, and collective bargaining is the soul of unionism. It appeals to most minds as essentially fair because, when individual employer and individual employee bargain about wages or hours or treatment, there is no equality of coercive or persuasive power; the individual laborer may be discharged without the slightest inconvenience to the employer, although that laborer may be absolutely in the right; only when the employees act as a unit can they meet their employer on even ground. The union is to stay, then, but not necessarily as it is now, unincorporated, irresponsible to judicial proceeding, impossible to constrain or direct by State or Nation. The real problem is to provide a recognized and authoritative system of dealing rea-

sonably and effectively with labor disputes, a court or conciliation council or other fair-minded place of appeal which not only may but must precede an appeal to the war tactics of the strike—a sort of Hague Tribunal for industry. When the questions involve employees of the government of city, State, or Nation, or those of public utility corporations, such as railways, telegraphs, or mines, the law might well absolutely forbid strikes of the employees as a body and without notice as unendurable and a crime against the people at large. Other countries have already moved in this direction. We may not be ready for such radical labor legislation as New Zealand's compulsory arbitration law, under which in labor disputes the employer has to obey the decision of a governmental board of arbitration under penalty of a heavy fine, the employee under penalty of losing his license to engage in his trade. But we might at least seriously consider the bill passed not long ago in Canada, and largely due to the Deputy Minister of Labor, Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, and reported at the time in *The Outlook*. This plan we find succinctly described as follows in the current issue of *The World To-Day*:

The act provides that no strike or lockout can be declared in any mining industry or public service utility prior to or pending investigation by a Board of Conciliation, on penalty of a fine of from \$10 to \$50 a day for employees and \$50 to \$1,000 for employers. At the request of either party to a dispute the Minister of Labor appoints a Board composed of one member chosen by each side and a third coöpted or named by the Minister. They will investigate, with full court powers, and issue a report. Their finding, however—and here the measure differs from New Zealand's law—is not binding on either party; they are at liberty to reject it, and, if they desire, to declare a strike or lockout to enforce their demands. It is felt, however, that in ninety-nine out of one hundred cases the cooling of passion by the compulsory delay and the force of intelligently directed public opinion will lead to the acceptance of the award.

It is too soon to say that this experiment, or that of New Zealand, is a solution of a great problem; but it is not unreasonable to believe that in some such plan will be found the opening of a path leading away from senseless labor-fights

toward the practical application of the idea that industrialism is business and not war.



## *Faith and Fear*

It is very difficult to reconcile with honest faith the timidity with which men hold the most fundamental truths. If they held these truths as a matter of conviction and experience rather than as intellectual opinions, they would not be afraid; because truth is in its nature impregnable. No man can really believe in a truth without being sure of its ultimate triumph. It is not strange that men are timid when they do not hold truth in its integrity; for believing in a truth is a much more difficult matter than many people comprehend. It is easy to have an opinion. It is not easy to make that opinion so much a part of one's character and life that it passes over into a deep and unshakable belief. The prayer, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief!" expresses a well nigh universal experience and state of mind. A man from Mars, accepting the body of truth in the Old and New Testaments, would imagine that a Church which used such a Bible as its text-book would be absolutely without fear; that it would welcome the most penetrating play of the searchlight on its foundations; that it would welcome all human inquiry, and even human curiosity, being sure that the more carefully its claims were examined, the more painstakingly its truth studied, the nearer and the more certain would be its triumph.

But men in middle life still recall vividly the days when to announce one's faith in evolution was very like announcing one's self an infidel; and the name of Darwin, instead of being honored as a synonym for intellectual integrity, scientific enthusiasm, and an influence on modern thought more deep and penetrating, probably, than that which was exercised by any other man of the nineteenth century, was a term of opprobrium. Within the brief lifetime of a generation, Darwin's view of the process of nature, as a whole, has come to be so generally accepted and so widely under-

stood that an eminent Christian teacher has said of it that it came to light just in time to save many of the best men and women from despair.

The adherents of Christian Science can make no more effective appeal than the declaration that their belief casts out fear and delivers those who accept it from the bondage to this ancient foe of the human race. Fear has no place in the life of any man or woman who believes either in God or in immortality. It is a survival of a semi-barbarous age, a specter that lingers, like the superstitions which children still cherish, from the times when men divided the world between God and the devil, with much the larger part to the devil. The Church has absolutely nothing to fear concerning the truth in its keeping; it has everything to gain by holding its doors wide open and inviting the whole world to come in and study and scrutinize and turn on the searchlight. Its timidity has cost it many a victory; its cowardice has lost it many a friend. It ought to welcome every honest inquiry and keep its doors open to every form of sincere investigation; but it ought also to show a certain kind of indifference to the possible results of inquiry and investigation; the indifference with which a man, fundamentally sure of the foundations on which he has built, would allow the most skeptical, critical, and cynical to examine those foundations at leisure. The body of truth which the Church holds is not a treasure which can be stolen. On the contrary, the more widely it is diffused, and the farther it is carried, the better, not only for those who take it, but for the Church itself. Like the miracle of the loaves, the treasure of truth multiplies as it is dispersed. The Church has as little to fear from the enemy who comes upon it unawares with the hope of carrying off its treasures as from the man who would steal a Bible for the sake of discovering whether it had any value for him. The Church is not a fortress in which a few of the elect find refuge in the midst of a hostile world, and to whom are committed certain treasures of such value that they must be securely guarded from the gaze of the covetous, and protected from all possible

assaults. The Church is rather a storehouse of the bread of life, ready to share with every man who asks and to feed every starving child of the multitude. Its doors ought always to be wide open; its treasures ought always to be in full view; for its central purpose is not to keep things to itself, but to scatter them broadcast through the whole world. Faith and fear involve a contradiction in terms. No man can really be dominated by both; for real faith, as contrasted with intellectual opinion, like love, "casteth out fear."



## *The Spectator*

The Spectator finds, as he journeys through the country, that he, in common with other tourists, is seeking always for the novel and uncommon things—sights with which he is unfamiliar, occupations previously unknown, and products of the soil heretofore untasted. The Spectator, therefore, being no exception to the common run of men, has been eager during a residence on the Pacific Coast to taste his first California fruit picked from the tree, to visit places of which he has read glowing descriptions, and, in fact, to pursue the novelty of every kind and nature when, perchance, it is brought to his attention. Of this zest for new things the Spectator has never been ashamed, believing that so long as life can offer him objects of interest he will ever be young in the pursuit of them.



Some things, however, cease to be novelties after the first glance, and at once sink to the level of the commonplace; others, like a door opening wider and wider, disclose sights growing more wonderful and varied the longer they are looked upon. The Spectator would call the glass-bottom boats at Catalina Island a novelty of the latter class, feeling sure that the mysteries of the sea as revealed to him in the Bay of Avalon would never become commonplace. There is seen plant life of every description, from the heavy kelp with its numberless air-pods to delicate ferns of infinite variety; fishes of bright red and sapphire blue give

color to these fairy-like haunts of the mermaid; and, indeed, it was an easy thing for the Spectator to believe that he was looking down into grottoes and caves peopled by another race of beings. But most wonderful of all was the jelly-fish—an ethereal-looking substance of salmon-pink, with head that expanded and closed like an umbrella as the creature breathed, and with streamers of the same jelly-like substance floating behind as it passed under the boat. What mattered it if the abalone shells had been previously dropped there to add beauty to the submarine setting? The boy who dived for them could bring up the very one desired by the occupant of the boat, thus increasing the wish to possess it. The Spectator knew that the real home of the abalone was on the rocks close by, and as all things else were native to the watery soil, he was willing to be duped to that slight degree and pay his "two bits" for a shell.



With this novel experience still fresh in the Spectator's mind, he learned that an artist in a neighboring city was giving exhibitions of sketches actually made under the water. The Spectator was incredulous, hardly believing such a thing possible, but if those momentary pictures revealed through the glass-bottom boat could be perpetuated on canvas, he surely would make the effort to see them. Following the impulse to seek out all things that are novel, the Spectator found himself in the bungalow studio of the artist, looking at sketches of wonderful interest and beauty and listening to the artist's methods of working under the water. He told the Spectator that as a boy he was fond of swimming and diving, remaining below for a longer time than his companions, his artistic temperament all the time taking note of effects produced under water, until he found himself wishing that he might reproduce some of the pictures seen by him. It was at the island of Tahiti, when a young man, that the thought first came to him—and he claims the idea as an original one—that he could prepare a canvas in such a manner as to permit of his sketching with oil crayons under



the water. He made no secret of the process, saying that a piece of canvas was thoroughly soaked in cocoanut oil, and then fastened to a square of glass with strips of surgeons' plaster. With watch in hand, the artist said to the Spectator, "Now imagine that the canvas is ready and I am going down for three-quarters of a minute, for that was as long as I could at first remain below. Let us see how much can be done in that short space of time. Now I am down thirty feet on the bottom of the sea; I look about and select my subject from among the many scenes of beauty presented; I fasten my canvas to a rock, and—time is up and I must go to the surface for air; but the next time I do the work that *tells*, and by taking several such trips my sketch is made." From this primitive method he advanced to the diver's suit, and then could work for an hour or more at a time. In looking at these sketches the Spectator was amazed to see rocks and cliffs seemingly as high as those in the Yosemite Valley, but the artist explained that this apparent height in a depth of only thirty feet is due to the magnifying power of the water. Coral reefs like mountains, wooded glens of tropical growth, arroyos and foothills—all were presented in a fashion to charm the eye of the Spectator. The work begun at Tahiti has been continued on the Pacific Coast, the San Francisco disaster checking the artist's career for a time, as valuable sketches and pictures were then destroyed. There was a suggestion of Robert Louis Stevenson about the man, the Spectator thought—his stories of life on a tropical island; his interesting recital of tales weird and ghost-like, in addition to his descriptions of picturesque scenes beneath the water.

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In connection with these submarine subjects, the Spectator would mention another novelty in this line, though seen on dry land. In the wonderful electrical parade of Fiesta Week at Los Angeles, each float in the procession represented in some suggestive way a jewel or semi-precious stone. There was a wide range, from the diamond to the moonstone; but somewhere in between the coral had

its place. A coral reef was represented, in whose recesses gauzy sea-nymphs were almost hidden, while suspended above, as if floating in the water, was an immense white fish, whose undulating motions from head to tail, with the capacious mouth opening at intervals, gave an impression of reality, while its brilliant illumination gave evidence that the Jonah it had swallowed was in the form of electric bulbs. Every fin and scale showed with marvelous distinctness.

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The Spectator by this time began to feel the dampening effects of so many water novelties, and changed the current of his thoughts by visiting a pigeon ranch—a novelty to him, inasmuch as he could hardly imagine one hundred thousand pigeons being held in one place without cage, bar, or bolt. On the edge of the Los Angeles River—that stream of sand rather than of water—he found this pigeon city, and gained a new insight, not only in "the flocking together of birds of one feather," but also in the culture of squabs, for the ultimate object of the proprietor is not to raise fancy breeds, but to cater to the pampered appetite of man. He stated a fact to the Spectator, which the latter had no desire to dispute, that "common sense is a mighty good thing to have," and, possessing that, he had learned more by observation than any book could tell him. He had found that if pigeons had all they wanted to eat, conditions of environment such as they desired, and were not frightened by stray dogs or cats, they would never leave their home. He chuckled as he said, "See that little house across the river? That was built by a man to tempt my birds over there, but not one has gone." Three tons of wheat spread upon the ground each day offers an open-air, "all hours" restaurant, and the birds appreciate their boarding-place. No halters or bridles, no fencing in, no cages or coops except the nests they make for themselves, no limitations of any kind or description, yet not a bird leaves the place except for a temporary flight. Freedom is theirs in every sense, yet the home instinct prevails and keeps their number intact.

# President Roosevelt as a Nature Lover and Observer

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

OUR many-sided President has a side to his nature of which the public has heard but little, and which, in view of his recent criticism of what he calls the nature fakers, is of especial interest and importance. I refer to his keenness and enthusiasm as a student of animal life, and his extraordinary powers of observation. The charge recently made against him that he is only a sportsman and has only a sportsman's interest in nature is very wide of the mark. Why, I cannot now recall that I have ever met a man with a keener and more comprehensive interest in the wild life about us—an interest that is at once scientific and thoroughly human. And by human I do not mean anything akin to the sentimentalism that sicklies o'er so much of our more recent natural history writing, and that inspires the founding of hospitals for sick cats; but I mean his robust, manly love for all open-air life, and his sympathetic insight into it. When I first read his "Wilderness Hunter," many years ago, I was impressed by his rare combination of the sportsman and the naturalist. When I accompanied him on his trip to the Yellowstone Park in April, 1903, I got a fresh impression of the extent of his natural history knowledge and of his trained powers of observation. Nothing escaped him, from bears to mice, from wild geese to chickadees, from elk to red squirrels; he took it all in, and he took it in as only an alert, vigorous mind can take it in. On that occasion I was able to help him identify only one new bird. All the other birds he recognized as quickly as I did. One day, on his return from a long tramp alone into the wilderness, he told me of a bird he had seen and heard that was new to him. From his description I concluded it was Townsend's Solitaire—a bird I was myself curious to hear. The next day, as we rode on

horseback through the country the President had tramped over, he paused at a certain point amid some scattered pine and low bushes above a gorge of the Yellowstone, and said, "It was right here that I heard the strange bird—and there it is now." And I caught the song as he spoke. We followed it up, and soon saw and identified the solitaire, a bird in size and color suggesting the catbird, but a much finer songster.

During a recent half-day spent with the President at Sagamore Hill I got a still more vivid impression of his keenness and quickness in all natural history matters. The one passion of his life seemed natural history, and the new warbler that had appeared in his woods—new in the breeding season on Long Island—seemed an event that threw the affairs of state and of the Presidential succession quite into the background. Indeed, he fairly bubbled over with delight at the thought of his new birds and at the prospect of showing them to his visitors. He said to my friend who accompanied me, John Lewis Childs, of Floral Park, a former State Senator, that he could not talk politics then, he wanted to talk and to hunt birds. And it was not long before he was as hot on the trail of that new warbler as he had recently been on the trail of some of the great trusts. Fancy a President of the United States stalking rapidly across bushy fields to the woods eager as a boy and filled with the one idea of showing to his visitors the black-throated green warbler! We were presently in the edge of the woods and standing under a locust-tree, where the President had several times seen and heard his rare visitant. "That's his note now," he said, and we all three recognized it at the same instant. It came from across a little valley fifty yards farther in the woods. We were soon standing under the tree in which the

bird was singing, and presently had our glasses upon him.

"There is no mistake about it, Mr. President," we both said; "it is surely the black-throated green," and he laughed in glee. "I knew it could be no other; there is no mistaking that song and those markings. 'Trees, trees, murmuring trees!' some one reports him as saying. Now if we could only find the nest;" but we did not, though it was doubtless not far off.

Our warblers, both in color and in song, are bewildering even to the experienced ornithologist, but the President had mastered most of them. Not long before he had written me from Washington that he had just come in from walking with Mrs. Roosevelt about the White House grounds looking up arriving warblers. "Most of the warblers were up in the tops of the trees, and I could not get a good glimpse of them; but there was one with chestnut cheeks, with bright yellow behind the cheeks, and a yellow breast thickly streaked with black, which has puzzled me. Doubtless it is a very common kind which has for the moment slipped my memory. I saw the black-burnian, the summer yellowbird, and the black-throated green." The next day he wrote me that he had identified the puzzling warbler; it was the Cape May.

At luncheon he told us of some of his ornithological excursions in the White House grounds, how people would stare at him as he stood gazing up into the trees like one demented. "No doubt they thought me insane." "Yes," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "and as I was always with him, they no doubt thought I was the nurse that had him in charge."

In his "Pastimes of an American Hunter" he tells of the owls that in June sometimes came after nightfall about the White House. "Sometimes they flew noiselessly to and fro, and seemingly caught big insects on the wing. At other times they would perch on the iron awning bars directly overhead. Once one of them perched over one of the windows and sat motionless, looking exactly like an owl of Pallas Athene."

He knew the vireos also, and had seen and heard the white-eyed at his

Virginia place, "Pine Knot," and he described its peculiar, emphatic song. As I moved along with the thought of this bird in mind and its snappy, incisive song, as I used to hear it in the old days near Washington, I fancied I caught its note in a dense bushy place below us. We paused to listen. "A catbird," said the President, and so we all agreed. We saw and heard a chewink. "Out West the chewink calls like a catbird," said the President. Continuing our walk, we skirted the edge of an orchard. Here the President called our attention to a high-hole's nest in a cavity of an old apple-tree. He rapped on the trunk of the tree that we might hear the smothered cry for food of the young inside. A few days before he had found one of the half-fledged young on the ground under the tree, and had managed to reach up and drop it back into the nest. "What a boiling there was in there," he said, "when the youngster dropped in!"

A cuckoo called in a tree overhead, the first I had heard this season. I feared the cold spring had cut them off. "The yellow-billed, undoubtedly," said the President, and was confirmed by Mr. Childs. I was not certain that I knew the call of the yellow-billed from that of the black-billed. "We have them both," said the President, "but the yellow-billed is the more common."

We continued our walk along a path that led down through a most delightful wood to the bay. Everywhere the marks of the President's ax were visible, as he had with his own hand thinned out and cleared up a large section of the wood.

A few days previous he had seen some birds in a group of tulip-trees near the edge of the woods facing the water; he thought they were rose-breasted grosbeaks, but could not quite make them out. He had hoped to find them there now, and we looked and listened for some moments, but no birds appeared.

Then he led us to a little pond in the midst of the forest where the night heron sometimes nested. A pair of them had nested there in a big water-maple the year before, but the crows had broken them up. As we reached the spot the cry of the heron was heard over the tree-tops.

"That is its alarm note," said the President. I remarked that it was much like the cry of the little green heron. "Yes, it is, but if we wait here till the heron returns, and we are not discovered, you would hear his other more characteristic call, a hoarse quawk."

Presently we moved on along another path through the woods toward the house. A large, wide-spreading oak attracted my attention—a superb tree.

"You see by the branching of that oak," said the President, "that when it grew up this wood was an open field and maybe under the plow; it is only in fields that oaks take that form." I knew it was true, but my mind did not take in the fact when I first saw the tree. His mind acts with wonderful swiftness and completeness, as I had abundant proof that day.

As we walked along we discussed many questions, all bearing directly or indirectly upon natural history. The conversation was perpetually interrupted by some bird note in the trees about us which we would pause to identify—the President's ear, I thought, being the most alert of the three. Continuing the talk, he dwelt upon the inaccuracy of most persons' seeing, and upon the unreliability as natural history of most of the stories told by guides and hunters. Sometimes writers of repute were to be read with caution. He mentioned that excellent hunting book of Colonel Dodge's, in which are described two species of the puma, one in the West called the mountain lion, very fierce and dangerous; the other called in the East the "panther"—a harmless and cowardly animal. "Both the same species," said the President, "and almost identical in disposition." Mr. Childs told of an intelligent guide he had recently had at his club in Maine, who told him this incredible tale about a pair of chickadees. The guide said that when he was lumbering in the Maine woods one winter, a pair of chickadees had built a nest in a small tree close to his cabin. They carried up material and built a massive nest like that of a squirrel, with a hole in the side, and laid their eggs and reared their young there in midwinter. And the man could not be shaken

in his apparent belief in the truth of his story. Of course he had dreamed it or seen incorrectly, as the chickadee does not build till April or May, and then always in the cavity of a limb or stub. We agreed that the story afforded a good illustration of the occasional exceptional originality and individuality among the animals of which a certain writer makes so much account.

Nothing is harder than to convince a person that he has seen wrongly. The other day a doctor accosted me in the street of one of our inland towns to tell me of a strange bird he had seen; the bird was blood-red all over and was in some low bushes by the roadside. Of course I thought of our scarlet tanager, which was then just arriving. No, he knew that bird with black wings and tail; this bird had no black upon it, but every quill and feather was vivid scarlet. The doctor was very positive, so I had to tell him we had no such bird. There was the summer redbird in the Southern States, but this place is much beyond its northern limit, and, besides, it is of a dull red. Of course he had seen a tanager, but in the shade of the bushes the black of the wings and tail had escaped him.

This was simply a case of misseeing in an educated man; but in the untrained minds of trappers and woodsmen generally there is an element of the superstitious, and a love for the marvelous, which often prevents them from seeing the wild life about them just as it is. They possess the mythopœic faculty, and they unconsciously give play to it.

Thus our talk wandered as we wandered along the woods and field paths. The President brought us back by the corner of a clover meadow where he was sure a pair of red-shouldered starlings had a nest. He knew it was an unlikely place for starlings to nest, as they breed in marshes and along streams and in the low bushes on lake borders, but this pair had always shown great uneasiness when he had approached this plot of tall clover. As we drew near, the male starling appeared and uttered his alarm note. The President struck out to look for the nest, and for a time the Administration was indeed in clover, with the

alarmed black bird circling above it and showing great agitation. For my part, I hesitated on the edge of the clover patch, having a farmer's dread of seeing fine grass trampled down. I suggested to the President that he was injuring his hay crop; that the nest was undoubtedly there or near there; so he came out of the tall grass, and, after looking into the old tumbled-down barn—a regular early settler's barn, with huge timbers hewn from forest trees—that stood near by, and which the President said he preserved for its picturesqueness and its savor of old times, as well as for a place to romp with his dogs and children, we made our way to the house.

The purple finch nested in the trees about the house, and the President was greatly pleased that he was able to show us this bird also.

A few days previous to our visit the children had found a bird's nest on the ground, in the grass, a few yards below the front of the house. There were young birds in it, and as the President had seen the grasshopper-sparrow about there, he concluded the nest belonged to it. We went down to investigate it, and found the young gone and two addled eggs in the nest. When the President saw those eggs, he said: "That is not the nest of the grasshopper-sparrow, after all; those are the eggs of the song-sparrow, though the nest is more like that of the vesper-sparrow. The eggs of the grasshopper-sparrow are much lighter in color—almost white, with brown specks." For my part, I had quite forgotten for the moment how the eggs of the little sparrow looked or differed in color from those of the song-sparrow. But the President has so little to remember that he forgets none of these minor things! His bird-lore and wood-lore seem as fresh as if just learned.

I asked him if he ever heard that rare piece of bird music, the flight song of the oven-bird. "Yes," he replied, "we frequently hear it of an evening, while we are sitting on the porch, right down there at the corner of the woods." Now, this flight song of the oven-bird was unknown to the older ornithologists, and Thoreau, with all his years of patient and tireless

watching of birds and plants, never identified it; but the President had caught it quickly and easily, sitting on his porch at Sagamore Hill. I believe I may take the credit of being the first to identify and describe this song—back in the old Wake Robin days.

In an inscription in a book the President had just given me he had referred to himself as my pupil. Now I was to be his pupil. In dealing with the birds I could keep pace with him pretty easily, and, maybe, occasionally lead him; but when we came to consider big game and the animal life of the globe, I was nowhere. His experience with the big game has been very extensive, and his acquaintance with the literature of the subject is far beyond my own; and he forgets nothing, while my memory is a sieve. In his study he set before me a small bronze elephant in action, made by the famous French sculptor Barye. He asked me if I saw anything wrong with it. I looked it over carefully, and was obliged to confess that, so far as I could see, it was all right. Then he placed before me another, by a Japanese artist. Instantly I saw what was wrong with the Frenchman's elephant. Its action was like that of a horse or a cow, or any trotting animal—a hind and front foot on opposite sides moving together. The Jap had caught the real movement of the animal, which is that of a pacer—both legs on the same side at a time. What a different effect the two actions gave to the statuettes! The free swing of the Jap's elephant you at once recognize as the real thing. The President laughed, and said he had never seen any criticism of Barye's elephant on this ground, or any allusion to his mistake; it was his own discovery. I was fairly beaten at my own game of observation.

He then took down a copy of his "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail," and pointed out to me the mistakes the artist had made in some of his drawings of big Western game.

"Do you see anything wrong in the head of the pronghorn?" he asked, referring to the animal which the hunter is bringing in on the saddle behind him. Again I had to confess that I could not. Then he showed me the mounted head

of a pronghorn over the mantel in one of his rooms, and called my attention to the fact that the eye was close under the root of the horn, whereas Remington had placed it about two inches too low. And in the artist's picture of the pronghorn which heads Chapter IX, he had made the tail much too long, as he had the tail of the elk on the opposite page.

I had heard of Mr. Roosevelt's attending a fair in Orange County, while he was Governor, where a group of mounted deer were exhibited. It seems the group had had rough usage, and one of the deer had lost its tail and a new one had been supplied. No one had noticed anything wrong with it till Mr. Roosevelt came along. "But the minute he clapped his eyes on that group," says the exhibitor, "he called out, 'Here, Gunther, what do you mean by putting a white-tail deer's tail on a black-tail deer?'" Such closeness and accuracy of observation even few naturalists can lay claim to. I mentioned the incident to him, and he recalled it laughingly. He then took down a volume on the deer family which he had himself had a share in writing, and pointed out two mistakes in the naming of the pictures which had been overlooked. The picture of "the whitetail in flight" was the blacktail of Colorado, and the picture of the blacktail of Colorado showed the blacktail of Columbia—the difference this time being seen in the branching of the horns.

The President took us through his house and showed us his trophies of the chase—bear-skins of all sorts and sizes on the floors, panther and lynx skins on the chairs, and elk heads and deer heads on the walls, and one very large skin of the gray timber-wolf. We examined its teeth, barely more than an inch long, and we all laughed at the idea of its reaching the heart of a caribou through the breast by a snap, or any number of snaps, as has been claimed it does. I doubt if it could have reached the heart of a gobble turkey in that way at a single snap.

The President's interest in birds and in natural history generally dates from his youth. While yet in his teens he published a list of the birds of Franklin County, New York. He showed me a bird journal which he kept in Egypt

when he was a lad of fourteen, and a case of three African plovers which he had set up at that time; and they were well done.

Evidently one of his chief sources of pleasure at Sagamore Hill is the companionship of the birds. He missed the bobolink, the seaside finch, and the marsh wren, but his woods and grounds abounded in other species. He knew and enjoyed all the more common birds, but many rarer and shyer ones that few country people ever take note of—such as the Maryland yellowthroat, the black and white creeper, the yellow-breasted chat, the oven-bird, the prairie warbler, the great crested flycatcher, the wood pewee, and the sharp-tailed finch. He enjoyed the little owls, too. "It is a pity the little-eared owl is called a screech-owl. Its tremulous, quavering cry is not a screech at all, and has an attraction of its own. These little owls come up to the house after dark, and are fond of sitting on the elk's antlers over the gable. When the moon is up, by choosing one's position, the little owl appears in sharp outline against the bright disk, seated on his many-tined perch."

The President is a born nature-lover, and he has what does not always go with this passion—remarkable powers of observation. He sees quickly and surely, not less so with the corporeal eye than with the mental. His exceptional vitality, his awareness all around, gives the clue to his powers of seeing. The chief qualification of a born observer is an alert, sensitive, objective type of mind, and this he has in a pre-eminent degree.

You may know the true observer, not by the big things he sees, but by the little things; and then not by the things he sees with effort and premeditation, but by his effortless, unpremeditated seeing—the quick, spontaneous action of his mind in the presence of natural objects. Everybody sees the big things, and anybody can go out with note-book and opera-glass and make a dead set at the birds, or can go into the northern forests and interview guides and trappers and Indians, and stare in at the door of the school of the woods. None of these things evince powers of observation; they only evince industry and intention. In

fact, born observers are about as rare as born poets. Plenty of men can see straight and report straight what they see; but the men who see what others miss, who see quickly and surely, who have the detective eye, like Sherlock Holmes, who "get the drop," so to speak, on every object, who see minutely and who see whole, are rare indeed.

President Roosevelt comes as near fulfilling this ideal as any man I have known. His mind moves with wonderful celerity, and yet as an observer he is very cautious, jumps to no hasty conclusions.

He had written me, toward the end of May, that while at Pine Knot in Virginia he had seen a small flock of passenger pigeons. As I had been following up the reports of wild pigeons from various parts of our own State during the past two or three years, this statement of the President's made me prick up my ears. In my reply I said, "I hope you are sure about those pigeons," and I told him of my interest in the subject, and also how all reports of pigeons in the East had been discredited by a man in Michigan who was writing a book on the subject. This made him prick up his ears, and he replied that while he felt very certain he had seen a small band of the old wild pigeons, yet he might have been deceived; the eye sometimes plays one tricks. He said that in his old ranch days he and a cowboy companion thought one day that they had discovered a colony of *black* prairie dogs, thanks entirely to the peculiar angle at which the light struck them. He said that while he was President he did not want to make any statement, even about pigeons, for the truth of which he did not have good evidence. He would have the matter looked into by a friend at Pine Knot upon whom he could depend. He did so, and convinced himself and me also that he had really seen wild pigeons. I had the pleasure of telling him that in the same mail with his letter came the news to me of a large flock of wild pigeons having been seen near the Beaverkill in Sullivan County, New York. While he was verifying his observation I was in Sullivan County verifying this report. I saw and ques-

tioned persons who had seen the pigeons, and I came away fully convinced that a flock of probably a thousand birds had been seen there late in the afternoon of May 23. "You need have no doubt about it," said the most competent witness, an old farmer. "I lived here when the pigeons nested here in countless numbers forty years ago, I know pigeons as I know folks, and these were pigeons."

I mention this incident of the pigeons because I know that the fact that they have been lately seen in considerable numbers will be good news to a large number of readers.

The President's nature-love is deep and abiding. Not every bird student succeeds in making the birds a part of his life. Not till you have long and sympathetic intercourse with them, in fact, not till you have loved them for their own sake, do they enter into and become a part of your life. I could quote many passages from President Roosevelt's books which show how he has felt and loved the birds, and how discriminating his ear is with regard to their songs. Here is one:

"The meadow-lark is a singer of a higher order [than the plains skylark], deserving to rank with the best. Its song has length, variety, power, and rich melody, and there is in it sometimes a cadence of wild sadness inexpressibly touching. Yet I cannot say that either song would appeal to others as it appeals to me; for to me it comes forever laden with a hundred memories and associations—with the sight of dim hills reddening in the dawn, with the breath of cool morning winds blowing across lonely plains, with the scent of flowers on the sunlit prairie, with the motion of fiery horses, with all the strong thrill of eager and buoyant life. I doubt if any man can judge dispassionately the bird-songs of his own country; he cannot disassociate them from the sights and sounds of the land that is so dear to him."

I wish space permitted me to quote in full his fine estimate of the song of the European nightingale, in which, after awarding it its full meed of praise, he says: "In melody, and above all in that finer, higher melody where the chords vibrate with the touch of eternal sorrow."

it cannot rank with such singers as the wood-thrush and the hermit-thrush."

In his "Pastimes of an American Hunter" he says: "... It is an incalculable added pleasure to any one's sense of happiness if he or she grows to know, even slightly and imperfectly, how to read and enjoy the wonder-book of nature.

All hunters should be nature-lovers. It is to be hoped that the days of mere wasteful, boastful slaughter are past, and that from now on the hunter will stand foremost in working for the preservation and perpetuation of the wild life, whether big or little." Surely this man is the rarest kind of a sportsman.

## EXECUTIVE INTIMIDATION OF THE JUDICIARY

BY FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

*Professor in Political Science, Hamilton College*

THERE is a broad distinction, which the American people can be trusted to make, between a usurping executive and a thoroughly efficient executive. As a matter of fact, the constitution is fortunately so framed that a strong man can be President of the United States and not lose his mental or moral virility. Most of our executives, as the result of political compromise in selection, have been, on the whole, mediocre men. Since the wise and benevolent administration of Washington there have been only four Presidents of pre-eminent executive strength. These men are Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln, and Roosevelt. And Roosevelt is the only one of the four who has not actually exceeded his Constitutional powers. Jefferson consciously and avowedly strained the great document in the matter of the Louisiana purchase. Jackson defied the distinguished head of our judicial system to his face in the Georgia Cherokee case. "John Marshall has issued his order," said the narrow man of iron; "now let him enforce it." And it was never enforced. And in that defiance Jackson unquestionably fractured the Constitution. Lincoln's establishment of martial law and suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus in sections of the country where the ordinary courts still had proper and unobstructed exercise of jurisdiction was held to be *ultra vires* by decision of the Supreme Court, after the war was over, in the case of *ex parte Milligan*. A

sound jurisprudence and a wise public policy probably unite in the defense of Jefferson and Lincoln, in spite of the Supreme Court and the Constitution. But President Roosevelt has been so governmentally discreet and so judiciously advised up to the present time that both the venerable National charter and a sound public opinion seem to uphold him in his several extraordinary executive acts. Mr. Roosevelt has indeed roundly fulfilled the function of his office, but within the limits of the Constitution and with an eye single to the normal evolution of democracy.

The President of the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company recently made a bitter attack upon the chief executive of the Nation for alleged intimidation of Federal judges through sharp criticisms in two messages to Congress. The human illustrations which the railway president had in mind were evidently Justice Humphrey in the case against the packers, and Justice Evans, of the western district of Kentucky, in the case in which the Louisville and Nashville was virtually the defendant. As a matter of fact, the President of the United States referred to these cases with a measure of naturalunction in order that he might sharply arrest the attention of Congress and the country and bring to their immediate notice certain flagrant weaknesses in our system of legal procedure. They were defects which the Attorney-General justly stigmatized as monstrous, and they certainly



did involve in too many cases a gross miscarriage of justice. As a result of this straightforward criticism, not of judges but of imperfect and feeble legal procedure, the Government of the United States is in a far better position than it has ever been in its fight against the abuses of those artful and artificial persons, the great privileged corporations. The President of the United States in this matter spoke for the progressive democratic thought of the Nation. The President of the Louisville and Nashville Railway Company spoke for his corporation and its fears. His anxiety lest the Federal judges should be intimidated is pathetic in view of his testimony before the Inter-State Commerce Commission some years ago. During the course of the hearing he was questioned as to the extent of the free-pass evil on his road. He answered: "I think I will have to refer you to our attorney. I think Mr. Baxter has been of the opinion, and I fear most of our attorneys have been of the same opinion, that it is well not to appear before a judge unless he has a pass, if he wants one."

President Roosevelt's intimidation of the judiciary resolves itself into the use of a strong man's Constitutional powers in the interest of the rights of the humblest citizen. The growth of the democratic spirit in government can be traced in law as clearly as in the tread of armies, and a classical example of this democratic spirit, revealing itself through efficient executive initiative, is likely to be the case of W. O. Johnson versus The Southern Pacific Railway Company. Undoubtedly Mr. Harriman would interpret this case also in terms of intimidation and interference with a co-ordinate department of government, but not so the American people.

In 1893 the safety appliance act for the use of automatic couplers passed the Federal Congress. For several reasons the application of that act to the Southern Pacific Railway Company was delayed until the first of August, 1900, when it became operative for that corporation. On the 5th of August, 1900, a humble brakeman, W. O. Johnson, had his hand crushed at the wrist at Promontory, Utah, while coupling a locomotive to a diner by the link and pin system.

He was obliged to make the coupling in the old fashion because the engine was equipped with a master car-builder's coupler and the dining-car with a Miller hook, and these different types will not "couple automatically by impact," as the law directs. W. O. Johnson brought suit for damages in the State courts of Utah. The Southern Pacific Railway Company fought the suit with its accustomed energy, ability, and resource, and had the case removed to the Circuit Court of the United States for Utah. Upon the trial of the case in this Court the jury were instructed to return a verdict favorable to the Southern Pacific Company, mainly on the technical ground that a locomotive was not a car within the meaning of the act. The Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed the judgment of the court below. And the humble brakeman, W. O. Johnson, and his humble friends were almost convinced that the Federal courts of the United States are on the side of the strong rather than the weak, and were ready to give up what seemed a hopeless struggle. But the cry of that humble American citizen, imprisoned in a dungeon of the law, was heard by the chief executive in Washington in 1904, and at his instigation the Department of Justice prevailed upon the Supreme Court of the United States to call up the record of the inferior court, that the case might be reviewed. The brief was filed by Attorney-General Knox, a brilliant argument was made by Solicitor-General Hoyt, and finally, under the leadership of William H. Moody, the cause of that humble brakeman was won, and the Supreme Court, by unanimous decision, affirmed that the inferior court had been wrong on all points, that a locomotive was a car within the intent of Congress, and that American citizen W. O. Johnson should have damages from the great negligent corporation.

This intervention, rather than interference, of the Executive and the Department of Justice at Washington in purely private litigation, to succor a humble citizen and protect the integrity of the laws of Congress, is unprecedented in the history of this Government. And

this act alone is sufficient to stamp the administration of President Roosevelt as exceedingly beneficent and far-reaching in the interest of the weak against the strong. Following the precedent established in the Johnson case, a similar action has been taken to preserve the integrity of the Employers' Liability Law passed at the last session of Congress. The Government has intervened in the suit of an employee and taken an appeal to the Supreme Court of the United States on a writ of error. Certain railway presidents regard this as intimidation and unwarrantable interference with the courts of justice. But to the average

American it is just this sort of executive strength and sense and revelation of the spirit of our democracy which makes a country worth living for and worth dying for.

And so, in spite of the whimsicalities of the President's nature criticisms, in spite of his relaxing flirtation with simplified spelling and his strenuous insistence upon fixing the terms of membership in the National Ananias Association, the American people love the "big stick" and have little objection to its free use, within the limits of the Constitution, in the interest of equality of opportunity for every man.

## SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

### WATCH

And what I say unto you I say unto all. Watch.—Mark xiii. 37.

WE hear a great deal about historical Christianity and primitive Christianity; not enough about present-day Christianity and prophetic Christianity. The Church has turned the face of its members too much toward the past. The Scripture bids us turn our faces toward the future.

This was distinctly the characteristic of the Old Testament. The prophetic writers told their hearers that the Golden Age lay in the future, not in the past. They always bid them look forward, not backward. Christ did the same. His last words to his disciples was of his future coming; his last counsel to them was to watch for him.

The same spirit which was in Jesus of Nazareth calling James and John to service, comforting Mary and Martha in their affliction, assuring the weeping penitent of forgiveness, is in the world to-day calling to service, comforting in sorrow, succoring from sin. It is important to know what Christ did; it is more important to know what he is doing. It is important to believe that in the beginning God created the heavens and the earth. It is more important to see him this summer creating the grass,

the trees, the flowers, the birds. It is important to know how Christianity wrought the abolition of slavery in the Roman Empire; it was more important in 1860 for Christians to know that the same spirit of Christ called them to abolish slavery in the American Republic. It is important to know that by his sacrifice Christ saved from sin; it is more important to know that by his spirit of sacrifice inspired in all who truly follow him he is now saving from sin. It is important to read in the Sermon on the Mount and in the closing chapters of John's Gospel the words Christ spoke to his disciples in the first century. It is more important to hear the words he is speaking to us in this twentieth century, in every sorrow for sin committed or duty neglected, in every aspiration to a higher and purer life, in every summons to duty the more difficult to do the more joyful in the doing, in every mystic consciousness of a transcendent presence communing with us in an inexpressible fellowship. It is important to know whence he has led his Church in the past. It is more important to form some idea of whither he is leading the Church in the present and to what goal in the future.

Watch for his coming. If we do not

see him, it is because we do not look for him. I wonder how many of us would have seen him if we had lived in Galilee when he lived; to how many of us would he have been anything more than the Son of the Carpenter? God never obtrudes himself. He comes not where he is not wanted. He is not seen if we

look not for him. But it is here in America in this twentieth century as it was in Athens in the first century, that he is not far from every one of us, for in him we live and move and have our being. We shall not see him if we do not watch for him; we may see him if we do watch for him.

## THE CITY EDITOR

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

"THE same old shack!" said Deering to himself as he climbed the shabby stairway. It was three years since he was last in the Planet office. Meanwhile he had been assisting at history and he had witnessed the greatest of all wars; with peace in sight, he had turned from Manchuria back to Japan to see how the victors took their triumph. Next came an observation trip round the world, including a side journey to South Africa to take a plunge into the wilderness with the British Association. Then no sooner was he back in the States than off he was posted on a special mission to South America—down the east coast to Argentina, across the Andes to Chile, up the west coast to Panama, and home. Such had been the recent activities of one "author-journalist," as Deering had laughingly called himself when steamship pursers, customs officers, immigrant inspectors, and foreign hotel clerks asked his profession, the date of his birth, and sundry other inconsequent questions according to law.

Back in his home city once more, he took the first opportunity to look in at the Planet office and see Hooker, with the rest of the old boys. "The same old shack and the same old smells!" Muddy slush had been tracked in over the counting-room floors and was drying in the steam-heated air—its stench eloquent of street-cleaning deficiencies. Up from the pressroom rose the odor of printers' ink and nascent newspapers. And down the stairs streamed the acrid smell of chemicals from the illustration department, overcoming the stale breath of the superheated offices. The sharp-flavored

air rasped his throat and he gave a quick cough. Just off the head of the stairs, up one flight, was clustered a group of office-boys, busy, semi-busy, or mischievously idle, according to the habits of their kind. As he unceremoniously stepped past the gate, one of these guardians of the threshold called a halt with a peremptory—"What is it you want, sir?"

"He knows not Joseph," was Deering's thought, and he was half-minded to adopt the suppliant air becoming a stranger in such case. But just then a shapely youngster looked up from a desk at the end of the room:

"Hello, Mr. Deering! When did you get back? I'm awfully glad to see you." And the cordial look of the boy's clear eyes doubled the worth of his friendly smile.

"Can this be you, Arthur? How you have shot up! You were junior kid when I went away. So your underling here wasn't going to let me pass. Well, he knows his duty!" Deering patted the shoulder of the little sentinel. "But you all look so much like the same old gang that I half expected to find you still at the gate, Arthur, just the same as then. I see you are 'Chief Cadet' now. Good for you! I knew you had the stuff the moment I laid eyes on you your first day in the office. I'll warrant you will not stop where you are."

"Not if I can help it," said the boy, earnestly. "Mr. Hooker has promised me a chance on the city force the first vacancy. I mean to make something of myself if I can. Do you know, Mr. Deering, the few words of encouragement you used to give me helped me

more than I can say. I want to tell you I am trying a college course by correspondence. It's going to be hard work. But I've gone through the Evening High and it's worth trying. A fellow can't learn any too much."

"Keep on and you'll get there," said Deering. "The next I hear you'll be star reporter. But there's something even more than that, you know."

"Well, Mr. Deering, if I can ever get to where you are I'll be satisfied."

"Oh, no, you won't. I'm nowhere to speak of. But is Mr. Hooker in?"

"Yes, he came in half an hour ago."

"Well, good luck to you, Arthur! I'll see you every little while for some days to come." And the hearty handshake seemed to lift the ambitious boy perceptibly nearer the level with himself he was destined to achieve.

Deering made his way to a corner room. Here a man with dark hair touched with gray at the temples was sitting at a desk, a big book before him. Looking over this book with him was a keen-faced younger man seated beside him. The former had a deliberate air combined with a strikingly alert expression and a decisive manner. It was a weighty conference, though a repetition of what took place daily at that hour. It was to be largely decisive of the Planet's course for a stated interval in its orbit. The City Editor and his assistant were looking over the assignment book together. "Chief Reporter" they call the position on English newspapers. But here in the States, perhaps more correctly on the whole, the title is "City Editor." In these days the chief of the reporters does no reporting himself, and his authoritative position is certainly "editorial," according to the best definitions.

The assignment book! It is the newspaper's book of fate. Therein are diligently recorded, under their respective dates, all the events of any importance whatever that are to occur within the local sphere of the newspaper. They represent the routine features of the work. They are known and taken into account days, weeks, and months before they come to pass. Along with them, for each day, are entered the unforeseen,

the unexpected, the sensational things that are constantly happening—things that often upset the entire programme for the day or the week, and demand a radical revision of arrangements.

Against each "assignment" is written the name of the reporter detailed to look after it. Each man receives his instructions for the day both verbally and in writing, as a rule. When assignments are of any special character, the reporters are selected with reference to their qualifications for the work. Individually, and in the order and quality of their talents, reporters differ "as one star differeth from another," and one of the chief marks of a city editor's capacity is the ability to discern these capabilities and utilize his force to corresponding advantage.

The two examined entry after entry down the pages of the big book, pausing now and then to scrutinize and consider. "Here's Mellin down for the Rumford lectures. Where's Edelmann?" asked the City Editor.

"We've just got word that Murovich is coming by the Federal to-night, and Edelmann knows Russian so well that he's the man to get a story out of him. And Mellin knows all about microbes and ions and things. They say there's a tremendous popular interest in Professor Lennan's course, and he is going to have 'overflow matinées' on Wednesdays and Saturdays."

"Good for Lenman! That means he gets double pay. We must give him a good show. Better have Mellin give him a column or so every time. Feature it! Make the microbe-menageries interesting!"

"Mellin will extract the interest all right," said the younger man.

"And get things straight, as well," remarked the City Editor.

Meanwhile Deering stood at the railing that barred off the outer part of the room—at times a useful barrier against the too emphatic entrance of some wrought-up reader. As they proceeded to consider the next entry Deering spoke in a disguised tone: "Mr. Hooker, I presume?"

The City Editor looked up with an air of impatience at the interruption.

Then he rose so suddenly that his chair nearly tipped over.

"Ned Deering, old man, where did you blow in from?" And he seized him by both hands.

"Only across a few continents and five or six oceans," replied Deering.

"Well, you have managed to assist at a few stirring occasions. I am beginning to feel as if I would like to see something of the world on my own account. Here, you know, I am a distributor of events, as it were. I manage to keep men going in a local-transit sort of way—now and then giving them an impetus that carries them far and wide out of their usual course."

"Like myself, for instance."

"City-staff service is pretty good training for a writer, after all, isn't it?"

"At any rate, it was the making of me," said Deering. "But don't let me bother you now, old man. I've come in to take you out to lunch. Then we can have a little chat, and you can tell me all the office news. I will enjoy sitting here quietly and looking on at the performance where I used to take part."

Hooker and his assistant continued discussing the assignment book. Suddenly a sharp stroke sounded from a gong in the corridor, followed by three others in harsh reverberation. Then a pause, and two more strokes. The two stopped and counted. Nobody else paid any attention; the coming and going went on as before. "Forty-two," said the assistant.

"That's the old Hoodoo box," said Hooker. "You and I have good cause to remember that number, haven't we, Ned?" he continued, turning to Deering. "Eighty-seven million dollars went up in smoke that Saturday night and the next day."

"I got my fill of fires that time," said Deering. "I never wanted to see another one. 'Conflagrations' and 'Holocausts' were words that lost their connections for me after that. By the way, I ran across Charlie Setchell out in Frisco. He is leader-writer for the *Scrutinizer*, and gets big pay. In my oldest scrap-book I still have Setchell's sketch of 'The Burnt District by Moonlight.' I came across it lately. Really, it was a

little masterpiece. That picture of the drunken man who got astray there seemed as funny as ever; how the man fancied himself Stanley at Ujiiji and said, 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume!' to a brick chimney. Only think of it, at that time Stanley was only just back from his wonderful explorations in mid-Africa. And a few months ago I went to the great Victoria Falls by rail."

The young assistant listened to such reminiscences with a respectfulness that was almost awe for the remoteness to which they referred. They antedated his birth by some years, and meant so much ancient history to him. Yet Deering and Hooker were by no means old men. Deering went on about Setchell: "You remember what a slender, handsome young dare-devil he was when we three were cubs together? Well, now he is portly, gray-bearded, and gold-spectacled—a man of weight and dignity; actually, he looks old enough to be my father. At least so said Dick Hardie, who met him with me at the Bohemian Club."

A ring at the desk telephone was answered by the assistant. "The Chief would like to see you a few minutes, Mr. Hooker," he said.

"Well, Alden," said Deering, turning to the assistant as Hooker left them, "I'm glad to see you have gone up a step. How do you like it?"

"In some ways better than running around outside all the time. That was interesting in many ways, but after three or four years the novelty wears off and it all becomes so much routine. Here I don't get much chance to do things myself. But I like the organizing, the planning to have things done. It is something of an education in itself to be with Mr. Hooker like this. He is a master at it. To take a bird's-eye view of the life of a great city, with all the shifting and changing fresh every twenty-four hours—there's something inspiring about it, looking at it in that way."

A boyish-looking young man came in from outside, his eyes kindling enthusiastically. "Say, Mr. Alden, I'm down only for half a column, but I wish you could let me have a whole one. This National Convention of Photographers

is a big thing, and Winterholder's address was a corker. I'm sure I can make a good story of it."

Alden thought a moment. "All right, go ahead with it. If need be, we'll take a reef in the Common Council report. But you fellows must remember that the old Planet hasn't got any rubber chases."

The young fellow laughed at the venerable joke as if it were something new. "Wait a minute, Sherrill," said Alden. "I want you to meet Mr. Deering. He was one of us here, not so very long ago."

"I am tremendously glad to see you, Mr. Deering," said the youth. "I want to tell you how much I like those articles you are doing for To-Day and To-Morrow. I am studying them for their style. I look for them every week."

"He's one of the best," remarked Alden, as Sherrill left them to write out his story. "If we could only have a dozen men like him on the city staff, what a paper we might get out! He was graduated at Harvard last June, and came to us at once. I tell you, Mr. Deering, there is nothing better than a college training for a newspaper man. Of course there are good ones without it, but they are better with it. It never harms a good man. Only they have to learn the difference between a newspaper story and a class-room essay."

"And still newspaper work is good training for literature."

"Indeed it is. It teaches conciseness, directness, clean-cut expression. It is remarkable how many men of letters began with newspaper work. At least half a dozen of our young fellows here are in training for authorship, just as in your day. We might get up a very respectable Authors' Club here in the Planet office. There is young Grayner; two months ago he got the fifteen-hundred-dollar short-story prize from Monday Morning. And now he has so many orders for his work he is thinking of giving himself to fiction entirely. But I tell him he had better think it over a little more."

As Deering sat there the coming and going was continuous. Persons dropped in to ask questions about things that had appeared in the paper; others with

information about happenings or things to happen—these were occasionally valuable tips, and reporters were started promptly on the trail; there were messenger-boys; reporters just in from their assignments, and others just starting out. Some of the reporters recognized Deering and greeted him heartily, with the fraternal air that belongs to the newspaper calling; others were new men and strangers to him. He had become one of the traditions of the office; when it had been noised around the building that he was present, the young men looked curiously at him as they passed, and some sought introductions. Reporters have not much awe for reputations; they are wont to stand on a familiar footing with "greatness." But they have a frank admiration for good work in their own vocation.

Deering looked up to a large photograph on the wall above Hooker's desk—a shrewd-featured man with quizzical eyes and a drooping mustache—the portrait of Hooker's predecessor. "Good old Dan Tedforth!" said he. "Alden, I suppose that photograph up there comes no nearer to you than the portraits of Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams, or Benjamin Franklin do."

"I must allow that's about it," replied Alden, with a little laugh.

"But he comes very near to me—as near as Hooker to you. Of course you know some of the funny stories about him. His methods would be old-fashioned now, for he belonged to the pre-telephone era. But he was 'A No. 1' in his day, and it was his training that made Hooker."

Just then Hooker came back. "The Chief wants Blanie and Hargill on some special service," he said to Alden—"Blanie to work up some stories about new industrial developments in the Middle West, and Hargill to study the situation in Santo Domingo. I am sorry to let them go; you know the things we had laid out for them. But that's what we are here for. What do you say to Sherrill and Elsie for taking up their work? You may as well pick out four of the best available from the waiting-list. Richland has taken up that business offer and drops out next week, and I've just learned from Grayner that after

the end of the month he is going to be a 'talewright' pure and simple."

"'Talewright'! That word is all right," cried Deering. "Why not, as well as 'playwright'? I've known some pretty good 'versewrights,' too, in this office, first and last."

"Well, Ned, I'm with you now for lunch," said Hooker.

In a quiet corner at Maloni's the two old friends had much to tell each other about—Deering of his experiences far and wide in the world, Hooker of what had been passing at home.

"What a human river is always flowing through a newspaper office!" remarked Deering. "Take the office-boys, for instance. The generations of them we have seen come and go! That is where the changes in the masculine being are most marked and rapid, in that lively corner by the door. A new kid in knee-breeches is taken on, and in a couple of years he is in 'long pants,' tall and manly, and one of us. There is Frank Hatmead of your staff—he was junior office-boy ten years after I came on to the paper; such a pretty little fellow, with a wide collar; he looked as if his mother washed his face for him the last thing before he came away in the morning. I saw him in the city room this morning, bald-headed and gray-whiskered, and weighing easy a hundred pounds more than me. Walter Northley is now dean of a college. Jerry Halloran is a prominent lawyer with a big practice. Poor Jim Lennon, the little acrobat, adorns a different sort of a bar. I should say, from the way he looked the last time I saw him on the street. But his chum in the office, Harry Southman, I found a junior partner in the firm when I last went to take out a letter of credit at Dorr & Grayson's. You could probably tell me some interesting histories from the later grades. Wouldn't a reunion, or rather assembly, of former Planet office-boys be a pretty interesting and significant affair?"

"Providing we could make a judicious selection for the occasion," said Hooker. "But the history of the reporters would make a more remarkable showing," he added. "People wonder what becomes of all the reporters.

Think of the incessant changes in our force! By the way, did you know that Tom Hadley died last summer? But old Joe Rodlin still comes round for his pay every Saturday noon."

"Old Uncle Joe! He's the last of the old-timers—the generation when reporting was little more than item-gathering, pure and simple. When I saw him last he looked precisely as he did to me the day of my first assignment. He struck me as old as the hills even then, though I suppose he wasn't over fifty."

"Uncle Joe is an exception," said Hooker. "Reporters are short-lived, as such. We have only five or six old stand-bys who stick to the routine and keep plugging on at the same things—just the same fellows that you knew: Droller, Melding, and the rest. They are almost invaluable in their places, for they do the things that demand long experience. Dear old plodders, perfectly contented with what they do; so devoted to it it would about break their hearts to turn to anything else. They are like the old drill-sergeants in the army. But isn't it lucky there are not so very many more of them? To be sure, it comes hard every time one of our bright young chaps drop out of the force. But it's really the best thing all round; they usually better themselves, and the current of new blood constantly coming in to the office keeps things from stagnating. Still, some of the boys are such delightful personalities I can't bear to see them go. I wonder if you saw a handsome young fellow with wavy brown hair around the office the last time you were here—Phil Stanbush? It was like champagne to have him round. Sometimes, when there was nothing doing, along about four or five o'clock, he would get out his banjo and sing divinely. There was a fortune in his voice, if he had only cared to take it. Gerlitz happened in one day when he was singing, and made him a handsome offer on the spot. But Stanbush cared only for what his pen could do. He had an eye for the drollest side of things, and his humorous verse caught on so with the magazines that now he's doing nothing else. His first volume made a tremendous hit."

"It would be interesting to trace out what becomes of all of us reporters—old ones and young ones," said Deering. "There are not a few of us in literature, or semi-literature. Think of the fortune Rossmorton has coined out of his novels! They have the human touch, whatever else may be said of them. And of the still bigger pile MacSinnot has made by his plays! The Planet is only one of the big newspapers of the country. What a grist of authors of all kinds they all must be turning out between them! If we analyzed the magazines, the publishers' catalogues, the theater programmes, what proportion of the titles might not be traced to journalism?"

"Leaving the other sex out of account, I should say at least twenty per cent.," responded Hooker. "It is quite natural. It is here they come into touch with life of all sorts; experiences large and various. How the daily columns teem with the raw material for literature! No wonder the imagination is stimulated in working such leads."

"Literature offers the most natural and conspicuous destination for us," said Deering. "If we could only have an 'Authors' Union,' now—or, better still, a 'Writers' Union' that would take everybody in from reporter up, and make it hot for the scab scribblers—how we might have things our own way! But the trouble is, almost anybody can write. Paper, pen, and ink are cheap. So it takes little capital to start in the business. In journalism itself there is a constant passing on into the higher ranks. Besides promotions in the big city offices where we begin, so many of us, a lot of the younger newspaper men manage to better themselves by way of the country press, the suburban press, and the provincial press. And is there not a lot of good, sound editorial thinking on the part of the minor newspapers? As to rewards, it seems rather curious that in England and France, where in ordinary pursuits rates of compensation are much lower than here, the compensation for newspaper work in the upper grades is very much higher than with us. In fact, over there such writers can live commensurately with their tastes, while here there are few of us who do not have

to scrimp. Altogether, I suppose that in our journalism the direct prizes are fewer and more meager in proportion to energy expended than in any other profession. It is the going outside that counts best."

"What quantities of our reporters get into all sorts of outside occupations!" remarked Hooker. "The wide acquaintances they make do it for them. They come into contact with all sorts of people. And when, combined with capacity, they have attractive or aggressive personalities, they are likely to get their chance. The business world is full of ex-reporters. Some of our old friends have struck it rich in that way. They are particularly appreciated in positions that keep up their contact with numerous people. Then what a lot of them make their way in politics—all through their getting about in the world and knowing people. Now and then they get into the learned professions—the law most frequently; very rarely, even a minister, and occasionally a doctor."

"That was a plucky thing in Edgar Merry," observed Deering. "He was a good writer, higher than the average. But at thirty-eight he made up his mind that journalism had no special future for him, and so he took a special course in medicine, keeping up his newspaper work all the time. And now he is called one of the best doctors in town."

"Literature and journalism are both writing, after all," said Hooker, reflectively. "Occasionally we even get some pretty good literary quality into a newspaper—a sort of flavoring that now and then scents up an issue of the old Planet as violets sent by mail saturate with their odor a newspaper they are folded into. After all, the average book is about as ephemeral as every newspaper is. Think of the immense amount of work that goes into every number of the Planet! Not only the mechanical exertion, the routine tasks, but the elaborate scheming out of things, all the thinking and the careful writing with reference to that particular issue. And after a few hours it is gone, like a dinner digested. It has served its uses and has passed on. Nobody ever thinks of it again. What's the use?"

"But now take Graymer's brilliant



little stories; who reads even them again after the magazine's month is over? Perhaps he does something 'between covers.' It is read and admired—a 'quick seller.' But after a year or two? Copyrights might be limited to three years for all that nine authors out of ten ever profit by them afterwards. A Kipling may perhaps be read for a century or more. But he will pass at last. Even Shakespeare will sometime pass. The author primarily addresses the people of his day and hour, just as the leader-writer and the reporter do. Secondly, perhaps the author's words may also make appeal to posterity. But what we newspaper fellows are doing is certain to tell upon posterity in thou-

sands of untraceable ways. Did you ever consider how there is scarcely a paragraph in any day's news—even the little things that hardly anybody heeds—that is not of intimate concern, perhaps of vital moment, to some one? There is no little satisfaction in the sense of sitting at the center of things, part and parcel of the huge mechanism of traffic and intercourse that is urging the world of mankind to its vast and unimaginable ends, sitting where the converging wires—

Just then the waiter came up: "A 'phone from your office, Mr. Hooker! They wanted me to tell you something very important has just come in."

## LANDOR'S "COMMENTARY"

IT is not often that a reviewer is called upon to deal with a book that is nearly one hundred years old as though it were a work fresh from its author's pen, but this is precisely the case with Walter Savage Landor's "Commentary"<sup>1</sup> on John Bernard Trotter's "Memoirs of the Latter Years of the Right Honorable Charles James Fox." Written in 1811, printed early in 1812, the "Commentary" now finds publication for practically the first time, having been so rigorously suppressed that exceedingly few copies—of which only one is known to exist to-day—got into circulation. Just why its reprinting was not undertaken before is difficult to say, for as long ago as 1819 Monckton Milnes, then the owner of the single copy in question, called attention to its noteworthy qualities and urged its inclusion in any collected edition of Landor's works. Its original suppression is easy to understand. Written for the avowed purpose of destroying the flattering picture drawn of Fox by the grateful Trotter, it abounds in characteristic and distinctly "actionable" animadversions against not only Fox and his illustrious rival Pitt, but also certain of their surviving followers; is caustically outspoken in its championship of unpopular causes; and opens

with nothing less than a dedication to the President of the United States, with which England was then on the brink of war. Of this dedication the celebrated Gifford, at that time editor of the *Quarterly Review*, exclaimed: "I never read so rascally a thing. It shows Landor to have a most rancorous and malicious heart. Nothing but a rooted hatred of his country could have made him dedicate his jacobinical book to the most contemptible wretch that ever crept into authority"—this pleasing reference being to James Madison. Obviously, there was only one course open to the publisher, John Murray, to whom Landor sent his manuscript. But before definitely refusing to bring it out, Murray submitted proof-sheets to Landor's closest friend, the poet Southey, in the hope that Southey might persuade him to eliminate all obnoxious passages. This failing, the book seemed, in Landor's bitter phrase, "condemned to eternal night." For a time he talked wildly of establishing a printing-press of his own in his remote Welsh valley, but in the end he submitted to the inevitable, and contented himself with privately issuing a small edition in pamphlet form, almost the whole of which, however, was immediately "wasted," to use Monckton Milnes's phrase.

Such, in bald outline, is the history of a work whose value it would be difficult

<sup>1</sup> Charles James Fox: A Commentary on his Life and Character. By Walter Savage Landor. Edited by Stephen Wheeler. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2.75, net.

to overestimate from the standpoint of affording a fuller knowledge of the gifts and limitations of one of the most striking figures in the history of English literature. It shows Landor at his best and at his worst; it presents his views on men, books, and government; it embodies, in what Professor Colvin has well called his "solid, masculine, clenching style," all that Landor stood for in life and letters. There is in it not a little that is prejudiced and absurd, but nothing petty; there is in it much approaching the sublime. Whatever his faults, Carlyle's "old Roman" had an unerring instinct for the good, the noble, and the true; an unflinching sympathy for the miserable and oppressed of humanity; an unflagging devotion to the great cause of liberty. It was this that inspired his "Commentary." He saw his countrymen in the throes of a disastrous war abroad and starvation at home, yet being dragged by their leaders into another war, and this with a people whom he accounted in the freest enjoyment of the greatest right of mankind. He believed, and honestly believed, that the seeds of the existing woes and disorders had been sown by the policies of Pitt and Fox; and he was therefore, with his quick, impetuous, fearless nature, instant to resent the appearance of a work upholding the latter as a pattern of political excellence. In his wrath he cried: "I would destroy the impression of the book before me, because I am firmly persuaded that its tendency must be pernicious. . . . Of all the statesmen who have been concerned in the management of our affairs during a reign the most disastrous in our annals, the example of Mr. Fox, if followed up, would be the most fatal to our interests and our glory." And, again: "He [Fox] never came into office but through a breach of honor, never without a close and intimate coalition with men whom he had frequently and loudly and justly denounced as worthy of the gallows. So atrocious is his guilt, he never joined them but at the very moment when their criminality was at the highest, and when, without his coalescence, the people would have dragged them to punishment or abandoned them to disgrace."

But if he would pillory the luckless Trotter, if he would scarify Trotter's hero and many another whom Trotter praised or condemned, he would not indulge solely in the congenial task of destructive criticism. He would essay also the equally congenial task of pointing the path to national right living and right doing. He would indicate, in detail, abuses that should be corrected, reforms that should be achieved; and, more largely, he would emphasize the ideals of freedom and justice essential to national as well as individual welfare and happiness. Hence, for example, the dedication to Madison, under which Gifford writhed, but which Landor protested to Southey was "the best thing he had ever written." Certainly, it voices to perfection the fundamental principle of his political faith. "If you think as I do," he writes, addressing Madison—"and free men, allowing for the degree of their capacities, generally think alike—you will divide the creatures of the Almighty into three parts: first, men who enjoy the highest perfection of liberty and civilization; secondly, men who live under the despotism of one person or more, and are not permitted to enjoy their reason for the promotion of their happiness; and, thirdly, the brute creation, which is subject also to arbitrary will, and whose happiness their slender power of reasoning (for some they have) is inadequate to promote. These three classes, in my view of the subject, stand at equal distances."

Out of this same desire to upbuild as well as to destroy grows many another eloquent passage, and notably one of the finest tributes to Washington that has ever been penned. "We lost Washington," Landor cries, "but he was ours, and death gives him back. No man ever encountered such difficulties in politics and war; no man ever adapted one to the other with such skill. In fortitude, justice, and equanimity no man ever excelled him; no exemplar has been recommended to our gratitude, love, and veneration by the most partial historian or the most encomiastic biographer, in which so many and so great virtues, public and private, were united. His name, his manners, his language,

his sentiments, his soul, were English; and the wretches went peaceably to the grave who traitorously separated him from England!"

For these few sentences alone the rescue of the "Commentary" from the oblivion in which it has so long been buried must be accounted an act worthy of the warmest praise. But there is much else—too much, in fact, to do more than indicate here—which compels instant appreciation of the service Mr. Wheeler has rendered. Besides the comment on men and events, and the sturdy preaching of ideals and principles, the "Commentary" contains a copious if intermittent flow of literary criticism in the best Landorian vein. For this a ready excuse is found in the unhappy Trotter's allusions to the literary efforts, affinities, and dislikes of his master—though doubtless Landor would have made an excuse had one not been so aptly forthcoming. As it is, we glimpse him anew passing judgment on ancient and modern masters of prose and verse, from Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Virgil, and Horace, to Dante, Chaucer, Ariosto, Tasso, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Dryden, and Burns. Here, of course, as always, he is the inevitable Landor of prejudices and prepossessions, but the Landor who can nevertheless see direct to the heart of things and detect the real from the false. To quote discursively:

I am convinced that nearly all of what Virgil has imitated from Homer were the exercises of his youth, and that those critics who would institute a comparison between the two great poets act unfairly and unwisely by adducing these as points of it. The best translation that has ever been made from Homer is not among the many in Virgil, but was immediately before the eyes of Virgil in Lucretius. . . .

Must we not confess that every great poem hitherto has been defective in plan, and even that each has been more so than its predecessor? Such stupendous genius, so much fancy, and so much vigor of intellect, never were united as in "Paradise Lost;" yet it is neither so correct nor so varied as the "Iliad," nor, however important the moral, so interesting or so attractive. The very moral itself is the reason why it wearies even those critics who insist on the necessity of it, and its importance is the reason why it is so perpetually urged and inculcated. . . .

It appears rather strange that Mr. Fox should not have perceived this easiness in Ovid and in Hesiod. The latter is a very indifferent poet, but he enjoys no inconsiderable reputation. His verse is the most fluent of all, yet his sentences are seldom harmonious. We read that he contended with Homer and gained the prize. If they contended, this is not unlikely to have happened, for the second best has always more favorers than the best. . . .

Ariosto is almost as far below Homer as he is above Spenser. He may be ranked among the first writers of romance. His versification is very easy, but also very negligent. He bears no resemblance whatsoever to Virgil or to Homer, and comes nearer to Ovid than to any other of the ancients. But, although the language of Ovid is sometimes too familiar, it hardly ever is prosaic. . . . In Ariosto there are at least a thousand verses which have nothing to distinguish them from prose excepting the corresponding rhyme. . . .

The "Faery Queene" is rambling and discontinuous, full of every impropriety, and utterly deficient in just conception both of passion and of character. In Chaucer, on the contrary, we recognize the strong, homely strokes, the broad and negligent facility, of a great master. Within his time and Shakespeare's there was nothing comparable, nor, I think, between Shakespeare and Burns, a poet who much resembles him in a knowledge of nature and manners; who, in addition to this, is the most excellent of pastoral poets, not excepting Theocritus; and who in satire, if that indeed can add anything to qualities so much greater, is not inferior to Pope, or Horace, or Aristophanes.

Manifestly, a bounteous and varied feast is in store for the discriminating reader of the "Commentary." But it cannot be made too clear that there are times when the reader must needs be exceedingly discriminating, and most of all in his perusal of Landor's views concerning Fox, Pitt, Napoleon, the French, and other of his pet abominations. As Mr. Wheeler in one connection takes occasion to point out, the facts do not always support the charges advanced. And if only for this reason, it is to be regretted that the "Commentary" as now published is not accompanied by a succinct, authoritative, and dispassionate account of the political situation as it actually was, and of the circumstances which led to Landor's distinctly hostile and condemnatory attitude. Justice would thus be insured both to Landor himself and to the victims of his fulmina-

tions. The absence of such a supplementary essay, however, should in no wise preclude the prompt and hearty welcome

of a work which, for all its defects, bears in certain particulars the stamp of true genius.

## A MODERN THEOLOGIAN<sup>1</sup>

THE most prominent characteristics of this admirable work are its entire freedom from bondage to the past, and its bond of discriminating sympathy with the past in carefulness for whatever of essential truth has been transmitted. Dr. Brown expressly recognizes the present as a period of transition, in which the advance of learning necessitates the restatement of the unchanging truth in forms changed to square with present insight and knowledge. "Christian theology is not concerned with all the convictions which have been held by Christian people, but only with the abiding convictions . . . as permanent elements in the Christian conception of life. It seeks to present Christian truth as it appears to-day, free from the accidental and transient elements with which it has been associated in the past." This conception of his subject is the keynote of his work. He speaks not only to professional students, but also to thoughtful laymen, whose historic heritage of Christian thought needs some reinterpretation of terms to secure "that sense of spiritual unity with the past" which nourishes the religious life of the present.

"Traditional theology" has indeed broken down, as Dr. Brown affirms. He specifies the causes of it—a better Biblical scholarship, exposing the inadequacy of the creed-makers' proof-texts; a revived religious life, testing all doctrines by experience; a new philosophy, discrediting all speculations which cannot meet that test. The modern theologian, using the Christological method, "which arrives at God through Jesus," has to interpret the central truth, "God was in Christ," in terms congruous with all the truths acknowledged by the modern world. "We no longer recognize the antithesis

between reason and revelation which the old theology assumed." "In our modern world the old position of the natural and supernatural is exactly reversed. . . . The insight that law is universal is matched by the higher insight that it is only in consciousness that we find law. Thus the supernatural receives its true meaning of the personal, and the false antithesis between nature and the supernatural is removed."

Of central importance in Christian theology is the problem of the person of Christ. Dr. Brown remarks upon the different philosophical presuppositions, ancient and modern, which make the Christology of the fifth century unsatisfactory to-day. Philosophy no longer accepts the notion of a fundamental contradiction between the divine and the human, but substitutes for the purely transcendent God of ancient theory a Deity who is also immanent in humanity. Furthermore, historical criticism has led to a *realization* of the humanity of Jesus in place of the mere verbal affirmation of it that formerly contented believers. And so there is to-day a general tendency "to find the proof of his divinity in his unique character and historic influence, rather than in a metaphysical construction of his person;" also "to emphasize the naturalness of incarnation as the fulfillment of the true relation between God and man."

In stating the permanent elements in the Christian thought of Christ, Dr. Brown observes that "the difference between the older and the more recent theology is not a difference of faith, but a difference of conception," arising partly from a difference of philosophy, partly from a difference of ideals—formerly mystical, now ethical. "The doctrine of the human individuality of Jesus, so far from weakening his universal significance and authority, is the indispensable condition of securing both. . . . If Jesus,

<sup>1</sup> Christian Theology in Outline. By William Adams Brown, Ph.D., D.D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

living the life of a Palestinian Jew of the first century, could realize the divine ideal for man under the conditions which surrounded him, then such realization must be possible in the jungles of India or in the slums of London." A metaphysical Christology finds the uniqueness of Jesus in supernatural endowments that separate him from men. But historical and psychological inquiry discovers it rather "in his moral character and in the transforming influence which he has exerted. . . . Through submission to him we are conscious of a moral and spiritual transformation which requires God for its explanation. This is why we give him a divine significance we do not attach to other men." Here Dr. Brown agrees with Ritschl, whom he recognizes as "representative of the prevailing tendency in modern Christological thought," but criticises for defects which his successors are amending.

The Church's conviction of Jesus' unique mission and authority, Dr. Brown goes on to say, "finds expression in the doctrine of the deity of Christ. The true meaning of this doctrine has been often misunderstood. It is not the declaration that God is to be found only in Jesus, but that he is everywhere and always like Jesus. It is the confession of Christian faith that in Christ we have the revelation of the true nature of the ultimate reality who is the source and law of all things." So also "the real significance of the doctrine of the pre-existent Christ" is not an extension of the consciousness of the human Jesus into unknowable regions, but an affirmation of "our faith that in him we have the revelation in human form of the unchanging God of whose progressive self-revelation all history is the story, and who is destined at last to win all men unto himself." And so, "like every other theological doctrine, that of Christ's divinity has a teleological character, standing or falling with his continued moral supremacy in the life of the race."

The substitution which Dr. Brown makes of historical and psychological conceptions for the speculative and artificial constructions of the traditional theology is directed to the same end as theirs—to vindicate a truth which the

New Testament posits as fundamental, *i. e.*, the representative character of Christ as the ideal of humanity, "in whose character the ethical possibilities which lie latent in other men attain their full development, and in whom the goal toward which they are moving is anticipated. This is what Christian faith affirms of Jesus. . . . It is from this standpoint that the doctrine of the divinity of Christ receives its deepest significance. . . . It is not that in Jesus we have the manifestation for a brief period of divine powers and relations normally absent from human life; but that in him for the first time there has been completely revealed in a human life that abiding relation between God and man which gives life its profoundest significance, and warrants our faith in the ultimate realization of the divine ideal in humanity."

The distinctive characteristics of Dr. Brown's work are more adequately perceived in the space here available by concentrating attention on his treatment of the more important portion of his field, than by a more general review of the whole. Everywhere the same primacy is given to the ethical facts and needs of Christian life. Speculative and metaphysical interest gives place to the historical and psychological. Insight and breadth of view are conspicuous in sympathetic appreciation of right feeling beneath distorted expression, and permanent truth in passing forms. A clear distinction of religious values from philosophical statements is steadily maintained. The recognition given to the protest of such Unitarian writers as Martineau and Wicksteed, as "consistent with a sympathetic appreciation of those elements of truth for which the Trinitarian faith stands," seems to indicate a hope for the issue of the long controversy in a synthesis of every truth for which the parties have separately contended.

It is with Protestant theology that Dr. Brown is mainly concerned. The original Protestant ideal, as he reminds us, was of a theology both Biblical and practical, and "at every point in close touch with life." The true aim of modern Protestantism is to revive this

ideal, long overborne by a rigid confessionalism and scholasticism. But its Biblical character will appear in modernized form. "Whereas in the earlier Protestantism the Bible is thought of as containing a complete system of doctrine and morals, to be accepted unchanged by all succeeding generations; in the later it is conceived rather as giving the principles by which the Church is progressively to develop her conception of truth and of duty under the continuing inspiration of the spirit of Christ." With allowance for the difference between the

Roman Catholic and the Protestant point of view, this appears to be essentially the ground taken in the Abbé Loisy's remarkable book on "The Gospel and the Church."

This conception of the relation of the Bible to theology, of which Dr. Brown observes it is not the only source, underlies his entire work, and gives it distinctive character. It is undeniably the true conception. In the fidelity, the fullness, and the freedom with which he has applied it he is not surpassed by any contemporary theologian.

## Comment on Current Books

*The Italian Lake Country* combines the inspiration of Switzerland and the charm of Italy. As far as natural beauty is concerned, the region of those lakes is certainly one of the most exquisite imaginable. As is appropriate, it has been visited and appreciated exclusively because of this supreme appeal. But it has also claims on students of history, science, literature, and art. Not to dwell on earlier history, the exploits of Cavour, Mazzini, and Garibaldi along the shores of Lakes Maggiore, Varese, and Como make those shores doubly impressive. In science, the annals of Lake Como include the careers of Pliny the Elder and Pliny the Younger, who, as scientists, philanthropists, and essayists, did much to make Rome greater than she could ever have become by a merely material advance; the annals also include the career of Volta, the discoverer of the electric pile, and from whose name we have the term volt; finally, they include the career of Stoppani, who instructed Italy and the world in geology and palæontology. In literature, from Catullus in Roman times to Manzoni and Fogazzaro in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, the shores of Garda, Como, and Lugano have been fitly immortalized in verse and prose. In art, Segantini is the chief name; his pictures recall Millet's in their deep humanity, but they depict the region where he lived, uniting Italy to Switzerland, as have those of no other painters. Some of these associations of nature and human nature are emphasized in Mr. McCrackan's just published volume on the Italian lakes. Certainly it offers to tourists and sojourners a feast con-

trasted with the scant fare with which, perforce, they have had to be content in reading their necessarily condensed Baedeker, Meyer, Murray, or Boniforti. They have now a guide at once more sensitive and more comprehensive. Mr. McCrackan's books on Switzerland were an earnest of the broad-minded and sympathetic treatment to be found in the present volume. It brings us into closer intimacy, not only with the three best-known lakes, Como, Lugano, and Maggiore, but also with those which should be better known, Garda, Iseo, Varese, and Orta.

*Wycliffe* The pioneer of English Protestantism, the first translator of the Scriptures into the English tongue, is a fit subject for a popular biography such as this.<sup>1</sup> It is the story of a great man, told in a spirited style for plain, busy, and earnest people by one who has imbibed all that history relates of that "morning star of the Reformation," and has reproduced it in a well-digested and graphic abridgment, from which nothing essential seems omitted.

*Savage* According to Mr. Harry de Windt, "Savage Europe"<sup>2</sup> includes the Balkan States and Russia. He might have added Turkey. His latest volume, like his "Ride to India" and his "New Siberia," is a vivacious account of travel and observation. As in those volumes, he often emphasizes characteristics too little appreciated; for instance:

I have never in all my wanderings throughout the world met a better fellow than the Montenegrin. . . . He has been called the Afghan of Europe, and if the latter be as brave as a lion, generous in his dealings, and the soul of honor, the simile is correct. Everywhere throughout the country the stranger meets with

<sup>1</sup> Wycliffe: The Morning Star. By George S. Innis (Men of the Kingdom.) Jennings & Graham, Cincinnati. \$1, net.

<sup>2</sup> Through Savage Europe. By Harry de Windt, F.R.C.S. The J.B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$3, net.

<sup>1</sup> The Italian Lakes. By W. D. McCrackan. L. C. Page & Co., Boston.

nothing but kindness and hospitality. . . . The moment a traveler crosses the threshold he is gravely informed that the dwelling is his. . . . I remember refusing to accept a dagger which I had admired in a wayside hovel, and finding, several hours afterwards, that the owner had concealed it under the cushions of my carriage. At the same time, I do not doubt that, if absolutely necessary, your host would kill you without the slightest compunction, but it would certainly be for the sake of his honor and not of your purse. And you would first be given a weapon with which to defend yourself, for a Montegrin would sooner lose his life than attack an unarmed man.

*The Psychological Interpretation of Painting*

"No writing about any art is other than pedantic, academic, or fragmentary if not based on vivid, irrepressible interest in the life we know." So declares Mr. Frederick Wedmore in his latest volume of criticism, and so one must think in turning page after page of the volumes of a weightier work,<sup>1</sup> Dr. Muther's "*Geschichte der Malerei*." Keen interest in the actual life lived in the long ago, and a desire to portray it vividly as it appears in art, shows itself in every chapter of the Breslau professor's work. But his first interest is in life in the large, in periods of history quite as much as in individual men. Hence his books are distinguished from others because, as far as possible, their author approaches every great movement and every great man from a purely psychological point of view. The result is gratifying. Men become no longer single units, but parts of a whole, and all art history becomes unified. Before studying Dr. Muther's volumes the reader may have been chiefly interested in a few great names. He now thinks of epochs and schools rather than of individuals, and he connects the schools together as not before. Is Dr. Muther discussing the earliest Christian art? He contends that it was the end of a period rather than the beginning of another. Even if certain symbols, the fish, for example, came into use as significant of Christian teachings, it is none the less true that many subjects were transported bodily from paganism, even though their joyous heathen spirit did not seem wholly symbolic of the spirit of the martyrs in the catacombs, as in Orpheus and his lyre, for example. It is worth while to read such books as these, if for nothing else than to comprehend the bold affirmation that a purely genuine, native Christian art arose only when Christianity became the religion of the State, and when worship was held, not in underground catacombs, but above ground, in churches built for that particular purpose. But because

Dr. Muther redefines and connects great epochs, he does not slight the characterization of the individual giants of painting. Take his treatment of the one whose vividness and irrepressibility of life pierced through a Byzantine fixedness of form. We now see Giotto in a light hitherto not cast upon him in its fullness. Henceforth he stands out a psychological curiosity—one living in an ecstatic age—and yet no mystic either in life or work. Except in rendering the German "*Sinnlich*" by the English "*sensual*" where "*sensuous*" is evidently meant, the five small volumes have been well translated and published in two fairly good sized volumes. The work's scope does not embrace the nineteenth century. Hence it should be added that Professor Muther has treated that century in a separate history, already translated into English. Both works are, of course, psychological in point of view; they thus constitute in considerable degree at once a challenge and a prophecy.

*The Making of English Literature*

This title<sup>1</sup> is happily chosen for a historical introduction to English literature which takes account of the elemental forces that have created it—the racial and personal qualities and the time-spirit of each successive age. This evolutionary conception of the literature imparts unity to the vast variety of the subject, whose multitudinous differences are shown in their relation to the central movement of thought and life. The main phases of the evolution constitute the successive sections of the volume, viz., Paganism and Christianity, Religion and Romance, Renaissance and Reformation, Classicism, Individualism, Democracy and Science. The individual contributors to each stage of the evolutionary movement are marshaled under the lead of its chief representatives, *e.g.*, Dryden, Pope, and Johnson as the exponents of finished, restrained, and orderly expression—authoritative Classicism; Burns and Wordsworth as the apostles of Individualism, and its passion for humanity. The evolutionary conception of the whole subject appears also in particulars, as in the genesis in the eighteenth century of the favorite literary form of the nineteenth century—the novel. So much for the general treatment of the "long and stupendous process." It fitly includes brief sketches and characterizations of the makers of literature, not neglecting the personal equation in estimates of their work. These estimates are fine specimens of sympathetic criticism, discriminating and just. They emphasize what is emphasized throughout

<sup>1</sup> *The History of Painting: From the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century.* By Richard Muther, Ph.D. Translated from the German and Edited with Annotations by George Kriehn, Ph.D. In 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$6.

<sup>1</sup> *The Making of English Literature.* By William H. Crawshaw, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. \$1.25.

the volume, the truth that literature is an outgrowth of life, and a revelation of life, which it is the business of the student of literature to understand. For the general reader, as well as for the student, this is an illuminating book.

*Light from  
Babel*

In this handsome volume,<sup>1</sup> enriched with over a hundred and twenty illustrations, Professor Clay, of the University of Pennsylvania, has popularized the results of the excavations of the buried cities of Babylonia, especially at Nippur, where the explorers from the University began work in 1889. These results, however rewarding in their revelations of a civilized society long antecedent to the traditional date of the creation of man, are but a small installment, we are told, of more to come as the spade attacks hundreds of sites yet untouched. More discoveries are needed before certain problems of the Old Testament are settled. The historical value of Genesis xiv. has been demonstrated to skeptical critics, but Professor Clay's identification of the Abram who is its central figure with Abraham is still questionable. Professor Paton, of Hartford, regards Abram as a local hero of Hebron, but Abraham as a collective name for a number of Aramæan tribes.

*The Social  
Gospel*

These essays by distinguished German theologians<sup>2</sup> throw instructive side-lights upon the social problem of the modern Church. Otherwise they hardly contribute much to the guidance of the American churches. In a historical retrospect Professor Harnack shows that the Church, though "generally on the wrong side" (i. e., in Germany) during the nineteenth century, has done more than many admit for economic reform. But he affirms that "the improvement of economic conditions is not the duty of religion," though, on the other hand, "war must be waged on misery," temporal and spiritual needs being inseparable. His way out of evil conditions is one which the deadness of a State Church seems to have suggested—the development of such vigorous congregational life as that of the primitive Church, drawing rich and poor into a brotherhood and helpfulness in which class distinctions cease to be barriers. Professor Hermann's account of the moral teachings of Jesus makes out a stark contradiction between the profession of obedience to Jesus and the possession of wealth

or capital. Jesus' injunctions to renounce wealth he takes as addressed not merely to the men who were to become his missionaries, but to all his disciples, and accounts for them by mistakingly attributing to Jesus the belief that the end of the world was imminent. They lose validity when this belief loses it. What remains for us, then, is not a rule, but a principle, the spirit of Jesus as love that is adequate to any sacrifice. "After all, complete Christianity is the personal life of discipline and freedom revealed to man in Jesus"—a true conclusion, though faultily reached.

*Practical  
Theology*

Under this title<sup>3</sup> a distinguished Canadian theologian treats of the office and duties of ministers of the Presbyterian Church. Biblical and historical material is freely used in the interest of ecclesiastical theory and practice. The general reader may gain much information concerning Presbyterian doctrine and usage, as set forth in the Westminster Confession and Directory of Worship. It is rather surprising to find that the only studies other than Biblical which are here recommended to preachers are philosophy, history, and poetry. Still more surprising, as contradicted by the document itself, is the statement that "the American Declaration of Independence by becoming agnostic becomes atheistic."

*American History  
in Outline*

Mr. Leon C. Prince's "Bird's-Eye View of American History"<sup>4</sup> is obviously intended, as its title implies, to serve as an introduction to the study of more detailed works, and to meet the desires of those who would obtain in convenient compass an account of the salient facts in the history of the United States from the earliest times to the present day. From beginning to end, with the exception of some happy comments on institutional and constitutional development, and some equally unhappy and quite superfluous observations on the present status of the American negro, it is a bald outline sketch of the most important occurrences and movements, and is, generally speaking, in accord with the findings of modern scholarship. It is not free from questionable statements; as, for example, that the Dutch West India Company was organized primarily for the American fur trade, and that the Whig party was not associated with any vital facts in American history; it is distinctly ultra-patriotic in its presentation of the War for Independence and the War

<sup>1</sup> *Light on the Old Testament from Babel.* By Albert T. Clay, Ph.D. (Second Edition.) The Sunday School Times Company, Philadelphia.

<sup>2</sup> *Essays on the Social Gospel.* By Adolf Harnack and William Hermann, Dr. Theol. Translated by G. M. Craik. Crown Theological Library, Vol. XVIII. Edited by Maurice A. Canney, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

<sup>3</sup> *Studies in Practical Theology.* By Allan Pollok, D.D., LL.D. L. C. Allen & Co., Halifax, Canada.

<sup>4</sup> *A Bird's-Eye View of American History.* By Leon C. Prince. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.25, net.



of 1812; and it occasionally carries condensation to a perilous extreme. But against these defects must be set some really striking features. The factors underlying the growth of the Nation are clearly apprehended and brought out in bold relief. There is a complete absence of prejudice in the discussion of such highly controversial subjects as the struggle over slavery and the methods of reconstruction; and, as a rule, proper emphasis is given to the facts essential to an accurate, if not full, understanding of each topic treated, so that, with the reservations noted above, the little book may be recommended for the purposes for which it was written. It is a pity, however, that Mr. Prince did not supply a bibliography indicating the most trustworthy authorities for extended study of the successive phases and periods.

**Sick Souls** are sick souls. But the hour cometh, and now is, when the spiritually dead will hear a Voice and they that hear shall live. This does not mean Christian Science, desirable as are some of its features. Dr. Hilty<sup>1</sup> pays his very vigorous respects to Christian Science in general and to Mrs. Baker Eddy in particular. The German professor's little book should help both soul and body. The cause of sickness of souls is sin, declares the author, especially that thought-sin by which man obstinately bars himself from God, the source of all health and strength. Depression in the body and depression in the soul can only really be removed by the courage to embrace not part of but all of God's proffered goodness in his promises to man. Thus we shall be one day not only able to enter upon eternal life, we shall be worthy of it.

**The Critics vs. Shakespeare** Mr. Francis Smith has written a vigorous and independent book<sup>2</sup> in which he presents a long list of what he regards, and what most Shakespeareans regard, as gross misconceptions of the meaning and art of the Shakespearean plays. He pays his respect with special vigor to Professor Barrett Wendell, who in attempting to humanize Shakespeare sometimes succeeds in making him incomprehensible, judged by the spirit and form of his own expression. He is especially concerned with the chronology of some of the critics whom he attacks; and his critical analysis of Professor Thorndike's theory for fixing the date of "Philaster" and "Cymbeline," and Professor Wendell's

decision in regard to the date of "Timon of Athens," is a very vigorous piece of exposition, and may be regarded as a contribution to the discussion. One may pick flaws in Mr. Smith's book at points, but he speaks as a man who loves the plays as literature, and who brings to them a keen human sense of the conditions under which they were probably produced.

### **Early Spanish Explorers in America**

As a narrative of notable exploration, suffering and privation, the "Relacion" of Cabeza de Vaca, first printed in 1542, is one of the most important in American annals. It inspired Coronado's later expedition and perhaps that of Hernando de Soto. The account of the last-named expedition was written by a "gentleman of Elvaes" in Portugal, was published in 1557, and records among other things the discovery and navigation of the Mississippi. From this account we obtain our first geographical knowledge of most of the Southern States. Coronado's expedition, however, was even more remarkable than either of these, and was described by Castañeda, a private soldier in Coronado's army. The expedition introduced to the world the vast interior of our continent and its inhabitants, especially the sedentary Pueblo Indians and the hunting tribes of the great plains and of the Colorado. These three narratives, excellently edited, are included in the present volume,<sup>3</sup> and have been fitly selected from the many narratives of Spanish explorers in the Southern United States as being of pre-eminent historical importance as well as actual interest.

### **The Short Story**

The rank and file of the army of short-story writers, certainly those of them who aspire to proficiency, will find this a most serviceable guide<sup>4</sup> in the principles and practice of their art. In the far larger army of readers those who care to cultivate a discriminating taste will find it a profitable "coach" in criticism. Constructive criticism forms the substance of the work, well illustrated with examples both to follow and to flee. Further illustrations of points developed are given in a classified "reading list" of the best stories. Practice is also provided for by a classified series of "suggestions for assignments of stories and constructive exercises." Miss Albright's treatment of the subject is more than creditable; it is masterly.

<sup>1</sup> *Kranke Seelen*. By Professor Dr. G. Hilty. J. C. Hinrichs's Buchhandlung, Leipzig.

<sup>2</sup> *The Critics versus Shakespeare*. By Francis A. Smith. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

<sup>3</sup> *Spanish Explorers in the Southern United States, 1528-1543*. (Original Narratives of Early American History. General Editor, J. Franklin Jameson, Ph.D., LL.D.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3, net.

<sup>4</sup> *The Short Story: Its Principles and Structure*. By Evelyn May Albright, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. 90c.

# Letters to The Outlook

## OUR CRIMINAL LAW

The article of Mr. Alger in a recent issue of *The Outlook* on "American Discontent with Criminal Law" is another of the many illustrations of the singular shortness of view which prevents members of the New York Bar from taking notice of the practice in New Jersey. The writer deploras as American abuses the difficulty of obtaining a jury in any notorious case, and the restrictions imposed upon the judge in the expression of his opinion to the jury on the trial. These may be New York abuses, but it is a misnomer to call them American abuses. In New Jersey, as well as in England, juries are obtained without delay, and the judges may freely express their opinions on the evidence without risk of endangering a verdict of conviction. The speedy selection of a jury is brought about, not by muzzling the newspapers, but by treating as of no importance the casual opinions obtained from them. As long ago as 1846 Chief Justice Hornblower held on the trial of an indictment for murder that, to support a challenge on the ground of the expression of his opinion by a juror, it must appear that the opinion expressed was out of ill will or malice towards the party. He said: "It has been supposed that an opinion of guilt founded on newspaper reports or other information, or on personal knowledge, disqualifies a man from being a juror, but this is not so. I have no hesitancy in saying that a bystander who witnesses a homicide is a perfectly competent juror. Declarations of opinion to disqualify a juror, therefore, must be such as imply malice or ill will against the prisoner." In 1856 this view was adopted by the Supreme Court in the case of the State against Fox, 25 N. J. Law, 566, 594. Chief Justice Green said:

Knowledge is not prejudice. Wherever there is knowledge, from the very nature of the human mind there must be opinion, and the strength of the opinion will ordinarily be proportionate to the extent of the knowledge. In a community like ours, where intelligence of every kind is widely diffused, rapidly circulated, and eagerly sought after, to affirm that every one who acquires information of a crime and forms, as every man capable of thought must form, some opinion in regard to it, is laboring under a moral bias which perverts the judgment, is to affirm what is contrary to all reason and experience, and in direct conflict with the truth. The doctrine, carried to its legitimate conclusions, excludes the most intelligent class of citizens, and those best qualified to serve as jurors. It practically disqualifies every man who reads and thinks. Instead of purifying, it emasculates the jury box; and where the experiment has been fully tried, the lessons of experience have in this particular confirmed the deductions of reason.

To a New Jersey practitioner it seems very strange that New York lawyers and

editors should go on deploring the difficulty of obtaining juries, without making the slightest effort to procure the passage of a statute that an opinion formed by a juror shall not be good ground for challenge unless ill will or malice towards the accused is shown.

As to the matter of the expression of opinions, it is held to be the duty of the judge to give the jury the benefit of his experience in the sifting of evidence. In 1869 the law was settled on this subject by the highest New Jersey court, in the case of Castner vs. Sliker, 33 N. J. Law, 507, in these terms:

It is the right and duty of a judge to comment upon the evidence, and, in cases where he thinks it required for the promotion of justice, to give his views upon the weight of it, provided he leaves it to the jury to decide upon their own views of it.

Jersey City, New Jersey.

C.

[Replying at our request to the letter above, Mr. Alger says: "Your correspondent, as I understand his letter, makes two points. One is that the Jersey courts are excellent in the handling of criminal cases and that their judges are permitted to exercise the judicial function to the full. I believe there is a large measure of truth in this claim. 'Jersey justice' has been used as a synonym for despatch. The second point which he makes as a corollary from the first is that because defects in the administration of criminal law in New Jersey are not specially conspicuous, therefore these defects do not exist elsewhere—except in New York. He says, 'These may be New York abuses, but it is a misnomer to call them American abuses.' This conclusion, I think, is both short-sighted and wrong. It ignores facts familiar to lawyers and the public. In writing my paper I had not intended to consider abuses which were peculiar to New York. On the contrary, there is very much to be said on the character of New York jurisprudence in comparison with that of other States. So far as yellow journalism is concerned, your correspondent is apparently in favor of disregarding this conspicuous source of prejudice injected in the criminal trials. This is simple and promotes despatch. But mere despatch at the expense of fair play is of doubtful value. A person on trial for a criminal charge, and the community itself which he is supposed to have offended, are entitled to a trial in an atmosphere in which justice can be fairly done to them both. Justice should begin her work with her scales evenly balanced. Your correspondent (citing cases decided long before yellow journalism was born) apparently declares that the New Jersey courts ignore

this right, and that a person charged with a crime must be satisfied with jurors who have fixed opinions of his guilt, provided they do not have actual ill will or malice towards him. New York, to be sure, has no such rule, nor is it likely to adopt one. If he will examine Section 376 of the New York Code of Criminal Procedure, he will find an excellent model for legislation in New Jersey. There can of course be no criticism of the general statements contained in the citations which he makes from the New Jersey courts, however, except as to this special rule which he finds so excellent, and which is not likely to appeal strongly to fair-minded men. Quite apart from the relative merits of New York and New Jersey in their respective systems of criminal law (a matter which my paper does not attempt to discuss), I would suggest that there is no special benefit to be obtained by overlooking and ignoring generally recognized evils in the condition and administration of the criminal law."—THE EDITORS.]

### THE FREE RURAL SERVICE

The Postal Appropriation Bill of March 2, 1907, contained, among others, these items:

"For pay of letter-carriers, substitutes for carriers on annual leave, and clerks in charge of sub stations of rural delivery service, tolls and ferrriage, \$34,900,000.

"On and after July 1, 1907, letter-carriers of the rural delivery service shall receive a salary not exceeding \$900 per annum." This against the old maximum rate of \$720.

Congress, however, still confines the rural post-wagon to city foot-post traffic, 4 pound parcels of sealed matter at 32 cents a pound; general merchandise, 16 cents a pound; books, seeds, etc., 8 cents a pound; magazines and newspapers, 4 cents a pound; and with this result: The total load of the average wagon, mail delivered and collected, on its average 25-mile trip, visiting 125 families, weighs less than 20 pounds. Its revenue load of 22 pieces, 70 letters and post cards, 2 newspapers, circulars or parcels of merchandise, weighs less than 2 pounds, and brings in to the Government less than 40 cents per day, less than \$130 per year.

According to the estimates of the Post-Office Department, there will be 41,000 rural routes in operation the coming year. The salary of the average carrier will therefore amount to about \$850 for the year, as against

an average salary of \$600 under the old régime. The account of the service for the year ending June 30, 1908, will stand something as follows:

Cost of average route.....	\$850
Earnings of average route.....	130
Loss per route.....	\$720

Total loss to the Post-Office Department on its 41,000 routes, over \$29,500,000.

But even this vast sum falls far short of the full damage to the country from the failure of the Fifty-ninth Congress to provide for the reasonable use of our free rural service. For yet another long year the rural public will be compelled to carry off their produce and bring home their supplies on their own backs or in their own vehicles, while, day by day, a public post-wagon, easily made capable of doing their entire transport business, will pass their doors with its 20-pound loads.

I doubt if \$100,000,000 will cover the cost of the needless labor thus imposed by Congress upon the five million families on our rural routes during the coming year.

An increase in the postal income derived from the average rural family of two cents a day, says the Master of the National Grange, ex-Governor Bachelder, of New Hampshire, would place the rural mail service on a paying basis; and with a reasonable parcels post this increase in postal income would be assured from the rural grocery trade alone. We are in thorough accord with Governor Bachelder's proposition that a general parcels service with a minimum weight of 11 pounds—rates on 3-ounce parcels 1 cent, pound parcels 5 cents, 11-pound parcels 25 cents—and a local rural parcels service with a similar minimum-weight limit and lower rates, must be established by Congress this coming winter.

It is on these lines, rather than in the increase of the tax on the circulation of public intelligence proposed by the Postal Commission of the Fifty-ninth Congress, that our postal service is to be advanced.

Our motto is, "No increase in postal rates on any class of mail matter; a reduction in rates on all classes of mail matter."

We are confident that, with a reasonable use of our modern transport machinery, and with a low-weight limit on first-class matter—matter that requires especial care and rapid despatch—a cent-a-pound rate on all mail matter would be found both practicable and profitable.

JAMES L. COWLES.

# August

## Breakfast Suggestions

Oranges  
Ham Omelet  
Creamed Potatoes

Muffins Coffee

Strawberries  
Ham Patties Potato Cakes  
Rolls Coffee

Fruit  
Bacon and Eggs Fried Potatoes  
Hot Bread Coffee

Hominy  
Broiled Bacon Shirred Eggs  
Potato Cakes  
Graham Gems Coffee

Cereal  
Fried Ham and Eggs  
German Fried Potatoes  
Popovers Coffee

Fruit  
Ham Toast Poached Eggs  
Creamed Potatoes  
Whole Wheat Muffins Coffee



# Swift's Premium

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# Hams and Bacon



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# The Outlook

*Saturday, July 20, 1907*

## The Railway Problem

By BORDEN D. WHITING

Of the New Jersey Board of Railway Commissioners

## A Century of Progress

By LYMAN ABBOTT

## The Second Hague Conference

By ELBERT F. BALDWIN

Of the Editorial Staff of The Outlook

# Will You Be a Founder of a Beneficent Enterprise?


An Association has been organized to establish a summer colony and Assembly work at Stony Brook, Long Island. The following are the incorporators:

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Rev. J. M. Farrar, D.D.	Wm. R. Hoople, Esq.
Rev. S. Parkes Cadman, D.D.	F. D. Arthur, Esq.
Robt. T. Stokes, Esq.	Rev. J. O. Wilson, D.D.
Rev. D. D. MacLaurin, D.D.	Chas. Francis, Esq.
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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 12

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President; William B. Howland, Treasurer; Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary;  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mahle, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## *The Government and the Trusts*

The Federal Government has brought suit in the United States Circuit Court in New York City against the American Tobacco Company, seeking to have this great corporation, popularly known as the Tobacco Trust, dissolved on the ground that it is an illegal combination in restraint of trade. This action of the Government has caused a great sensation throughout the country, and is treated by many newspapers as though it were a sudden and startling proceeding. Interviews have been printed with prominent lawyers and financiers, in which the proceedings against the Tobacco Trust are denounced as dangerous radicalism. Whatever may be the opinion as to the political, industrial, and economic wisdom of this procedure of the Government against one of the largest and richest of American corporations—a corporation with a capital of two hundred and thirty million dollars—it is certainly not a sudden and impulsive action. The Sherman Anti-Trust law explicitly provides that combinations of corporations in restraint of trade are illegal and prohibits such combinations under pain of severe penalty. The suit against the American Tobacco Company is simply in pursuance of the policy inaugurated in the case of the Government against the Northern Securities Company, the Paper Manufacturing Trust of Wisconsin and other similar but less important cases, successfully prosecuted by the Department of Justice. In the present instance the Government has for a long time been carrying on an investigation of the American Tobacco Company, directed by Henry W. Taft, a New York lawyer of high reputation, and a brother of Secretary Taft. Undoubtedly Secretary Bonaparte, Attorney-General of the United States, is directing the proceedings, and it is absurd to regard them as whimsical

or haphazard. The special feature of the present case which has aroused widespread public interest is the application on the part of the Government for the appointment of a receiver to conduct the huge and complicated business of the Tobacco Trust during the legal proceedings. It is believed that in the prosecution of other trusts the Government will continue this method of applying for the appointment of receivers "to take possession of all the assets of the various companies, and, if necessary, to wind them up." Of course, it will at once be seen that if receivers are appointed by the Federal courts, the Government in this way can obtain absolute and minute information regarding all the affairs of the corporations or trusts under trial. The Outlook, as our readers know, believes that the Sherman Anti-Trust law, very useful at the time of enactment, is an antiquated statute to-day. The cure for industrial evils is not the private competition which the Sherman law endeavors to protect and foster. We have irrevocably entered upon an era of combination and consolidation, and in our judgment great corporations—trusts, if you please—should be encouraged; but they must without the slightest hesitation or relaxation be compelled to submit to the regulation and control of the sovereign United States. Our interpretation of the purpose of the Administration is that by these proceedings against the trusts it proposes not to disintegrate them into their original and component small companies, but first to get at all the facts concerning the organization of the trusts, and second to provide the way for Federal legislation which shall supplant the Sherman Anti-Trust law and shall furnish adequate means of maintaining Government supervision over and thorough publicity in the affairs of interstate corporations, permitting them to be finan-



cially and industrially as great and prosperous as the laws of supply and demand may enable them to be.



*Japan and  
America*

The actual "war history" of the week may be classified under two heads: first, prompt and positive denial of sensational tales of manufactured incidents; second, earnest and sincere expressions of good will and friendship between Japanese and American statesmen. An example of the first was the categorical contradiction of the "categorical demands" alleged by some irresponsible and unnamed newspaper correspondent at The Hague to have been made by Japan upon the United States Government. The State Departments of both countries quickly denied this, and stated that, in point of fact, there are just now no negotiations in progress between the two governments. Another incident of the same kind was the publication in a Japanese paper of a supposed interview with Admiral Sakamoto, in which disparaging comments were made upon the American navy. This, too, was promptly disowned, and the paper which had printed the interview made amends by publishing a eulogy of the American navy written by a Japanese naval expert. It is on such foolish bits of yellow journalism, here and in Japan, that those who solemnly predict a rupture in the friendly relations of the two nations found their assertions. When analyzed calmly, the supposed causes of disagreement shrink marvelously. The school incident in California has been adjusted; the acts of a few San Francisco hoodlums in damaging one or two restaurants during the heat of a labor conflict, as all sensible men agree, furnish no serious cause for a quarrel; the long-planned cruise of battle-ships to the Pacific Coast is not a cause of offense to Japan, and has not given offense; the broad question of the immigration of Japanese laborers to this country is not now under diplomatic discussion, and when the time comes for making a new treaty with Japan her statesmen and ours may be trusted to deal with the subject in moderate and sensible fashion. Nothing

remains, then, as a cause of dissension, unless it be the purely imaginary and subjective theory that Japan means to seize the Philippines. That Japan would do this purely from motives of territorial expansion and without a serious grievance, is incredible; that she even desires to possess the Philippines is contrary to well-known fact. More than a year ago the Marquis Sionji, now the Japanese Prime Minister, in conversation with Mr. George Kennan, The Outlook's representative in Japan, remarked, in effect, that he was glad we had the Philippines and that he hoped we would always hold them because it was for Japan's interest that we should do so. In point of fact, the wisest men in Japan recognize the imperative need of their country for a period of peaceful financial and industrial development, and also know that pressing problems in Korea, Formosa and Manchuria will require close and continued attention for years to come. We think we may quote on this point a personal letter from Mr. Kennan. He says: "If California papers continue to talk war, they may, ultimately, bring about in Japan a state of public feeling like that which prevailed for ten years prior to the Russo-Japanese war. That would be a very unfortunate thing, but it would not have immediate consequences. Remember how long Japan bore with the aggressions of Russia in Manchuria and Korea—aggressions which threatened her very existence as a nation. Her statesmen are no more hot-headed now than they were then, and they'll stand a good deal more from America than they would from Russia."



*Assurances of  
Friendship*

It is pleasant to turn from the froth and fable of the despatches in the yellow papers to the words of eminent representatives of Japan. Thus, the Japanese Ambassador, Viscount Aoki, characterizes the reports of misunderstandings as "mere phantom creations of wild imaginations," and, when asked his view as to the situation, replied tersely, "There is no Japanese-American situation." The Japanese Ambassador added a wish that the demagogic influence of

unwarranted press-talk and of irresponsible trouble-hunters might not disturb the calm of the public mind. Equally forceful and infused with an unmistakable sentiment of personal friendliness, was Admiral Yamamoto's speech at a dinner in his honor in New York. After rehearsing the obligations of Japan to the United States for education, industrial stimulus, and sympathy in the late war, he declared:

Our interests, commercial and otherwise, are so intimately interwoven, and the cordial relations between us of fifty years' standing are of so firm a nature that I can confidently affirm that they will never be destroyed by mere trifling incidents. It is true that lately some darksome clouds did appear in one quarter of the sky, but it is nothing but a local squall, and does not in any way represent the general state of the weather. And even this slight cloud will soon be dispersed.

From the Far East comes the assurance of a peaceful attitude from Japan's greatest living statesman, the Marquis Ito, who, when asked as to the probability of war, quietly replied, "There is no feeling in my heart for this," and through his official newspaper organ in Seoul indicated his acceptance of the President's sincerity in assuring the peaceful nature of the proposed voyage of American war-ships to the Pacific coast, and declared that he did not entertain "the slightest doubt of the pacific and friendly sentiments of the American Government." It is true that the same newspaper expresses some misgivings as to the intended massing of American battle-ships in the Pacific, but these are based on an alleged and non-existing grandiose announcement attributed to President Roosevelt. Japan as a nation is far too well informed and open-minded to think for a moment that she has a right to be displeased by any disposition the United States may choose to make of its own ships on its own coasts.



#### *A Japanese View-Point*

The only real danger of future disagreement between Japan and America, such as might possibly lead to estrangement—leaving out of account the exceedingly remote possibility of war—lies in the repetition of such irritating incidents as those which have occurred in Cali-

fornia and in their exaggeration by the sensational Japanese press—for Japan as well as the United States has its yellow journals. How such incidents appear in Japan is effectively brought out in a letter to *The Outlook* just received from Mr. William T. Ellis, an American who has visited Japan quite recently and has made a close study of conditions there. The editors of *The Outlook* have been so decidedly interested in this reflection of the Japanese viewpoint, that they are sure their readers would like to have it incorporated here. Mr. Ellis writes: "The Japanese interpret America in the light of Japan. They cannot understand a nation where the central government is not supreme, in matters small as well as matters great. In the empire west of us there is nothing analogous to our State government; the Japanese people are utterly unable to comprehend why the authorities at Washington do not stop the succession of incidents which they profess to deplore. So if the Japanese show resentment, it is because they are unable to appreciate either the uniqueness of American institutions or the diversity and unrelatedness of our public opinion. Quite as uncomprehensible to our next-door western neighbor is the seeming inhospitality of these attacks upon Japanese. Here again he reasons entirely from his own experience; he can understand an unloving heart beneath a polite exterior far better than he can understand rudeness prompted by no spirit of unfriendliness. It is a point of national honor with the Japanese to be courteous to the stranger; nowhere in all the wide world will the traveler meet with such uniform, painstaking, and helpful consideration as in Japan. Everybody, from the coolie on the street to the highest accessible official, will treat the stranger with a heart-warming courtesy. For five hours my wife remained in one of the rest-houses near the top of Fujiyama, with no English-speaking person near and with only an ignorant coolie for attendant, while hundreds of Japanese passed by. Not once did she receive so much as an impolite glance. A white woman or a white man is safe anywhere in the Empire of Japan proper; such incidents as

those reported from San Francisco are simply beyond the pale of Japanese thinking. One other overlooked explanation of the depth of Japanese resentment at incidents comparatively trivial is that Japan feels that she has been wounded in the house of her friends. I am not talking international politics, but simply reflecting the sentiment of people high and low, whom I have met within the year, in Japanese cities, towns, and villages, when I say that Japan regards America as her best friend among the nations. This country was looked up to as an example. The pictures of Washington and Lincoln I found in schools and homes all over the country. Their lives were familiar literature, in both Japanese and English, to New Japan. As one of the oldest American residents of the empire said to me, 'George Washington is a Japanese national hero.' Beyond a doubt President Roosevelt was, and I presume still is, the most popular foreigner in Japan. Ambitious young Japan, as represented by college presidents and professors, students, store-clerks, and even hotel bell-boys with whom I talked, was eager to go to America for education or for a career. No where else in the world could I discover anything else similar to the widespread Japanese desire to go to America. Imagine what a cold douche it was to the polite, law-abiding, hospitable spirit of Japan, filled with youthful enthusiasm for America, to learn that its admiration was reciprocated by—brickbats! And the yellow American press, instead of seriously endeavoring to allay irritation, and to understand the fundamental considerations in the case, indulges in frivolous and even contemptuous comment upon a neighbor to whom it consistently applies the odious name, 'Jap.'



#### *The Situation in San Francisco*

That was an extraordinary spectacle on Monday of last week, when the Mayor of the great city of San Francisco was sentenced in open court to five years imprisonment in the San Quentin Penitentiary on a conviction based upon charges of extortion. Schmitz refused to receive his sentence in a spirit

of submission, and frequently interrupted Judge Dunne with protests and contradictions, until the judge was stirred to declare that "such brazen affrontery was probably no more than should be expected, and it is the duty of the court to bear it with patience." The remarks of the court in pronouncing judgment were a scathing rebuke to the corrupt influences which have disgraced San Francisco. In plain words it was pointed out that the Mayor had by his criminal acts broken the confidence and betrayed the trust reposed in him by the citizens, and Judge Dunne added: "Your career of hypocrisy, duplicity, and dishonor has been exposed, and you stand before those who believed in and honored you morally naked, shamed and disgraced." To these terrible words, to the action of the jury in convicting him, and to the almost universal sentiment endorsing the conviction, Schmitz could only reply with vague and grandiloquent declarations that the court entertained animus against him, and that the higher courts would do him justice. He added to this weak statement what was essentially a piece of impertinent bravado, the declaration that he would be again a candidate for the mayorship of San Francisco this fall, and would appeal to the people to justify him at the polls. Pending the result of Schmitz's appeal the situation in San Francisco continues to present serious difficulties. The Supervisors have elected as a temporary mayor Dr. Charles Bixton, one of their own number. It is understood that this action was taken at the suggestion of the prosecuting authorities, who hope to continue to control the Supervisors and the temporary Mayor through their admissions of guilt in bribe-taking. Bixton was one of the men accused of receiving bribes, and there appears to be little doubt as to his guilt. Ultimately, of course, the selection of new Supervisors and new municipal officers must go to the people. The only thing that can be said in favor of the present plan of government, carried on under threats of prosecution and conviction if those in office do not conform to the directions of the reformers, is that practically no other method at the moment seems avail-

able. A plan of civic reconstruction proposed by Senator Newlands has met with approval among many of those sincerely interested in the problem. Senator Newland's plan for municipal reorganization follows in its general outlines the system adopted in Galveston, Houston, and lately in Des Moines. It proposes an amendment to the Charter of the city, under which a board of five men should be named, to assume the chief governmental functions in the city for four years. Under the proposed amendment this board would have the powers of the present Supervisors, and would select a mayor from its own number, but the mayor would be subject to removal by the board, and the other members of the board themselves would be subject to removal under the power of recall to be exercised by the citizens, as has been done in Los Angeles. It is quite probable that a convention of representatives from the business, commercial, and workmen's organizations, to include the men who have been prominent in the prosecution of guilty city officials, will be called for the purpose of openly discussing this plan or some similar method of restoring civic honesty and virtue.



*Lunar Politics* From some points of view the political contest which has been agitating the State of Mississippi is amusing. Mr. Vardaman, Governor of the State, and Mr. Williams, Representative from Mississippi, have been discussing the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. On the Fourth of July they gave a joint entertainment before a throng of ten to fifteen thousand people in Meridian. Governor Vardaman is attempting to secure the United States Senatorship on the issue of the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment. He attempted to strengthen his argument by painting a picture of a brutal outrage committed by a negro. His campaign illustrates the curious unreality with which certain Southern politicians find it profitable to surround themselves. Of course Governor Vardaman might as reasonably make an issue of abolishing the moon. Mr. Williams had sufficient confidence in his audience

to assert that his opponent's proposal was futile. That Mr. Williams, however, is distinguished from Governor Vardaman, not in spirit, but merely in intelligence, was made manifest during the performance. His strongest argument against agitating for the repeal of the Fifteenth Amendment was a statement of his fear that the only consequence would be the enforcement of the Fourteenth. And that he too wished to gain favor by arousing race antagonism was evident by his statement that although the negro was now cut out of the franchise, "it is he we fear and not his vote." These "two great leaders of Democracy," as they have been seriously termed, are in competition for a bad pre-eminence. Men like Vardaman and Williams, and Tillman, and Davis, know how to appeal to that kind of sentiment which will favor their own immediate personal fortunes; but they no more represent the tendency of opinion in the South than Brayton, and Murphy, and Cox, and Bathhouse John, represent the tendency of opinion in the North. If we wish to know what the significant public sentiment in Northern States is we watch the careers of such men as Charles E. Hughes, William H. Taft, and Governor Johnson, of Minnesota. Unhappily in the South the real leaders of public opinion have not their proportionate share of public office. They are rather to be found active in education, or social improvement. Such men as President Alderman and Edgar Gardner Murphy, and others whose names are familiar to the readers of *The Outlook*, represent the real South. Even in political life the Nation is apt to forget the services rendered by such a man as ex-Governor Montague. While the two Mississippi politicians were entertaining the crowd with an exhibition of lunar politics, and Governor Vardaman was bemoaning the fact that he was not living under the rule of the Confederacy, ex-Governor Northen, of Georgia, was making an address in New Jersey. This real leader in Southern progress told his audience of what the people of his State, black as well as white, were actually doing to replace ignorance with intelligence, animosity with amity, violence with order. While expressing in the

strongest terms the resistance of the South to intermarriage and every social relationship which might lead to it, he asserted, in equally strong terms, the obligation of the South to assure to the negroes justice in civil rights, industrial relations, educational opportunities and moral and spiritual interests. "It is a great mistake," he said, "to believe that there is no kind of harmony between the better elements of the races in Georgia and at the South. Quite the contrary is true." He continued:

The good class of negroes is intelligent, progressive, and resourceful. Its religion is not a sham. Its education has not spoiled it and its devotion to duty is not inspired by the "loaves and fishes." Its ideals are good, its social standards high and its life wholesome and elevating. If all American negroes were of this class there would be no "negro problem." It will be best for all parties of the white man, if the strong and dominant will look sympathetically at the weaker and dependent race, and seeing him just as he is, intelligently set about aiding him. This is just what we have begun to do in Georgia upon a plan based entirely upon our local conditions as, in my judgment, all other people must be allowed to do.

In bringing into subjection the lawless elements of the negro race, he acknowledged with pleasure the service which negroes are rendering. As a sporting event the Vardaman-Williams controversy is of passing interest; but as an indication of what the South is really doing in the performance of its distinctive and burdensome task, it is of no consequence whatever.



*Race Separation  
Without Discrimination*

State laws require them to do so; but equally good accommodations must be provided for the one as for the other; this is the substance of a unanimous decision announced last week by the Interstate Commerce Commission. Separate accommodations for the two races the Commission finds to be not only lawful, in accordance with the decision of the courts in cases which it cites, but also reasonable. Indeed, there is nothing novel in the decision as to the reasonableness of the provision for separate accommodations. Twenty years ago the

Commission rendered the following opinion on a case that was before it—an opinion which the present Commission quotes:

Public sentiment, wherever the colored population is large, sanctions and requires this separation of races, and this was recognized by counsel representing both complainant and defendant at the hearing. We cannot therefore say that there is any undue prejudice or unjust preference in recognizing and acting upon this general sentiment, provided it is done on fair and equal terms. This separation may be carried out on railroad trains without disadvantage to either race and with increased comfort to both.

What is especially noteworthy in the present decision is the insistence of the Commission upon equality in these separate accommodations. A negro woman appealed to the Commission against the Asheville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway. She had attempted to ride in the car assigned to white passengers, but was ejected from the car. She alleged that the facilities provided for colored passengers were inferior. With regard to this allegation the Commission decides that the railway "has unduly and unjustly discriminated in some particulars against colored passengers." This decision indicates what is the wrong and what the right way of attacking such abuses as exist in the transportation of colored passengers. The wrong way is to agitate for the abolition of separate accommodations. Those negroes who use, and thereby tacitly accept, the term "Jim Crow cars," and then lash themselves into a fury against such cars, are not only accomplishing nothing, but are actually helping to convince people, North and South, that their race is so far inferior that any car assigned exclusively to members of the race is necessarily undesirable. Such negroes are injuring their own cause. As a matter of fact there are regions in the South where the train accommodations for blacks are more ample, and quite as comfortable as those for whites. Colored people and their well-wishers can do most good by opposing not separation but discrimination, and by agitating not for the abolition of the so-called "Jim Crow" car, but for the maintenance of such facilities and conditions as would

relieve it of reproach. It is true that for the educated and sensitive negro, association with most of the people of his race is not always agreeable; neither is it always agreeable for cleanly and orderly white people to travel in certain trains patronized by the uncleanly and the disorderly of his race. Such discomforts as are caused by low standards of living and of taste in others are a wholesome reminder that none of us, white or black, can live unto himself. Such discomforts, however, as are caused by the negligence or economies of public service companies should be corrected by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and such public utility commissions as have been or may be created by the several States.



### *The Price of Gas in Boston*

New Yorkers will look with some envy at the success with which Boston has proved that the interests of the consumers and stockholders in a great gas corporation may be made harmonious. Last August *The Outlook* called attention to the passage by the Massachusetts legislature of what is known as the Sliding Scale Gas Bill. The voluntary reduction in the price of gas just announced by the Boston Consolidated Gas Company from eighty-five cents to eighty cents per thousand feet, is the best kind of practical testimony to the successful operation of this law. In 1905 the Boston gas companies were consolidated; under the act of consolidation the capital was limited to \$15,121,600, and the price of gas within one year after consolidation was to be reduced to ninety cents. The Sliding Scale Bill of 1906 provided that the gas company could not pay a dividend of more than seven per cent. upon its capital until one year after it had reduced the price of gas below ninety cents, and that its dividends might then be increased in the proportion of one per cent. for each five cents reduction in the price of gas. At the time the Sliding Scale Act was passed the company was paying an eight per cent. dividend on its capital stock; the immediate effect of the act, therefore, was to compel a reduction of one per

cent. in the dividend. The company, however, at once reduced the price of gas to eighty-five cents last July, which permits it this July to return to the eight per cent. dividend. Having now reduced the price of gas again by five cents, next year the company will be permitted to increase its dividend rate to nine per cent. Thus the effect of this law is both to inspire the company to reduce the price to the consumer and also to increase by modern appliances and generous treatment of customers the consumption so that the additional dividend permitted by law may be paid to the stockholders. President Richards, of the gas company, who has proved himself to be not only an efficient corporation manager, but a public-spirited citizen, has so managed the affairs of his company that the consumers of Boston have had their feelings of enmity changed into feelings of good will. A great many large business concerns have installed gas engines to generate their own electric light, rather than deal with the Edison Company, which, people quite generally believe, has not treated the community fairly. Another successful feature of this Boston gas legislation is that the gas company is now free to devote itself strictly to the gas business, whereas formerly a large part of its time and attention was diverted to politics. The gas company formerly maintained the most extensive lobby, both at the State House and the City Hall, and was itself the constant prey of strikers among the petty politicians. It was also carrying on its payroll a large number of useless nominees of politicians who had to be placated in this way. The Public Franchise League, to whose efforts the reform gas legislation of Boston is largely due, put an end to this political evil in public utilities by securing the passage of a statute prohibiting persons in public office from soliciting positions in quasi-public corporations and of such corporations from giving them. Gas reform in Boston has been unquestionably a social and political success; it has also been a success for the investor. The market price in Boston of Gas Common stock has risen from 44 to 57 in the last two years, while the local Edison stock has declined from 255 to 206,

American Telephone from 142 to 104, and New York, New Haven and Hartford from 202 to 160. The Outlook has often contended that the right kind of government regulation of public and semi-public corporations will benefit the investor and legitimate capitalist as much as the shipper, traveler, consumer, or other customer of the corporations. Other communities which are debating the question of just and efficient regulation of public utilities would do well to get into communication with Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, a distinguished lawyer of Boston, whose effective devotion to the interests of both consumer and capitalist has done so much to make the Boston Public Franchise League a useful power in that community.



*Mark Twain  
in England*

In the light of Mark Twain's experience in England, the familiar proverb might be modified so as to read: "To him that hath ruled his spirit it hath been given to capture a nation." Few men have made so great a conquest of a people as Mark Twain has achieved almost unknowingly. He has received, as The Outlook has already recounted, a doctorate from Oxford; but he has received also what is no less an honor, an almost continuous tribute of regard from the English people. A description of this tribute would be an inventory of banquets, newspaper articles, cheering throngs, official receptions, and private entertainments. By literary men he has been greeted as no mere writer would have been, by people in academic circles as no mere philosopher, by those who have laughed over his books as no mere fun-maker, by public men as no mere ambassador or even monarch. In the welcome accorded him there has been the note of friendship; the arms of England have been opened to him as to a beloved guest. Why has this lot fallen upon Mark Twain? It is never possible fully to explain affection; but in this case we see two qualities in Mark Twain which have at least made him congenial to Englishmen—his stalwart moral integrity and his self-restraint. No one who is insensitive to honesty or who is

effusive in the expression of his emotions can win English loyalty. One cannot help feeling that one source of English admiration for Mark Twain was the memory of his globe-encircling journey which he took to raise, by lecturing, enough money to pay a debt from which he was legally free. There must have been a trace of tears in the laughter which greeted him at the dinner of the Pilgrims when, referring to the newspaper placard he encountered on his coming to England, bearing the words, unmarked by punctuation, "Mark Twain Arrives Ascot Cup Stolen," he continued:

No doubt many a person was misled by those sentences joined together in that unkind way. . . . I can say here and now . . . that I have never seen that cup. . . . I have hardly ever stolen anything, and if I did steal anything I had discretion enough to know about the value of it first. . . . I know we all take things—that is to be expected—but really I have never taken anything, certainly in England, that amounts to any great thing. I do confess that when I was here seven years ago I stole a hat, but that did not amount to anything. It was not a good hat, and was only a clergyman's hat anyway.

He followed with a story of an exchange of hats between himself and Canon Wilberforce, who he declared "was serving in the Westminster battery;"—he acknowledged his perplexity concerning the mixture of military and ecclesiastical terms. So he chaffed until at the end he revealed that other quality that has helped to endear him to Englishmen—deep feeling held in leash. "When a man stands on the verge of seventy-two, you know perfectly well," he quietly said, "that he never reached that place without knowing what this life is—heart-breaking bereavement." He referred to the news that reached him seven years before in England of the death of his daughter. And he spoke gently—almost incidentally—of the passing away of his wife. It is because Englishmen have discerned beneath his humor, his wit, his extravaganzas, his satire a fund of emotion, a sensitiveness to human ties, that they have recognized the reality in the man. A writer, Sydney Brooks, in the London Chronicle, has found this secret hidden in his humor—or rather, he has voiced the knowledge of it which seems to have been in the minds

of all who have joined in this tribute. At the end of his talk to the Pilgrims, Mark Twain for a moment loosened the leash on his feelings: "Praise is well, compliment is well, but affection—that is the last and final and most precious reward that any man can win, whether by character or achievement, and I am very grateful to have that reward." And as he bade good-by to England, he said before a company in Liverpool, of the honor that had been done him: "It makes me proud, it makes me humble." Mark Twain has had the rare distinction of receiving from England both a tribute of personal affection for himself and at the same time, as an unofficial representative, a tribute of regard for a kindred nation.



### *The Romsey Pageant*

A new and altogether delightful form of out-of-door enjoyment was instituted in England last year when the great historical pageant of Warwick, with its many episodes, hundreds of participants, and beautiful and picturesque natural accessories, gave delight to thousands of onlookers. This year the example set at Warwick has been followed in an equally pleasing and idyllic fashion at Oxford, and now at Romsey. The name of this sleepy little town of the New Forest will hardly awaken any associations in the minds of most readers, and they will even find it difficult to learn about the village when they consult cyclopaedias and gazetteers; yet its name was given it by the Romans, for Romsey is a contraction of "Romana Insula," and the town's authentic history reaches over a thousand years, while its Abbey church dates from early in the twelfth century. It was near Romsey that William Rufus met his death; and it was a singular fact that among the performers in the pageant was a man who is believed to be a direct descendant of the charcoal burner who carried the dead monarch's body in his cart across the meadow. The same part was performed by this man Purkiss, in an episode of the pageant representing the death of William Rufus, as was actually filled by his ancestor of the same name when the Red King was slain;

while among the actors of the pageant there was also, it is said, a descendant of the regicide Tyrrell. In many other points beside the death of William Rufus the history of Romsey touches the history of England. No fewer than eleven episodes were enacted, beginning with the founding of the abbey in 907—just a thousand years ago—by the son of Alfred the Great, and including a Hampshire variant of the story of Tristram and Isolde, an attack by the Danes on the Abbey, the wooing of Princess Matilda, a stirring fight in the Civil War, the passing of Charles I. as a prisoner on his way to London and to his death, and the thanksgiving at the Abbey upon the restoration of Charles II. The final scene is thus described by the correspondent of the New York Tribune—"I. N. F."—in one of those exceedingly well written letters from England which form an attractive feature of that paper: "It is a splendid tableau—the march of all the performers across and around the broad lawn fringed with woods; circling files of monks, nuns, ecclesiastics, warriors, courtiers, princesses, sovereigns, and villagers; with lovely blends of color under the dull gray sky and the broad river and water meadows beyond with their overhanging foliage." Equally interesting is this correspondent's account of the way in which for over a year the people of Romsey, gentle and simple, have worked together under the leadership of the Master of the Pageant, Mr. F. R. Benson, to produce a series of splendid spectacles, historically faithful, artistic in color and variety, and enlivened by fitting music and dance. For instance, the village vicar and the canon of the Abbey wrote the songs and dialogues; the costumes, designed with painstaking care, were made in the town, while the mimic armor was hammered out by metal-workers in a mission club. Here, as at Warwick and at Oxford, one feels that the pageant was not primarily a money-making affair nor a mere sight-seer's spectacle, but that it was a most pleasurable outcome of local pride in loved traditions, was guided by taste and art, and was beautifully presented on the greensward beside a silvery river, in a setting of lovely English woodland and



sylvan glades. History and romance thus joined intimately with art and pleasure.



*The Presidency of  
Williams College*

Two names pre-eminent in the history of Williams College are Hopkins and Garfield. The name of Mark Hopkins, who was for many years President of the College, has become a symbol for the teacher whose method is personal and intimate, and whose aim is to develop the individual character of the student as well as his intellectual resources. The name of James A. Garfield, who was a son of Williams, has become a symbol of martyrdom to public service. These two names of Hopkins and Garfield are hereafter to be even more closely associated with each other and with Williams College. The announcement was made last week that the presidency of the College is to pass from the son of Mark Hopkins to the son of James A. Garfield. Dr. Henry Hopkins has been President of Williams for the past five years. In recording his resignation, which will take effect at the end of the next academic year, the trustees of the College have expressed their appreciation of the work that has been accomplished under his administration. They note not only the great material development of the College, which they describe as being "far beyond that of any similar period in its history," but also what they regard as far more important, the maintenance of its "best traditions and highest ideals." In choosing Dr. Hopkins's successor, Williams has followed the recent example of other American colleges by turning to a scholarly man of affairs. After graduating from Williams in 1885, teaching for a year at his old school, St. Paul's at Concord, studying law in New York, London, and Oxford, Harry A. Garfield joined his brother, now the Secretary of the Interior, in the practice of law in Cleveland, Ohio. His life in that city was characterized by the most public-spirited activities on behalf of political decency and municipal efficiency. He also became a strong factor in the commercial development of the city and the State, and made his name associated

with successful ventures in real estate and railroading. He was President of the Municipal Association which put an end to the political ring that ruled the city, and of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, which for public service is unique among such bodies in the country. For three years he was a professor in the Western Reserve Law School, giving instruction in the subject of Contracts, and since 1903 he has occupied the chair of politics in Princeton University. With this most diversified training, with this proved ability in business undertakings and executive work, with a high sense of the value of citizenship under which he has made personal sacrifices, and with experience as a teacher, Mr. Garfield has received a rare preparation for his new position. Williams College is fortunate in making a difficult transition without friction and without delay.



*Science and  
the Kitchen*

The Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics held its ninth annual session during the first week of this month at the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks. This conference, begun a few years ago in a modest way, has assumed important proportions, not by reason of its size, but because of the character and influence of the teachers and experts whom it gathers together for the reading of papers and the discussion of questions of home administration. Moreover, it is indicative of a growing interest in the country in the scientific treatment of sanitation, diet, clothing, domestic service, and industrial art, all of which have such a profound influence upon the individual and the family in home life. Food, drink, raiment, and air, are the four essentials for the maintenance of life in the human body. They are so essential that the American people have taken them to a very large extent as a matter of course, and have devoted their time and attention to science and art as applied to manufactures, agriculture, mining, and the prevention of epidemics or the cure of acute and malignant disease. It is not an exaggeration to say that, until within recent years, we have lived in a happy-go-lucky

fashion so far as home economics are concerned. The time is well within the memory of some who are not yet by any means old, when specialists in infant nutrition were looked upon as rather radical innovators. Now medical science has made enormous strides in providing modern methods of nutrition, sanitation, and bodily care for the new-born infant. Excellently trained nurses, carefully worked out chemical formulæ, scientific principles of ventilation, and a study of textiles for clothing the delicate pores of the skin are not considered out of place in the care devoted to the new-born child. But too often when he gets old enough to leave the nursery this early care is abandoned and boys and girls and men and women are left to live by rule of thumb. Home economics is the comprehensive term that includes the scientific study of all matters and means which will contribute to the highest, happiest, healthiest, and most efficient family life. That it is not a fad is indicated by the fact that representatives of California, Texas, Georgia, Wisconsin, Illinois, and many other nearer States attended the Lake Placid Conference. Some three hundred academic private schools and colleges offer courses in some branch of Home Economics, and in some degree the Governments of all the large cities give official recognition to the idea. The interesting fact was brought out at the Conference that the Middle Western States are making greater progress in the scientific study of home-making than perhaps any other section of the country. The Domestic Science Associations affiliated with the Farmers' Institute of the State of Illinois are permeating every town and village and rural community. In this particular work the Federation of Women's Clubs is playing an effective part. It was admitted by the delegates to the Conference from various educational institutions that a great defect in our schools and colleges for both sexes is found in the housekeeping administration; college and school trustees are not yet awake to the fact that the kitchen and dormitory need well trained scientists as well as the class-room. Printed proceed-

ings of the Conference and information concerning the cost of membership may be obtained by any of our readers by addressing Mrs. Melvil Dewey, Secretary, Lake Placid Club, Essex County, New York.



#### *Developing the Waterways*

An interesting experiment in the possibility of developing water transportation in competition with that by rail is being tried by the merchants of Kansas City, Missouri. Eastern railway rates are made to Mississippi River. Another rate basis is in force between these points and cities on the Missouri. Under this arrangement a Kansas City wholesale firm paying \$60,000, for instance, for freight from New York, found that the long haul from New York to St. Louis took \$35,000 of this, while the short haul from St. Louis to Kansas City cost \$25,000. So widespread was the dissatisfaction that a large number of business men combined to organize the Kansas City Transportation and Steamship Company as a co-operative concern to engage in the river trade between Kansas City and St. Louis, a distance of about 400 miles. As the navigation of the Missouri had long ago been abandoned it was necessary to acquire boats, and two were bought at a cost of \$40,000. It was believed possible to operate the boats with sufficient economy to make possible an average reduction of about a third in the freight rates charged by the railways. As snags have been allowed to accumulate in the channel and the river is not lighted, it is necessary for the boats to tie up at night. Even with that waste of time, however, it has been possible to make the up-river trip in six days and the down trip in four—which is faster time than the railways in their congested condition frequently make with freight shipments. The Transportation and Steamship Company has enough money available to pay for two more boats and it is the plan as the river trade develops to put more steamers in service, with the idea of forcing the railways to meet the water competition.

## *The Savings Insurance Plan*

An interesting experiment is to be put on practical trial in the State of Massachusetts. The plan permits savings banks to undertake the writing of industrial life insurance policies. A bill authorizing any of the one hundred and eighty-nine institutions for savings of the Commonwealth to establish insurance departments was passed last month by the Legislature and was signed by Governor Guild. Its provisions go into force November 1, 1907.

The plan is one which has grown naturally out of the investigations made by Louis D. Brandeis, a Boston lawyer, into the cost of life insurance protection as it is offered in the form of small policies for persons of moderate means. Mr. Brandeis's revelations, which have been summarized in *The Outlook*, aroused not a little public sentiment in favor of finding a substitute for the present system. Mr. Brandeis, appreciating the fact that life insurance is only a specialized form of saving, pointed out the possibility of utilizing the savings banks. The idea at once gained adherents. The Bay State has been made an experiment station for the project. A "Massachusetts Savings Insurance League" was formed, with Norman H. White, a newly elected member of the Massachusetts Legislature, as Secretary. Active propaganda were started throughout the State. Thousands of the most prominent citizens enrolled themselves as members, including not a few savings bank presidents and trustees. Practically the entire body of labor organizations of the State one by one at their meetings and conventions expressed approval of the scheme. Finally, by large majorities in both houses of the Legislature the measure was passed without essential modifications. A number of savings banks, it is reported, stand ready to avail themselves as soon as possible of the provisions of the law.

Inasmuch as this project is reasonably certain at no distant date to come under discussion in other States, the essential features of the measure, of the machin-

ery by means of which savings banks are to be permitted to undertake the specialized form of saving known as life insurance, have become Nationally as well as locally interesting. A new form of license to issue insurance policies will be in vogue in Massachusetts on and after November 1, 1907. Under the terms of the act any savings bank wishing to establish a department of industrial life insurance, and to be legally denominated thereafter "a savings and insurance bank," will be required as a preliminary to secure a two-thirds vote of its trustees at a meeting specially called for the purpose on not less than thirty days' notice. Before a license can be issued or business be begun in the new department the trustees must provide a special guaranty fund to cover any possible deficiency in expenses of the department not covered by the "loading" of the policies, and a special insurance guaranty fund to make good any possible death losses in case the mortality among the insured should prove to be considerably greater than expected. Provision, further, is made that the insurance department of each savings and insurance bank shall be distinct in its assets, liabilities, and accounting from the savings department, but that the insurance funds shall be invested in the same securities and manner as the savings funds. The maximum policy is fixed at \$500, and the maximum annuity at \$100 a year. These policies are to be written only on the life of and for the benefit of residents of Massachusetts. Solicitors may not be employed, nor will house-to-house collection of premiums be permitted. A little judicious advertising in newspapers and magazines is likely to be the only form of solicitation employed in seeking new accounts. The reputation of American savings banks for stability and honesty of management is the best solicitor of all.

To secure the stability of the system throughout the State (and this is one of the essential features of the measure) there is incorporated a "General Insurance Guaranty Fund," with seven trustees, appointed in the first instance by the Governor of the State, and thereafter existing as a self-perpetuating board,

though, of course, the members are removable for cause. The trustees of this fund appoint a State actuary, whose salary is paid by the Commonwealth. Among the duties of this official is to prepare simple standard forms of life insurance policies and life annuity contracts, and all the other forms required by the savings and insurance banks. Upon him devolves preparation of tables of premium rates, purchase rates, membership fees, surrender and proof of death charges, premiums for re-insurance and various other similar technicalities. With the approval of the State insurance commissioner he may adopt a table of mortality of a character more suitable than the ordinary American table to this particular class of insurance. The actuary's task, in brief, is that of creating a workable technical system out of a permissive programme. He is to have the assistance, on the medical side, of a State director, also appointed by the trustees of the General Insurance Guaranty Fund, whose duty it shall be, under the supervision and control of the insurance commissioner, to prescribe the rules relating to the health or acceptability of applicants for insurance and to act, generally, as supervising and advising physician to the medical department of all savings and insurance banks. No direct charge for the services of either of these officials is to be made upon any of the banks. It is, however, provided that every savings and insurance bank shall pay into the General Insurance Guaranty Fund a certain percentage of all premiums and annuity receipts. The fund, on the other hand, as its name indicates, may be called upon by any bank which needs assistance in its insurance department, the amount advanced being returnable with interest as soon as the bank's surplus warrants. When the general fund has grown to a position where such action can be taken with safety, it may furnish the special insurance guaranty for a bank wishing to establish an insurance department, instead of requiring that the special fund for this institution be provided by public-spirited citizens, as would otherwise be required. Other provisions of the plan provide for the payment of taxes by insurance depart-

ments, and for regular supervision of the insurance departments by both bank and insurance commissioners of the State.

These are the main features of the savings insurance scheme, as it is to be tried in Massachusetts. Just how far the proposed extension of the functions of the savings institution is to become a National issue remains, of course, to be tested by its success in that State. It is suspected that the officials of the great three insurance companies (the Columbian National Life having recently disposed of its industrial business) which would be most directly affected by the introduction of such a form of competition, regard the whole project with a certain complacency. They profess to think that the plan will not work, and they did not conduct any very spirited campaign against the measure as it was presented to the citizens of Massachusetts. They fell back upon the argument that while human nature is what it is, people will continue to need to be teased to do their duty in protecting themselves and their families, and that only a few exceptionally thrifty individuals, even if the opportunity to secure life insurance at the savings bank at low rates is presented, will avail themselves of the privilege without special solicitation. On the other hand, the costliness of the small industrial policies, inevitable under the present system of soliciting business, of making collections, and of providing against the lapses which are exceedingly numerous in this branch of insurance, is not denied.

There is historical presumption, however, for believing that once savings banks have been empowered, under proper restrictions to enter the field of life insurance, whose province is in reality very closely related to their own, they may make a success of the undertaking, not perhaps to the extent to which some enthusiasts expect them to succeed, but yet steadily and progressively in much the same manner in which the savings banks themselves have made headway in the century of their existence, until to-day the 1,319 institutions of this kind in the United States represent 8,027,192 depositors and the tremendous total of \$3,482,127,198 deposits. For the argu-

ment was satirically applied to the savings banks themselves in the early days of their existence. Then it was commonly said that the average working man, having at best a mere pittance for his daily wage, would, as long as human nature is what human nature is, spend any little surplus over his absolute necessities at the public house or the cockpit. From time immemorial working men had always been improvident. A proportion of savings could be set aside from their earnings only through compulsion—that is, by direct or indirect taxation. There were even those who believed with the Duke of Wellington that if an ordinary man had a surplus to spare for the savings bank it was time to reduce his wage. Yet the event, in every civilized land, has proved the soundness of the argument of those who have asserted the capacity of individuals to regenerate themselves, once given the incentive of a stable and well-conducted system. The assumption that the savings and insurance bank, because it will not employ a force of solicitors and collectors, will be unable to make headway, is contrary to the present tendency among American savings banks, which in 1906 increased their deposits by \$206,467,000 in the face of the present high cost of living.

This savings insurance movement is, therefore, in reality very important. It rounds out the conception of the functions of the savings bank as outlined by Samuel Whitbread during his memorable speech on reform of the Poor Laws in the House of Commons in February, 1807. The institution for savings, in the thought of the great Whig reformer, was to do more than receive accumulations and put them on interest; it was also to insure those of its depositors who desired life insurance and was to deal in annuities. It was to be the financial guardian of the thrifty poor, encouraging them to protect themselves in every way against the evils due to illness and superannuation. The central feature of the plan outlined by Whitbread, the ordinary savings bank, has now been in beneficial operation for a full century in this country at least. It remains to be seen whether or not its extension in the direc-

tion now proposed will be an adequate answer to the important question, "How can the poor man insure his life for the benefit of his family economically and in conveniently timed installments?"



## *International Faults*

Generalizations about the tastes and interests of the age are so easy that all except the most wary fall into them, and the world is full of off-hand opinions touching the condition of society and the state of the world, which are far more conspicuous for courage than for discretion. There are very few men or women in any particular period who know it intimately enough, and with sufficient insight and sympathy, to pass judgment upon it. One hears almost every day sweeping judgments about Americans, English, French, Germans, Chinese and Japanese which are entirely valueless, unless they are based on a very broad and intimate knowledge of these various peoples, a knowledge which, in the nature of things, few people possess. The charming American girl who declared that, since gloves are cheaper in Paris, American civilization is a failure, may stand for a type of interesting and piquant oracles, to be heard with attention, but under no circumstances to be followed. Americans are so familiar with the European traveler who arrives and makes up his opinion over night in regard to men, morals and manners in the Western world and have so often been the victim of this self-confident critic, that they ought not to repeat the same blunder in dealing with other peoples. The Englishman who declared that the chief characteristic of the United States is that it is always going to the devil and never getting there, was on the way to become an expert judge of American affairs. His old-world intelligence had already begun to open to the novel conditions of the new world, and it was dawning upon him that there might be a society radically different from that with which he was familiar, and at the same time possessed of certain distinctive excellencies. The old theory, rooted and

grounded in centuries of ignorance, and protected by innumerable prejudices, may be stated in the words, "Everything different is bad." Americans who go abroad under this pre-conception are ready to condemn indiscriminately the English and Continental railway systems, the manner in which tickets are printed and punched, and trains run, the lunches, the hotel systems, the feeling of waiters—the organization of society in general.

Most Americans who have traveled have heard their fellow-countrymen denouncing the managers of hotels and cafés because the latter did not serve oatmeal to their patrons at breakfast as it is always served in the remote country town in which the visitor has been brought up; and this statement is buttressed and environed, so to speak, by very full details of the way in which the "folks live at home," and the general superiority of their condition to that of the people in whose country the visitor happens to be staying. The naiveté of these judgments is often childishly refreshing, though foreigners do not always take them from the humorous point of view. The writer has on more than one occasion heard the entire history of a family told by a simple-minded, frank American, to auditors whose bringing up made it utterly impossible for them to understand the high aims and the simple fare and plain background which were illustrated in the tale told in their hearing. This guilelessness is a pardonable quality; what is unpardonable is the deliberate ignorance of the fact that a great deal of international criticism is unconscious impertinence. The American who dismissed Paris with the contemptuous remark that "when you've seen one block, you've seen the whole blamed town," intended to blight the French metropolis with a sweeping condemnation, but instead opened up to the well-informed Gallic mind the whole subject of idiosyncratic and individual architecture in America, and laid bare in a lightning flash, so to speak, the difference between the two civilizations. This American was himself, of course, entirely unconscious of the immense significance of his remark.

When this element of naive ignorance

on the part of some Americans was being discussed not long ago, it was remarked that every American ought to be sent abroad for at least four months in order to get a standard of comparison and the opportunity of seeing his country from a distance and in perspective. The remark was met by the statement that a good many Americans are incredibly self-satisfied and naive in their indestructible ignorance. The example was cited of the well-to-do and energetic American from a city in the Central West who, after making a tour of the world, came contentedly home and declared that the insane asylum in his native town, which happens to be an architectural monstrosity, was the noblest building he had seen in all his travels. This is a very different quality from the Yankee caution of statement shown in the reply of a New England farmer who was questioned about his recent visit to Europe and made no mention of the Alps he had crossed by one of the noblest passes. When he was reminded that he must have seen them, he said he thought he did recollect "some risin' ground."

Americans are not a whit greater sinners in these matters than are their friends across the sea, but they are a little louder in their talk and a little more energetic in expression. If we are in the habit of talking about our country at the top of our voices, the English are in the habit of speaking of theirs with a satisfaction so deep-seated that the assumption of superiority seems to be based on cosmic conditions. The German complacency is equally deep-rooted, and far more childlike in its innocent manifestations. The Frenchman loves dramatic renderings of facts; he enjoys suggesting a great background by the very name of his hotel. He likes to stay at the "Hotel de Lille et du Univers;" and, especially if he is from the South, he speaks of France as if it were the *ultima Thule* of civilization. Those who have had the distinction of meeting the wandering Oriental teachers who have come here from time to time, to be surrounded by groups of admiring women, whose excessive liberty they invariably lament to the American men whom they meet, have the opportunity of knowing

how sublimely superior to all doubt of the value of Oriental achievement and civilization those learned and pious gentlemen are. For so many generations they have rested in a calm assurance of superiority that the matter has ceased to interest them.

Races are very much alike at heart, and foibles and vanities are very equally divided among them. The conceit of the American is more flamboyant than that of the Oriental, more expressive than that of the Englishman, more aggressive than that of the German, less picturesque than that of the Frenchman, but it has no more magnitude. What all races have to learn is to understand one another; to approach one another with sympathy, to unlock racial differences by the key of affection; for without love there is no real knowledge. The play of humor on racial differences is not only permissible but enjoyable so long as it knows itself to be humor, and does not mistake itself for serious comment. Let us get all the pleasure we can out of one another; but let us not make the blunder of basing our estimates of foreign character on those points of difference which amuse or irritate us. The beginning of wisdom in international relations is to see things as they are.



## Dynamic Immortality

At East Northfield, over the grave of the great evangelist, there is an inscription fraught with the one invincible assurance of immortality: "*He that doeth the will of God abideth forever.*" In these words the cumulating evidences of the great fact culminate. It is the proof of proofs. Because the doing of the will of God must ever go on, the doer of it must go on in its doing.

The Will of God is the terse Biblical term for the Infinite and Eternal Energy of Love and Truth and Righteousness. In the saint we see this individualized in a distinct personality, whose center of consciousness is his constant will to work with the divine will. It is only as individualized in the wills of his finite agents that the Will of God carries for-

ward his work in the evolution of moral and spiritual life in the world.

In view of the personal agents in whom we see the Will of God in operation, the question arises whether their activity is transient or permanent. We see certain forms of the Infinite Energy which are transient, and lose themselves by convertibility into other forms, while the sum of energy remains incapable of diminution. Motion perishes as motion and reappears as heat. Heat, perishing as heat, is converted into motion. But from these changeful physical forces the moral forces stand apart and above in the nature of things as unchangeable. Love, truth, and righteousness are unchangeable. What they are they are forever. We see them as divine energies incarnated in good men. Only as individualized in good men does their divine energy become an effective working force for the furtherance of goodness in the world.

What, then, would result, did the saint cease to exist when his body dies? The Divine Energy of love and truth and righteousness incarnated in him would be withdrawn from potency into latency; an activity would be subtracted from the effective working forces of the moral universe. The impossibility of this is what the word *immortality* signifies. It is impossible in rational thought that the climax of the saint's earthly development of insight, power, and serviceableness in the furtherance of the Will of God should be extinction. The saint needs not to demonstrate that he will survive his mortal hour. The skeptic must demonstrate the contrary, if he can.

A good man dies, and all say that the visible world has lost thereby. The sum of its effective forces for the increase of goodness has been lessened. But has the universe lost anything when the saint no longer walks the earth? Did any fraction of its mobilized force for the working out of the Will of God become inoperative and latent when Nero's sword fell upon the neck of Paul? Was it an extinction of his activity, or only a transference beyond the horizon of the senses, that then took place?

To ask the question is to suggest the only rational reply. Only if the will of God could be thought of as in a measure ceasing to work for love and truth and righteousness, could the good man through whom it works be thought of as losing existence. As often as we see a noble career of ripely purified and disciplined power for goodness reaching the inevitable limit of activity on earth, this conviction deepens. Only "the fool," who "says there is no God," can say,

"The forces that *were* Christ  
Have taken new forms and fled."

The river seen disappearing into a mountain cave reappears elsewhere.

Reasonings on immortality are often faulted because immortality is misconceived. It is not mere continuity even of a happy existence that is in question, but rather the conservation of moral energy, of *active* values—values of universal as well as of individual worth—efficient factors of the eternal work of God, the canceling of which would be in some measure an abridgment of that work, and a loss of power to the moral universe. This was instinctively felt by the primitive Christian consciousness, as expressed in Peter's saying that the Spirit of Jesus, released from Calvary, continued his redeeming work by going to preach to "the spirits in prison."

One who has substituted this dynamic conception of immortality for the static notion of an everlasting rest, which deserves the skepticism it encounters, does not aspire to future existence, however blissful, but to future activity. The hymn writer's hope to be

"Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end,"

does not interest him. He looks for what is far better than

"The shout of them that triumph,  
The song of them that feast."

Christian thought too often takes the hedonistic view of the future life which it deems immoral to take of the present. No such future can content a spirit which has imbibed Jesus' lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," and is striving to live the Christly life of unselfish service to neighbors. Such a one would not have this supreme

blessedness of imparting blessing to others terminated at the grave. The joyousness of enlarged activity in such doing of the Father's will with freer and fuller power is what gives worth to the immortality which they who have the mind of Christ aspire to. The glory to which the saint looks forward is simply "the glory of going on" in the doing of the will of God.

It is an axiom of physics that a moving body will continue moving till stopped by some opposing force. Friction and gravitation quickly arrest the flight of the cannon-shot, but the planet flies for ages of ages through the frictionless ether. The spiritual world, no less than the physical, has its axiomatic law of motion. We see the conscious doing of God's Will in active progress. There is nothing in the nature of things to arrest it, for, as Augustine said, "God is the nature of things." It must simply go on, the doing, and so the doer. It is this axiom of spiritual progress which Christian faith asserts in the Apostolic formula, "*He that doeth the will of God continueth forever.*"



## The Spectator

Quite by accident the Spectator chanced upon it. It was in the church of S. Maria del Orto in Venice where he had gone to study the great Tintoretto. As he drew aside the heavy coarse linen curtains from the doorway and entered the church he saw at once that a service was being held, that it was not an ordinary service, and as his eyes became accustomed to the dim light it disclosed to him a funeral, and upon inquiry he found that mass was being said for the repose of the soul of a young girl.



Within the altar rail were three officiating priests against the background of altar and flickering candle light, and surrounded by red-frocked acolytes. Outside the rail were about twenty little girls, white frocked and white veiled, who knelt on the stone floor. Behind them raised on a high catafalque was the casket, covered with a black cloth pall, at the four corners of which burned



a tall church candle, while on either side of the catafalque seats had been pushed together, making pews for the mourners. All were in black, the women wearing shawls over their heads, and each one held a long, lighted candle. Those in the front row hung their arms over the *prie dieux* and the light of the candles made now a bright glow and again a somber shadow on their strong, dark, mournful faces.

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All through the service ragged little children trotted in and out of the church at will, some with cackling babies in their arms. They clattered about, their little wooden heels making a click-clack on the marble floors, and their shrill little voices, only slightly subdued, resounding through the great edifice. They played games at the foot of the pillars or "visited" each other as the humor took them and were unnoticed and unrestrained. Then there was the passing of the money-box three times during the service—twice by an old verger and lastly by one of the priests. The clink of the coins as the box was shaken insistently at the mourners as well as the stranger within the gates was a discordant incident in the quiet solemnity. Truly

The priest hath his fee who comes and  
shrives us,  
We bargain for the graves we lie in.

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At the conclusion of the service, four men clad in scarlet robes with pointed hoods and gathered at the waist with cord and tassel, came forward from the back of the church. To say that they wore scarlet robes gives perhaps an exalted idea which is not borne out by the garments, for they were made of canton flannel, were dirty and "messy," as if they had been packed in a box much too small for them. In spite of this they were a striking spot of color in the somber surroundings. These scarlet-clad men removed the tall candles from about the bier, then gently lowered the casket while there came forward eight young girls in their mourning garments who took their places, four on either side of it, and by taking hold of heavy black cords helped the men rest

their burden on the floor. Then from the altar there came to the front of the church the priests, one carrying a gleaming brass cross, the little girls in white and the mourners in their black, all carrying lighted candles. The girls each took an end of the broad, black cloth bands upon which the casket rested, with a masterful, quick movement pulled them taut over their shoulders, braced and straightened up their lithe, strong, young bodies, and lifted their burden. The scarlet men fell in behind, and the little procession moved forward, out of the dim church into the glare of sunlight, across the little campo, over the bridge which spanned the narrow canal, down the little street where the shrine lent its flickering candle-light, and on to another canal where three gondolas waited. The casket was laid on wooden horses, and one of the priests stood beside it and made an address to the little crowd, and though numbers had gathered from the surrounding houses, there was no undue curiosity, but a quiet dignity and reverence.

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The address closed with a solemn wave of the hand, a "Sorella, adio" (Farewell, sister), when the priest stepped into the first gondola, where the gondoliers stood at their posts. The scarlet men laid the casket in the second gondola, over it placed the felza, or hood, and covered all with the black cloth pall, bordered by bands of white, and with a large white cross in the middle. Then they took their places at the four corners of the hood. At the head of the gondola was a large hour-glass, and two gondoliers in black with white bands on hats, collars and cuffs were in their places. In the last gondola were the eight girls and their one gondolier. Slowly and noiselessly glided the little cortege, down the narrow canal, between the old walls, vari-colored by rubbed paint, broken plaster, tufts of grass and patches of moss, out into the Fondamenta Nuova and across to the island cemetery.

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Then the Spectator went back to study the Tintoretto's.

# THE RAILWAY PROBLEM FROM A COMMISSIONER'S POINT OF VIEW

BY BORDEN D. WHITING

*Of the Board of Railway Commissioners for the State of New Jersey*

IT is recognized that we may adopt one of three general policies toward the railways: first, the policy of private ownership regulated only by the common law, and hereinafter referred to as *laissez faire*; second, the policy of private ownership regulated by government; third, the policy of government ownership. Each policy has its variations, and at times may approach or unite with one of the others, but the division is convenient, readily understood, and substantially comprehensive, and for those reasons it has been adopted.

Each policy has its advocates. They have all been heard during the passing agitation of the railway question; yet it seems to me that the net results of that agitation conclusively show that, whether for better or for worse, we are done with the policy of *laissez faire*; that most of us have a very real dread of the difficulties and dangers attendant upon government ownership; and that before resorting to it we are bent upon a final attempt to preserve the principle of private ownership through an effective regulation by government. Congress has passed the far-reaching and thorough-going Hepburn Act. Here in the conservative East, New York has followed with a statute which aims to bring the law of that State into true alignment and harmony with the Federal act, and sets a standard which the other States will sooner or later tend to follow. Pennsylvania has created a Railway Commission with broad powers. Even New Jersey has been able at least to establish the principle of railway regulation by commission, and in time may be expected to second the action of her sister States and frame her laws so as to dovetail the Hepburn Act and assist in the great work contemplated by the Federal Administration.

We have, then, in no uncertain terms

declared against the policy of *laissez faire*. Most of us are likewise loath to be prematurely forced into Socialism against our will, either because of the clamor of professional agitators or the avarice, cunning and temerity of certain reactionaries. We have consciously entered upon a policy of government regulation of the railways, and have created, or nearly so, the State and Federal Commissions and the machinery with which they shall endeavor to work out the great problem which we have set before them. What that problem is I have perhaps already indicated. I believe it can be put into a very few words, and to my mind it is this, namely, to regulate the railways in such manner that private ownership and operation shall survive.

At the outset let it be understood that there are no fundamental, legal or constitutional difficulties which stand in the way of the policy of private ownership with government regulation. Whatever doubt may once have existed, and whatever may have been raised by specious arguments during the passing agitation of the railway question, has been dispelled. The basic principle that private ownership together with government regulation by the Legislature or its agent, the Railway Commission, are consistent is now firmly established. I need merely quote from the lucid opinion of Mr. Justice White in the recent case of *Atlantic Coast Line Railway vs. North Carolina Corporation Commission* in the United States Supreme Court. He says: "The elementary proposition that railroads from the public nature of the business by them carried on, and the interest which the public have in their operation are subject . . . to State regulation, which may be exerted either directly by the legislative authority or by administrative bodies endowed with power to that end is not and could not be

successfully questioned in view of the long line of authorities sustaining that doctrine . . . the public power to regulate railways and the private right of ownership of such property co-exist and do not the one destroy the other."

Now the solution of the problem before the railway commissioner seems to me to be just as simple to express as is the problem itself—although it will be far from simple to effectuate. For him to succeed at his task all that is required is that his action shall preserve two things, without either of which the policy of private ownership with government regulation will fall to the ground, and, unless all the signs of the times fail, that which will take its place will not be the policy of *laissez faire*. These two things are first, *fair profits*, and second, *fair service*. The order here given is one of convenience and quite free from significance. Each requisite is paramount.

First as to profits: the railway commissioner must preserve to the private owner opportunity to secure fair profits upon his fair investment in railway property. Without this there is an end of private ownership. This phase of the railway question has not yet received the public attention which has been devoted to railway abuses, but of course its importance is vital to the principle which we desire to preserve. The private ownership of railways consists of nothing more than the private ownership of railway stocks and railway bonds. From the holder's point of view these are owned but with one idea, namely, expectation of profits. Let there be no doubt about that. Once it is clear that the stocks will not pay fair dividends and the bonds fair interest there is an end of private ownership. No one will privately own for the pleasure of the thing. Fair dividends must be earned. Fair interest must be paid. Otherwise the private owner will sell his railway stocks and bonds for what they will bring, and they won't bring what he paid for them. Foreclosures and reorganizations will be followed by panic, bankruptcies, and grim financial disaster, and the public, which must have the railways operated, will have no choice but the adoption of a policy of government

ownership in some form or other, and sooner or later.

The question of fair profits will present some difficult problems. To answer them will require an understanding of and familiarity with the economic principles of high finance in the true sense, and these in their practical application are at times so deep, baffling and illusive as to befuddle a monumental understanding. There are, however, certain convictions which are settled in the minds of most of us. Take for example the matter of watered stock. Here we are examining a problem which has not yet in all its phases been answered with finality. There are wise men who contend that a reasonable latitude for speculative profit must be permitted, or there is a disastrous check upon the investor's initiative. On the other hand, another school of economists urge that not only should profits be restricted to a moderate return upon the reasonably necessary investment, but, in the case of public utilities there should not even be any allowance for a sinking fund to enable the original investor to get his money back. Be the exact answer what it may, "fair profits" certainly does not mean to the minds of most of us, to borrow from the argument of Attorney-General Knox in the Northern Securities case, that monopolistic control of our railway properties shall be permitted to convert "into stock and stock values all the prosperity in sight, as well as all hopes and expectations of many future years." "Fair profits" does not mean that certain adroit gamblers shall be allowed unmolested to steal into the accounting department of an unsuspecting railway and manipulate and intermix capital accounts and operating expenses with a sleight-of-hand skill which would make the proprietor of a shell game blush at his own innocence. Perhaps it may finally be determined that there is such a thing as justifiable stock watering. If so, we propose that in the case of public utility corporations it shall hereafter be done in the open, and then only with the sanction of a public commission after public hearing. We know that there have been instances in railway financing in which stock-watering and "lamb-

fleeing" have been carried on at the same time, with the result that we have had, and in some cases still have, railway stock and bond holders with permanently abnormal appetites for dividends, to the detriment of the road as a physical property, and the community which it was built to serve. Such a situation has in some cases dangerously retarded the installation of necessary safety devices. It has induced certain traffic officials to become criminals in their feverish lust for traffic that belongs to another road. It has resulted in the denial of adequate terminal and operating facilities, held down real estate values, checked normal industrial development—all that the unfortunates who were tricked into investing in railway stock at fictitious values might maintain a "dividend policy" long enough to afford them opportunity to unload upon the next innocent "come-on." Such things the Commissioner must strive to prevent in the future, and in the cases where the wrong has been already worked and resultant disease so far advanced that it has exceeded the control of the owners of a given railway, he must step in as arbiter between the stockholders who own, and the public who use the road, and firmly, yet carefully, insist upon the direction of the company's course toward the goal of *fair profits and fair service*, lest the principle of private ownership fall.

And that brings us to a consideration of the other requisite of private ownership. I have said that we must have fair service. Here again let there be no mistake. If we cannot secure fair service through regulation, we are going to try some other policy, and I fear it will not be *laissez faire*. The unmistakable Socialistic trend of affairs cannot leave any substantial doubt in our mind as to what that policy will be if we have to come to it. Come to it we must, however, if we can't secure fair service by the regulation of private ownership. In the last analysis, public opinion rules the day with us. Overwhelming public opinion is settled in the conviction that for various reasons our railway service has not been fair. The Railway Commissions have been overhauled, and in some instances newly created; their

powers have been radically changed and enlarged; the public now looks to them to secure fair service, and if they fail, it is my unqualified opinion that private ownership will no longer be tolerated.

Now, fair service does not mean perfect service. The passing agitation has reached its present momentum not because of any senseless clamor stirred up by demagogues. Its strength lies in the fact that it is based upon the conviction of radical and conservative alike—of the great majority of sound-thinking, commonsense, middle class citizens who can determine the policy of this country when they see fit to exercise their power. They know well enough that government ownership of the railways would be a dangerous experiment for the Republic to make. They know that under such a policy there would still from time to time be railway financial scandals, railway abuses, railway sins of omission and commission, to say nothing of the many real political and economic dangers attendant upon such a policy, and they are accordingly minded to demand under a continuation of the régime of private ownership only *fair service*. Reasonable allowance will be made for mistakes, for human frailty, for the equities presented by each specific case which may arise; but the sum total of the achievements of the policy of private ownership with government regulation must amount to fair service—at least to such an extent that its benefits clearly outweigh the dangers and difficulties of government ownership—or the policy of private ownership and operation becomes a lost cause.

Now let us consider some of the principal grounds of complaint against the railway service. For convenience we will divide the subject into questions concerning practical operation and questions concerning traffic, bearing always in mind the fact that the measure of corrective which the railway commissioner is to apply in the case of any abuse must square with the principle of "fair profits" as heretofore set forth.

The complaints pertaining to operation, considered apart from questions of discrimination, are not especially difficult to answer. Many of them arise

from lack of knowledge of practical railroading and can be disposed of by conference between representatives of the railway and of the complainant. If this expedient fails, the Railroad Commission should pass upon the matter, and, given a competent commission, both the public and the railway will learn confidently to seek its protection and assistance. In the matter of facilities, the railway must provide reasonably good and sufficient train service, station and terminal facilities, and equipment. The judgment of complainant and operating official on such questions may not coincide even after repeated conferences. The scheme of government regulation provides an arbiter in such case, and he must make his ruling within the limitation on the one hand that he must allow opportunity for reasonably fair profits, and on the other, that he must secure reasonably fair service. So, too, in the matter of securing safety to property, to passengers, and to employes, the railway official and the complainant may have divergent views. The former is not necessarily a cruel man, regardless of human life; but he is put into his position of authority by the representatives of those who have invested their money in the railway, and he may overestimate the importance of the question of expense before adopting a needed safety device or eliminating a dangerous grade crossing. In a word, his bias may cause him to lose sight of the fact that fair profits will be permitted to him and his company only upon the condition of his giving fair service. Again, the brakeman, or passenger, or traveler on the highway, may see only the danger to human life, and forget that the immediate adoption of a new device or the elimination of all grade crossings may be so expensive as to be prohibitive without sacrificing the principle of fair profits. Here again your commissioner must step in. Certain elements of safety must be provided. Interlocking plants and signal systems must be installed where they are actually needed, and the railway industry, and hence, in the last analysis, the public must stand the expense. Grade crossings must not be tolerated upon busy thoroughfares, and they must be abolished

before they are soaked with blood. If those most interested can't see this, the railway commissioner can. Automatic couplers and air brakes must generally be used in State as well as inter-State railway operation, and the laggard railway must be brought into line despite the protests of hungry stockholders. Altogether the Railway Commission has a useful and necessary place to fill in the matter of government regulation of railway operation, and it can do this to the lasting benefit of both owner and user without substantially jeopardizing the principle of private ownership and operation.

I have not considered the question of discriminations in connection with that of practical operation because of its more familiar and characteristic manifestation in the traffic department of railroading. The problem of fair service in connection with traffic is chiefly one of discrimination rather than of rates. Much has been written and spoken upon the question of excessive rates. Compared with rates in other countries, rates here as a whole are not excessive, and the facts are available to demonstrate this general proposition. If the Government had failed in the Northern Securities suit, we might sooner or later have been confronted with the necessity of a general attack upon rates; for if the people had lost in that suit one holding company would have soon controlled the American railways, and competitive freight rates in any practical sense would have become a thing of the past. Commodity would still have competed with commodity, locality with locality, and the rate would in theory have been no more than the traffic could bear. But the arbiters of the effect of such competition and of the amount the traffic could bear, of its proper gauging, discount, and adjustment, would have been a few men whose judgment or initiative might have erred in countless particulars, with the result that untold injuries would have been worked which could not have been righted in a generation. As stated by Mr. Ingalls, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Big Four Railroad Company, the organizers of the Northern Securities Company

had conceived the idea "that they would buy the controlling interest in practically all the railways of the United States and thereby produce a joint ownership and through it a *maintenance of rates*." And again, "If it had not been for that suit a few men would have controlled the great transportation interests of this country, and while they would have maintained rates, they would have made and unmade statesmen, would have controlled Congress and legislatures, and in the end no one knows what the result would have been." But the Government succeeded in the Northern Securities case, and for the present at least we shall have a number of great railway systems competing for business, seeking to facilitate commerce, encourage industry and investment, and bring into legitimate play the economic forces which on the whole and in the long run really make rates. There may perhaps be further attempts to carry out in some way the plan which the Government frustrated in the Northern Securities case, but we are learning to make practical use of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, and uniform open methods of accounts, supervised by the Inter-State Commerce Commission, will make it difficult to devise any such scheme which will not sooner or later land some one in prison.

As I have said, discriminations in one form or another have stood in the way of fair traffic service. It was discriminations which brought about the abortive and ineffectual Granger legislation. It was discriminations more than any other one thing which gave us the original Inter-State Commerce Act, the Elkins Act, and the Hepburn Act. And it will be discriminations which will defeat the policy of private ownership unless both traffic officials and shippers undertake to work with the Railway Commissions to stop the practice.

It is idle for railway men to deny that discriminations have existed in the past in direct defiance and utter disregard of the common law. Prior to the passage of the Act of 1887, railway traffic was carried by secret discriminatory contracts. Every student of the question knows that. After the passage of the first Inter-State Commerce Act there was

a period of a few months when the evil was abated somewhat, but by the year 1903 the old practice had become so prevalent that the filed tariffs meant little to any one but the small shipper. Few shippers of large business importance paid the full rates unless they got some kind of rake-off. The Elkins Bill was drawn, urged and passed at the behest of the railways themselves, and I say this with no slur, for they saw the danger to themselves and wanted to be saved from the very effects of a system which the vaunted policy of *laissez faire* creates and nurtures and makes to thrive.

It is just as idle to assert that the Elkins Act ended discriminations. Like the Act of 1887 it lessened the evil for a few months, but pretty soon the signs of its reappearance in another form were unmistakable. The little shipper had lost his concession completely, perhaps, but the big fellow in many instances was getting his, only in another form. The old-fashioned rebate was largely cut off, and in its place was substituted the device and the midnight tariff. Traffic men know this well enough. They know that here and there are cases where discriminations are still quietly going on, which from their point of view it is next to impossible to cut off, or next to impossible for any one but the guilty and criminal participants to discover. It must be allowed on behalf of the more enlightened and far-seeing shippers and traffic men that there is now making a strong effort to end the abuse. To such men the Commissioner is bound to give fair credit, but to them with the others he begs to suggest that the Government is determined to mete out to the criminal shipper or traffic man the same vulgar punishment which becomes the portion of the convicted forger or embezzler. Public sentiment demands this and makes it possible. Publicity, uniform accounts, inspection and supervision by State and inter-State Commissioners, each aiding the other and working in harmony for the accomplishment of a great end, all make convictions practicable. Justification for these drastic remedies and punishments is found in the fact that private ownership and operation of the railways is at stake; that

discriminations are inconsistent with fair service; and that fair service is vitally requisite to the principle which the commission is pledged to preserve.

I have said that fair service does not mean perfect service. It is quite true that there will always be men, both within and without the railway world, who are ready to commit crime. Our answer to this criticism of the policy of regulation is that we are going to make it hard to commit the crime of discrimination, hard for the criminal, whether shipper or traffic man, to escape conviction, and harder yet for him when he has been convicted. It is also equally true that under the régime of private ownership and operation human frailty and economic forces are such that it is impossible to eradicate discriminations completely. Our answer is that a good deal of it has been stopped already and a good deal more of it can be stopped in the future; and that, moreover, when we secure the law which I believe is surely coming, permitting traffic agreements, sometimes called "pools," subject to the supervision and approval of the railway commissioners, the pressure which now bears so heavily upon the traffic official to make unlawful concessions will be considerably reduced. Many cases of breach of the law there will be, and many will escape detection; but as soon as the traffic men appreciate in full the duty which now rests upon them of aiding us in the discovery and abolition of discriminations, we are going to bring to light many instances of the crime, and bring to book many of the perpetrators.

Traffic men usually know almost immediately when another road has granted an unlawful concession to an important shipper whose business is competitive. They have told me so. It is their business to watch for these things, and, from a railway point of view, they are successful. A reliable safeguard of the principle of private ownership and operation will have been provided when traffic men, as a whole, keen, adroit, and sensitive to every change in the industrial world, turn to with their magnificent forces and abilities, and work with the Railway Commissioners instead of against them.

There is no necessary conflict between their purposes and ours, and each of us will be held responsible if discriminations are not within reasonable limitations abolished; if fair service is not accorded to the public; if the principle of private ownership is not preserved.

I have here attempted a very general exposition of some of the prominent features of the railway problem as it appears from a commissioner's point of view. Many intricate and vital questions I have not even suggested. Of those I have touched upon I have given only a hint of what they are and how they appear to a commissioner about to take up his end of the great work to which he with others has been set. Surely it will be a congratulatory thing if citizens of this Republic are able to master this task, and solve this problem. It is no mean undertaking, and I, for one, approach it with humility.

## THE CITY IN SUMMER

BY MAUD SCOTFIELD BEESON

Heat, heat, heat!—

Not a cloud in the sky, not a breath from the river,  
Bring help to the gasping, blazing street—  
To dumb creature and man with pulses a-quiver  
To the pulse of the pitiless heat.

My child! my child! my child!

Cry wrung from the heart of many a mother  
As she hearkens, powerless, desperate, wild,  
To the sad, faint sound no streets' roar can smother—  
To the wail of a sick little child.

# THE SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

## II.

This second letter from The Outlook's staff correspondent at the Hague Conference, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, will be followed by articles dealing with the personality of the most influential delegates now at the Hague and later on by personal impressions of the important discussions and actions of the Conference.—THE EDITORS.

TO understand what the delegates to the Hague Conference are trying to reform in international law one must understand what others have formed and re-formed.

Hugo de Groot—perhaps better known as Grotius—who died in 1645, is universally considered as the founder of the science of international law. But before his time not a few men had written on special parts of the Law of Nations. Hugo de Groot was the founder, because he co-ordinated these various parts and welded them into one complete, comprehensive system—an independent branch of the science of law. What we know as international law dates from the publication of Grotius's great work, "*De Jure Belli ac Pacis*," the rights of war and peace. As has been well said, should he write his work to-day, he would term it the rights of peace and war, for, thanks to the Hague Conferences, peace bids fair to become the normal state of nations. In Hugo de Groot's time, however, the European nations were struggling under the burden of the Thirty Years' War.

But the greatness of Grotius was not because of his erudite comprehensiveness and his summary of it. Dr. James Brown Scott, the learned solicitor of our Department of State, the scientific delegate in the American representation at this conference, called my attention to an equally important fact, namely, that the great Dutchman gave definite form to the belief of the enlightened that the rigors and excesses of war might be regulated by reason and controlled in the interest of humanity. For, as Dr. Scott says, Grotius, in appealing to the authority of philosopher and poet, lawyer and statesman, profoundly impressed his contemporaries and has completely captivated posterity. Hence it is no exaggeration to maintain that the more civil-

ized conditions of our time, as regards international relations, are in great measure due to the work of Hugo de Groot.

The other day I went over to Delft, where Grotius was born and is buried. No Dutch town has a more popular connection with history and art. Three centuries ago Delft did the art of faience a good turn in its clever imitations of Chinese porcelain. You are not allowed to visit the factory nowadays—a pity, for one always takes more interest in something one has seen made. No objection, however, was made to our visiting the salesrooms and buying a bit of Delft *in* Delft.

But the town's chief claim to distinction lies in its connection with William the Silent and Hugo de Groot. One seeks immediately that Prinsenhof where William was murdered, and sees on the stairway wall the traces of the balls shot by the assassin, and, alongside, William's handsome dining-room, well restored, with its souvenirs of him and its outlook upon an enclosure reminding you of an Oxford "quad." It clinches history, and especially that date, 1584, to see the place where the founder of Dutch independence met his doom.

Then we wended our way to the Nieuwe Kerk—new indeed! It *was* fairly new when Columbus discovered America. Its fine Gothic lines and tall tower form one of Delft's striking features. Under a Roman Catholic *régime* its interior was full of color. Under a Protestant change we now see but a staring mass of whitewash. Perhaps the Dutch iconoclasts thought it an argument for Protestantism! But that is not the worst. In place of the high altar—forever hallowed ground to all Roman Catholics—rises William the Silent's grotesque tomb. Indeed, to commemo-



rate two masters of men—William the Silent and Hugo de Groot—their contemporaries erected no appropriate memorials, instead monuments both unsimple and unlovely. The only feature of human appeal about either of them is the dog lying at the feet of William's recumbent figure: after his master's death the dog would not touch food or drink and died of starvation. Nearby nearly forty members of the House of Orange lie buried. In monuments, they fare little better. The country which could produce Rembrandt and Frans Hals, the city out of which came Mierevelt and Vermeer, seem strangely apathetic in providing what should be their Westminster Abbey.

Eight years ago, during the first Conference, the American delegation visited the grave of the Father of International Law and laid a silver wreath there, an appropriate and dignified deed acclaimed throughout the world, but especially here in Holland. One side of the wreath is composed of oak leaves, symbolical of civic virtue, and the other of laurel, symbolical of victory. So far so good. But must even an American gift look tawdry and unsimple? At the base of the wreath are a ribbon and bow of silver gilt, attached to which are shields bearing in enamel our arms and those of Holland. On the ribbon is an inscription in English. The tribute itself was sincere, and was not only American, but universal in its sincerity. Well did Dr. Andrew D. White, of our delegation, say at the ceremony that, of all the books which did not boast divine inspiration, that of Hugo de Groot has been the greatest boon to humanity.

A colossal bronze figure of Grotius adorns the square between the church and the Stadhuis, the city hall. But his simplest and most appealing memorial is the portrait by his contemporary, Mierevelt, in the Stadhuis. From the wood on which it is painted there looks at you the face of a master drawn by a master.

Between the deaths of William the Silent and Hugo de Groot, there died one who should be remembered in every effort to consolidate the nations, Henry IV. of France. Three centuries ago, through his great minister, Sully, he

proposed a scheme for consolidating Europe in order to abolish war. But as Mr. Carnegie, with a Scot's keenness, observes, the scheme's fundamental idea was armed force and involved the overthrow of the Hapsburgs; hence it cannot be considered as exactly in line with peaceful arbitration. That system originated rather with another Frenchman, Emeric Cruce, a contemporary of Henry IV. Cruce presented what was probably the first proposal to attract much attention of substituting international arbitration for war.

Meanwhile, the Dutch maintained their supremacy as lawyers. As sharing their influence, Judge Rose, one of the three ambassadors in our American delegation, called my attention to the fact that Scotland, which has since produced peculiarly keen legal minds, got its civil law straight from Holland, not by way of England, still less by way of France, though the latter would seem to be natural, considering the political affiliations which had existed between the two countries. Instead, as if to balance the visits of the Dutch fishermen to the Scottish seas—still continued to-day—Scotch students came for their civil law to the Dutch universities.

After Grotius, the next great figure in the history of international law was another Dutchman, Cornelius van Bynkershoek, whose three books "*De dominio maris*," "*De foro legatorum*," and "*Questionum juris publici*," are regarded as having authority hardly less than those of Hugo the Great. A quarter century later appeared the works of Wolff and Vattel. Meanwhile Kant and William Penn, Bentham and Rousseau were appealing alike to the sentiment and sense of nations. Then came the decisions on international law of Lord Stowell in England, who occupied there something of the position in America of Chief Justice Marshall—"our great constructive statesman," as Judge Rose justly calls him. The decisions of Judges Marshall and Story are of course worthy to be classed in a category the influence of which may be noted in the Treaty of Paris in 1856, which abolished privateering; in the Arbitration at Geneva in 1871 between England and America, settling

the Alabama case; in the Brussels Declaration of 1874, abolishing the right to plunder a captured city; in the Chili-Argentine Boundary Arbitration of 1894, followed by the erection of a statue of the Prince of Peace on the Andes Mountains at the frontier, fourteen thousand

feet high; in the other arbitrations of the nineteenth century and finally in the Hague Conference of 1899, the first ever called to discuss the means of establishing peace without reference to some particular war.

E. F. B.

The Hague, June 25, 1907.

## A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

In Litchfield County, Connecticut, is a remarkable club known as the Litchfield County University Club. All its members are college graduates, and, with the exception of possibly two or three honorary members, all are residents of Litchfield County, and it contains one hundred and seventy-five members. Evidently the much-talked-of decadence of New England has not extended to Litchfield County, Connecticut. Every spring this Club is entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Carl Stoeckel at their country home in Norfolk, Connecticut. On Friday, June 14, 1907, the committee previously appointed reported a plan for a memorial tablet to be put up in the town of Litchfield to mark the birthplace of Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. At this Club meeting addresses were delivered by Lyman Abbott, Henry Ward Beecher's successor in Plymouth pulpit; Dr. Charles E. Stowe, the son of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe; and Mr. Samuel Scoville, the grandson of Henry Ward Beecher. What follows is substantially the address delivered by Dr. Abbott on this occasion.—THE EDITORS.

**I**T is doubtful whether any century since the Protestant Reformation has witnessed more radical changes in the fundamental conceptions concerning religion than those which took place in the nineteenth century in the Puritan churches in the New England and Middle States of America. No one family exerted a more powerful influence in bringing about these changes than was exerted by the Beecher family. To indicate what these changes have been, and what has grown and is growing out of them, is my object in this address.

In 1824 Charles G. Finney, a young lawyer, child of New England, born in Litchfield County, and under the inspiration of a great spiritual enthusiasm abandoning the law for the ministry, was licensed to preach for the Presbyterian Church. He had pursued his theological studies under the care of a clergyman to whose tutelage he had been assigned by the Presbytery. He subsequently gave an account of the theological teaching which he had received from this representative divine. His personal report, which I slightly condense, gives a fairer portraiture of the orthodox theology of that time than any which I could

construct and compact into equally narrow limits:

First, he [Dr. Gale] maintained that the guilt of Adam's first transgression is literally imputed to all his posterity; so that they are justly sentenced and exposed to eternal damnation for Adam's sin. Secondly, that we received from Adam a nature wholly sinful . . . so that we are totally unable to perform any act acceptable to God, and are necessitated by a sinful nature to transgress his law in every action of our lives. For this sinful nature all mankind are deserving of eternal damnation. Thirdly, we are all justly sentenced to eternal damnation for our own unavoidable transgression of the law. Thus we find ourselves justly subject to a triple eternal damnation. Consequently in his preaching he never seemed to expect, nor even to aim at converting anybody, by any sermon that I have heard him preach. And yet he was an able preacher, as preaching was then estimated. The fact is, their dogmas were a perfect strait-jacket to him. If he preached repentance, he must be sure before he sat down to leave the impression in his people that they could not repent. If he called them to believe, he must be sure to impress them that, until their natures were changed by the Holy Spirit, faith was impossible to them.

This theology of Dr. Gale was not unique; it was inherited from John Calvin and Jonathan Edwards. John Calvin taught that man was created a

free moral agent, but lost his freedom in the fall. Jonathan Edwards re-enforced the doctrine of John Calvin by philosophical arguments which may be put concisely thus: The will is controlled by the strongest motive, otherwise it will be controlled by another motive stronger than the strongest, which is a contradiction in terms. This doctrine is found embedded in the Westminster Confession of Faith, which is still the standard of Presbyterianism, and in the Savoy Confession, which in the beginning of the nineteenth century was a standard of Congregationalism. These Confessions declare that by the fall man lost the image of God and became with all his posterity dead in sin; that "the will of man is made perfectly and immutably free to good alone in the state of glory only;" that "by the decree of God, for the manifestation of his glory, some men and angels are predestined to everlasting life, and others fore-ordained to everlasting death;" and "that their number is so certain and definite that it cannot be either increased or diminished."

Professor James declares that the test of philosophy is, how does it work; Jesus Christ declared that spiritual teaching was to be known by its fruits. The works of this philosophy, the fruits of this teaching, were not such as to commend it. I doubt whether religion was ever at a lower ebb in the North Atlantic States than it was at the beginning of the nineteenth century. The teaching that man could do nothing had borne its natural fruit in indifferentism. Dueling was common, and the church had uttered no protest against dueling. Intemperance was universal, and there was no temperance society. Slavery spread its dark pall over half the continent, and there was no anti-slavery movement worthy of the name. Crime was punished, but there was no organized effort either to prevent or to cure it. The prisons, even in this favored State of Connecticut, were hardly superior to those which existed in Rome in the first century. John Bach McMaster describes one of these prisons in an old worked-out copper mine, composed of caves reeking with filth, abounding with vermin,

and deadly with miasmatic damp. But there was no prison reform association. Westward the star of empire was taking its way, but there was no home missionary society to plant the church or the school-house in the border settlements. The pagan world dwelt in a great darkness, and there was no foreign missionary society to send thither the Gospel. The opposition to religious revivals was so great as to lead the Consociation of Connecticut in 1741 to declare against the use of evangelists for the promotion of revivals, and the Legislature of that State to enact laws against their activity. Nor were these laws a dead letter. Samuel Finlay, afterwards President of Princeton College, was dealt with as a vagrant and sent from one constable to another out of the bounds of the colony. The reaction which this religion of fatalism produced was not unnatural, but it was not intelligent. Thomas Paine was its most popular exponent, and his superficial arguments against Christianity had a vogue in intellectual circles which it is difficult for us now to comprehend. In Yale University at the close of the eighteenth century there were two Thomas Paine Societies and only four or five professed members of the Christian Church. There was also, it is true, a "moral society" at Yale College, but it was apparently organized only to debate religious and ethical questions, and it is significant that it was a secret society and any disclosure of its proceedings was punishable by expulsion. When men are told that they are dead in sin and cannot do works of righteousness if they try, they are not stimulated to try. The effects of this theology of fatalism were seen not only in ethical and spiritual indifferentism and in angry jeering but not intelligent opposition. Mrs. Stowe, in "The Minister's Wooing," has graphically portrayed the experience which such a ministry produced in timid, conscientious, and devout souls. "Everything to her [Mrs. Marvyn] seemed shrouded in gloom and mystery; and that darkness she received as a token of unregeneracy, as a sign that she was one of those who are destined, by a mysterious decree, never to receive the light of the glorious gospel of Christ. Hence,

while her husband was a deacon of the church, she, for years, had sat in her pew while the sacramental elements were distributed, a mournful spectator. Punctilious in every duty, exact, reverential, she still regarded herself as a child of wrath, an enemy to God, and an heir to perdition; nor could she see any hope of remedy, except in this sovereign, mysterious decree of an Infinite, Unknown Power, a mercy for which she waited with the sickness of hope deferred."

In 1798 Lyman Beecher became pastor of the Presbyterian Church at East Hampton, Long Island, whence twelve years later he removed to Litchfield, Connecticut. From the outset of his ministry he became the apostle of a different message. He affirmed with characteristic vehemence the freedom of the will, the moral ability of man to do his duty, and his consequent responsibility for all the evils, social and individual, resulting from a neglect of that duty. That a principle which now all Christian teachers regard as axiomatic should have been regarded a hundred years ago in this community as a dangerous if not a deadly heresy is to us well-nigh incomprehensible. That it should require courage to affirm so simple a doctrine it is difficult for us to understand. How in that time it was regarded is indicated by a letter written by one of Lyman Beecher's contemporaries, and, I believe, one of his disciples, in 1816: "The doctrines of free agency and sinners' immediate duty to repent do wonders among my people. I preach them publicly and privately. I have no fear. My congregation, the first Sabbath I preached after I got home, stared as if I were crazy. 'I am not mad, most noble Festus.'" The preaching of Dr. Lyman Beecher and that of his contemporary, Charles G. Finney, ten years later, wrought an extraordinary revolution in the theology and initiated an extraordinary revolution in the life of the Puritan churches, both Congregational and Presbyterian. It is true that the doctrine of man's free will and moral responsibility was not new, but it was new in the spiritual consciousness of the Puritan churches of New England and the Middle States. No truth is vital to any man

until it enters into his consciousness, and so becomes a part of himself. No truth is vital to any church until it enters into the consciousness of that church and finds expression in its own ministry. The service which Dr. Lyman Beecher rendered to the Puritan churches of New England was not the discovery of a new truth never before known; it was making that truth a part of the consciousness of the New England churches and setting them to work in accord with it. His sermon on dueling, following the death of Alexander Hamilton in 1804, and his six sermons against intemperance eight or ten years later in Litchfield, Connecticut, were practical applications of his theological doctrine, and probably did more to impress that doctrine upon the consciousness of the children of the Puritans than the philosophical and Scriptural arguments leveled against the fatalistic theology of a previous generation.

Great preachers are not always powers in their own family. They sometimes reserve their oratory for great congregations, and to their children they are public artists rather than spiritual prophets. This was not the case with Lyman Beecher. Nowhere more strikingly is the influence of his character and teaching to be seen than in the members of his own household. Each one of them became in some sense a leader, for upon each one was pressed home the duty which opportunity and freedom combine to lay upon every individual soul. Catherine became a pioneer in that movement for the higher education of women which has revolutionized woman's status in American society; Harriet gave a dramatic portrayal of slavery which brought the inhumanity of man home to a before indifferent, because ignorant, people; Edward, going West, was a leader in that great home missionary movement which has put the church, the college, and the school-house in every Western town and made the West, in religion and in education, the peer of New England; Charles Beecher, though not a great musician, was one of the leaders in that movement toward congregational singing which has made practicable participation in public wor-

ship by all the people ; Thomas founded in Binghamton, New York, one of the first institutional churches, and one which in its equipment is even now rarely surpassed in cities of the second and third size ; Henry Ward became a recognized leader in the religious life of America, and maintained unchallenged that leadership during fifty years of active, aggressive, and, in lectures and addresses, quasi-itinerant ministry. That leadership he maintained not merely by defending and applying the doctrine of liberty of which his father was a prophet, but by adding to that doctrine a vital and fundamental article of faith.

The theology which Henry Ward inherited from his father may be epitomized thus : God is the creator of the universe ; he has made it and put it under the operation of forces—secondary causes they were called by theology, laws and forces of nature they were called by science, which are, however, not independent of, but subject to, his intervention and control. He is also the supreme moral governor of mankind, and he has revealed his nature and his will in a book which Dr. Lyman Beecher entitled a "Book of Laws." These laws are religious statutes or edicts which he will inexorably enforce by just rewards and punishments. We have broken these laws and are justly subject to punishment, but his Son has borne the punishment in our stead and so has satisfied the demands of his just law and made it possible for him to pardon us if we repent of our sins, resolve in the future to obey his laws, and accept as though it were our own the punishment which has been borne for us by another. We can if we will so repent, so resolve, and so accept. If we do not, the condemnation of our obduracy is doubly just. Longfellow has represented one phase of this theology dramatically, by portraying in the *Golden Legend* a conversation in heaven between the Father, Justice, Mercy, and the Son.

FROM THE MIRACLE PLAY IN LONGFELLOW'S *GOLDEN LEGEND*

MERCY (*at the feet of God*)

Have pity, Lord ! be not afraid  
To save mankind whom thou hast made,

Nor let the souls that were betrayed  
Perish eternally.

JUSTICE

It cannot be, it must not be !  
When in the garden placed by thee  
The fruit of the forbidden tree  
He ate, and he must die.

MERCY

Have pity, Lord ! let penitence  
Atone for disobedience,  
Nor let the fruit of man's offense  
Be endless misery !

JUSTICE

What penitence proportionate  
Can e'er be felt for sin so great ?  
Of the forbidden fruit he ate,  
And damned must he be !

GOD

He shall be saved, if that within  
The bounds of earth one free from sin  
Be found, who for his kith and kin  
Will suffer martyrdom.

THE FOUR VIRTUES

Lord ! we have searched the world around,  
From center to the utmost bound,  
But no such mortal can be found ;  
Despairing, back we come.

WISDOM

No mortal but a God made man  
Can ever carry out this plan,  
Achieving what none other can,  
Salvation unto all !

GOD

Go, then, O my beloved Son !  
It can by thee alone be done ; -  
By thee the victory shall be won  
O'er Satan and the Fall !

It has often been said that Henry Ward Beecher was not a theologian. Whether this is true or not depends upon what is meant by the word theologian. To most minds it probably suggests a scholar interested in intellectual problems, delving among books, and attempting to form a theory of the Infinite and man's relation to the Infinite which will be artistically symmetrical, and so intellectually satisfying. But the great theologies of the world which have really changed men's habits of thought and of life have never been so framed in the study. Not thus did Paul create the Pauline theology. He was a missionary filled with a divine enthusiasm for service. Believing that he possessed a truth which would keep men's feet from falling and save their eyes from tears, he gave himself unceasingly to the proclamation

of this truth. His interpretations are frequently verbally incongruous and inconsistent. He cared nothing for the symmetry of a system, only for the spiritual welfare of men. The love of Christ, not the love of a system, constrained him. The system has to be educed from revival sermons and pastoral letters, but it has changed the thought and life of the world. Luther was no scholarly creator of a system of philosophy. He saw the world of men in bondage to a church whose power over its subjects he believed to be due to false ideas of God and truth and duty. He set himself to emancipate men from their bondage by sermon, hymn, and commentary. His system of theology has been educed by his followers from his missionary utterances. But it has revolutionized religious thought and life wherever it has gone. John Wesley looked upon an English people unfed, uninspired, unshepherded. He went out into the highways and the fields to carry them life. His object was men, not philosophy. Truth was his instrument, life was his end. Wesleyan theology is not to be found ready-made in the writings of John Wesley; the lover of philosophy educes it from the writings of one whose love was all for his fellow-creatures. If Paul and Luther and Wesley were theologians, then Henry Ward Beecher was also a theologian; but his theology, like theirs, was born, not in the study, but in the field. It was the product, not of books, but of vital experience. This experience first came to him so definitely, so explicitly, and with such sudden revolutionary power that he was afterwards able to describe it, as he often did. I must content myself with two brief extracts from one of these descriptions. This will indicate the genesis of Mr. Beecher's contribution to the religious life and thought of the Puritan churches:

I know not what the tablets of eternity have written down, but I think that when I stand in Zion and before God, the brightest thing I shall look back upon will be that blessed morning of May when it pleased God to reveal to my wondering soul the idea that it was his nature to love a man in his sins for the sake of helping him out of them; that he did not do it out of compliment to Christ, or to a law, or a plan of salvation, but from the fullness of his great heart; that

he was a Being not made mad by sin but sorry; that he was not furious with wrath toward the sinner, but pitied him—in short, that he felt toward me as my mother felt toward me, to whose eyes my wrong-doing brought tears, who never pressed me so close to her as when I had done wrong, and who would fain with her yearning love lift me out of trouble. . . . Time went on, and next came the disclosure of a Christ ever present with me—a Christ that was never far from me, but was always near me, as a companion and friend, to uphold and sustain me. This was the last and the best revelation of God's Spirit to my soul. It is what I consider to be the culminating work of God's grace in a man.

The doctrine of the divinity of Christ was no more new than had been the doctrine of the free will of man. Orthodoxy had fought many battles with Unitarianism in defense of the dogma of Christ's divinity. But orthodoxy had not really believed that Jesus Christ is the complete and entire manifestation of the Father; that God is in the eternal administration of the universe what Jesus Christ was in his earthly life; that there is no justice in the moral governor of the universe that was not reflected in Jesus Christ; no wrath in God that did not find expression in Jesus Christ; no mercy in Jesus Christ that was not a reflection of the mercy of the Father; that it is as easy for the sinful and the suffering to come to the Father of us all for help and for pardon as it was for the leper whose forehead Christ touched and for the woman who was a sinner who bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. There was nothing new in the faith of Mr. Beecher in a Christ ever present as the companion and friend of men. The resurrection of Jesus Christ had been always regarded as the fundamental truth of historical Christianity, and a faith in the mystical presence of the living Christ had always had expression in the Christian Church. But the Puritan churches had walked with their faces to the past; they had so concentrated their attention on the historical Christ that they had no eyes to see the Christ who was with them and would be in them. Their Christian experience had been legal—obedience to law; their Christian faith historical—faith in a Christ of long ago. The belief that

Jesus Christ is the supreme, ultimate and comprehensive and complete manifestation of the invisible Father, and that He is such manifestation not merely in the earthly life of the man Jesus but in the spiritual personality which has been the secret of all the world's moral and spiritual progress since Bethlehem and Calvary, this twofold truth wrought itself on that May morning into the spiritual experience of Henry Ward Beecher, and has been in turn wrought into the consciousness of the Puritan churches largely through his ministry. To this message he gave himself with that singleness of purpose which always characterizes a great soul when it is possessed by a great inspirational thought. This was his theology. Criticised for preaching in Theodore Parker's church and accused of denying the divinity of Christ, he replied :

Could Theodore Parker worship my God? Christ Jesus is his name. All that there is of God to me is bound up in that name. A dim and shadowy effluence rises from Christ, and that I am taught to call the Father. A yet more tenuous and invisible film of thought arises, and that is the Holy Spirit. But neither are to me aught tangible, restful, accessible. They are to be revealed to my knowledge hereafter, but now only to my faith. But Christ stands my *manifest* God. All that I know is of him, and in him. I put my soul into his arms, as, when I was born, my father put me into my mother's arms. I draw all my life from him. I bear him in my thoughts hourly, as I humbly believe that he also bears me.

No less was this the secret of all his moral reform work. The motive of that work was his enthusiasm for Christ and his desire to reproduce the Christian spirit in the homes and the lives of men. "My earnest desire is," he said, "that slavery may be destroyed by the manifest power of Christianity. . . . I would rather let it linger twenty-five years more, that God may be honored, and not mammon, in the destruction of it." Criticised for this declaration, he reaffirmed it in stronger terms : ". . . Our highest and strongest reason for seeking justice among men is *not* the benefit to men themselves, exceedingly strong as that motive is and ought to be . . . it is a strong personal, enthusiastic love for Jesus Christ. I regard the movement of the world toward justice and rectitude

to be of his inspirations. I believe my own aspirations, having a base in my natural faculties, to be influenced and directed by Christ's spirit. . . . That which will give pleasure to Christ's heart and bring to my consciousness a smile of gladness on his face in behalf of my endeavor, is incalculably more to me than any other motive. I would work for the slave for his own sake, but I am sure that I would work ten times as earnestly for the slave for Christ's sake."

Inspired by this faith, accepting literally the words of the Master, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now; howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth." Henry Ward Beecher was ready to welcome every new disclosure, whencesoever it might come. While many Christians were afraid of the New Criticism lest it should destroy the Bible, he accepted it with gladness and employed it in a series of interpretative lectures on the Old Testament to his church. While some Christians were fighting evolution as a subtle foe of Christianity, and others were afraid lest it should destroy the faith because it denied the Fall, he was eager to listen to its message, and interpreted that message in a lecture repeated scores, if not hundreds, of times throughout the country, and in a series of sermons delivered to his own congregation. To this work two years before his death he formally declared that he dedicated the last years of his life.

The theology of the Beechers, father and sons, is not the final theology for New England; there is no final theology. They have not uttered the last word; there is no last word. Humanity marches along a winding road. The leader of one generation sees a lit<sup>le</sup> further than his fellows and leads them on. His successor refuses to halt where his predecessor fell; imbibing his spirit, he also marches on. Each generation inherits a faith from the generation which precedes it, and gives it in turn, with its added acquisition of faith and knowledge, to the generation which it succeeds. We honor the Beecher family because the father in the first half of the nineteenth century, the sons and daughters in

the latter half of the nineteenth century, did so much to equip this Nation for the life which lies before it in the twentieth century. That the Church to-day is a working church, that it is a home missionary church and a foreign missionary church, that it has given birth to a temperance movement and strength to the anti-slavery movement, that it is attempting with more or less efficiency to deal with the labor problem, the race problem, the immigration problem, the educational problem, that it is laying upon the people the burden of responsibility and holding them accountable for the faults, the follies, the vices, and the crimes of the times, is due to those prophets of the first half of the nineteenth century, not the least of whom was Lyman Beecher, who taught the freedom of the will and the moral responsibility of the individual. That the religion of the Puritan churches of to-day is so largely a religion of faith, hope, and love—faith in a Christ who interprets a God of love, hope in a Christ who brings to humanity the inspirations of a divine love, and love for humanity rooted and grounded in love for the Christ of God—is due largely to the second generation of Beechers, and chief of all to Henry Ward Beecher. It is for those of the present and oncoming generation to take these two faiths wrought into the consciousness of the Puritan churches—faith in the liberty and responsibility of man, faith in the love and helpfulness of God—and with them meet the problems of the present and the future. Popular opinion, gradually imbibing the teaching of modern philosophy, no longer conceives of a Great First Cause who has created and set in motion secondary causes, while he sits apart from the world, ruling it as an engineer rules his engine; it is coming to conceive of one great underlying Cause, an Infinite and Eternal Energy from whom all things proceed, a Power not ourselves which makes for righteousness, a spirit in humanity which it calls the Spirit of Humanity. It is for us to save the Church from the paralysis which has always accompanied pantheism by laying emphasis on Jesus Christ as the personification in human history of

this Infinite One who transcends all our definitions of personality. Popular opinion imbibing the teaching of science has largely come to recognize the fact that all phenomena are interpreted in the terms of growth, that each event grows by natural processes out of the event preceding, and that this is as true of the moral development of the race and the moral development of the individual—that is, in sociology and anthropology—as it is in the development of the animal or the plant, that is, in biology and botany. It is for us to lay hold of this grander conception of God's method of doing things, and show how the spirit of the living Christ is the power in all moral and spiritual development, personal and social; that, in other words, evolution and redemption are different ways of spelling the same word. Popular opinion, gradually imbibing its ideas from literary scholars, is learning that the Bible is a collection of Hebrew law, history, and literature; that it is to be studied and interpreted as other collections of literature; that it grew up as other collections of literature have grown up; that an infallible book is an impossible conception; that the revelation of God afforded by the Bible is the revealing and unveiling of God in the personal experience of the men who wrote the Bible, and that its authority rests upon this, that their experiences evoke kindred experiences in our own hearts, and to their disclosures of the life of God in the souls of men our souls give a long and loud amen. Political philosophy is teaching us that law is not an edict issued by a sovereign and deriving its sanction from the power of that sovereign to enforce it by penalty; nor is it a common agreement interpreted by a popular vote and resting for its authority on the consent of the governed; it is teaching us, what science has long taught us, that law is the nature of anything concerning which it is predicated: that as the laws of nature are inherent in the physical universe, as the laws of health are inherent in the bodily organism, so the laws of the moral and spiritual nature of man are inherent in his nature, and the laws of society are inherent in the social order, and that liberty is not



disregard of law, but self-enforcement of self-accepted and so self-enacted law. It is for us to grasp this larger conception of law, immeasurably grander than that entertained by the framers of the Declaration of Independence, and overcome the spirit of lawlessness by promoting the spirit of reverence for God and loyalty to his beneficent rule. How far the Beechers, father and sons, would have accepted these corollaries to their teaching I do not know, but it seems to

me to be certain to any man who reads with care the history of the past hundred years that their teaching led toward this faith in the immanence of God, his personification in human history in Jesus of Nazareth, the redemptive course of all human history, the purely spiritual authority of the Bible, and the sacredness of law and of liberty under law because law is the conscience of God as we may find it interpreted in the conscience of his children.

## MARY AND HER CHARACTER

BY MARY BUELL WOOD

SHE did not have appealing blue eyes, nor a broad, candid brow, nor a sweet, spiritual expression, nor a fine conscientious character, nor anything else which belongs to Mary.

She did have the rich dark coloring and the passionate, excitable temperament of Southern France, and she had no character whatever.

It was all a mistake of the stork. She was intended for an environment where she would grow up into a beautiful, bewitching marquise, with plenty of money and unending good times, and where character never would be needed. Instead of which she was deposited in the family of a poor minister—a professor in a small college, with a long line of Puritan ancestors—and in a bleak New England village, where you might as well be without a nose as without a character.

As a child, Mary had romped and rampaged without any special limitations, her breezy conduct being passed over as natural and legitimate in "ministers' children." Also as a young girl her spirit had met with no undue check, the college youth being seemingly quite willing to supply the needed atmosphere for her natural development. She flirted successfully with them through three or four years, and never gave a thought to anything of a serious nature, and it was not until she was approaching her nineteenth birthday that the first indications of the Fates' intentions regarding her began to crop out.

Then Arnold Aldis loomed upon the

horizon of her life. Arnold had a straight nose, an obstinate chin, an erect, tall figure, and gray eyes. Mary looked at him—saw that he was good to look at—and marked him for her own. Arnold had character enough for ten. His soul yearned for the straight and narrow path. His purpose in life was of Alpine proportions. To him Mary was a beautiful, flashing beaconlight, pointing on to greater heights. What Mary found in him—but she didn't know this—was the magnetism of strong, whole-souled manhood. He was head and shoulders above any one she had ever seen. With her ardent nature and his obstinate chin, it was not long before they were engaged.

And then came the getting acquainted. Arnold, finding Mary all his own, and the necessity of winning her over, began to experiment on the similarity of their tastes, with a view of framing up a mutual scheme of life which would produce the largest philanthropic returns in the future. Of course, having been brought up in an atmosphere of Missions—foreign and domestic—Mary would find the pursuit of Humanitarianism her natural element. He could count on her gleeful co-operation in all his boys' clubs and trade schools. Mary, upon investigation, was conscious of very few things which she loathed more thoroughly than missions and missionary objects of all kinds and descriptions—no exceptions whatever. This was dampening, but Arnold felt quite sure he could float her

along the flood-tide of enthusiasm at St. Xantippe's, into the seething sea of its never-ending activities, with all their allurements of Girls' Friendly dances, sacred vaudeville shows, and Sunday night musical smokers.

There were a few other little points where as yet their souls were two. Mary did not like—could not be made to like—Dickens. She said he was prosy and prolix, and everybody got drunk all the time. Arnold grieved over her lack of humor, but he grieved still more over her lack of penetration betrayed by her utter inability to assimilate Ibsen. Indeed, her candid confession that she considered "*A Doll's House*" silly, carried with it a stab of discouragement from which he found it difficult to rally.

In an equally unappreciative vein also were her comments on *Peer Gynt*, which she had seen when visiting a New York aunt the winter before; and it was owing to this revelation of her frivolity that Arnold's first, hastily smothered doubt arose.

Arnold, while a soulful soul of the first water, was by no means a self-satisfied one. On the contrary, he was prone to conscientious self-searchings, the object of which was to make sure he was taking the right course in matters and things generally. It was in one of these uncomfortable probing moods that he found himself so terribly jarred by the discovery that Mary had not only failed to see the purpose of Ibsen's great life drama, but that she had been so bored by it she could not sit out the evening. She was one of the frankly unabashed, who wanted to know what it was all about.

Very gently Arnold, in the midst of his grief, tried to explain to Mary the spirit of the scenes, and it was while she persisted in turning an unhearing ear to their meaning that there floated through his mind that first hideous doubt whether Mary—brilliant, beautiful Mary—whom he loved with such consuming ardor, was really the one to enter upon a LIFE WORK. Exactly what this Life Work was, beyond spelling it with large letters, Arnold had not yet decided, but he very much feared that whatever it was, or however he might spell it, it would not appeal to Mary.

Mary meanwhile, as was her custom, was not troubling herself thinking about anything. It had hitherto been sufficient for her to look pretty and to act as she felt—a simple sounding process, but one which some will tell you is frightfully difficult of achievement. Of the future she never thought at all, except in a general way as a state in which she would continue to look pretty and to do as she liked.

I said in the beginning that she had no character.

One evening as Arnold and Mary were watching the full moon rise over the Green Mountains, throwing silver ripples all over the Connecticut, winding through the broad meadows before them, Arnold's obtrusive doubts got the better of him, and his lips could not this time quite close over them. The upshot of their portent was, Did he and she fully realize what they were entering upon? Were they prepared to make sacrifices for the Higher Life? Did they regard Humanity and Philanthropy as their daily guests? Arnold's eyes gazed yearningly betimes at the moon—betimes at Mary.

Now, Mary's experience had led her to gather that there were other topics more suited to a moonlight night in mid-summer, especially when she had on that filmy, white, frilly dress. And Arnold, as he watched the growing light bring out all her delicate, dark young beauty—her soft velvet skin, with the delicious red showing in her cheeks, her big brown shining eyes, her soft dusky hair piled up high on the small, proud head—began to feel a second set of doubts rising up and swallowing down the first set—doubts as to whether Philanthropy or Humanitarianism or anything else in the world mattered to him so long as he could have this beautiful picture for his own—to gaze at forever.

However, the first misgivings had been given words, and Mary's pride had taken fire. She was not much used to suggestions of incompleteness in herself, so her reply was short and to the point.

If this were the way Arnold felt before marriage, she was very decidedly of the opinion that they had better not go any farther on their way towards that goal.

And then and there she broke off the engagement, and left him to gaze at the Connecticut, and to meditate upon the soul-satisfying possibilities of Philanthropy, in the moonlight.

Arnold was not the man—you recall his chin—to submit tamely to such high-handed treatment, and being desperately in love, and only an occasional victim to his exacting conscience, he made every effort to induce Mary to change her mind.

But no, indeed—she was altogether too proud and too independent to look again at any one who had for a moment had his doubts in connection with herself. And No it continued to be.

Right here is where this story really commences, for here it is that the struggle between Mary and the ladies who spin the threads of our destinies started in. A character *had* to be provided for Mary, and the time for the Fates to get busy about it was at hand.

No sooner, therefore, had she irrevocably driven away Arnold and sent him back to New York with a broken heart than she began to be aware of strange and hitherto unknown happenings. What could they mean? Appetite and sleep vanished, and the furtive longing to get away and cry seemed to be her strongest desire. Her excellent parents were too much absorbed in their several ministerial and social obligations to notice the change in Mary. Besides, broken engagements had been a regular feature of the family life ever since Mary had been old enough to play with the students.

Accordingly left to herself she moped, and was even about beginning to pine, when one day she made the astounding discovery which twisted her nature all around. She loved Arnold! How did she know it? Don't ask me—but know it she did, and she took the knowledge hard.

Of course one word would have brought him back, and if this were a story she would have had the sense to say it without further nonsense. But in real life critical moments and common sense rarely combine. Therefore Mary not only did *not* say the word but she sent another still larger No in reply to a

pleading letter which just then came from Arnold. Pride pure and simple was at the bottom of it—and Pride was too great to give Love any chance at all.

For a year Arnold continued to ask her at regular intervals, and at regular intervals she continued to return the same answer. She certainly deserved all that was coming to her—and quite a good lot *was* coming—for while she was learning all by herself those bitter-sweet lessons that Love sometimes finds it necessary to teach, the energetic Fates were working overtime at a new developer for her character. It was this:

Arnold had a cousin—a *very* pretty cousin—whose fondness for him had been unconcealed since the time when they were children together. The cousin was now ill—could live but a short time—the childhood fondness had ripened into a devotion which, in her present weakness, she made no attempt to repress. Arnold went to see her frequently. As she lay on her couch supported by soft, silken-covered, pale pink cushions, she looked very fair in her fragile delicacy, and to Arnold's philanthropic mind came the inspiration that if he were to marry Elsie he could make her last year a happy one—the dear little girl with her pretty bright hair, and her sad sweet mouth. Why not, therefore, devote himself to this end, while he was waiting for his Life Work to present itself? Was it any the less humanitarian because not disagreeable?

The thought grew into words and Elsie's sudden flush of joy was his answer.

For some reason best known to the brain workings of a man he never imagined that Mary would for a moment misunderstand his motive, for she knew that he loved, and always would love to distraction her own beautiful self, and that he never could love anyone else.

This could of course have been written only of a man. Any woman would have known that Mary would *not* understand—would distinctly *misunderstand*—his marrying any other woman after his protestations to herself. In love matters all women have to have the very smallest detail explained to them—that

is, if they care. To be sure, Arnold did not know how much Mary *did* care. It would have been rather strange if he did, considering that she had made a point of refusing him with especial emphasis, ever since she had found it out herself.

Well now, when Mary heard of the marriage, she astounded all who knew her by falling ill and taking to her bed. She refused to have Arnold's name mentioned. She cried and cried and cried—and declined to eat. Her Southern France nature completely obliterated her New England environment, and her pride was once and forever swallowed up in her love and despair.

She knew the cousin was pretty.

When she rose from her illness, she forced herself to bear her unaccustomed trouble with a brave face, but for all that the Fates had won the victory, and Mary had a character.

She hardly knew what to do with it at first, but as time went on, new resources suggested themselves. Since she could never have Arnold, she would learn to like what he liked, and would devote herself to becoming, as nearly as possible, his kind of woman.

She had certainly had plenty of opportunity to learn what his tastes were, and it was not long before a flourishing Ibsen Club, with Mary as its president, was meeting regularly every week at the parsonage, while in the hammock under the vines Nora and Hedda Gabler exchanged daily confidences with Mr. Samuel Weller and Mr. Silas Wegg.

Mindful of his missionary zeal, she even had misgivings whether India were not her real destination, but her father inclined to the view that with her face and her frilliness, the narrower field of a new England college town was perhaps a safer one. I doubt whether the good man ever fully appreciated Mary's character. It *was* rather sudden.

However, once started, it went on developing—indeed, its pace was alarming—and by the time Cousin Elsie got ready to die, Mary had become so extremely chastened, that, being now twenty-two, and quite old and careworn with the experiences of life, she was thinking seriously of leaving the world

altogether and of going into a Sisterhood.

In fact she was then, at the suggestion of the High Church aunt in New York, making a retreat with the Sisters at Peekskill, with a view to testing her vocation. No paternal objection had been opposed to this somewhat startling arrangement beyond the emphatically expressed opinion that the "test" would better be extended over a considerable period of time.

Indeed she did not herself seem to find the prospect of a perpetual convent existence so entirely satisfying as she had anticipated, even to her chastened nature. However, she stayed on, studying with the good Sisters, who, unknown to themselves, were performing the part assigned to them in Mary's life play.

Meantime Arnold had so successfully carried out his humanitarian intention of devoting himself to the comfort of his pretty feeble wife that she had lived out her last year in genuine happiness, and when she left him he found that he greatly missed having some one to depend upon him. The habit of making sacrifices for another had been easily acquired, but it was hard to give up. He grieved very sincerely—for Arnold was nothing if not genuine—and since Mary would never marry him he wished that Elsie might have lived on. Boys' clubs and junior battalions as a substitute for wife and home seemed all at once incomplete.

However, he went about his work and continued his activities at St. Xantippe's with unflagging zeal, if not with undiminished enthusiasm, and it was not until the following summer that his doctor's admonition to go off somewhere on a fishing trip recalled singularly enough to his mind that extraordinarily fine trout were to be found in the Green Mountain streams.

Having decided upon his destination, however, he did not waste much time in reaching it, and, having reached it, he wasted no time at all in knocking at a familiar door, his heart beating as he had supposed it had forgotten to beat.

The small brother whom alone he found at the parsonage was for his purposes perhaps the most effective of any

of the ministerial family. His communicativeness revealed the fact that Mary, after a series of the most unheard-of revulsionary doings, was now "going to be a nun."

Like a flash of lightning Arnold's pensive vision of a solitary future flanked out by the exhilaration of good works vanished into nothingness, to be replaced by an instantaneous mental photograph, almost blinding in its vividness, of Mary, swathed in black, her shining eyes down-cast, her rose-red cheeks pale and wan, her laughing mouth drawn down into a set expression, her beautiful hair covered with a black veil.

Oh never, never! It must not be! Those Sisters should not have her! He

would snatch her away from them with his own hands in spite of herself.

And without waiting for a possibly less lurid view of the situation from Mary's father, he took, as it were, one leap from the Connecticut to the Hudson, and one bound over the convent wall, and into the presence of Mother Superior.

It is quite possible that that gentle lady was not altogether ignorant of the story of her would-be novice, it is also not improbable that she had once been young herself, for she calmed the frenzied and belligerent Arnold, and very sweetly and smilingly told him that he would find *his* Mary in the rose garden.

And he did.

## SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

### THE REAL VICTORY

I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith.—2 Timothy iv. 7.

THIS is Paul's review of his life, supposedly written near its end, and when he saw the hour of martyrdom close at hand. He does not say that he has conquered in life's battle, won life's race, or vanquished his doubts; but that he has fought a good fight, continued the race, and held fast to his faith.

In fact, he was defeated in his battle. He believed that if the Christian Church could be free its faith was so convincing and its hope so inspiring that it could convert the Roman Empire. He fought to secure for it this freedom. There was this to support him in this battle, that theretofore all religions had been free, all worships allowed, all gods permitted. But he fought against overwhelming obstacles. The Jewish Church, of which Christianity was supposed by the pagans to be a sect, invited hostility by its intolerant spirit. The Christian Church half believed itself to be a Jewish sect. Paul's radical doctrine, that neither circumcision profiteth anything nor uncircumcision, was too much for the nascent faith of the Church in

its early youth. The discarding of paganism put out of business in increasing numbers traders who had depended on ceremonialism to meet the demand for images, vestments, animals for sacrifice, and the like. This aroused the sordid passions of the Empire against Christianity. The terrible persecutions under Nero, in which Paul himself suffered death, were the answer of Rome to Paul's endeavor to secure a free course for his Gospel. He was beaten in his battle—doubly beaten, since it was not until the Reformation that his interpretation of the Gospel came to victory even in the Church itself. But he did not retreat, nor halt, nor cease his fighting. He could not say, "I have won a great victory," but he could say, "I have fought a good fight."

He had not won his race. It was a race impossible to win. He was ever pursuing an ever-receding ideal. He pursued Jesus Christ, but never overtook him. His ideal of what it is to be Christlike grew faster than his Christlikeness. "I follow after," he said, "if I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus." And he added, "I count not myself to have

apprehended," but, "I press toward the mark for the prize of the upward calling of God in Christ Jesus." To his thought the call of God in Jesus Christ was ever a call to go forward and still forward, higher and still higher. But though he never realized his ideal, though he never became what he wished to become, though he never could say, "I am satisfied because I have awakened in thy likeness," he could say, "I have finished my course." He had not attained, he had sometimes stumbled and fallen, his ideal was still in the distance and he was still pursuing, but he had not halted, he had not grown discouraged. He had kept up his pursuit to the end.

He had kept the faith. It was a treasure, and keeping it against the robber who would have filched it from him was difficult. Not that he had no doubts; but that not doubt but faith, not discouragement but hope, not despair but loyalty, had ruled his life. "Neither death nor life," he cries, "nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height,

nor depth, nor any other created thing, shall be able to separate us from the love of God in Christ Jesus our Lord." He could not have written that sentence if he had not felt them all tugging to get him away from his faith in the love of God. He felt the imperfection of his understanding and of his message. "We know," he said, "in fragments, and we prophesy in fragments. But even as things are, there abide faith, and hope, and love." Of these at least he was always sure. In spite of doubts, he had kept his loyalty to faith and hope and love, and to Christ, the supreme manifestation of the spirit of faith and hope and love, and to the God of faith and hope and love.

Blessed is he who, looking back on the day, the week, the year, can say, not, "I have conquered in my battle; have realized my ideal; have had no doubts," but:

I have fought a good fight;

I have continued my pursuit of Christ;

I have held fast to my loyalty to truth, to love, and to God.

## Comment on Current Books

### Among the Novels

Readers of Fogazzaro's masterpiece, "The Saint," adopted as a sort of campaign document in the interest of church reform by the so-called Christian Democrats of Italy, will find in "The Sinner"<sup>1</sup> the same character in his pre-natal evolutionary stage. How Piero Maironi, the sinner, reached the great renunciation which transformed him into Benedetto, the saint, is the staple of the story. In the story of his conflict between ideals of duty and cravings of sense, the same love-struck Jeanne, passionate and skeptical, whose pursuit the saint eludes till on his death-bed he receives her confession of faith, is his companion figure, neither of them free from the marriage bond—his to an insane wife, hers to a vicious husband. Their strongly contrasted natures—his the deeper, hers the shallower, stand forth in scene after scene with striking individuality, hardly less variant than the opposite elements in Piero himself, derived from a thoughtful father and passionate mother. The mordant which fixes

the color of Piero's final resolve at the death of his wife is the model priest, a character whose original is said to be the novelist's uncle. The fringe of the story is wide, and includes the smart set and the straight-laced folk, the peanut politicians, and the magnates of a small town in the province of Venice, where the scene is laid. Here humor often alternates with pathos. An amusing creation is Piero's tangle-witted mother-in-law, the Marchesa, "who had come into the world without imagination, without passions, without egotism," but "possessed a keen sense of the poor reality with which she had surrounded not only the undying strength of her gloomy and deep affections, but her wise designs and her rapid speeches." The blend of fidelity to Catholicism with antipathy to Vaticanism, so pronounced in "The Saint," appears in this volume in a few prelude sentences. "The Sinner" is a work of art both high and clean. It is the first half of a two-volume novel, a work of power, which needs to be read entire.

The new book by the author who still chooses to be known only as "Elizabeth"

<sup>1</sup> The Sinner. By Antonio Fogazzaro. Translated by M. Prichard-Agnetti. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

—namely, she of the "German Garden,"<sup>1</sup> is not precisely a novel, and to many readers may at first repel a little by its literary form—that of a long series of letters; nevertheless it seems to us to go deeper into character and temperament than its predecessors. Fräulein Schmidt has the courage after a final break with her English *fiancé* to take up by correspondence a cheerful and helpful friendship with him. The book accordingly consists of epistles free from sentiment and passion but having an undercurrent of genuine feeling. They are amusing because they describe in lively narrative and with much playfulness the domestic life of German families, and, as usual, "Elizabeth" delights in little feminine digs, which are really not ill-tempered but are certainly entertaining, at the stolidity of the average German house-keeper. But apart from the fun of the book, which may seem somewhat less than usual in the work of this writer, there is really a heart story dealt with in an unusual and unexpected way, while the comments of the quiet but proud Anglo-German Rose-Marie on literature and life are in themselves pungent and discerning.

Half-a-dozen or so volumes may be dismissed with but a few words of comment. Mr. Richard Harding Davis's "The Scarlet Car" (Scribner's), is an extravaganza-like tale, in which love, motoring, and adventure are carelessly mingled with a quite moderate infusion of humor. Not even Mr. Bernard Shaw's wit and paradox can make his play about Ireland, called "John Bull and His Other Island" (Brentano's), altogether easy reading; two minor dramatic productions and the usual interminable prefaces make up his new volume. In "Bud" (Harpers), Neil Munro takes a jolly little Chicago girl to Scotland, where she alternately shocks her relatives by her slang and endears herself by a very genuine child-charm—a pretty story this, but badly constructed. "By Right Divine" (Little, Brown & Co.) is a rather stolid and didactic novel of political reform, written by Mr. William Sage. In "A Woman's War" (Harpers), Mr. Warwick Deeping makes a close study of a malicious woman—a doctor's wife—bent on the downfall of her husband's professional rival, because she hates the latter's sweet-natured wife. Incidentally is described a heart-rending struggle against hereditary alcoholism. A clever and forceful book this, but not entertaining, and hard as nails. May Isabel Fiske's "The Talking Woman" (Harpers) on the other hand is amusing but

trivial—a collection of the monologues of a brainless woman. In "The Gates of Kamt" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), two young Englishmen discover Ancient Egypt hidden away beyond the desert, with language, customs, Pharaohs, embalming and all just as it used to be. The author out-Haggards Haggard in riotous and luxuriant description.

#### *Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound*

While the greater portion of Professor Edmond S.

Meany's book<sup>1</sup> is given over to the reproduction of a considerable part of Vancouver's own narrative, it would be quite misleading to describe it as an annotated reprint. It is, indeed, a distinctly original and helpful historical monograph, valuable not only for the information it affords concerning Vancouver's voyage itself and the significance of the names he applied to prominent geographical features of the Oregon country, but for the light it throws on the operations of Spain in that region and the negotiations which ended in the relinquishment to England of the Spanish territorial claims. This phase of the early history of the extreme Northwest is all too little known, and it is pleasant to find Professor Meany prefacing his examination of Vancouver's labors with a careful account of the achievements and ambitions of Perez, Quadra, and other adventurous Spaniards whose belated attempt to secure and hold the North Pacific coast for their country was so speedily frustrated by England's energetic representatives. The information contained in these preliminary passages, as in the exhaustive comment accompanying the journal, is derived from trustworthy and often remote sources, and manifestly represents much arduous labor in public and private archives, but labor that all students of American history will consider well worth while. A word is also due the numerous and excellent illustrations, from photographs, old engravings, rare prints, and maps.

#### *Religion and Progress*

"It is time," says the Bampton Lecturer in the present volume,<sup>2</sup> "that attention was directed to the forces, intellectual and social, which are slowly but surely dissolving our Western civilization." This somber foreboding prompts the inquiry, What can avert the peril in which "the sense of Duty, the value of ideals, and moral restraint" are placed by "the curiously downward grade of European thought, scientific and political, in the nineteenth century"? The answer is

<sup>1</sup> Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound. By Edmond S. Meany. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50, net.  
<sup>2</sup> Christian Theology and Social Progress: The Bampton Lectures for 1905. By F. W. Russell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50, net.

<sup>1</sup> Fräulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.50.

that "it is the Gospel alone which, in the face of scientific facts and intellectualist theory, still clings to the belief in the eternal value of the simple and humble soul." The eighteenth century made the capital error, to which the lecturer attributes the catastrophic French revolution, of divorcing the Enlightenment from simple human nature. The great social forces work at a far lower level than that of the philosophers. "The attempt of Religion to meet humanity only on its higher planes is from all points of view mistaken." Kant rediscovered the old truth "that the differential of man is not *intelligence* but *morality*." The supreme incentive to-day, as in the youth of Christianity, is faith in "what we conceive to be the Highest Cause," impelling a "spontaneous championship of the weaker and oppressed." The future belongs to "that creed which teaches that all men are equal before their Father in heaven." The argument, on the whole, is for religion rather than theology, as usually understood. It takes the form of a discursive critique of the history of thought, philosophical and practical, concerning religion and morality, the individual and the state. The criterion applied is pragmatic, the adaptation of Christianity to the primary and deepest needs of social humanity. The main positions taken receive further discussion in supplementary lectures. The whole is a finely wrought piece of literature rather than of dialectics. One important point deserves criticism: the priority ascribed to rights rather than to duties must be contested as a clear inversion of the ethical relation between the two.

### *The Culture of Justice*

If there is any better book on this subject in our language than this small volume,<sup>1</sup> we would like to know it. Justice is here presented as the root-principle of the moral life—the, rather than, as Greek and Roman philosophy esteemed it, a cardinal virtue. If, as Roman law defined justice, it consists in rendering "to each his own," this is the inborn claim that appears in the first demand of nascent personality. All men, as John Stuart Mills's notable essay remarked, agree in the abstract demand, but divide on the concrete problem, *what is one's own?* On this point current thinking is indeed chaotic. Wisdom and justice, as Plato taught, are mutually involved and inseparable. This is finely exemplified in Mr. Du Bois's treatment of "the culture of justice." His "basal rule of practice is to *think justice*—to do this as an acquired *habit of mind*." So will the stunted and distorted

sort of justice that consists in repression and retribution give place to the preventive, formative, and constructive justice which only forms the indissoluble social bond. Mr. Du Bois draws largely upon facts both of adult and childish experience to illustrate by discriminating criticism what justice is and is not, both in large matters and in small, down to keeping dirty shoes off of car-seats. To magistrates and lawyers, to teachers and parents, to all who care for progressive morality, social and personal, this admirable treatise cannot be too strongly commended.

### *Antiphonal Worship*

The widening use of Scripture lessons for responsive reading widens the need of excluding all material unsuited for use in worship by Christian congregations. For such use the Book of Psalms in entirety, and the Psalter in the Book of Common Prayer require large elimination of unsuitable material. Years ago in Rochester Cathedral Canon Cheyne declared a reformed Psalter to be an urgent need of the Anglican Church. The same may be said of most of the "Selections" found in the hymn-books, from which a variety of Jewish, local, and other unsuitable matter should have been dropped. The Presbyterian Book of Common Worship missed a good opportunity in failing to do this—retaining even such a sentence as "the dead praise not the Lord." From this generally prevailing fault the collection below named<sup>2</sup> is uniquely free. It is, moreover, taken from the best extant version of the Scriptures, the American Standard Edition of the Revised Version. On both grounds, especially the former, it is the best collection within our knowledge for use in Christian worship. A few pages of "Aids to Devotion," including a choice collection of prayers, ancient and modern, form an appropriate and serviceable appendix.

### *Imperial Outposts*

As William II. ordered several hundred copies of Captain Mahan's "Sea Power" to be distributed to German naval and military officers, we shall be surprised if he does not order for each of them a copy of Colonel Murray's "Imperial Outposts."<sup>2</sup> Not that this author tells all he knows in his well-printed volume. It is by no means probable that Field Marshal Earl Roberts would contribute a preface to a book which betrayed information necessarily of a secret character. But Colonel Murray's is a volume of peculiar interest to the military strategist of whatever country. Its primary purpose is to describe the con-

<sup>1</sup> Responsive Readings. Thomas Nelson & Sons, New York City.

<sup>2</sup> Imperial Outposts. By Colonel A. M. Murray. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3 50, net.

<sup>1</sup> The Culture of Justice. By Patterson Du Bois. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 75 cents, net.



ditions under which communication along the main highway around the British world empire can be maintained in the event of a maritime war with one or more great powers. In presenting this plan Colonel Murray's first object of inquiry was naturally the existing strategical situation in the Mediterranean as modified by recent events. Then followed inevitably the Suez Canal and the arrangements by which the Egyptian Government is required to keep that international waterway open in time of war. Then came an examination of the political and geographical situations in the Red Sea and Persian Gulf as between England and other powers. Then followed observations at Colombo, Singapore, Hongkong, Hankau, and Shanghai. In Japan the author's duty was to discover the belligerent strength, should joint military observations ever become necessary in fulfillment of the Anglo-Japanese treaty. Coming to America, Colonel Murray calls the Canadian Pacific Railway perhaps the Empire's most important strategical thoroughfare, as it is also rapidly becoming the most commercially successful. In Canada our observer was specially interested in noting the progress made in taking over the Dominion's local defenses from the Imperial Government. If the volume's value to any military strategist is patent, it is particularly valuable to those the cornerstone of whose system is universal conscription. Lord Roberts is one of these. In his preface to the volume he calls attention to Colonel Murray's observations in Japan, where the main strength of the fighting power of the people comes from this feature, "Japan is a brilliant example of a nation in arms." Who can say but what some sudden combination of hostile strength may threaten not only the British Empire's unity but England's very existence. In such a crisis, warns Lord Roberts, reliance on mercenary soldiers and temporary allies will prove but a broken reed. "Security can only be obtained by the recognition of the principle that national defense is an obligatory duty of which no individual citizen can rid himself by paying some one else to assume the burden." The main argument of the universal conscriptionists is of course that only by it may an adequately potential reserve of trained men be obtained to support the regular army when the latter takes the field. Colonel Murray's observation in Japan also included that other salient feature of military organization, its complete separation from politics. In Japan the supreme military council is composed of admirals and generals only. On the other hand, in England, as Lord Roberts points out, the usefulness of the Committee of Imperial

Defense is largely neutralized by the inclusion in its deliberations of politicians, whose responsibility, as members of the Government of the day, prevents the free expression of expert opinion. The book's chief value may be to the military strategist, but it has value also to the student of commerce. As Colonel Murray admits, the British people are traders first and fighters afterwards. Would that all traders were such as is this man of arms, with his broad views on tariff questions in general, and, in particular, his scorn for his country's course in the opium trade. Finally, the student of Colonial governments will find here many a hint, whether drawn from ill-planned ventures like that at Aden or well-planned ventures like the Crown colony of Ceylon.

*The Budget in the American Commonwealth*

The legislative investigation of the building of

Pennsylvania's new Capitol shows how badly the American system of auditing can be made to work. Enormous outlays were apparently made for materials and work that should not have cost half the amount charged. A careful and honest auditing of the various bills presented might have prevented this squandering of the people's money. The problem underlying the auditing authority is to secure a system, on the one hand, removed from the influences of politics and, on the other, prevented from becoming too arbitrary. As Dr. Agger, in his just published volume,<sup>1</sup> says, where the auditing authority is vested in a single officer and his department, even though such officer and department do enjoy considerable independence, the auditor's term of office is in most cases subject to the uncertainties of politics, and his independence from political influences is thus of necessity doubtful: furthermore, a board composed of State officers is too much under the Administration's influence. Dr. Agger's book gives a valuable general survey of the American system. It is a truism that he who controls the finances of a State controls the nation's policy, and most struggles in constitutional history have been more or less intimately connected with the question of budget right. The development of that right in our commonwealths, however, lacks the interest that great and bloody conflicts have given to it in general history. Dr. Agger points out the differences between American and European procedure; he describes the budget as a report and as a project of law; he sets forth the conditions of voting the budget, the collec-

<sup>1</sup>The Budget in the American Commonwealths. By Eugene E. Agger, Ph.D. (Studies in History, Economics, and Public Law, Vol. XXV, No. 2.) The Columbia University Press (The Macmillan Company, New York).

tion of revenue and its centralization, the safe-keeping of the public funds and their disbursement; finally he treats of the control of the budget, in which the subject of auditing is emphasized as above.

**The Austro-Hungarian Empire**

Among present-day queries in Europe, one frequently hears

this: "What will happen when Francis Joseph dies?" In order to appreciate the situation, one should know something about the Austro-Hungarian Empire, over which he has long ruled. Many Europeans and most Americans have inexact notions concerning the origin of that empire, and the present conditions affecting it. Hence a book like that of Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun's is a timely publication.<sup>1</sup> They instruct us as to the histories of the various nations and races over which the venerable Francis Joseph reigns, but they especially instruct us in those complex questions, not altogether understood outside that empire, the peculiar relations of duality existing between Austria and Hungary, for instance, and the appanages of each. It is not generally appreciated, for example, that the provinces of Slavonia and Croatia belong to Hungary and not to Austria. In the opinion of these authors, the racial basis of the Empire is Slav, and not German or Magyar, or even a combination of the two latter, an opinion reinforced by the elections of a fortnight ago, the first in Austria under a system of general suffrage. Mr. and Mrs. Colquhoun's book constitutes a distinct contribution of value to political literature.

**The Galleries of Florence**

We warn the uninstructed student of the history of painting against the present edition of Miss Cruttwell's guide-book to the Florentine galleries.<sup>2</sup> As she says, the work is intended not only as a catalogue for use in the galleries, but as a volume of reference for the student. Alas for the student's perplexity! In one part of the book he is told that Fra Angelico died in 1455, the accepted date, in another that the painter died in 1407; in one part Fra Bartolommeo's death is given as 1531, in another, 1517; in one part we are told that Botticelli died in 1518, in another that he died in 1510; and we find similar divergences in the dates applied to Antonio Pollaiuolo and Andrea del Sarto. A far wider divergence deserves to be held up to special note, a difference of a hundred and sixty-eight

years between two dates, each given as marking Leonardo's death! An additional sign of slovenliness is noted in the title "Index of Painters Whose Works are Mentioned in this Catalogue;" one searches the index in vain for the names of the modern painters whose works are mentioned. Finally, on more than one page the proof-reading has been patently absurd. Miss Cruttwell knows how to write, as her volume on the Robbias shows. All the defects of her latest book, however, can be easily removed in another edition. The present volume is timely. Within the past few years many and important changes have been made in the Uffizi, Pitti, and Accademia—the three great galleries of Florence. A new guide to them has thus become indispensable. Unfortunately, however, the changes still continue, and constitute a reason for another edition ere long of Miss Cruttwell's book. She gives all the facts known concerning each picture, particularly quoting Vasari's words on such works as he has noticed, to which she prefaces an admirably condensed little sketch of Florentine painting—a model of its kind—and adds two interesting indexes—the first, an index of painters, indicating their epoch, school, master, and influences; the second, an index of the principal saints who figure in the paintings, and the symbols by which they may be identified.

**Reformed Judaism**

Judaism as well as Christianity has its "new theology," and in each instance the "new" is essentially a rediscovery of what is older than the "old." It is remarkable that what Paul proposed in the first century, reformed Judaism proposed in the nineteenth—to universalize a national faith, and, as a requisite for this aim, to lay aside all tenets and observances of a merely local and temporary character, such as the book of Leviticus prescribes. The present volume,<sup>3</sup> relating the struggle and advance of the reformers during the last century, is of peculiar interest and importance to Christians as well as to Jews. Transplanted from Germany to a more favorable field in this country, the advance, stubbornly contested by rabbinical conservatism, has been steady though at first slow. In 1873 thirty-four congregations organized a union. Since then the number has increased five-fold, and a college and theological school have been established for the training of rabbis, over a hundred and twenty of whom have entered on their ministry. The aim of the reformers is to exalt the spirit above the letter, the needs of the present above the traditions of the past, and

<sup>1</sup> The Whirlpool of Europe: Austria-Hungary and the Hapsburgs. By Archibald R. Colquhoun and Ethel Colquhoun. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. \$3.50 net.

<sup>2</sup> A Guide to the Paintings in the Florentine Galleries: The Uffizi, the Pitti, the Accademia. By Maud Cruttwell. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.25 net.

<sup>3</sup> The Reform Movement in Judaism. By David Philipson, D. D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2 net.

the idea of a messianic people with a mission to mankind above the idea of a national Messiah. The movement, though well under way, is yet in its youth, and, as one of the most interesting of present religious phenomena, deserves more attention from Christians than it has attracted.

#### *Dante and His Italy*

Most critics maintain that in the Gothic Age, the individual was but a reflection of his environment, that he was merged in his family, his community, his party, and that he did not completely emerge until the age of the Renaissance. While this generalization may be not altogether unjust as to the broad difference between the two ages, it should not be forgotten that, in the earlier epoch, certain notable individuals did emerge in full emphasis, both of personality and of originality. In his lately published volume on Dante,<sup>1</sup> Dr. Ragg does well to remind us of these examples, among others of Dante himself, of Giotto, Francis of Assisi, Dominic Guzman, Roger Bacon, Simon de Montfort, Edward Plantagenet, St. Louis, Charles of Anjou, Frederic of Swabia, and Boniface VIII. In recounting some of these men's deeds, Dr. Ragg takes a bird's-eye view of Europe in the thirteenth century. But this is only a beginning of his study. After enlightening us as to general political, social, and religious conditions, he starts afresh at the beginning of the hundred years that closed with Dante's death, and considers Italy only. He then traverses the same period, considering Florence only, and finally, he comes to a description of Dante and his friends, his hosts during his exile, and his literary affinities. Much of the description comes patently from contemporary sources, from Salimbene, the garrulous friar of Parma, who supplied for the Europe of the first half of the thirteenth century something of that vivid foreground coloring which Villani gives us for the Italy of the second half, and Dino Compagni for the Florence of the century's closing years. Dr. Ragg's narrative style, clear, compact, smooth, well fits his subject-matter. Thus in this capably printed volume, we find not merely a biography of Dante, based as far as possible upon original authorities, but also an attempt to reproduce the atmosphere of the poet's age. We seem to look upon the thirteenth century with Dante's eyes. To this end the author quotes the poet on well-nigh every page. As a concession to the reader to whom Italian may be unfamiliar, a paraphrase of each quotation has been interwoven with the text, yet the latter has been so worded that the reader may pass

over the quotations without breaking the continuity. The sense of actuality is further heightened by interesting illustrations from the frescoes of Giotto and other thirteenth century painters. While the general index is notably ample, the scholar will be yet more pleased by the addition of a special index with references to the quotations from the *Divina Comedia*, *Canzoniere*, *Vita Nuova*, and Dante's other works.

#### *Old Testament Criticism*

An Oxford scholar has here presented in English dress the fifth revised edition of the "Introduction to the Old Testament" by Dr. Cornill, Professor of Old Testament Theology in the University of Breslau, the chief city of Eastern Germany.<sup>1</sup> It by no means bears out, either in its contents or its bibliography, the view recently expressed by Professor Orr while among us, that the critical school led by Wellhausen is in the sere and yellow leaf. While primarily designed as a handbook for critical students, it is serviceable in the main points and general lines for intelligent readers, though unacquainted with Hebrew, in its presentation of Old Testament critical science at this date, both as to its closed questions and remaining problems. Among these closed questions must now be regarded the pseudo-prophetic character and late origin of the Book of Daniel, against which some recent publications in this country have ineffectively contended for the traditional opinion. A chapter on the history of the canon shows that it was not till after the time of Jesus that a canon in the sense of Protestant dogmatics—as "a paper pope"—came into existence.

#### *Letters to a Painter*

Herr Ostwald's "Briefe,"<sup>2</sup> well translated and well printed, should appeal to young students seeking suggestions in the theory and practice of painting. The author is frankly an empirical experimentalist. Hence he would displace merely "philosophical" methods, as applied to the scientific side of art. His book deals with the technique of painting—drawing, pastel, pigments, water-colors, fresco, oil painting, etc. One may think that an artist's unconscious inspiration is likely to be hampered by a conscious and complete understanding of the technical side of painting. But Herr Ostwald more reasonably believes that an artist's creative power becomes ever freer as he becomes more and more the master of his own tools.

<sup>1</sup> *Dante and His Italy*. By Lonsdale Ragg. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3.50, net.

<sup>1</sup> Introduction to the Canonical Books of the Old Testament. Vol. XXIII. By Carl Cornill. Translated by G. H. Box, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$2. net.  
<sup>2</sup> *Letters to a Painter on the Theory and Practice of Painting*. By W. Ostwald. Translated by H. W. Morse. Ginn & Co., Boston. 90 cents.

# Letters to *The Outlook*

## THE PRESIDENT AND NATURE WRITING

### I.

In your attack on President Roosevelt, and incidentally, your defense of Dr. Long, I must say to you that I think you have taken a step in the wrong direction and one that is morally wrong. I do not undertake to defend the President in his specific charges of "mathematical impossibilities," but I do undertake to say that there is a very apparent line of demarcation between seeing and reporting things through the aureole of the imagination and seeing them in a way to entertain audiences, readers, and publishers. And, in a sentence, I will digress from the main thought of my letter far enough to say that because of being President of the United States a man is not to be deprived of the same privileges of public opinion as any other citizen.

Speaking from the experience of a life spent in the open, with trained eye and ear, and seeing also through the glory of the imagination, I must side with the President in liking and approving Kipling and in being outraged by the writings and sayings of Dr. Long, Mr. Seton, and others. I take up a book, for instance, whose title and preface would lead us to believe that the contents are to be a safe conduct into the country of all-outdoors. It is to be a sort of God's Guide-Book in Naturedom. I notice a crow represented as following a farmer in the furrow; everything says that it is a wild crow photographed by the author. And I learn by "the perfectest report" that it is a mounted crow taken from a collection in a college. I turn on and see two "Bob Whites" photographed as shyly peeping from their covert in the grass, and I learn that they too (any practiced eye would have revealed it) are from the ornithological collection. Now, when an honest man makes use of mounted birds he says, for instance, "With Illustrations from Photographs of Birds Mounted by William E. D. Scott." See *Century Magazine*, vol. 55, page 719. Look at the "Bob White" on page 722 of this same volume. It could much more readily be palmed off as a bird photographed from wild life than the two I have just mentioned. What I wish to emphasize and condemn is that the Long school practice a sort of nature legerdemain, which, inasmuch as it has fooled the editors of *The Outlook*, may fool all but a few. You defend the man who throws around his nature sayings the

glow of the imagination, and call the resulting readings wholesome food for our children. Is there, then, no tribunal before which to try the man who sins against the imagination, the cumulative imagination, of all of us, by doing in his realm just what the harlequin does in his? Nature fire-eating, sword-swallowing, and the like are utterly unwholesome and immoral food for our children; the more dangerous for the very reason that *The Outlook* urges as a defense, namely, that the children all over the United States read the stuff with such avidity. It is going back to the same maudlin sentimentality that appears in some old sonnet "To My Lady's Eyebrow."

L. T. WEEKS.

### II.

I cannot forbear a reply to your editorial of June 8 with reference to the so-called "Roosevelt-Long controversy."

I do not share your belief that the high position which the President holds imposes limits upon his liberty of speech in matters of human interest. On the contrary, I rejoice that President Roosevelt not only occupies himself with the great political questions of the day, but is most unselfishly interested in every phase of life, and that he does not shrink from any duty or privilege that offers an opportunity to teach or help the whole people, not only as the body politic but as the great family of man.

May I speak as plainly as you have spoken regarding the question of "Imagination in Natural History"? There is no doubt in my mind that the writer who criticises the "observer of less fertile imagination" belongs to that body of students that has large acquaintance with the humanities but little first-hand knowledge of science. The world is coming slowly but surely, as the teaching of science is finding a larger place in our educational systems, to appreciate the truth of Spencer's statement that "science is poetry." I have no quarrel with those charming fairy tales and fictitious stories about plants and animals which we all know and love. These do not profess to be natural history stories founded on fact. But what is gained when writing stories to arouse interest in nature, by making the plants and animals do impossible things? Certainly nothing that can compensate for the distinct loss that must always accompany the teaching of an untruth. And it is the more to be deprecated since it is so unnecessary. For the man has never lived, and never will live,

who by any work of his imagination can tell a story about animals and plants so marvelously beautiful and poetic as is the truth when rightly understood and interpreted. There is a gaudy kind of music that attracts and entertains children, but the perfect notes of the artist, when adapted to little children, charm and fascinate them. The same is true in the realm of natural history. The fictitious notes may entertain, but they can never attract and hold as will the truth if correctly told. Only he who is ignorant of the deepest truths of nature assumes that the imagination of man can add attractiveness to the facts of nature, which are but the visible expression of the imagination of the Creator. MARGARET C. FERGUSON.

### III.

I was surprised to read in your comment on Mr. Burroughs' letter of June 29 that his books do not, as a rule, appeal to young children, especially since my small brother and sister, whom we have never regarded as unusual children, have been very much interested in "Sharp Eyes," ever since they read it in school, and return to it again and again. I have found by talking with several of our teachers, that in some cases it is true that the book is unpopular, but this is in the seventh grade, where it is part of the grammar lesson to rewrite portions of it for "composition," and this is enough to render any book unpopular with those to whom composition is a hopeless puzzle.

A young woman who has been teaching in a country school, where most of the children are from six to twelve years old, read "Sharp Eyes" and "Wake Robin" to them for recreation. She told me, with much amusement, that before long every available space in the room was filled with curious things which the children had found in wood and field, and which they wanted to know about. The books truly proved to be an *open sesame* to the wonders of a fairyland which was real, and in which it was very easy to take out papers of citizenship, once Mr. Burroughs had pointed out the way.

I understand that these books are read in many of the schools throughout our State. Our town is not exceptional in any way—unless it is exceptional for its children to care for Mr. Burroughs. May we not hope to be representative of the average in this as well?

P. K. A.

### IV.

It is clear from his letter to The Outlook (issue of June 29) that Mr. John Burroughs has paid little attention to the story of the honey-bee, or he would not make this assertion: "Maeterlinck's book on the Life of

the Bee reads like a romance, but Maeterlinck is always sound upon his facts. He takes no liberties with the life of the bee."

Now, as a matter of fact, "The Life of the Bee" not only reads like a romance, but *is* a romance; and what Mr. Burroughs considers "facts" are mostly pure inventions of Maeterlinck's imaginative master-mind. For an example, I will instance a specimen of his "facts," which every one can understand who lives in this country. He states that the honey-bee, when transported to California, soon learned that it was unnecessary to store up honey for a winter which never came. This is a libel on the bees of California, which in one lone year produced five hundred car-loads of honey over local requirements. Cuba can do about as well, and the bee crop of that island stands third on the list of exports in a good year. All over the tropics the products of the bee—honey and beeswax—are important commercially.

A good many of Maeterlinck's statements about the bee are equally as unreliable as the one just cited. If Mr. Burroughs is looking for a truthful writer on natural history, he will have to secure some one else than Maeterlinck.

Medina, Ohio.

THE A. I. ROOT CO.

The Outlook, having called Mr. Burroughs's attention to the note above, which comes, as many readers may know, from a business house largely interested in bees and honey, has received the following interesting reply:

It is five or six years since I read Maeterlinck's "Life of the Bee," and I had forgotten his statement above referred to. This was not the result of his own observation, but was made upon the word of others. I have myself always been of the impression that our bees, in a tropical climate, soon degenerated and ceased to store honey, and that the stock had to be kept up by fresh importations. But doubtless in California the dry season makes it as imperative for the bee to store honey as our winters do here, so that in that land the habit of the bee in this respect would not change. In tropical countries the sheep after a few years cease to grow a fleece of wool, and it seems reasonable that where the bee has a feast of flowers the season through it should cease to store honey. Maeterlinck has been a keeper of bees, and his knowledge of them is largely first-hand knowledge. I too have been a keeper of bees and have observed them closely, and when I read "The Life of the Bee" I said, "I should have written

this—if I only could have done so," so completely did the book agree with what I know and have read about the ways of our honey-makers. The play of imagination and of human sentiment in the book is of course remarkable, and here the practical bee-keeper usually leaves him, but a reader like myself follows him delightedly. Such a reader likes good science that has the flavor of good literature. The bee herself turns the sweet water of flowers into honey, and Maeterlinck transforms the facts of the hive into the honey of literature. He romances about the facts, but he does not invent them.

In recurring to Maeterlinck's volume at this moment, I find two statements that I queried when I first read it. One is that the bee never shows fear; my experience has been that when one is bee-hunting and tries to capture a bee in the fields, the insect is easily frightened and becomes very wary. His other statement is that the drones frequent the flowers and sleep upon them. This statement is not supported by my own observation. But these are minor matters and do not invalidate the soundness of the book.

I find that Professor Gager, of the Bronx Botanical Garden, objects to my endorsement of Maeterlinck's botany as shown in his recent articles in Harper's Magazine on the "Intelligence of Flowers." Here again we must give the poet and romancer free swing in his interpretation of the life of the flowers so far as he does not pervert or distort known facts. He must not belie the botany, of course, and I doubt if Maeterlinck really does so. He personifies his flowers, but he tells his readers what he is doing: "Let us speak of the flower as though it had foreseen and conceived in the manners of men all that it has realized." Of course the individual orchid did not invent that elaborate mechanical contrivance to secure cross fertilization, but somebody or something did invent it; the contrivance is there and Maeterlinck in no way misrepresents it. Flaws may no doubt be found here and there in his work, but on the whole I believe him to be as sound in his science as he is charming in his literature.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

### THE HUMAN AND THE DIVINE

In Lyman Abbott's reply to the inquiries of M. S. R. (in *The Outlook* of May 11, 1907) he says: "Ignorance, infirmity, sin, are the incidents of a day or an epoch; tragic incidents, terrible incidents, but truly incidents—that is, they have fallen upon man, they are not his essential nature. The divine image is essential manhood. In their intrinsic

nature there is no difference between the divine and the human."

If the world of mankind was a perfect exemplification of the divine nature, it might be entirely safe to say that "in their intrinsic nature there is no difference between the divine and the human." In that case it would be virtually true whether it was scientifically true or not. But in the present mixed condition of humanity is there not danger that such a statement will tend to misapprehension in regard to the nature and requirements of divinity? It is safe to say that every man is conscious of two natures in the mind—a nature which inclines to sensuality, selfishness, and degradation, and a nature which inclines to self-control and purity. Obviously they are not both divine. If the first is not human nature, by what name shall it be called to distinguish it from the divine nature?

So long as sin continues to be a persistent and disastrous reality, it is manifestly of the utmost importance clearly to identify its cause. There are but two natures involved in the case, the nature of God and the nature of man. As sin is abhorrent and impossible to the divine nature, is it not obvious that its cause must be somewhere in the nature of man, or in human nature? As sin is impossible to the divine nature, and as there is nothing to be found on the earth that can possibly produce sin but the nature of man, the assumption that "in their intrinsic nature there is no difference between the divine and the human" forces us to embrace the absurd conclusion that sin exists without any cause.

It is proper to call sin an "incident" provided it is foreign to man's primary nature, and is inflicted upon the human race by a foreign influence, but not otherwise. But if sin is not a natural product of man's primary nature, where does it come from, where and what is that foreign cause? Obviously, nothing exists without an adequate cause. Is not human nature properly the term by which we distinguish man's exceptionally developed animal nature from the natures of the other animals? And would it not greatly contribute to a clear understanding of the general subject if the term should be strictly confined to that office? This being the accepted signification of the term, it is obvious that, intrinsically, human nature is no more divine than the nature of a wolf or a bear.

Does not the experience of every one indicate that man is still primarily subject to earthmindedness, as stated by the Apostle: "The first man is of the earth, earthy; the second man is the Lord from heaven"?

(1 Cor. xv. 47.) If the impulses and inclinations of man's primary nature are not altogether in the direction of sensuality and selfishness, why are men compelled to exercise the utmost vigilance in order to keep selfishness and the animal passions from dominating the mind? Does not salvation consist in having man's primary nature subdued and supplanted by the divine nature? Is it not this fact which gives significance to the declaration: "Except a man be born again he cannot see the kingdom of God?" (John iii. 4.) In practice sin must be taken account of as much as righteousness, because righteousness is realized only by overcoming sin.

If there is to be any intelligently directed and thoroughly efficient labor for the establishment of the kingdom of God in the earth, it must be clearly understood that the divine nature is in the mind of each man as a saving power, and that sin consists in yielding to the inclination of human nature to resist and to turn from the influence of the divine nature. Any uplifting power must be inherently superior to the thing uplifted. Therefore the power assigned for the spiritual uplifting of mankind must be primarily and intrinsically of God and not of man.

I. W. G.

#### A LIBRARY AS A PHASE OF MISSION WORK

In the whole Empire of China there is not what could properly be called a public library. Here are a people who reverence learning, and yet they have never recognized the "People's University." They are taking everything bodily from us that is labeled "Western." They have adopted our school system, our text-books, and our methods of teaching, and yet they have passed by one of our greatest factors in education—the public library.

An effort is now being made by the Episcopal Mission in China to enlist the sympathies of philanthropic people here in the United States who are interested in the uplifting and enlightening of the Chinese to establish a public library in one of the great literary centers of the Empire. This city is Wuchang, situated six hundred miles up the Yangtze River, opposite Hankow, the largest tea port in the world.

Wuchang is fast becoming one of the foremost educational centers in the country. It is the home of the literati, prominent among whom is the Viceroy Chang-Chih-Tung, probably the most progressive of the older

generation of statesmen in power to-day in China.

Wuchang has been a seat of learning for generations past, for here was located one of the great examination halls, where sometimes thirty thousand competitors gathered for the great triennial examinations for Chinese degrees. As it was the center of the old learning under the past system, so now the Viceroy is making it a center of the new. He has established here about one hundred schools, in which there are over eight thousand students, who come from all parts of Central China, and even from far-away places like Peking and Canton.

Wuchang is also one of the leading military centers of the country, with twenty thousand soldiers stationed here. A far-famed military academy is located in the city, with accommodations for six hundred students. Here young men are trained as officers for the camps.

A public library in this city of Wuchang, containing our great books of Western learning in the original and as translations, is certain to have a tremendous and lasting influence in shaping the thought of the people just at this critical period, as they are turning from the old to the new.

The Hon. Seth Low, former President of Columbia College, in confirming to Miss Wood by letter his personal assurance of a generous gift to the library fund, wrote: "The sum may be used, at the discretion of those in charge, either for the building or for books, or, for that matter, in whatever way may be thought most advantageous in the interest of the library. I am led to give this direction to my gift, partly by reason of my family interest in China, but especially because I believe Wuchang to be a center where a library of a high order will be of vast benefit to China and the Chinese. It is, in a sense, a nerve-center in the body politic, from which impulses of every sort are disseminated through the vast multitudes comprising the Chinese Empire. The recent awakening of China to the importance of Western learning has added new emphasis to the old importance of Wuchang; and I can think of nothing more sagacious on the part of those who wish China well than to do everything possible to strengthen at Wuchang the influences that make for good. Believing as I do in the profound influence of a good library, it gives me pleasure to help forward this work."

(MISS) MARY ELIZABETH WOOD.  
The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society,  
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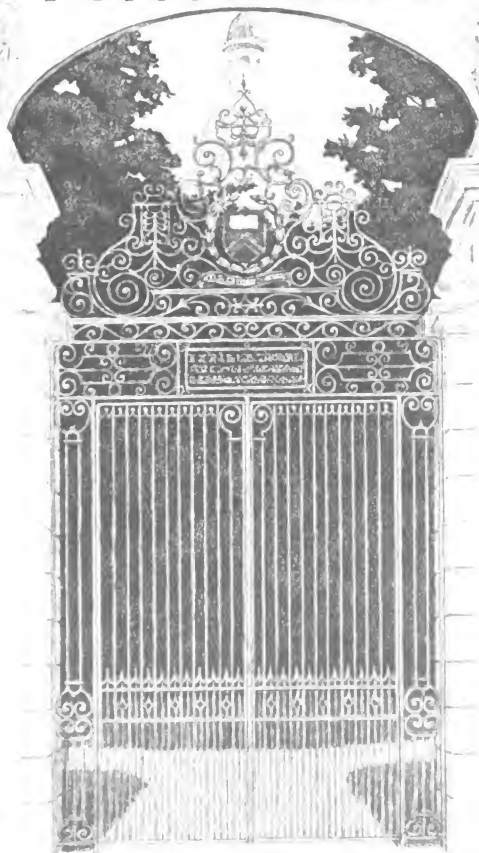
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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, JULY 27, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 13

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## *American Teachers in Convention*

For five days, in the hottest July on record in California, twelve thousand teachers assembled, week before last, in Los Angeles, for the fiftieth anniversary convention of the National Education Association. Preliminary to the meetings of the Association the workers among the Indians assembled under the direction of Commissioner Francis E. Leupp. The exhibit and the reports there made should convince the most hopeless pessimist of the certain and steady march of the Nation's wards to an independent and self-respecting citizenship. To a layman the "N. E. A." (as it is familiarly called) presents a body of serious and self-restrained meliorists. One is struck with the moderation and quiet patience of these middle-aged men and women who have in charge what seems at times to be the most serious task confronting the American people. The quiet approval of the audiences, which are composed of women and men in the proportion of three to one, is given only to accepted doctrines of education and tested methods of teaching. A visitor finds, after mingling with these men and women for a week, that there are not likely to be any violent experiments made in teaching the children of the Republic. At the same time he is impressed with the progressive spirit everywhere manifested. The leaders of the Association have evidently accepted the new psychology without further question. Froebel and Pestalozzi are in control. To learn by doing is the current maxim. Manual training in the grade, agricultural training in the rural schools, and increased laboratory methods in all lines of work are assumed to be the true direction of normal development, but there is some hostility, for instance, to spelling reform. The active membership of the Association, which

is permanent, and votes and organizes, as distinguished from the associate membership, which takes advantage of low railway rates to attend the meetings perhaps once in a lifetime, is composed of the administrators of schools—State and city superintendents, presidents of universities and colleges, and principals of the high schools. Their enthusiasms are qualified by experience. One notes the solemnity of all the meetings and an absence of humor. At the meetings this year the strong men in the teaching faculties of Yale, Princeton, Harvard, Cornell, and Ann Arbor were absent; the high school and grade teacher seldom appeared upon the programme; but there were strong, vigorous personalities present.



## *How the Association Does Its Work*

The Association does its most important work in its committees of investigation appointed by the eighteen sections and departments. The proceeds of an increasing endowment fund are used for these investigations. Thus, the report on the preparation of high school teachers, the result of a thorough investigation by seventeen competent experts under the leadership of Principal Halleck of Louisville, will be published in permanent form and may constitute the last word on that subject. In the coming year committees furnished with suitable appropriations will investigate the time allotted to the purely cultural element in education, to the teaching of morals in the public schools, to the cause of the shortage of teachers, and to the teaching of exceptional children. A committee was appointed to urge upon Congress the establishment of a National University in Washington. The Association expressed itself warmly in favor of pensions for retiring teachers

and the increase of their compensation. It sent enthusiastic greetings to the Hague Peace Conference. The new constitution and by-laws authorized by act of Congress incorporating the Association under National instead of State laws was adopted without serious opposition. There were many notable addresses. Bishop Conaty of the Roman Catholic diocese of Southern California brought "a kindly greeting and a message from the consecrated men and women in the Catholic schools." The retiring President of the Association, Nathan C. Schaeffer, for fourteen years State Superintendent of Pennsylvania, spoke for the aid of the school in promoting international peace. Superintendent E. G. Cooley of Chicago, fresh from a successful fight to prevent the public schools in Chicago from passing under the control of socialists and the labor unions, was unanimously chosen President for the coming year.



*Co-operation Between  
the Federal Government  
and a State*

So much has been said recently concerning the collision between the powers and interests of the United States Government and those of the several States that it sometimes seems as if there were no possibility of co-operation between them. How erroneous this idea is is shown by an act passed in the recent session of the Illinois Legislature. The United States Government is building near North Chicago a new naval school. In anticipation of the patronage of the boys to be assembled there a community has been started within a quarter of a mile. There was every reason to believe that saloons would be established in the place and that conditions would arise full of menace to the boys who are to be brought there to receive a naval education. It is a matter of common knowledge that army posts have attracted to their neighborhood those human parasites which make their living by fostering among the soldiers drunkenness and other vices. Highwood, for instance, which is adjacent to the army posts at Fort Sheridan, consists of a population of a hundred people and thirteen saloons.

These saloons sell, entirely to the soldiers of the army post, from three to four hundred thousand dollars worth of liquors. Some of the places are of the lowest order. The threat of a new Highwood near a naval training school was not to be ignored. As Lieutenant G. A. McKay, who has charge of the construction of the building of the naval academy, has said, it would have been a lasting shame and outrage for the United States Government to bring to this place thirteen hundred boys from their homes and the farms, and subject them to the temptations of a Highwood. The Government officials at Washington were apprised of the situation, and the President took measures to avert what would have been a very serious wrong. He conferred with the Governor and the Attorney-General of the State. As a consequence the Legislature passed a bill making it illegal to sell or to give away liquors within one and an eighth miles of a United States naval training school or a United States military post. The penalties for violating this law are severe. If the Legislature of every State could be induced to pass such a measure as this, one of the strongest arguments in favor of re-establishing the canteen at army posts would be deprived of some of its force. In the meantime it ought to be a satisfaction to a great many people to realize that the Federal Government and the State governments are not in a continual state of squabbling over the question of their relative functions, as it must certainly be a satisfaction to all good American citizens to know that the Federal Government is concerned for the moral safety of the young men in its charge, and can secure the aid of a State Legislature in protecting them.



*The Discretion  
of a Boss*

The rumor that General Brayton, the Republican boss of Rhode Island, is to retire from politics is not credible. It arose from his announcement that he had resigned from the Executive Committee of the Republican State Central Committee. He remains, nevertheless, on the State Committee and on the National Committee of the party. This

means that Rhode Island and the Republican party have not yet seen the last of a boss who has done much to discredit both the party and the State. Over twenty-five years have passed since General Brayton became the dictator of the organization. Though for most of the time he has held no public office, he has had his desk in the State Capitol, and has there received his underlings and given his orders to public servants. Four years ago he had a great fall, when Dr. Garvin was elected Governor on the Democratic ticket; but somehow, unlike Humpty Dumpty, he was put together again. During the last session of the Legislature General Brayton undertook to get some advantage out of the Senatorial contest. In opposition to Colonel Goddard, the candidate of the Independent Republicans, supported by the Democrats, there were two straight Republican candidates—Senator Wetmore, who was seeking to be his own successor, and Colonel Colt. It is evident that General Brayton worked both these men to his own ends as far as he could. Although toward the end he issued a statement in favor of one of the two, he was unable to secure his election. Neither of these candidates is now available as a source of funds; and the corporations, having discovered that the boss cannot “deliver the goods,” are no longer eager to supply him with money. This boss is, however, shrewd as well as bold; he knows that the present Republican Governor of Rhode Island is not friendly to him; he knows just how far it is wise to withdraw for the present. Whether his discomfiture will ultimately lead to a lasting defeat of his methods it is too early now to know; but it is certain that he is not yet out of politics.



**A Legislature Reverses Itself** By passing a two-cent fare bill the Legislature of Wisconsin has treated its own legislation with contempt. The Railway Commission of Wisconsin was created to control the railways of the State. It was an administrative body and an agent of the Legislature. So efficiently did it perform its task that the Legislature voted to entrust to it the

control, not merely of the railways, but also of all the public utilities of Wisconsin. This control, as recounted in *The Outlook* for July 13, was based on a two-fold power—first, power to make a physical valuation of the actual investment in a public utility; and, second, after allowing for a fair return on the investment, power to fix rates. The proposal that the Legislature should belie its own action, and undertake on its own behalf to fix railway passenger rates was once rejected. That proposal, in a somewhat modified form, but in substance unchanged, was then reconsidered and finally adopted. Inconsistency evidently is a hobgoblin which the Wisconsin Legislature, like other legislatures, does not fear. It first asserts the principle of controlling public service corporations by an administrative body, and then, at its second opportunity, abandons the principle, and attempts to control some aspects of the business of some public service corporations by fiat. It first makes a commission its agent plenipotentiary and then acts over its head. It has done just exactly what the New York Legislature did. In the case of New York, however, there was a Governor who had the courage and the wit to veto the measure. In the case of Wisconsin, on the other hand, Governor Davidson fell in with the temper of the Legislature, signed the bill and made it law. Stupid management upon the part of the railways invited, it is true, this piece of legislation. But that fact does not excuse hasty, retaliatory action on the part of legislators. It would have been both interesting and instructive to watch the workings of the Wisconsin plan of corporation control; but evidently it is not to have a fair test. If the Wisconsin Legislature has not faith in its own policy of regulating public utilities, it certainly cannot expect the public utilities corporations to regard it with even ordinary respect.



**Municipal Ownership  
Pro and Con**

Municipal ownership of public utilities is good, it is bad; it is wasteful, it is economical; it prevents political corruption; it

invites political corruption; it affords efficient service, it results in inefficient service; it lowers wages, it raises wages; it is democratic, it is un-American; it deserves the bitterest denunciation and is worthy of the highest praise. This, in brief, is the conclusion drawn from an investigation carried on for nearly two years by a body of men chosen by the National Civic Federation. The report of this Commission on Public Ownership is not yet published. The data gathered are of course extensive; they have been reviewed, however, by certain members of the Commission chosen for the purpose. The reviews, which have been issued in abstract form for the press by the Federation, are not judicial summaries for the facts ascertained, but are rather arguments for and against the public ownership and operation of public utilities. The collection of data seems to be a storehouse from which supporters and opponents of municipal ownership and operation can get things to throw at one another. How widely divergent may be the conclusions drawn from the same source can be judged by contrasting these two statements: Messrs. Clark and Edgar declare that "where municipal ownership has been removed from the realm of philosophic discussion and put to the test of actual experience it has failed ingloriously;" Professor Parsons and Mr. Bemis on the contrary assert, to use Professor Parsons' words, "it is not public ownership, but private ownership, that is responsible for our periodic crisis and the ruin of our industries," and "it is not impossible that the elimination of the public service corporations through public ownership is one of the things that would do more to help along the process of making our cities fit." One of the greatest evils which the opponents of municipal ownership find in that method of controlling public utilities is that it encourages, if it does not actually necessitate political corruption. "In America," says Mr. J. W. Sullivan, "the municipalized enterprises visited by our labor investigators have been rich mines for significant facts relating to politics rather than to labor. . . . The testimony as to political rotteness, root and branch, in Syracuse, Allegheny and

Wheeling, is conclusive." In the cities where some merit has been found in municipally-owned utilities, he declares that their stability rests largely on the mayor, who represents "for a brief term a policy that may change with his successor." On the other side, Professor Commons points out that the whole question is one of politics. Private companies managing public utilities are continually dealing with municipal officers. "Consequently," he says, "it is absurd to assume that private ownership is non-political. It is just as much a political question to get and keep honest or business-like municipal officials who will drive good bargains with private companies on behalf of the public and then see that the bargains are lived up to, as it is to get similar officials to operate a municipal plant. We do not escape politics by resorting to private ownership—we only get a different kind of practical politics." It might be interjected here that the habit of saying that municipal operation is good under a good mayor, but that it is periodically threatened by the possibility of the election of a bad mayor, arises not from a doubt of municipal ownership so much as a doubt of democracy. Messrs. Clark and Edgar have been naive enough explicitly to acknowledge that their aim has not been to ascertain the truth by judicial study of the facts, but to defend a doctrine. These are their words: "We individualists are not seeking to lead the people into strange paths; our aim is to keep them in the paths that they have hitherto trod." They speak of themselves as "we who stand in opposition to municipal ownership," and they undertake to "arraign the arrogance of many of its advocates." On the other hand, although the reviews in defense of municipal ownership, at least as they appear in the summarized form, do not bear the marks of conscious partisanship, they are nevertheless frankly specimens of special pleading. Both those who fear and those who trust municipal ownership and operation will find ample comfort in these reviews. Those who really desire the truth will find defects in the arguments on both sides, and will await with interest the

publication of the facts, gathered by experts, on which these arguments are based.

⊗ Last week The *New Mayor of San Francisco* Outlook reported the fact that the San Francisco Board of Supervisors (a majority of whom are confessed bribers) acting under pressure brought to bear upon them by the prosecuting attorney and his supporters in the work of municipal reform, had chosen one of their own number, also an acknowledged bribe-taker, to fill for the minute the Mayor's chair, made vacant by the conviction and sentence of Schmitz. This was only the first move in the curious but necessary machinery of reform. Until the next city election any appointment to the mayorship must be from among the Supervisors; by the temporary election of Dr. Boxton a vacancy was created in the Supervisors' Board; the man who was really desired as Mayor was elected to this vacancy; Dr. Boxton then resigned; and the man desired by Mr. Heney, Mr. Langdon, and their supporters was elected Mayor. This man was Dr. Edward R. Taylor, an educator, physician, and lawyer, who has been connected with the Hastings Law College and the University of California. His choice is approved apparently by all who earnestly believe in thorough municipal reorganization, in the up-building of the new San Francisco, and in the punishment of all wrongdoers. A telegraphic dispatch, just received as this paragraph is written, from an unusually well-informed and judicially-minded correspondent in California, declares that Dr. Taylor's election should prove the turning point of the city's fate and assures non-partisanship in the labor question and in National politics. Dr. Taylor, our correspondent adds, is a clean lover of righteousness and although counted unpracticable by some men, is just the idealist that the city needs, as it has wallowed in practical sordidness long enough. He will have great power, as it falls to his duty, first to appoint new Supervisors (the old Supervisors have agreed to resign), and then to restore normal government after a city elec-

tion. The sooner this can be done the better, because the prosecuting officers and their supporters, and especially Mr. Spreckels, should be relieved from the dangerous—and, in the view of some citizens, odious—burden of city politics. The circumstances were so peculiar that in no other way than by a sort of temporary dictatorship could matters be brought into such shape that the normal conditions of government could prevail. With the election of Dr. Taylor this desirable result has been reached. The District Attorney, himself a labor candidate, has proved honest and high-minded, and refuses to "play politics." Mr. Heney, the right hand of the prosecution, has made a wonderful record in gathering evidence and forcing municipal bribe-takers to confession or conviction; he now proposes to do the same with wealthy bribe-givers and corporation magnates accused of wrong-doing. Whether he will be supported in this, or whether, as some fear, a low moral tone among business men and a distrust of the motives of the reformers, and especially of Mr. Spreckels, may stand in the way, remains to be seen. At all events, the attempt to carry on the prosecution on the announced lines should be entirely free from the complication of being joined with the administration of the city government; and when the new organization begun by the election of Dr. Taylor is completed, this will be natural and, indeed, inevitable.

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The *Naval Disaster* The deaths of Lieutenant Goodrich, Midshipman Cruse and eight sailors, caused by an explosion in the turret of the battleship *Georgia*, were as truly heroic and in the service of their country as if these men had fallen in fight with an enemy. Every officer and enlisted man in the navy knows that constant danger is inseparable from his calling; and he accepts the risk involved with the courage of intelligence and with a fine spirit of patriotism as well as *esprit de corps*. If our navy is to be efficient for protection, it must be highly disciplined and must know how to shoot both straight and fast. The war with Spain showed what training could do in



this respect, and our almost absurdly slight losses were the evidence of previous severe drill, in which risk of life and safety was always involved. It is only by practical experiment and observation that the best and safest way of handling high explosives and modern sea-artillery can be gained; and while every safeguard of science and care should be applied to prevent disaster, the naval authorities must regard it as always possible and to some degree at least inevitable. It is quite probable that the recent deplorable calamity may even result in such improved knowledge that its repetition may be impossible. The cause of the explosion seems to have been a "flare-back"—that is, at the exact instant when the breech of an eight-inch gun in the turret had been thrown open, and before the stream of compressed air by which the gas and sparks from the previous shot are driven out through the muzzle had taken effect, a burning shred or spark was driven back and ignited the charge about to be put in; or perhaps the stream of compressed air was cut off too soon with the same result. When one reads in the story of a survivor that nine shots had just been fired in two minutes, one is inclined to criticise the officers for inviting disaster by too rapid work; but when it is remembered that rapid firing combined with good marksmanship (and all nine of those shots hit the target) is what made Admiral Togo's ships differ from his Russian opponents and what made Sampson's ships differ from Cervera's, it will be seen that it would be extremely difficult to lay down rules which should check at just the right point the men and officers of our ships in their emulation for superiority in rapidity and efficiency. The whole country will join in doing honor to the brave American seamen who perished on the Georgia. Captain McCrea in praising the conduct of one of these men, who lost his life by standing at his post and closing the breech of the other gun, thus preventing a second accident which might have been even more terrible than that which actually occurred, said "it was one of the coolest and bravest acts I ever heard of." And when Lieutenant Goodrich was dying his

thought was of his men and his first question "How are the others?" In the act of the eighteen-year old boy and the question of his officer is seen the true spirit of the American navy.



### *Inviting Disaster*

Owners of excursion boats in New York Harbor evidently learned nothing from the Slocum disaster. When three years ago the steamer General Slocum was burned and a thousand lives were lost, it became a matter of general knowledge that the responsible officials, not only of the line to which that vessel belonged, but of other lines as well, had been disregarding the most elementary measures of safety. They had allowed their boats to be overcrowded, they had failed to provide adequate safety appliances, they had permitted their crews to remain uninstructed and undisciplined. It would seem as if a sense of ordinary humanity might have roused them to dread the risk which, as the accident proved, they were incurring, and to take such precautions as would prevent any such accident from recurring. The people who are responsible for the management of many of the excursion steamers, however, are evidently still willing to make money by risking the lives of other people. Happily the Federal Government is now watchful. On Sunday inspectors put fifteen such vessels out of commission, and had them tied to their piers for violation of the law. One of the worst offenders was the sister ship of the ill-fated Slocum. Light is thrown upon the character of some moneymakers by the reported remark of one of these owners. His vessel had a number of passengers on board in excess of the legal limit. He protested against their removal in these terms: "I have lots of friends in Tammany Hall, and when Bryan is elected there will be some heads fall in the Customs Service." Against such men the only protection which the public has is the Government. "Natural economic laws," about which much is said, will not safely control this form of private business; law courts, even if they allow damages after accidents occur, simply force such men to reckon whether the damages

will be more than covered by the extra money brought in by the extra hazard. This is a case where public sentiment, with practical unanimity, approves of governmental regulation of a private business. Of course some of these steamers are common carriers; but others are not. Yet they are all subject to governmental inspection. It is gratifying to learn that this inspection is being carried out with renewed vigor.



*The Opium Monopoly  
in Formosa*

When the Chinese Government recently issued its edict directing the provincial governors to restrict the area to be used in the cultivation of the opium poppy, those who know the East smiled. In China, after all, "an edict is only an edict." Under the control of Japan it is otherwise. The home country, indeed, is not directly involved, but when Formosa was taken under control in 1895 the Japanese found themselves confronted with an opium problem which demanded the immediate attention of the Government. The use of the drug had firmly intrenched itself in the island and was rapidly spreading. To force the Formosan Chinese to give up the habit at once would be like forbidding them to eat—impossible. Rather than submit they would go back to China. To allow the habit to spread unchecked was as little to be tolerated. Under the advice of Baron Goto—now chief of Civil Administration in the island—the Government decided on a policy of regulation. It would itself take up the import, manufacture, and sale of opium, and do all in its power, by education and police, to confine its use to those already addicted to the habit. This was to be the first step toward crushing out altogether the use of opium as a stimulant. The regulations adopted to carry out this policy are detailed, and their enforcement is strict. Opium is made a monopoly of the Government. No one without special license is allowed "to sell, buy, deliver, receive, or possess" any quantity of the drug. No one will be granted a license to use it unless he proves to the Government that he is already an habitué.

Severe penalties are provided for any one who "imports, manufactures, sells, gives, or lends opium, or who cultivates the opium poppy, or is found with capsules in his possession," or in any way advances the use of the drug. In order to control the manufacture more carefully, the Japanese in 1897—the year in which the monopoly was instituted—erected a large Government factory. Later, complete control over all the retailing of the drug was assumed, so that now the Government keeps an account of the opium used in the island as accurate as the account of the sale of postage-stamps. The rigid enforcement of the law is a discouragement to wrong-doers. The number of arrests for violation of the regulations has steadily risen from 495 in 1897 to over four times that number in 1905. The Government has raised the price of the drug, and this, in connection with the strict enforcement of the law, has brought the net income from the monopoly to 1,000,000 yen (\$500,000) in 1905, constituting one of the chief sources of revenue for the island. These profits are, however, only incidental to the real purpose—the checking of the use of opium. The vicious habit cannot be stamped out at once, and we must not, therefore, be too anxious for immediate results. However, notwithstanding the economic advantages brought to the island with Japanese rule, giving the native greater purchasing power, still the use of opium has not grown, but has actually decreased, as was intended. The following table gives an idea of the amount consumed, as taken from Government statistics:

	Weight in pounds
1897.....	194,099
1898.....	369,591
1899.....	454,453
1900.....	438,812
1901.....	265,166
1902.....	286,318
1903.....	320,022

During the first years indicated the amount consumed apparently shows a marked increase. In fact, these figures indicate rather the increased efficiency of the means taken to repress smuggling and perfect the prohibition against native production. The Japanese authorities claim that now they are in complete

control of the situation, and that the end of the widespread opium habit in Formosa is in sight. They have done what they can to prevent the increase of the evil, but, they say, it would be cruel as well as impossible for the Government to try to cut down the number of the present opium-smokers. This can only be brought about gradually by a campaign of education to keep recruits from the ranks, and the lapse of time, which will carry off those now addicted to the habit. For Japan's own sake, for the Formosans, and none the less for the Chinese, we must hope that the day will speedily come when the restrictive management of the Formosan opium trade will have attained the object for which it was framed. Perhaps the experience of her island neighbor some day may furnish to China a model upon which she may act to make her opium edict more than an edict, and gradually relieve her people from the curse which Japan will have removed from Formosa.



*The Crisis  
in Korea*

The immediate cause of the abdication of the Emperor of Korea was his offense in sending a delegation to the Hague Conference without the consent of the Japanese Resident General in Korea. It will be remembered that under the present arrangement for the control of Korean affairs, one of the most important stipulations was that the Japanese should have complete supervision of Korea's relations with foreign nations. The alleged action of the Emperor in regard to the Hague delegation is looked at by the Japanese government as a flagrant disregard of the agreement. On the other hand, it should be recorded that the Emperor denies that he was responsible for sending the delegates, and he also asserts that he never did personally sign the agreement with Japan, which was, he says, entered into by his ministers and against his will. The larger and really serious cause of the abdication, however, does not rest upon any one act. The situation in Korea had become incompatible with the development of the country and with a peaceful political status. If any one thing was

settled by the war between Russia and Japan it was that Japanese influence should predominate in Korea, and although the nominal independence of Korea was recognized by the Portsmouth Treaty, the country is really in much the same position as Egypt has been under British rule. Those of our readers who remember Mr. Kennan's letters from Korea in *The Outlook* will readily understand that the Emperor and the corrupt court party were totally incapable of carrying on a strong and firm government themselves, while at the same time they were unwilling to accept the inevitable and to co-operate cordially and faithfully with the Marquis Ito in developing the interests of Korea under Japanese supervision. There is still not unnaturally a strong anti-Japanese feeling in Korea, but any revolutionary movement to establish the political independence of the country is as hopeless as would be such an undertaking in Egypt at the present time. But there has been constantly going on a succession of intrigues and plots between the Emperor Yi-Hyeung and the disaffected element, and neither the personal character of the Emperor nor his political methods promised anything of value for the future of Korea. On the other hand, the Cabinet ministers seem to have been intelligent and progressive; and, nominally, the abdication is at their demand, and not that of Japan. The Japanese Foreign Minister, the Viscount Hayashi, has gone to Korea, and together with the Marquis Ito, will probably deal with the present crisis in a strong and able fashion. It should be added, however, that the supervision of Korean affairs by the Japanese should include a most thorough protection to the property interests and personal safety of all the people. There have been, in fact, many complaints from Korea, some sent under the endorsement of American residents there, to the effect that individual Korean subjects have suffered ill treatment from the lower Japanese officials and soldiers, and if these reports are true there is room for a reform of many minor abuses in Japanese rule. Mr. H. B. Hulbert, an American teacher, long resident in Korea and just returned to this country,

goes so far as to say: "The Japanese have not only robbed the ancient kingdom of its liberties, but are debauching the morals and the health of its people. The Koreans are being despoiled of the lands and their industries." The Crown Prince, who succeeds to the throne, is a man of education, but is said to be weak in character.

## Educational Progress 1906-1907

The new problem to which those interested in education in this country have directed their attention to the greatest extent during the past year has been that of industrial education. The increasing industrial difficulties due to German and English competition, the disappearance of the apprenticeship system, and the changes in the trades themselves, have aroused a demand for the recognition of economic efficiency as one of the legitimate aims in public instruction. One of the most enlightening contributions on the subject is the Report of the Massachusetts Commission on Industrial Education, of which Professor Paul Hanus, of Harvard, is Chairman, published last May. The report contends that the progressive development of all high-grade industries requires skilled workmen possessing "industrial intelligence;" that the public schools supplying only a general education, frequently of a merely bookish kind, do not provide any vocational training; and that the Manual Training High School which was originally intended to train recruits for the trades has failed of its purpose. The Commission, therefore, advocates the establishment of public industrial schools whose object should be *vocational* as contrasted with *general* training. As boys are not wanted in skilled industries before sixteen or seventeen, the Commission recommends a four-year course in these schools, two years of which shall be spent in a day school, and the remaining two years in continuation schools, either in the evening, as in Germany, or during a part of the work-day.

One day of the recent meeting of the National Educational Association (July 8-12), of which an account is given elsewhere in this issue, was devoted to the discussion of industrial education. It was there contended that the offering of such training would tend to prevent the dropping out of so many pupils before the completion of the elementary school, because a much larger proportion of the pupils would stay in the schools if they furnished preparation for some life pursuit. The movement in favor of industrial education has resulted in an extension of the manual training movement to many cities heretofore indifferent and in the construction of a large number of Manual Training High Schools. Boston, during the past year, established a Girls' High School for Practical Arts modelled on the Washington Irving School of New York City. The Springfield, Massachusetts, Board of Education has adopted the "continuation school" system of Germany whereby workers at trades during the day study the scientific basis of their work at night; and the system is approved both by the employers and the trades-unions. Of schools of private foundation, the Carnegie Institute, formally dedicated this year, is the most conspicuous expression of the movement in industrial education.

One of the chief results of the agitation in favor of industrial education has been the formation of the "Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education" looking towards its extension in the school system and to its support by legislative appropriation. In both respects a great deal has been accomplished. An act was passed at the last session of Congress to raise the Federal appropriation to each of the State colleges of agriculture and mechanic arts. A bill was introduced also to appropriate a large sum annually for industrial education in high schools, half to be appropriated to city high schools and half to agricultural high schools. Some thirty of the latter have been established, articulating with the rural schools below and with the agricultural colleges above.

More intelligent and widespread

attention is being given to children who deviate from the normal. Provision has been made in several additional cities, *e. g.*, Boston, for their exceptional needs. In New York City the Superintendent of Schools has gone so far as to recommend that eye-glasses be furnished without charge to children in the public schools. New York University has established a post-graduate course on the education of defectives. This interest in unfortunate children has expressed itself also in the wider adoption of the Juvenile Court system.

Most gratifying progress was made during the past year in the South in the extension of child-labor laws and compulsory education acts. At the last session of the North Carolina legislature, \$500,000 was appropriated for an institution to care for and educate mental defectives; a compulsory education law was passed; a training school for teachers and a school of technology were established; a reform school for delinquent children was founded, and the financial grant to the State University was largely increased. An almost equally fine record was made by the last Alabama legislature, and a general awakening is in evidence all over the South.

The better co-operation of educational agencies has received considerable attention during the past year. The Public Library of New York City has placed placards in all the school buildings giving explicit suggestions to teachers and pupils for aiding them in making liberal use of the library. The Report of the Committee on the Utilization of the Art Museum by Schools and Colleges shows much good work accomplished in that direction, and that is also true of better articulation of the schools with the natural history museums, botanical and zoological gardens. An impetus in the development of the neighborhood school has been given in several cities where the schools have been opened at night, daily papers, magazines, and books provided, and in some even a smoking-room established. This effort has gone hand-in-hand with a very rapid extension in our cities during the past year of the public playground and recreation center. Nor have the rural districts been behind

in attention to this idea of better co-operation. The consolidation of numbers of neighboring rural schools into union schools has continued during the past year at a rapid pace. The pupils are carried to the union schools at public expense. And not only has this been done, but sufficient pay for trained teachers, sufficient support for a library, a simple laboratory, a small experimental farm and other necessities of an up-to-date rural school, have been forthcoming.

There has been distinct improvement in the social and economic status and prospect of the teacher. According to the *School Journal*, the salary budgets of the various parts of the country have increased by several millions of dollars. Teachers' pension systems have been introduced in a number of large cities, and it is to be noted that Philadelphia has made the pension system a part of the regular school budget. Most cities provide for the payment of pensions from the excise fund. That this awakening to teachers' needs has not come any too soon is evidenced in the severity of the criticism made by Dr. Franz Kuypers, of the German educational commission which has been visiting our country. He insists that there is not yet any profession of teaching in the United States, attributing this fact chiefly to the miserable pay in many parts of the country and to the poor social position of the teachers. Another authority of eminence who writes upon this subject is President Schurman, of Cornell. In his last Annual Report he calls attention to the small salary of the college teacher, his slow promotion, his heavy class-room work, his inability to find time for scholarly research, and the loss to education and the nation thereby. President Butler, of Columbia, wrote to his trustees in a similar strain. President Eliot's Cornell Phi Beta Kappa address is in strongest appeal for the greater economic freedom of college teachers. In this connection attention may be called to a notable article appearing in the *Atlantic Monthly* for April, on "The Ideal Teacher," by Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard University.

The first great step in improving the temporal conditions of college professors was the application of the Carnegie retirement fund last September. Whatever feeling of hesitation to accept the pension there may have been at first has been largely removed by the early bestowal of its benefits upon such distinguished educators as Dr. William T. Harris, former United States Commissioner of Education, Professor Ladd, of Yale, and Professor Young, of Princeton. "The First Annual Report of the President and Trustees of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching," which appeared in May last, is, indeed, the most important educational document of the year. When Mr. Carnegie made his liberal gift for the improvement of the condition of the college teacher, he could not have foreseen the other splendid beneficial results that would follow. In this report a "college" is defined; entrance requirements are fixed; denominational control is interpreted; and standards set in all subjects of college administration. It is impossible to calculate the good that will accrue from this incidental systemization.

The munificent gifts to education which have so conspicuously characterized American philanthropy in the recent past, have been continued throughout our country during the past year. Under the title "Five Great Gifts," several of these endowments are described elsewhere; in this issue of *The Outlook*, while the Jeanes Foundation for the elementary education of negroes in the South has been touched upon in a former number.

The tendency upon the part of the governing authorities of the colleges and secondary schools to assume a more direct supervision of student life and activities has been manifest during the past year. The superintendents and high school principals of Chicago declared in favor of the abolition of all fraternities in the high schools of the city; and their action has been generally commended throughout the country. In college circles the most conspicuous proposal of supervision, with the special object of suppressing upper-class clubs,

comes from the President of Princeton University in his plan to import and adapt other features of the English university organization—the preceptorial or tutorial system are now in successful working. It is too early to speak of the detail or the fate of the plan, but its proposal gives import of the tendency in some quarters, at least, against *laissez faire*.

In the country's great educational staff new men are coming into the places of foremost influence. The nation is fortunate that so able, experienced, and dependable a man as Dr. Elmer E. Brown has been found to succeed Dr. William T. Harris. Professor Harry Pratt Judson has with general and hearty approval been made successor to Dr. Harper, whom he so efficiently assisted in the reorganization of the University of Chicago. Professor Harry A. Garfield is to carry another historic name back to Williams and with it an ideal type of young manhood in his own personality.

The "foreign relations" of American education during the past year have been on the whole most happy. There was one ominous cloud upon our western horizon which we hope is not to return with blacker portent. The question of the exclusion of Japanese from the regular public schools of San Francisco and their segregation in one school for Orientals threatened at one time to cause bitterness between Japan and the United States and friction between the Federal Government and the State of California. Though apparently the result of race prejudice, the question is so complicated with other considerations that the observer at a distance acts wisely in suspending judgment until thoroughly possessed of all the facts.

The threatened invasion of five hundred British teachers has become an accomplished fact, and we hope for a similar incursion soon again. If this visit results in a report similar to that of the first Mosely Commission, only good can result to the education of the United States and to that of England. Last year was the first also of the exchange of professors between Columbia and Berlin Universities under the Theodore Roosevelt Professorship of American History

and Institutions at Berlin and the Kaiser Wilhelm Professorship of German History and Institutions at Columbia. Professor Burgess, who represented Columbia in Germany, was received with great honor and made a deep impression, not only at Berlin, where he lectured steadily for six months, but at Leipzig, Vienna, Bonn, and elsewhere, to which places he was also invited. Professor Schumacher, who represented Berlin at Columbia, was received with equal cordiality. The exchange of professors between the two institutions can hardly fail of being advantageous, both to scholarship and international good feeling.

When we turn from a view of the conditions favorable to educational reform and advance in the United States, to consider conditions in Europe, we have reason for self-gratulation. In England, Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, based upon the principle that public control should follow the public tax, having passed the Commons by a large majority was rejected by the Lords. The whole matter is extremely confusing to foreigners because of the intricate details due to property interests protected by law, to local prerogatives, and to the conscientious convictions of the Church party. But the controversy has aroused an intensity of bitterness that is almost inexplicable to Americans. In France, the educational situation does not improve. The French spirit, delighting in unity and logical system, has established a complete state monopoly in education. The result has been that thousands of people who will not send their children to the State schools are compelled to send them to foreign countries owing to the suppression of the religious schools—and the bitterness grows apace. In Germany, the Prussian government during the past year has devoted all educational agencies to the process of Germanizing the Poles, and has aroused both racial and political hatreds as a result. Moreover, the reactionaries in Prussia have been successful in replacing the *Simultan Schulen*, i. e., schools in which children of different religious denominations are instructed together in all secular branches, by sectarian schools. In Russia some of the universities and

polytechnic schools have reopened, after having been closed for almost two years.

## Under the Aspect of Eternity

Men suffer immense loss of reserve power for dealing with the work and problems of the time, and of deep-flowing consolation in their sorrows and anxieties, by reason of their intense absorption in the interests of the hour and their preoccupation with affairs. Never before has this present life laid hold upon conscience, thought and will with such searching and compelling force. Those who are eager to deal with life on the highest plane find it difficult to penetrate the multitude of details that press upon attention with the sense of a great order in which all things find their place and are moved to some great end. Work of such magnitude awaits capable men, and taxes thought and strength to such a degree that many men put such heroic labor into the day that night overtakes them unawares, and they awake with surprise to find that their work is only a part of a gigantic scheme of construction. Their tasks have absorbed them so completely that they have never realized their relations to a spiritual order. This is a far more fruitful way of life than that of the man who dreams of purely spiritual activities but never sets his hand to any real task or binds on his shoulders any of the burdens which humanity must carry in its mysterious journey toward the unseen country.

To preach idleness, withdrawal from the world, escape from the manifold tasks of modern society, to men who have become heroic workers by virtue of the inward force which makes them men and the outward opportunities with which God has encircled them to draw out their power and evoke character on a vast scale, is as idle as to command them to go back to the Ptolemaic astronomy or the geography that was studied before Columbus enlarged the world by the discovery of another continent. There is no solution of the problem of the soul by taking it out of its normal relations in

human society; there can be no return to the patriarchal days when men lived in tents and watched their flocks and spent their days in a vast leisure of mind; nor to those middle years in the history of the human spirit when they lived in little walled towns and served their kings and obeyed their spiritual rulers with unthinking obedience. There must be room for the spirit and time for its ripening, but these conditions must be secured not by going back but by going forward.

It would be well if the preoccupied men and women of to-day would take time to read Dante's "*Divine Comedy*;" to climb from time to time that great peak which o'ertops the poetry of the world. Probably no form of expression could be further from the habitual thought and speech of the day than this report of the journey of the soul through the three worlds; but no modern writing is so clear and authoritative in its setting of the life that now is in definite and unescapable relation to the life which is to come. In this sublime epic of the soul of man in all conditions there is no idle dreaming, no vague and easy speculation concerning the growth of the spirit and its union with God; on the contrary, the poem stands foursquare to all the winds of shifting opinion, based on an eternal order, pervaded throughout by a vivid realism. The poet escaped, by virtue of his genius, from the tyranny of types and personifications which gave unreality to much mediæval art, and built a world as solid as the Florence which drove him into exile. No other poet of the heavenly vision has dared to give his interpretation of the life of man such massive reality and none has touched it with such compelling power.

For this reason, among others, Dante is a teacher at whose feet the men and women of this busy age ought to sit; he is no master of beautiful dreams, no magician dexterously spinning a web of iridescent words over the abysses; he sees real things with clear and fearless glance, and he teaches us not to evade, to escape, to renounce, to comfort and mislead ourselves with idle visions, but to look at the great facts of life, to accept its duties, do its work, live in its relations, in the light of the world to

come. He has, as Dean Church has said, "too strong a sense of the reality of this familiar life to reduce it merely to a shadow and type of the unseen. What he struggles to express in countless ways, with all the resources of his strange and gigantic power, is, that this world and the next are both equally real, and both one." In a word, Dante saw the world "under the aspect of eternity."

In that attitude is found our escape from the tyranny of the tremendous tasks laid on the shoulders of modern men by the growth of power within and without. It is impossible to go back to the more leisurely periods when interests were few and simple; if it were possible we should not win the victory and find the peace which our souls crave. These things are not gifts from God to be had for the asking; they are achievements which we must make by conquest of ourselves and our conditions. The problem of life is never one of external conditions; it is always one of inward energy, purity, nobility. The way out for those who would live the life of the spirit in this age of tumultuous activity is through the supremacy of the spirit; it is to realize hour by hour that the life that now is and the life that is to come, however different in condition and occupation, are parts of one indivisible and unbroken life; it is to see the world steadily and clearly "under the aspect of eternity."

It does not matter how vast the works of the time are, if in accepting their reality we understand how subordinate they are in the spiritual order; it does not matter how heavy the burdens of society are if we carry them with the conviction that they are part of that spiritual discipline which is the rational and inspiring explanation of life. The world that surrounds us is not a mirage; is a deep-going and unescapable reality, and woe to the man or woman who tries to ignore it, to treat it as a figment of the imagination, to escape from it. But that which is visible is only a little section of the whole, as the earth which seems so vast to us is only a little star in a universe of suns. When a man sees through the material which piles



itself about him to the spiritual which is its master; when he rules all the works of his hands by virtue of the sovereignty of his soul; puts his hand to his task and gives his whole strength to it because it is a reality in vital relation with a greater reality; gains wealth with full knowledge that money can buy many things for his body, but nothing for his spirit; organizes great enterprises, with clear understanding that he is the servant of an irresistible movement in human affairs, he is safe from the blindness, corruption, deadness of mere material activity and achievement; he has learned to see life "under the aspect of eternity."



## *The Spectator*

The Spectator recalls a Fourth of July spent in Wiesbaden many years ago, when a little group of people sallied forth from the hotel early in the morning for the purpose of finding some small flags with which they could decorate themselves, and thus make their identity as Americans known to all who looked their way. After laborious effort on the part of the shop-keeper, some cheap little flags were unearthed—or, more properly speaking, unboxed—and brought out to the light of day. Not pretty to look at from an artistic sense, they yet answered the purpose of the party, and on through the day a spirit of comradeship existed among all those who wore in their button-holes, or had fastened in their hats, that tiny emblem—the red, white and blue of America. The Spectator felt the significance of that flag as never before, and the impression which an impromptu celebration in a foreign land made upon his mind has never been effaced. He believes it a good thing that different points of view can be obtained on any subject from different locations or among different people; hence the advantages of travel in bringing into fresh light the very things which, perhaps, had become commonplace in one's own home. Yet the Spectator confesses that since that celebration in Wiesbaden the "glorious Fourth" has been a day of seclusion for him—a getting away from the noisy

sounds which betoken the patriotism of the small boy. But this year the Spectator was a participant in another Fourth of July celebration, which will stand side by side with the Wiesbaden day, and perhaps, in a measure, redeem his indifference to patriotic duties through the long intervening years.



With the thermometer rising day by day until it reached the point of 103 degrees on the morning of the Fourth of July, 1907, the Spectator felt a corresponding drop in his patriotism. Yet from the time he had seen the announcement in the Los Angeles papers that the New England Society of Southern California would hold a picnic in Eastlake Park, he felt a vague desire to attend. The Spectator had no idea of committing himself to an all-day picnic, but thought he could take a car ride in the direction of the park, hear the music from a respectful distance, and, standing on the outside of the crowd, perhaps catch a sentence or two of the speeches of the day. If the Spectator were to analyze this latent feeling of curiosity which prompted him to brave the oven-like heat, he has to confess that he was attracted by a spirit of kinship to these New England people who have made their home in this Pacific Coast city, and have organized an association for the purpose of keeping alive in their hearts, as well as in the hearts of their native-born sons and daughters, the love for their old New England home.



The almost deserted streets in the heart of the city, with the closed stores, gave evidence of a holiday, while the constant banging of the caps placed on the car-tracks would tell any one, not too deaf, just the nature of this particular holiday. At the various street-corners, crowds of people entered the car, all bound for a picnic somewhere, if not for the special one toward which the Spectator was traveling. Remarks on the weather were heard, all pointing to the fact that this excessive heat was something "unusual," but the Spectator has learned his lesson in regard to these "unusual" conditions in California. He

has found that all phases of weather not pleasing to the new-comer, be it extreme heat or cold, too much rain or not enough, wind, frost, or fog, are classed as "unusual." As the Spectator experienced exactly the same degree of heat in Oregon last year on the Fourth, he must believe that the State of California has no monopoly on anything, not even the weather. With a calm philosophy that a really true New Englander ought not to mind such a little discomfort as "103 in the shade," he journeyed on toward the picnic.



This very attractive park, with its growth of palms, pepper and eucalyptus trees, its band-stand on the border of the lake, with platform for speakers and comfortable seats for an audience, is the special rendezvous for picnic parties. Various State gatherings are frequently held there, one day claiming former residents of Iowa, and another day calling for the families from Illinois, or other States, to come and celebrate, but this was to be a *New England* picnic—a gathering of people from the thirteen original colonies who felt, pre-eminently, their right to celebrate the Fourth of July. As the Spectator entered the park he caught the sound of the orator's voice, and naturally went in the direction of the speakers' platform; he saw the up-turned faces of the audience all intent on catching every word that was uttered, and when the speech was followed by the singing of "The Star Spangled Banner," the Spectator speedily forgot his determination to tarry on the edge of the crowd, or to saunter by in leisurely fashion. The spirit of the day, as well as the spirit of his kinship to his old New England, was upon him. He neither tarried on the outside nor sauntered by, but at once betook himself to the heart of that audience and looked for a vacant seat. And right there he tarried.



On the platform were ministers, doctors, lawyers, and men of no degree, each having a subject assigned him upon which to speak. To the Spectator's surprise, there was no State sectionalism

displayed, nor, in fact, was New England and all it stood for unduly lauded, but the main thought pervading the speeches was the broader patriotism for the country as a whole. As one speaker said: "We perhaps take pride in being called 'Yankees,' and we have a right to be proud of that fact; but let an enemy arise in any corner of this broad land of ours and every man forgets whether he is from the North or the South, the East or the West, and knows only one thing, that he is an *American*." In an effusion somewhat poetical, reference was made to the feeling that existed from "the woods of the Aroostook to the meadows of Saco," and at this point the Spectator looked about him to see what manner of trees were substituted for the "woods of the Aroostook" there in that California park. He saw only the smooth, pole-like trunks of the Eucalyptus tree, whose scanty leaves gave very poor shade to that heated audience; but these loyal residents of California had for the time being travelled back to the more abundant shade of New England oaks, maples and elms, and were not conscious of any discrepancy.



Besides the addresses referred to, the Declaration of Independence was read from beginning to end, and the Spectator sat spell-bound as one sentence after another was hurled at him by the magnetic voice of the man delivering it. Not since the school-days of the Spectator, many, many years ago, has it meant so much to him, and the idea possessed him that for a daily oratorical drill nothing could be better than the learning of this masterpiece, the very rehearsal of which would cause one's dormant patriotism to rise to fever heat. "The Sword of Bunker Hill" was brought to life again, and "Home, Sweet Home" confirmed the former conviction of the Spectator that the latter should be sung only when one is seated at his own hearth-stone, his family about him, with due compassion for the wanderer outside his gates, but should never be indulged in by the wanderer himself. For a wanderer to sing with any degree of heartiness that song which arouses all the homesickness of which his nature is

capable is another matter, and wholly out of the province of the Spectator.



The Spectator looked over the audience and tried to discern some typical sign which would mark them as New Englanders, but except for the fluttering ribbon pinned on the coat or dress of each person, the Spectator could not have picked out the man or woman from Maine or New Hampshire as of any different stamp or quality from his Missouri neighbor who had dropped in, as the Spectator had, to see what was being done. Perhaps in their early days, a difference would have been distinguishable, but if any had ever existed, it had been erased in this wonderful California climate—said climate not being applicable to the day on which this New England picnic was held. Turning to a very serious-looking lady beside him, the Spectator said "I know that you are still a little homesick." "Indeed, I am not," the lady replied, "I have had time in nineteen years to get over all that," but be-

lieving that the sad look in her face was not all due to his imagination, the Spectator concluded that she agreed with him as to the singing of "Home, Sweet Home" in *public* places.



An adjournment to the tables, where boxes were opened and coffee was served, brought about general sociability, and in the Spectator's case, at least, no introductions were necessary. He told the parson from Massachusetts who spoke upon "The Flag" that he never heard a better address, and complimented the doctor from Maine on his fine rendering of the Declaration of Independence: he accepted baked beans and Indian pudding from the wife of a Vermont lawyer, and sandwiches from his own Connecticut neighbors, and grateful indeed was he that his vague impulse had ended in so pleasant a reality. The thermometer continued on its upward journey, but its existence was forgotten by the Spectator and his New England kinsmen.

## THE SOUTH AND EDUCATION: A RECORD OF PROGRESS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE educational progress which has been made in the Southern States is without parallel in the educational history of the world. It is not my purpose in this article to verify this statement by an accurate comparison of conditions as they existed in 1867 with the conditions as they exist to-day, but only to illustrate it by contrasting personal impressions derived from a visit made to the Southern States directly upon the close of the Civil War, and from some share in their educational new birth, with impressions derived from more recent visits, especially one in the spring and one in the fall of 1906.

The close of the Civil War left the Southern States bankrupt. They fought with persistent courage until their resources were all exhausted and the conflict could be kept up no longer. The

surrender of General Lee at Appomattox Court-House, his refusal to continue a useless guerrilla warfare, the spirit in which he surrendered his sword to General Grant, and the spirit in which that surrender was received, created a revolution of feeling in the North. The sentiment of loyalty which animated the great majority of the Northern people in the war for the preservation of the Union created in peace a desire to promote that union by processes of healing and help. The American Union Commission was called into existence by the Rev. Joseph B. Thompson, of New York, organized somewhat on the pattern of the Sanitary and Christian Commissions which had co-operated with the army during the war. Its object was to aid the South in its process of rehabilitation, and it lent its aid to all classes, without regard to race,

color, or previous condition of servitude. I was called from my Western parish to be the executive head of the Commission; accepted the call; and as preparation for my work made a flying visit to portions of the South—going in the southwest as far as Nashville, and in the southeast as far as Richmond. Were I a literary painter, I should stop here to depict the pathetic scene I witnessed in the latter city when Sherman's army marched through its deserted streets, with their rude camp equipage, their worn and often tattered garments, and bearing witness to the engagements through which they had passed in the fragments of flags which the shots of the enemy had left fluttering upon the banner-poles. Here and there in the city some Unionist bolder than his fellows hung out an American flag, but with rare exceptions every shutter was closed, every house silent, and the streets deserted.

The assassination of Abraham Lincoln in April, 1865, dulled the growing feeling of good will in the North evoked by peace, and revived and intensified the feeling of bitterness created by the war. It made the work of the American Freedmen's Union Commission very difficult, and for a while that organization was more a missionary in the North preaching peace and good will than it was a missionary in the South ministering to the wants and binding up the wounds produced by the war. For a time all the interest of the North was centered in giving aid to the emancipated slaves, and the Freedmen's Commissions, of which there were several, flourished. But a sound principle is always good capital, and the principle of the American Union Commission to treat both races and all classes alike was fundamentally sound; eventually it won its way to popular favor, and the various Freedmen's Commissions and the American Union Commissions were united in one organization based upon the principle of disregarding race and color distinctions. The new organization bore the conjoint title of American Freedmen's Union Commission. When, in the summer of 1867, the great International Exhibition was held in Paris, the anti-slavery societies of Great Britain, Spain, and France united

in calling an International Conference of the friends of the anti-slavery cause to be held in the month of August. At this Conference attended representatives from all communities interested in the progress and results of emancipation. In response to a request from the organizers of this International Conference, a report of the results of emancipation in the United States of America was prepared by a committee of the American Freedmen's Union Commission, of which Chief Justice Chase was the President. A copy of this pamphlet lies before me as I write, and to it I refer, as a witness is allowed to do in judicial proceedings, "to refresh my recollection."

Before the Civil War there was no general public educational system in the Southern States, except, perhaps, in North Carolina.<sup>1</sup> In some popular centers there were free schools; in some localities academies and colleges; and in many, perhaps most, of the States some provision was made for the education of the poor white children on evidence that they were not able to pay for their tuition. The education was furnished, so to speak, *in forma pauperis*. But the fundamental conception which underlies the public school system was not entertained in the Southern States. That conception is that the State is a family, whose duty it is to provide for the education of all its children, rich or poor, out of a common fund and according to a common standard. The conception of the State which prevailed in the South is well interpreted by the declaration in the Constitution of Alabama that "the sole and only legitimate end of govern-

<sup>1</sup> The statement that in the South prior to the war there was no true public school system, in the modern sense of that term, has been called in question by some Southern writers. The difficulty of getting an accurate view of the case is well stated by Professor C. W. Dyer in his monograph, "Democracy in the South before the Civil War." "A failure to draw a clear distinction between public schools and State public schools, and public free schools and private free schools, and free education for certain classes in private schools and public schools, has been the cause of much confusion and of great misunderstanding on the whole question of public education in the United States." There was provision for free education in the South prior to the Civil War, but, so far as I have been able to ascertain, outside of North Carolina there was no common school system by which provision was made and practically carried into effect for the education of rich and poor without payment for tuition in schools wholly supported by the State, and the provision in North Carolina was dependent on local action and was carried into effect only to a very limited extent.

ment is to protect the citizen in the enjoyment of life, liberty, and property, and when the government assumes other functions it is usurpation and oppression." Of course there was not and could not be any systematic education of the negro children. In some of the States education of the slave children was prohibited by law; on the other hand, on some plantations philanthropic Christian women made some attempt to educate the children at least of the house servants. But in the main the children of the negro race were permitted to grow up in ignorance.

Moreover, education in any kind of schools was rendered difficult by the nature of the social organization. There were a few cities in which good schools could be maintained, and a few colleges whose intellectual standards were high, though their equipment was inadequate, because their endowments were insufficient. But village life was comparatively rare, and the great plantations and the widely scattered homes made support of institutions of learning for the younger children in rural communities difficult if not impossible. In the well-to-do families the children were educated chiefly by governesses or tutors, or by their parents, or by older brothers and sisters. The present ideal of women's education was unknown in any part of the country. Vassar College, the oldest college for women in the United States with a curriculum approximating that of colleges for men, was not incorporated until 1861. In the South, even more than in the North, the ideals for woman's education were little advanced from those in England at the close of the eighteenth century, and there was little provision made for her education in anything but primary studies, the domestic arts, and the so-called "accomplishments." As to industrial education in the modern sense of that term, it was not known anywhere in the country, North or South.

The war did nothing to promote and much to impair such educational institutions as had existed in the South prior to the war. The school buildings had been turned into hospitals or stables, or used as armories or warehouses, or simply abandoned and allowed to fall into

ill repair, or had been burned by accident or design. The permanent school funds were almost entirely destroyed, and with them had gone practically whatever provision had previously existed for the education of the children of the poor. Such endowments as had existed were very generally swept away, and the students from the institutions of higher learning for men had either volunteered or been conscripted for the war. The University of Virginia, which had six hundred students in 1861, had but forty in 1863. Secondary schools had suffered less than the higher institutions of learning, but all were in some degree involved in the general ruin produced by the devastations of a four years' war. In one respect only had the war given to education an impetus. With the progress of the Northern armies, even before emancipation, negroes escaping from their masters, and recognized by the North as contraband of war, had flocked around the standards of the invading armies. Sometimes under the direction of soldiers or officers, sometimes under the direction of benevolent societies from the North, schools were organized in connection with these contraband camps. These first schools were held in deserted churches, in abandoned hospitals, in private houses temporarily occupied under military authority, in old sheds, under the shelter of a tree, and in one case in a dismantled bomb-proof. The books in the beginning were little better than the buildings, the schools depending largely upon voluntary contributions of old and sometimes obsolete school books from the North. The children were taught sometimes by privates or subordinate officers volunteering their services, sometimes by volunteer teachers sent from the North; sometimes the negroes organized private schools in which persons of their own race acted as teachers, who were in many cases little more than blind leaders of the blind. Out of such unpromising beginnings as these General Armstrong organized Hampton Institute, the leavening influence of which has extended throughout the whole Nation, North as well as South. Not always, however, were the facilities and the equip-

ment so inadequate. In some localities, as in parts of Louisiana, under Major-Generals Banks and Butler, school systems were established, the expenses of which were provided for by military taxation. When finally, in 1865, the Freedmen's Bureau was organized, a Bureau superintendent of schools was appointed and an effort was made to bring these sporadic attempts for the education of the negro into something like an organized system. But nothing had as yet been accomplished in this direction when, in the summer of 1865, I made my visit to Richmond.

The educational condition of the South at the close of the war, then, may be thus summed up in a paragraph. The laws against negro schools had been abolished by emancipation and some negro schools had been established, but the feeling against the education of the negro dominated the South. When the protection of the army was withdrawn, the school-houses were in several instances burned and the school-teachers mobbed and driven away. When open violence was not practiced, the "nigger teachers" were ostracized. They generally found it difficult, often impossible, to secure board in reputable white families. Nor was this prejudice confined to the South. One of the early freedmen societies of the North was rent asunder by the unwillingness of a part of its members to co-operate in any movement looking to the education of the negro, though they were willing to provide him with food and clothing. The first legislative provision for the free education of the negroes that I have been able to find was in the District of Columbia, where the school tax on the colored population was appropriated for their schools. The introduction of a public school system for the whites met also at first with serious opposition from four sources: political opposition, upon the ground that it is not the function of a State to carry on the work of education; ecclesiastical opposition, on the ground that the State can furnish only secular education, and education should be religious; social opposition, not the less powerful because not clearly expressed, against any attempt to educate

the lower classes lest it should unfit them for their position; and, finally, economic opposition, based on the poverty of the South and its real or fancied inability to tax itself for school purposes. To these difficulties in the way of a new educational system were added the overthrow of the old educational system by the destruction of the school buildings, the loss of the school endowments, and the death in many instances of the best teachers and educational leaders.

Forty years have passed since then. To-day there is not a single Southern State which has not a public school system, nor a single State which does not provide for the education of both races on substantially equal terms. The effort has been made again and again to induce the South to divide the school taxes, appropriating those received from the negroes to the education of the negroes, those received from the whites to the education of the whites. Every time this proposition has been made it has been voted down. It is true that the negro schools are not as good as the white schools. This is partly because the negro teachers have not behind them that educational preparation that only inheritance can give; partly because a school is made by its pupils as well as by its teachers, and the pupils have no educational inheritance. But the fact remains that while Northern benevolence has sent tens of thousands of dollars into the South to educate the negroes, Southern patriotism has spent hundreds of thousands of dollars for the same purpose. This has been done voluntarily and without aid from the Federal Government. My experience leads me to the conviction that any person visiting any Southern community and asking to see the schools will be taken by his Southern host to schools for the negroes as well as to the schools for the whites, and will be shown the one with as much pride and pleasure as the other. I recall several such instances in my own experience. Notable among them is one in which I was taken by a Southern gentleman in Nashville to see its two great universities, Vanderbilt University for the whites, Fisk University for the negroes, both regarded with equal local

pride as the two great educational institutions of the city.

This pride is fully justified. Hampton Institute, created by the inspiring enthusiasm of General Armstrong, developed by the organizing genius of Dr. Frissell, is an industrial school which might well serve as a model for every State in the Union. Here a negro boy may come without a dollar in his pocket, may spend four years in preparation for life, may earn his own livelihood during those four years, and may go out equipped for a successful industry, unburdened by a debt and perhaps having accumulated a little capital. He spends the first year as a hand worker, paying for his food, lodging, and clothing by his industry and doing a little school work at night. He is able thus out of his wages to lay by money enough to carry him through the second year, when his apprentice work as a carpenter, or a mason, or a wagon-builder, or a blacksmith cannot be made remunerative. During the last two years his industry pays for the expenses of his livelihood while he is both learning his trade and acquiring the rudiments of a general education. Thus Hampton does for its pupils what the State does for its youth. The parents provide for the food, clothing, and shelter of their children; the State provides for their education; in Hampton the pupil is enabled to provide for his own food, clothing, and shelter, and Hampton gives him his tuition. The South contributes to making this result possible. There are more demands from the South for Hampton graduates than Hampton can supply. The doors to self-supporting industry are all open in the South to the trained negro. This is more than can be said for the North. One Hampton graduate, a skilled mason, coming to New York last year, found himself forbidden to do mason work because he was not a member of the Union, and forbidden to join the Union because he was a negro. Finally, as a special favor, he got a chance as a mason's assistant.

Out of Hampton has grown Tuskegee. Last spring this extraordinary product of American democracy celebrated its quarter centennial. Twenty-five years ago the State of Alabama—let the North-

ern reader note that it was the State of Alabama which called this institution into existence—appropriated two thousand dollars to start an industrial and normal institute for negroes, and sent to Hampton for a principal. Hampton responded to the request by sending Booker T. Washington, who began the school with a handful of pupils in what was little more than a shed. To-day the institution possesses twenty-three hundred acres of land, ninety buildings, over twelve hundred pupils, over one hundred and fifty teachers, an aggregate endowment, including its real estate, of over two millions in value; has sent out to serviceable life in the South six thousand men and women, two thousand of whom are engaged in teaching; and has produced, as the famous banyan-tree produces, a new tree by its roots—sixteen incorporated schools animated by its spirit and extending its work. President Eliot, in his address at the quarter-centenary of Tuskegee, said that it had acquired more in the first twenty-five years of its existence than Harvard acquired in its first two hundred years. In view of this statement, I do not think it is any exaggeration to affirm that no other country and no other epoch has ever seen so striking a growth of a single educational institution through almost wholly private benevolence, chiefly bestowed in moderate sums. In its genesis, its organization, its teaching force, the sources of its endowment, and the service which it has rendered, Tuskegee is a monument to democracy.

It is, however, not only nor chiefly in its initiation and maintenance of a public school system, nor in the special schools for the negroes, of which Hampton and Tuskegee are notable illustrations, that the educational progress of the South is seen; in its higher institutions of learning that progress is equally marked. I was asked to give a course of lectures last December in certain colleges in North and South Carolina. The mere fact that eight or ten colleges in these two States unite to secure each year one or more lecturers from outside the State, coming to them in succession, indicates a kind of educational enthusiasm which has not, so far as I know,

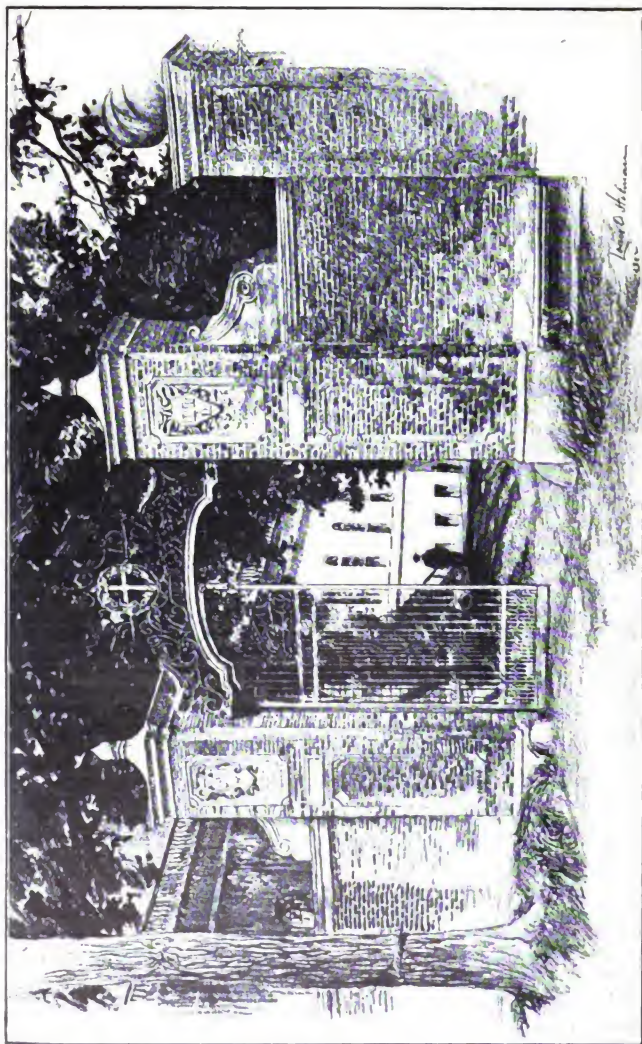
a parallel in the North. It is as if Yale and Trinity and Middletown and Smith and Amherst and Williams and Dartmouth and Worcester and Harvard should combine to bring over from England or Germany a lecturer to make a tour of these colleges and universities. I see no reason why they should not do so, but I do not remember that they have ever done so. This is what the colleges of North and South Carolina are doing. How numerous and prosperous these higher institutions of learning are in these two States may perhaps best be indicated by the following itinerary, though I place the institutions here in a little different order from that in which I visited them. At Chapel Hill, North Carolina, is the State University; ten miles from it, at Durham, is Trinity College; twenty-six miles east is Raleigh, where there is a girls' school for whites giving approximately a college education, and a school and university combined for negroes; sixteen miles east of Raleigh is Wake Forest, another successful college for whites; returning, fifty-five miles west of Durham is the State Normal School at Greensboro; four and a half hours' ride on the railway from Greensboro is an industrial and collegiate institute for girls at Rock Hill, South Carolina; four and a half hours from Rock Hill, at Spartanburg, are two colleges, one for boys and one for girls; sixty-two miles south from Spartanburg, at Calhoun, South Carolina, is an agricultural and mechanical college for men; and thirty-one miles north of Calhoun, at Greenville, are two collegiate institutes for girls.

I suppose all these colleges are poor. I never have known and never have heard of a college that was not poor. The more pupils, the more land, the more buildings, the more endowment it has, the poorer it is. This is a paradox which I will not stop to explain. But all these colleges and collegiate institutions have all the pupils that they can take care of, and most of them are turning pupils away. All have excellent faculties, all are doing admirable work, and the educational standard of them all is, so far as I could judge, of the best. It is certainly true that it is no longer

necessary (as by many Southerners it was thought to be before the war) for either Southern boy or Southern girl to go to the North to secure an education. It is probably true that no Southern university (unless Johns Hopkins be regarded as Southern) has yet established post-graduate courses which rival those of Harvard, Yale, Chicago, and Bryn Mawr. It is probably true, also, that there are certain specialties in undergraduate work in which Southern universities do not parallel the older universities of the North. But comparing the conditions as they existed in 1867 with the conditions as they exist in 1907, I think, if he is unprejudiced, the reader will agree that the comparison justifies my statement that the educational development of the South in the last forty years is without parallel in the educational history of the world.

Here this semi-reminiscent article might properly come to its close, but I cannot close it without a simple and brief recognition of the service which has been rendered by great educational leaders in the South, to whose energy, enthusiasm, and sacrifice this revolution in conditions is due. The Outlook has from time to time mentioned their service, and the story of their work need not therefore be repeated here, nor could it be even in outline. It must be enough to enter on this roll of honor the names of men too little known throughout the Nation, whose services as builders of their country overtops that of many men more trumpeted by fame: Dr. J. L. M. Curry, of Virginia; Chancellor Walter Barnard Hill, of Georgia; Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, President of the University of Virginia; Dr. Charles D. McIver, of North Carolina; Dr. John C. Kilgo, President of Trinity College, Durham, North Carolina; and, last but by no means the least, General Robert E. Lee, who, laying down the sword and taking up the pen, by the homage which he paid to popular education when he accepted the presidency of Washington and Lee University, set an example which has proved an inspiration, first to his own State, then to all the Southern States, and lastly and too tardily to the whole Nation.





THE JOHNSTON GATE, HARVARD UNIVERSITY

# THE COLLEGE CLOSE

BY GEORGE HODGES

*Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts*

ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN



GARGOYLE, THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK

WHEN a student from the Abbey School at Fountains went up to Oxford to the Cistercian College of St. Bernard—now St. John's—he found himself in the midst of familiar surroundings.

The College turned its back upon the town and shut itself in behind stone walls, like a monastery. Entrance was by the groined hallway of the dormitory between stout gates which were tight locked at night. The quadrangle within had the refectory on one side, the chapel on another, the library on the third. Out of the quadrangle, which was paved with stone, one passed by a further portal into an inclosed garden, where great trees threw their gentle shadows over pleasant lawns, and there were masses of flowers, and seats in shady places and in the corners of the vine-covered walls. The chapel bells rang the hours of prayer, and there were processions of surpliced persons with gleam-

ing hoods, and the organ accompanied the sound of chanting voices. It is true that there were lessons to get, and examinations to be undergone, and papers to be written, and books to be read; yet the life of the College, like its architecture, was essentially monastic. The ordered day of the student resembled the ordered day of the monk.

I suppose that, on the whole, it was a mighty pleasant day. There was a dignity about it which appealed to the romantic soul of youth. There was a strain of fascination in it which eludes our best attempts at expression, but is understood, after a fashion, even at this distance, by those who stand among the ancient buildings or sit under the old trees, and see young men come in and out in caps and gowns, and hear the anthem gently pervading the place like a sweet odor, at evensong. And human nature was the same then as now, and boys at college were boys at college, even under monastic regulations. Some of them were intending presently to be monks in good earnest, but that consideration did not seriously depress their spirits. Even monks in excellent standing were known to waken their drowsy neighbors in the course of the long, dark psalms of matins by holding a candle so that the hot, melted wax should drip down the back of the sleeper's neck. The young men at St. Bernard's no doubt did more amusing things than that.

It is true that some of the colleges at Oxford and Cambridge began as boarding-houses. That is, the heart of the college was a group of students dwelling under the same roof, studying out of the same book, and eating at the same table. Out of this association the college grew. In such a case the original college close was the back yard of the boarding house. But the dominant type, which determined both the architecture and the position of the academic buildings, was the monastery.

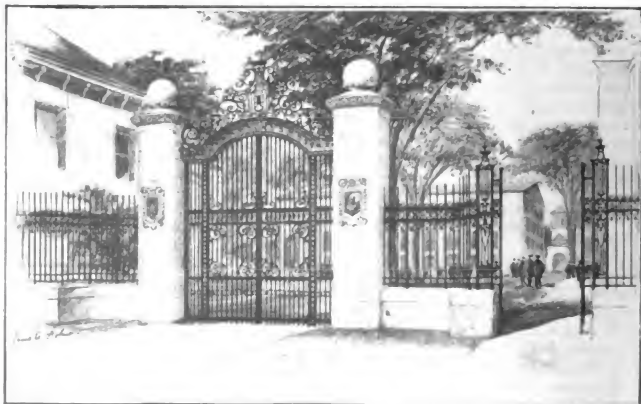
The close came from the cloister. And, coming from the cloister, it represented various ideas which the heads and founders of the colleges took over from the priors and abbots. One of these was the idea of community life, wherein men

should combine together in an intimate and profitable brotherhood. Another was the idea of seclusion from the world ; partly in order to get away from the world, but still more in order to deepen and enrich the privilege and intimacy of the life which was thus secluded. Of course there was also a strong sense of the kinship of learning with religion, in the conviction that study is best maintained and most likely to be fruitful when it is interspersed with prayer and praise. But all of these ideas met in the theory that the blessings of the college, like the blessings of the monastery, were in the fact of residence.

The main thing was to live there ; to spend a term of years in such a community, thus delightfully secluded, under the influences which flow from the companionship of devout and learned teachers and of fellow-students having kindred interests and purposes. If, in the course of such a residence, a student acquired a fair stock of useful information, and got a gentlemanly acquaintance with the Latin language, and improved his mind, so much to the good. But this was incidental. The supreme intention of the college was to cultivate a certain type of character, to train men to tell the truth, to be brave, to be courteous, and to understand each other. The

college course was a novitiate through which one passed into the society of educated men.

This is still suggested at Harvard, in the formulas which are used by the president in the conferring of degrees ; but at Oxford and Cambridge it is stated with much frankness. A Fellow of either of these universities will place the common-room on a level with the class-room, and put the college close between, in his definition of the college. And if you ask him what he as a Fellow is particularly for—*Ad quid venisti, Bernardus?*—and exactly what he does for a living, he will tell you with a cheerful countenance that the chief service which he renders to the university is the contribution of his personal presence. His business as a Fellow is to live in the college ; to read pleasant books in the intervals of irresponsible leisure ; now and then, if the spirit moves him, to write a book himself ; to dine in the hall ; and to sit under a shady tree in the college close. He has apparently as little to do with either teaching or learning as Jane Austen's parsons have to do with the work of the ministry. In this he modestly depreciates the activity of his academic service, but in the main he states the matter as it is. The college is an experience, and he is a part of the experience.



THE FARNHAM GATE AT YALE UNIVERSITY

For example, Mr. Benson, in his charming essays "From a College Window," speaking of the change from the life of a schoolmaster to that of a Fellow, and noting among his new possessions "my small and beautiful college, rich with all kinds of ancient and venerable traditions, in buildings of humble and subtle grace," and "the little dark-roofed chapel where I have a stall of my own; the galleried hall, with its armorial glass; the low, book-lined library; the paneled combination-room, with its dim portraits of old worthies," exclaims, "How sweet a setting for a quiet life!" "Then, too," he adds, "I have my own spacious room, with a peaceful outlook into a big close, half orchard, half garden, with bird-haunted thickets and immemorial trees, bounded by a slow river." This is from the chapter which is entitled "The Point of View," and it shows the place from which the point of view is taken—a still place, green as Eden, peaceful as the tops of the hills, unperturbed by the noise of the world, free from trivial interruption, sacred to study and serene meditation. A college is rendering a substantial service to the best welfare of a community when it provides such a place from which to observe the course of human life. Surroundings such as these make, it must be agreed, an appro-

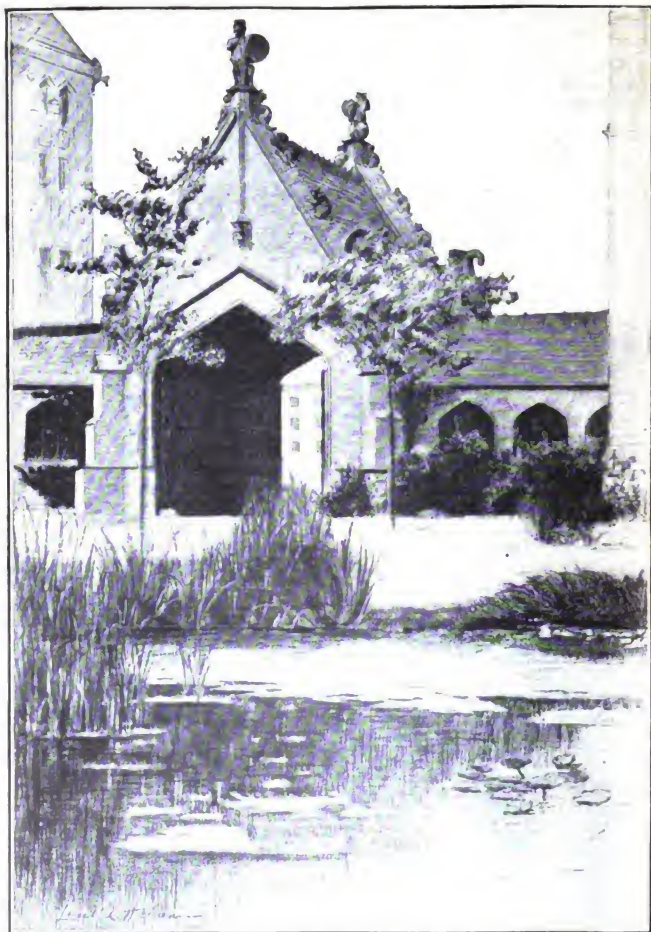
priate residence for wisdom and sane counsel.

The American college was first planted in the woods. The situation is graphically described in the memorial sentences over the stage in Sanders Theater, at Harvard—*Hic in silvestribus, et incultis locis*. A familiar picture of William and Mary College—next in age to the university at Cambridge—shows two cows grazing in the campus. The site in either case was rural to the last degree. But there was no close. There was no contrast between the green seclusion of the cloister and the dust and confusion of an outside world. On one side the forest, on the other side the field, touched the doors and windows of the academic buildings. Civilization then and long after had its symbol in an ax. The ancient ax, which the lictor bore before the magistrate at Rome, was again dominant in New England, but the lictor's bundle of rods had become a cord of wood. The thing to do with trees was to cut them down. The critical necessity was a "clearing." The time came, indeed, when the graduating class had a "tree day," or an "ivy day," and tried to get things to grow around the straight walls of the brick structures which Lowell called the "factories of the muses." But for many years the main reason for



THE FITZ-RANDOLPH GATE AT PRINCETON UNIVERSITY





THE HULL GATEWAY, UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

trees in the college yard was that nobody had as yet been enterprising or frugal enough to cut them down. The subtle difference between the words "shrubs"

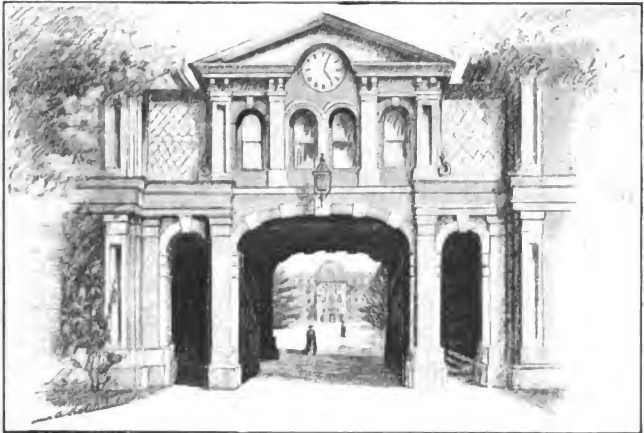
and "brush" illustrates the point of view.

And, anyhow, seclusion was felt to be undemocratic. The college was public

property. The State—*i. e.*, all-of-us—had helped to erect and maintain it, and all-of-us had therefore a good right to walk across the grounds, either on the grass or off, as we chose. There might be a mild form of fence, but it was for the boys to sit on, or to discourage the cows, not to keep us out.

Then the town grew and the college grew. And the town, as it increased, crowded about the college, until it simply had to be shut out, for the most obvious reasons. I remember hearing the late Mr. William E. Dodge speak of the

sented the considerable progress which had been made, let us say since 1852, when Harvard and Yale, on Lake Winnepesaukee, rowed their first race, and on the day before neither crew touched an oar for fear of blistering their hands. But many of the interruptions arose from the stress of conducting an institution of learning under difficult conditions. The rapid and perplexing increase in the number of students was a serious factor in the situation. Thus professors were attending meetings of committees when they ought to have been improving



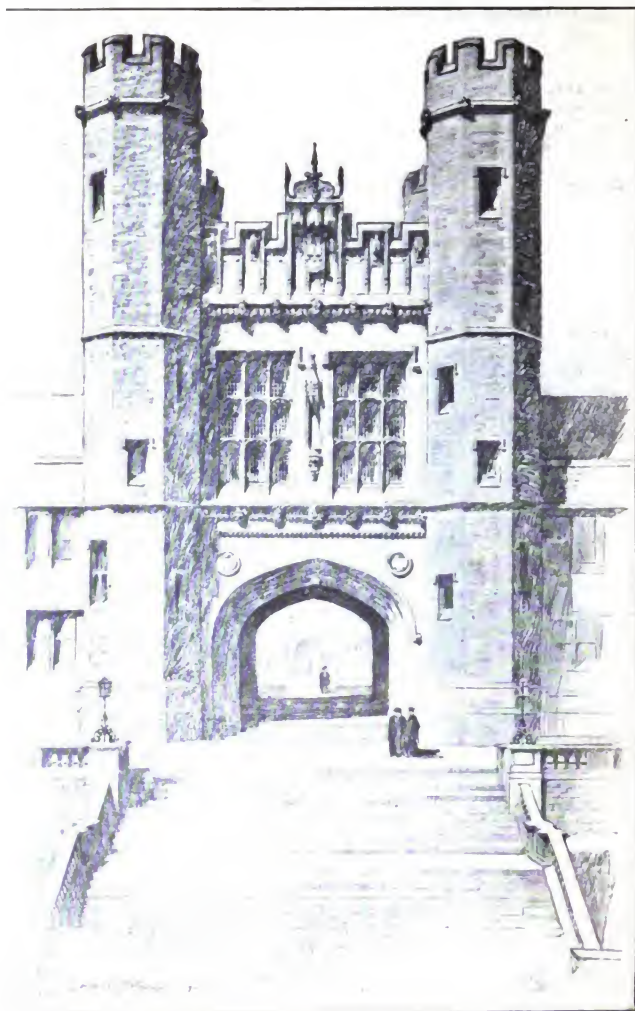
THE LODGE GATEWAY, VASSAR COLLEGE

Congress of Religions at the World's Fair as a prayer-meeting in the corner of a circus tent. If there is to be a prayer-meeting in the corner of a circus tent, it is well, for the sake of the souls of the faithful, to interpose some sort of barrier between the circus and the sanctuary. The college president felt the same way about the college in the lively town. When he went to England, he looked with envy at the college gates.

At the same time the college, as it grew, developed a confusion of its own, and provided for itself a whole new series of distractions. Some of these were connected with athletics, and repre-

their minds or refreshing their souls. And the students had so many engagements, in class-rooms and other places, that they had no leisure. The quiet of the place was invaded. The habit of reading for fun was gravely threatened with extinction. The characteristic life of the college, its peace, its tranquil hours, its cheerful yesterdays, its sweet friendships, its spaces for meditation—all this was impoverished.

Thus the need is felt of somehow bringing back the emphasis from activity to experience. How shall we continue to exalt the lecture and the recitation and the marking system and the stand



THE TOWER AND ARCHWAY OF UNIVERSITY  
HALL, WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

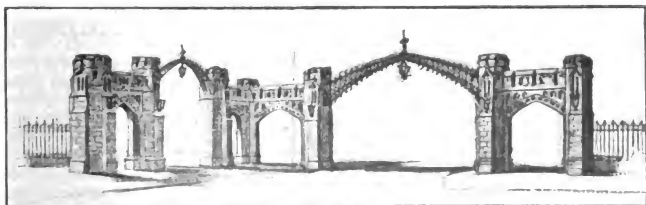
ards of scholarship, and yet do it in such a way as to keep the college life fine and rich and worth while? It is true that some of the buildings—the older ones—look, as Lowell said, like factories. How shall we keep them from being like factories within? How shall we hold the line true between the stress of work and that plain human tendency of which Emerson said, "Every man is as lazy as he dares to be"? For the idea of the college as eminently a place of residence is a theory whose practice is beset with perils. There is a pensive receptivity, indiscriminating and idle, which, while it makes the life of the college unendingly cheerful, does not render it sufficiently profitable. One remembers the enthusiastic young woman who wrote home from Venice, "Every afternoon I spend on the Grand Canal—drinking it all in!" That is, the educator has to deal with two classes of the scholastic population: with those who are disposed to work so hard at books or games that they have no time to live the life, and with those who are inclined to occupy themselves with drinking it all in.

It is this perplexity *which*, more or less consciously, is behind the new interest in the college close. It is for the solution of these academic problems that the college is turning its newest buildings with their backs to the street, and is erecting high barriers of iron palings and brick posts and imposing gates, and is surrounding itself with inclosed gardens. For the effect of all this is gently to invite men to seclusion, and the dignities of privilege, and the delights of quiet. So long as the dormitory is a tenement, men will live in the street: that is the way of the tenement. But when the

dormitory takes on an aspect of cultivated life, with lawns about it, and flowering shrubs under the windows, and clumps of chrysanthemums against the tall fence, and immemorial trees, these influences summon men with pipes and books to sit in the shade and talk and read and dream. These occupations are not amenable to ordinary rule; they cannot be rewarded with marks nor enforced by proctors. They go along with the college close.

Thus at Columbia, while one gets a wide view from the high stone steps at the crest of which the splendid library stands facing the contemporary world, one perceives quite another side of the university in the glimpses of green quadrangles seen through the doorways of vast academic halls. Thus the elms of Yale and the eucalyptus-trees of Stanford bring the breath of the woods to the open windows of the lecture-rooms. From the university grounds at Berkeley there is a view of the Golden Gate, opening into the Pacific. From the hill at Hamilton one looks out over miles of wooded fields and fertile farms. These are fitting sights to greet the eyes of the student as he looks up from the pages of a pleasant book. The hills stand about the colleges at Amherst and Williams and Mount Holyoke. At Wellesley and Vassar there are great reaches of lawns and woods and of shining water.

These surroundings minister to efficiency. They help the college to accomplish its distinctive purpose. They color and enrich and determine the quality of the college day. They are a part of that beautiful and uplifting though indefinable experience whose green and gleaming symbol is the college close.



PROPOSED GATE OF THE COLLEGE OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK



# FIVE GREAT GIFTS

BY DANIEL C. GILMAN

THE bounty of Mrs. Russell Sage, which has recently been widely discussed, suggests a study of several great gifts for the benefit of the Nation at large which have been made in recent years by wealthy Americans. These National gifts are worthy of perpetual remembrance for various reasons, especially because they reveal a new force in civilization which is likely to have still further development.

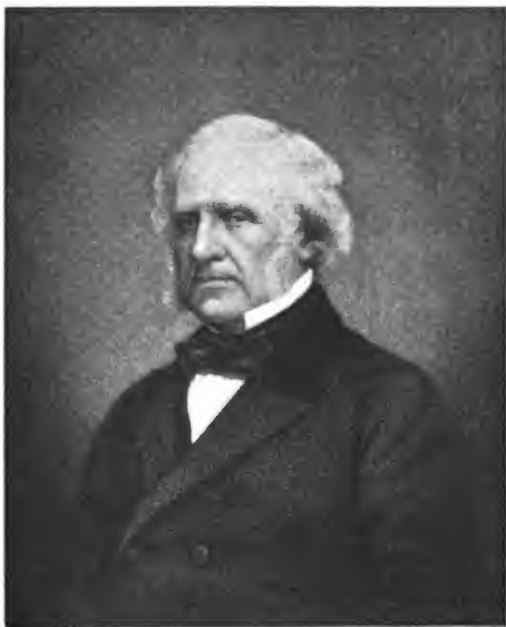
Omitting many minor and yet munificent donations, the list to which attention is here directed includes five benefactions which take the first rank among those which affect the entire country, North and South, East and West—those of Peabody, Slater, Carnegie, Rockefeller, and Sage. In every case the donor has made his gift without religious or ecclesiastical conditions. The few restrictions which are made are of the most general character, such as are not likely to embarrass the action of future managers, while the wishes of the founders are carefully protected. The unit of this bounty is a million of dollars, but this unit has been multiplied ten, twenty, and even thirty times. Perhaps the most noteworthy distinction is that in each case the scope is national, not provincial or local. The managers or trustees are selected partly from educational and partly from financial circles, and they are governed wholly by philanthropic motives and do not receive the slightest pecuniary recompense. They cannot be suspected of personal, sectional, political, or denominational prejudices.

Mr. George Peabody began this line of modern beneficence. Yet there were earlier givers—generous for their times and far-sighted—John Harvard and Elihu Yale in colonial days, and Count Rumford at a later period; and there have been in recent years multitudes of local benefactors of universities and colleges, museums, libraries, and hospitals. Buildings, professorships, and funds for the

purchase of books have always been favorite objects. The endowment of the Leland Stanford University in California and of the University of Chicago by John D. Rockefeller are magnificent examples of private bounty, and so is the munificence of Mr. Andrew Carnegie in Pittsburg. The Astors, James Lenox, and Samuel J. Tilden made possible the New York Public Library; Joseph E. Sheffield established the scientific department of Yale College, as O. F. Winchester founded near by the astronomical observatory. The two institutions which bear the name of Johns Hopkins, who gave them seven million dollars, belong to this series. The more recent gift of Mr. Phipps for the study of tuberculosis and the Wistar Institute of Anatomy in Philadelphia must also be mentioned, although their scope is not local, but general. Harvard University will soon receive a princely gift for the promotion of technical education. For the study of natural history Alexander Agassiz has already made most generous contributions to the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy. These are only illustrations of the far-sighted generosity of the rich men in America. A complete list is impossible within the space now at command.

The present selection of five great gifts has been made because of their influence upon education throughout the land, in the South as well as in the North.

The roll begins, as I have already said, with the name of George Peabody, pioneer of National beneficence. It is now nearly forty years since he died, and a new generation has grown up, to many of whom he is little more than a name. Born and bred in this country, a merchant and banker in Baltimore and Washington, Mr. Peabody, seventy years ago, founded a banker's house in London, and he continued to reside in that city until his death. During all this period he was generous, but his great



GEORGE PEABODY

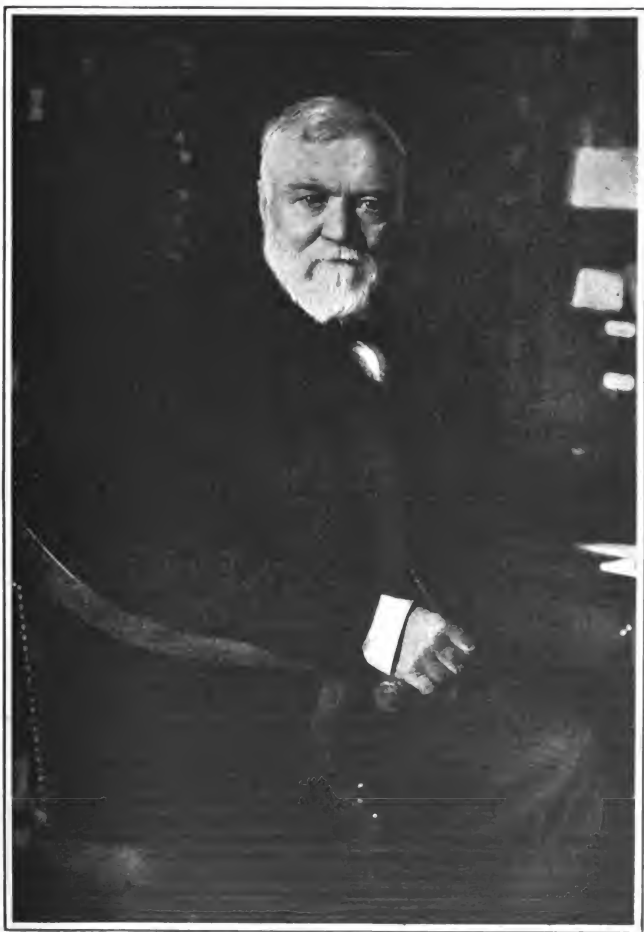
gifts were bestowed near the close of his life upon the city of London and upon his native land. In London he provided houses to be rented to respectable working people. In this country, besides many minor gifts to Harvard and Yale, to Salem and Danvers, he established the Peabody Education Fund, which has remained efficient until now in the promotion of public education in

the Southern States and in the maintenance of a Normal College in Nashville, Tennessee. The late Dr. J. L. M. Curry, who succeeded Dr. Barnas Sears as the General Agent of this fund, has written a very good account of its operations. The influence exerted by this agency throughout the States which were impoverished by the war cannot be calculated, and it is not strange that the name



FROM A PAINTING BY HUBERT HERRMANN

JOHN F. SLATER



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ANDREW CARNEGIE



PHOTOGRAPH BY MORRIS BURKE PARKINSON

HENRY S. PRITCHETT

of George Peabody is now revered from Baltimore to New Orleans. "It is a name to conjure with," said a Southern observer not very long ago.

After the death of Dr. Curry, Dr. Samuel A. Green, Secretary of the Board, acted as General Agent; and when he asked to be relieved of these duties, Professor Wickliffe Rose, of the Peabody Normal College, was chosen General Agent in his stead. He has just entered upon the duties of his office. The problem before the Board now is the permanent endowment of the Peabody Normal College in Nashville and the further distribution of the Peabody Fund.

The indirect influences of Mr. Peabody are almost as great as the direct, and are especially noteworthy in three subsequent gifts—those of John F. Slater, Johns Hopkins, and Enoch Pratt. Thus, the library which Peabody founded in Baltimore for the use of scholars led Enoch Pratt to establish in the same city what may be termed a collateral

library for the circulation of books among the people. So again, the munificent foundations of Johns Hopkins for a university and for a hospital are the fruit of Mr. Peabody's example. Mr. John W. Garrett has left on record an interesting account of a dinner to which he invited Mr. Peabody and Mr. Hopkins, and has recorded, with Boswellian detail, the conversation which then took place, led by Mr. Peabody, who emphasized the pleasure of giving as transcending the pleasure of making money.

After some introductory remarks, in which he described the formation of a board of trustees to carry out one of his great purposes, Mr. Peabody added: "The trust was accepted, and I then for the first time felt there was a higher pleasure and a greater happiness than accumulat-

ing money, and that was derived from giving it for good and humane purposes; and so I have gone on, and from that day realized, with increasing enjoyment, the pleasure of arranging for the greatest practicable good for those who would need my means to aid their well-being, progress, and happiness."

Mr. John F. Slater, in establishing his fund for the promotion of education among the freedmen, openly acknowledged the impulse he had received from Mr. Peabody. This gentleman, a resident of Norwich, Connecticut, was a nephew of Samuel Slater, of Rhode Island, who introduced into this country from England the art of cotton-spinning. Having acquired a large fortune, he gave to trustees, towards the end of his life, one million dollars, the income of which was to be expended in the promotion of normal and industrial education among the freedmen. This fund has yielded sixty thousand dollars a year, which has been employed in the methods appointed

by the founder, and the financial management of it has been so good that, notwithstanding the general depreciation of securities, the income is now quite as much as it was originally. The treasurer of this fund is Mr. Morris K. Jesup, of New York, whose services in the American Museum of Natural History and in the Chamber of Commerce are well known; and to him, in large measure, is due the admirable pecuniary management of the fund.

The foundations of Mr. Peabody and Mr. Slater had been for years in successful operation, when Mr. John D. Rockefeller, founder of the University of Chicago, gave a further impulse to National education by contributions to the General Education Board, instituted at his suggestion in the city of New York, and including among its members Robert C. Ogden, Frederick T. Gates, George F. Peabody, Walter H. Page, Albert Shaw, Starr J. Murphy, and John D. Rockefeller, Jr. His original endowment has lately been augmented by the great sum of thirty-two million dollars to be expended in the encouragement of higher education in any part of the country. The trustees have already begun the study of this new problem, and have given a preliminary indication of possible proceedings by large gifts to Yale and Princeton. The trustees of this fund are most of them New Yorkers, but there are several from a distance, including President Andrews, of Nebraska, and Mr. Hugh H. Hanna, of Indianapolis. Dr. Wallace Buttrick is the General Agent of this board, and a more competent administrator it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find.

Next upon the list of selected names comes that of Andrew Carnegie. The country, a short time ago, was enlightened



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WALLACE BUTTRICK

by the celebration of his bounty in Pittsburgh, his former home, where the sum of twenty-three million dollars has been provided by him for the maintenance of a library, museum, and technical school. His numerous foundations of libraries in the city of New York and elsewhere are familiar to every one. But these foundations should not obscure two other gifts of his, the influence of which is not local, but National. One of them is the Carnegie Institution of Washington, to which he gave ten million dollars for the purpose of promoting research in any department of human learning. The work of research goes on silently during long periods of time and its processes cannot be made popular, so that the public, always clamorous for results, needs to cultivate the grace of patience. Most of its appropriations have been in the domain of natural science. Perhaps the most noteworthy of them all is the establishment of the Solar Observatory in Southern California. The biological



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MRS. RUSSELL SAGE

laboratories on the shore of Long Island and at the Dry Tortugas, and the Desert Botanical Laboratory in Arizona, are further illustrations of its scope. So likewise is the study of terrestrial magnetism by observations made, and to be made, on the Pacific Ocean. But linguistic science, as well as natural science, is included, and a generous appropriation has been allotted for the preparation of a Chaucer Lexicon, which will throw much light upon the early history of the English language; and another generous sum, though much less in amount, has been set apart for the critical study, by a competent scholar, of Browning's "Ring and the Book," and of its historical allusions.

A second of Mr. Carnegie's gifts of National importance is a foundation for the advancement of teaching, especially in colleges and universities. The State universities have not been included in the operations of this fund. Teachers in other higher institutions of learning may receive pensions, upon certain conditions, as a recognition of their long-continued and beneficent services to education and science.

The last of the five benefactions to which we have referred is that of Mrs. Russell Sage. The fund which she gives is ten million dollars, and she has stated informally that her object is "the improvement of social and living conditions in the United States. The means to that end will include research, publication, education, the establishment and maintenance of charitable and beneficial activities, agencies, and institutions, and the aid of any such activities, agencies, and institutions already established. It will be within the scope of such a foundation to investigate and study the causes of adverse social conditions, including ignorance, poverty, and vice, to suggest how these conditions can be remedied or ameliorated, and to put in operation any appropriate means to that end." The methods adopted by her trustees will soon be made public. A preliminary meeting for organization has already been held, and Mr. John M. Glenn, of Baltimore, a gentleman of wide experience and peculiar fitness for the work, has been chosen the secretary or general agent.

Here ends this chapter from the



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JOHN GLENN

The executive officer of the Russell Sage Foundation Fund





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JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

book of Genesis—the genesis of certain great benefactions to National education.

And now, as this manuscript is passing to the printer, comes the announcement of a gift of one million dollars from Miss Anna T. Jeanes, of Philadelphia, the income of which is to be applied toward the maintenance and assistance of elementary schools for negroes in the Southern States.

This review was not intended to be a complete statement of the work of these great foundations. It was meant to arrest attention to the influence of good examples. Almost if not quite all of these foundations have been based on principles that were designated by Mr. Peabody. To the present writer it has always been a matter of curiosity to dis-

cover who was the author of the instruments by which Mr. Peabody completed his endowments. It is his belief that much is due to the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston, whose wise counsels, unusual foresight, and remarkable gifts of expression are shown in all the provisions laid down by Mr. Peabody. He was an admirable ally of that great benefactor.

Freedom from political and ecclesiastical control, large liberty of action as to the methods to be employed, and confidence in the integrity, wisdom, and experience of the men selected to be trustees are among the chief characteristics, first, of Mr. Peabody's gifts, and then of all that have followed in their train.



## FREE-FOOT

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

Purple thistles grow  
In a ragged row.  
"Give you greeting, comrades!" I  
Hail them as I go.

Up and up I climb,  
Crushing mint and thyme—  
Weaving earth and air and sky  
Into rough-cast rhyme.

On the rocky crest  
Where the wild hawks nest,  
Deep surf-whispers from tall pines  
Lull my soul to rest.

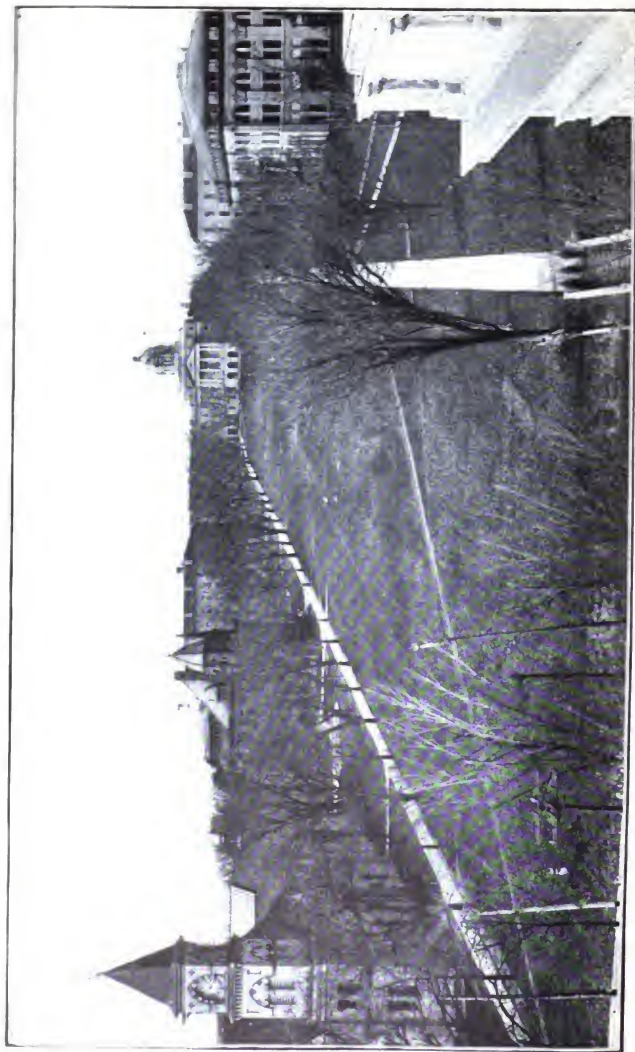
Long ago my feet  
Left the hard-worn street,—  
Left the road for wander-ways,  
And I find them sweet.

Since these days began,  
I—a landless man—  
Count me kin to bird and deer  
And the squirrel clan.

Paths begin—ascend—  
Go a mile—to end.  
Streets have curb and paving-stone:  
I've no street for friend!

Where's a highroad found  
Clear of mark or bound?  
*Mine* goes freely on and on,  
For the world is round.

Knapsack all my load—  
Green boughs for abode—  
I, who win the wander-ways,  
Grudge no man the road!



UPPER CAMPUS, UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

From left to right: Assembly Hall, Law Building, South Hall, University Hall, North Hall, and Engineering Building

# A UNIVERSITY IN PUBLIC LIFE

BY WILLIAM HARD

"A UNIVERSITY is a place filled with the skeletons of the past and the wings of the future."

There is some splendid as well as some ironic truth in this. Yet it is not complete. Some people have thought that a university might on occasion be concerned not only with the past and the future, but even with the present.

In the little town of Madison, in the State of Wisconsin, there is a university which seems to know as much about the year 1907 as about any other year whatsoever, past or to come.

Madison is a strange place. Situated on a lovely, narrow, hilly isthmus between two beautiful lakes, it is encompassed with the soft scenery of central England, and, if it had been conquered by the white race a thousand years ago, would have had its cathedral, and in return would have given its name to a diocese of enchanted lakes, holy hills, and haunted woods. Yet, with all its Old World look, it is still one of the most modern of modern towns, enacting in its State House those progressive, those venturesome, laws which make Wisconsin, in a way, the experimental laboratory of America.

A strange place! One of the remotest from the world and one of the closest to it! There are no houses less shaken with the puffy little winds of inconsequential contemporary struggles than some of those on Langdon Street. And Professor Babcock, in his little house on Henry Street, after having enriched the world to the extent of untold millions of dollars by the invention of his milk-testing machine, from which he was too busy to derive a cent of profit, still continues to pursue his researches into the constitution of matter, profoundly unaffected by changes of dynasty in the State House, a mile from his door.



Yes, Madison contains all the skeletons of the past and all the wings of the future that could be reasonably apportioned to any one university town. Yet, as the visitor allows himself to repose at ease amid manuscripts and test-tubes and aged trees and all the other accessories of academic seclusion, he unwarily raises his head

and beholds, crossing the campus, a most learned professor of political economy, who, besides being able to understand Boehm-Bawerk and the positive theory of capital (an accomplishment obviously appropriate to a man in his position), is also capable of being a member of the Wisconsin State Railroad Commission and is in the unacademic habit of deciding what rates shall be charged by the Chicago and Northwestern Railway for a return trip between Milwaukee and Janesville.

The sight of this professor is somewhat disconcerting. It arouses the visitor at once from the depths of scholastic retirement and restores him instantaneously to the land of overcapitalization, freight tariffs, Harriman, Roosevelt's successor, what-shall-we-do-with-the-Constitution-now-that-we-don't-use-it-as-a-rule-of-government, is-LaFollette-a-patriot-or-a-scoundrel, and all the other happy, urgent questions on the surface of current history.

It is a strange place! If one should wish to know the remote, the inaccessible history of the early period of western America, one must apply, above all others, to Professor Turner, of the Department of History, and to the wonderful Draper documents which they *do* say Professor Draper sometimes forgot to restore to their proper owners.

Yet if one should wish to know what is happening in the public life of Wisconsin to-day, one must apply to Charles



CHARLES R. VAN HISE  
President of the University of Wisconsin

McCarthy, lecturer in political science, doctor of philosophy, and winner of the Justin Winsor historical prize against competitors from all sections of the United States.

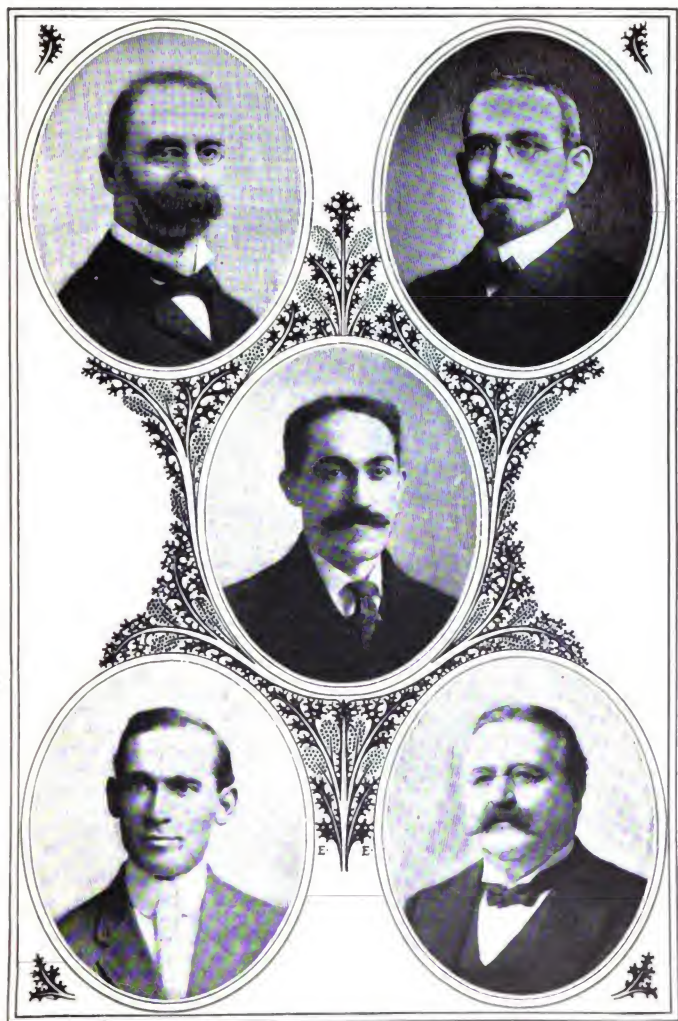
Dr. McCarthy has two spheres of influence. One is on University Hill. The other is in the State House. On University Hill he influences the development of political science. In the State House he influences the development of scientific politics.

Yet politics is the wrong word. Dr. McCarthy is not in politics at all. He is not interested in elections. He is simply the head of the Legislative Department of the Legislature of Wisconsin, with Margaret Schaffner, also of the Department of Political Science, for an assistant. He is the official lobbyist of the people of Wisconsin. It is his duty to provide the Legislature with all possible information on

all possible legislative subjects. And he does it non-partisanly, modestly, comprehensively, with a large staff of assistants and with a complete disregard of the words "Republican" or "Democrat," "Stalwart" or "Half-breed."

Most of the new laws of the State of Wisconsin are put into shape in Dr. McCarthy's office. It is pretty nearly impossible to get a "joker" into them to-day. Dr. McCarthy stands on guard. And even the Socialists trust him (and than this there could be no more complete vindication of character), because he has no political ambitions of his own, and because his sole desire is to have the laws of Wisconsin based on ascertained, indubitable facts.

Dr. McCarthy's only power is the adage, "Great is the truth and it will prevail." He provides the truth and the Legislature does the rest. His duty ends with the academic task of estab-



STEPHEN M. BABCOCK

THOMAS S. ADAMS

CHARLES MCCARTHY

BALTHASAR H. MEYER

ALEXANDER S. ALEXANDER



HARRY L. RUSSELL  
Professor of Bacteriology

lishing the facts. And what could be more appropriately academic than a duty of that kind? Dr. McCarthy happily combines the privileges of a scholar with the obligations of a citizen.

The professor who makes the railway rates between Milwaukee and Janesville and the instructor who feeds facts to the Legislature do not feel lonely amid their brethren of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. There are altogether some twenty-five or thirty professors and instructors in the University who are likewise officials of the State Government.

Like Dr. McCarthy, these professors and instructors are not in politics. They do not carry precincts. They do not deliver delegates. They simply provide the State of Wisconsin with the technical knowledge and the professional advice which, of all places, a university is best fitted to furnish.

Of course the opposition (which at present is the Democratic party) is occasionally obliged to raise a formal and perfunctory objection to this extraordinary species of university extension.

A Democratic newspaper not long ago referred in admirably heated language to the dastardly and rapacious conduct of a professor of engineering who was not content with drawing a salary from the University, but who also insisted on drawing one from the State Tax Commission.

An investigation revealed the fact that this professorial pirate was indeed grasping at two sources of income at the same time. One of them (that from the University) yielded him seven hundred dollars a year, and the other (that from the Tax Commission) brought him in the yearly sum of one thousand five hundred. It was perfectly clear that the two salaries had been so harmonized as to constitute one salary of twenty-two hundred dollars a year, which, as everybody knows, is quite enough for an extremely learned man who doesn't know any better.

The rule applied to the professor who figured in this case is the rule which is applied to all professors in similar cases. When they enter the service of the State, they forfeit a proportional amount of their income from the University. Their motive, therefore, can never sink very low, and they can never hope to astonish the country with any specimen of that almost hopelessly rare animal, the overpaid scholar.

The kind of service rendered to the State of Wisconsin by the scholars of its University is well illustrated by the history of the work of the Tax Commission.

Wisconsin is one of the few States in the Union which have made a complete valuation of the property of their railways, and which can therefore make some kind of close approximation at just how much these railways ought to earn in dividends and at just how much they ought to pay in taxes.

A large part of the technical skill required for the making of such a valuation was furnished in Wisconsin by Professor William Dana Taylor. The swish of his academic gown has now died away in the public halls of the State of Wisconsin, but he has already acquired a cloud of successors.

Professor W. D. Pence, Professor J. G. D. Mack, Professor H. J. B. Thor-



kelson, Mr. L. D. Williams, and Mr. J. D. Van Zandt, all of the University of Wisconsin, are now all of them employed in giving technical assistance to the State Tax Commission in the ascertainment of railway values.

Meanwhile, in a branch of taxation distinct from the railway question, Professor Skinner has long been a part of the machinery of the Tax Commission, and Thomas Sewall Adams, Assistant Professor of Political Economy, is continuously at work on the real, as distinguished from the assessed, value of Wisconsin property.

Professor Adams also applies himself with particular affection to that rather dreary subject (except to those who own real estate), the taxation of mortgages. And he does this not only for the intellectual instruction of his fellow-economists in Germany, but also for the financial welfare of the Wisconsin State treasury.

It is largely owing to the labors of these gentlemen that taxation in Wisconsin has almost ceased to be a guessing contest (complicated by campaign contributions and the election returns), and has almost become a department of the science of mathematics.

It is clear that the State of Wisconsin does not maintain its University simply for show or simply for the improvement of the minds of its young boys and girls. Here are eight professors and instructors, already mentioned, whom it has impressed into service for the one purpose of establishing its taxation system on a scientific basis.

But the State is not yet satisfied. If you go to Madison in the summer time, you will see a strange thing. You will see some twenty or thirty members of the Department of Political Economy (instructors, graduates, special students, and so on), all busily engaged in making laborious and intricate investigations for the same Tax Commission which is served by their leader, Professor Adams.

The idea seems to be that they would make investigations anyway in order to become political economists, and that they might as well do it in the service and for the benefit of the State. Thus two birds are slaughtered simultaneously.

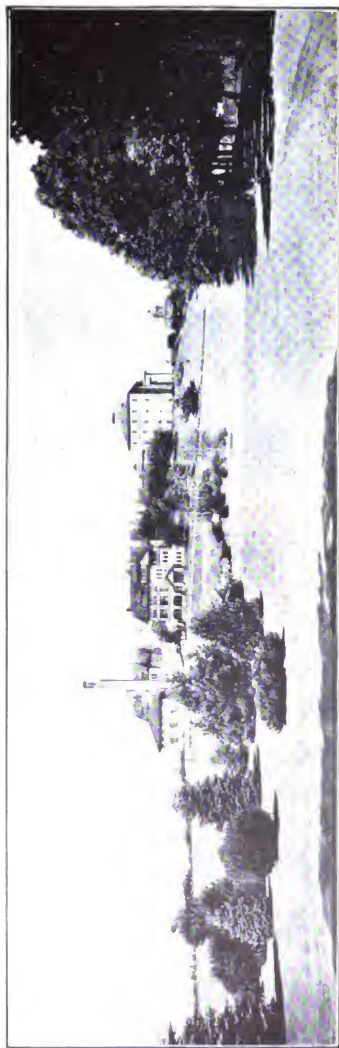


SAMUEL E. SPARLING  
Assistant Professor of Political Science

It is an ingenious idea, and it lends itself to many variations. For instance: The young people of the State of Wisconsin, when they go to the University, are offered the opportunity of studying Political Science. Now what better way could there be of training a man to teach Political Science to the young people of Wisconsin than by allowing him to learn something about it? Why, therefore, should not Samuel Edwin Sparling, Assistant Professor of Political Science, be allowed to act as Chairman of the State Civil Service Commission?

In answer to these questions (perhaps), and certainly because of his own admirable personal qualifications, Professor Sparling does act as Chairman of the Civil Service Commission of the State of Wisconsin. There could be no stronger guarantee of the removal of the civil service list from political influence. And the consequences are as desirable for the University as for the State. It is probable that the young men and women who study in Professor Sparling's classes are able to detect the connection between the Political Science of the campus and





AGRICULTURE AND DAIRY BUILDING

the actual public life of the outside world.

And there is still another effect. The close connection between the State and the University has produced in the University a profound and a moving loyalty to the State.

It is true that the State is not always as grateful or as generous as a private patron. Professor Taylor, whose disappearance from the public life of Wisconsin has already been noted, was worth some three thousand dollars a year to the State. He seems to be worth several times that sum to the Chicago and Alton Railway.

In other words, the State of Wisconsin, like most other States, allows its servants ample opportunity for the development of the virtue of disinterestedness. And it is surprising how often that virtue is developed.

In the Department of Geology there is a young instructor named Hotchkiss. Mr. Hotchkiss may be presumed to be deeply concerned about paleozoic remains or else about some other kind, but he has also acquired a deep concern about good roads. Anybody who has compared the cost of hauling farm products from the field to the nearest railway station with the cost of hauling those same products two hundred miles to market on rails will appreciate the importance of the subject of good roads to a State like Wisconsin.

Mr. Hotchkiss read about good roads. He traveled all over the State observing and experimenting with an eye to the practical construction of good roads. He came back to the University and wrote a bulletin about good roads. He offered a correspondence course on good roads. He wrote letters to State legislators on the history and advisability of good roads. He is now appearing before legislative committees and talking about good roads. And the improvement of the ways of communication in the country districts of Wisconsin will



DAIRY, HORSE AND CATTLE FARMS

always bear the marks of the work of Mr. Hotchkiss, Instructor in Geology.

This little simple case illustrates the principle of the matter even better than the more prominent cases of men like Civil Service Commissioner Sparling and Railroad Commissioner Meyer. Why should not the technical knowledge of the university man be used directly by the present generation as well as indirectly, and often inadequately, by the young people who will form the next generation? Professor Alexander Septimus Alexander is as much interested in good stallions as Mr. Hotchkiss is in good roads. Through his efforts and because of a law passed at his instance the Department of Horse Breeding now supervises the propagation of horses in Wisconsin, and it will not be long before all diseased and improper stallions are eliminated from the Wisconsin fields.

All the way from civil service to stallions, from stallions to railway taxation, from railway taxation to good roads, the University influence runs. Its twists and turns lead the visitor into every nook and corner of the life of the State.

The University lecturer on forestry, Mr. Edward Marriam Griffith, is the official forester of the State Government. Professor Richard Fischer is the official chemist of the State Dairy and Food Commission. Professor Turneure and Professor Leonard Sewall Smith are Aldermen in the City Council of Madison. Mr. Huels, an instructor in engineering, is a gas and electric light expert of the city of Madison. Professor Smith, the Alderman, also serves the State Legislature as an expert on water power, and has written the authoritative report on which will be based the future public development of the wonderful water-power possibilities of the State of Wisconsin.

The whole system is strikingly reasonable. Who is likely to know more about horses than the Professor



ASSEMBLY HALL

of Veterinary Science, and therefore why should not Professor Alexander license all the stallions in Wisconsin through his department of horse-breeding and take charge of the official improvement of horse-flesh throughout the State? And why should not Professor Russell, since he already is a professor and an expert in bacteriology, manage the State Hygienic

666

Laboratory (which is a kind of State health department) and keep it in one of the University buildings, with Dr. Fuller, of the University, assisting him? And why should not Professor Russell also serve on the State Live Stock Sanitary Board, ridding the State of tubercular cattle while at the same time he is pursuing his bacteriological experiments?

It is all a matter of two birds and one stone. Or perhaps it is even a matter of three birds. The people of Wisconsin not only get Professor Russell's services as both a theoretical investigator and a practical administrator, but they send him back to his students with that heightened inspiration which comes to a teacher as the result of an actual, personal contact with public affairs.

We have grown somewhat accustomed to the spectacle of the professor in public life. We have seen Hollander go from Johns Hopkins to the treasurership of Porto Rico. We have seen Schurman go from Cornell, and Moses from the University of California, to the Philippine Commission. We have seen Merriam, of the University of Chicago, sitting in the Chicago Charter Convention. These men, and many others, have borne, and are bearing, their part of the public burden of to-day. The professors and the instructors of the University of Wisconsin are not singular. But their opportunities have been particularly large because of the particularly rapid progress made during recent years by the people of the State of Wisconsin in the direction of political and economic change.

The influence of the University on this era of progress has been at the same time stimulating and steadying. The University has not been in politics. It has simply furnished facts. And facts are stimulating and steadying both.

A few months ago the Railroad Commission of the State of Wisconsin handed down a decision under which the passenger rates to be charged by the three principal railways of Wisconsin were reduced from three to two and a half cents a mile.

This action was taken at a time when many Western States were reducing passenger rates all the way down to two cents, more out of petulance than out of conviction. The railways were vaguely rich and specifically and undeniably wicked. What more natural, then, than to curtail their income? A two-cent rate would certainly displease them and it would certainly show the people that the Legislature was their friend. And if the law should be thrown out by the courts

on the ground that it deprived the railways of a just return on their investment, that event would only show that judges were less popular than legislators.

In the midst of this riot of emotion the Wisconsin Commission issued its order. It applied to only three railways. And it stopped at two cents and a half. And Wisconsin is the most "radical" State in America. There was just one thing to be said, however, for the Wisconsin decision. It will stick!

A very high official of the Chicago and Northwestern Railway (one of the railways affected) was discussing the decision a few days after it was handed down.

"Appeal from it?" he said. "What's the use? That decision was not only a decision but a complete argument. It contained all the facts. It was wonderful. All that a judge would do would be to read it. There is no more evidence to be introduced. It is all there. That decision is one of the most marvelous pieces of railroad accounting that we railroad men have ever seen. No, we'll let it alone."

Professor Balthasar Henry Meyer deserves only one-third of the credit for this splendid administrative performance. His two colleagues are his peers. But they are not more than his peers. Professor Meyer has taken part, and is continuing to take part, in the work of a governmental body which is making political and economic history in America.

How much this means to his own development as an economist! How much it means to his State! How much to his University! How much to his pupils!

Neither Professor Meyer nor any other professor or instructor who has been mentioned is in politics. All of them and many others who have not been mentioned are in public life, or, to put it more broadly, in the common life of their fellow-citizens. They give their fellow-citizens as well as their pupils the benefit of their non-partisan, technical knowledge. The University of Wisconsin has become a kind of "consulting engineer" in the public life of the State of Wisconsin.



PHOTOGRAPH BY HOLLINGER & CO.

DR. H. B. FRISSELL  
Principal of Hampton Institute

## *HAMPTON INSTITUTE*

**T**HE Outlook in the following pages invites the reader to see Hampton itself and some of the fruits of its work rather than to listen to any descriptive account of the institution or any recital of dates and statistics. The photographs which we reproduce are pictures of actual scenes on the school grounds and are selected from a much larger collection which will be sent, with other statistical and personal information, on application to Miss J. E. Davis, Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia. The three papers by Messrs. Richards, Green, and Randall were delivered at the annual Anniversary Exercises last May, and form a striking exhibit of the actual product of Hampton in men who can do useful things, think clearly about them, and express their thoughts in excellent and readable English. In our judgment, these three papers are worth publication, not merely as samples of Hampton work, but on account of their own intrinsic human interest. How many "Commencement Orations" chosen from programmes of the great literary universities could be published in the same way? The fact is that Hampton is not only furnishing its Negro and Indian students with the best sort of practical education, but is teaching the entire country a very much

needed lesson as well. It is quietly demonstrating in actual life the truth that industrial education and intellectual education are not only harmonious, but are absolutely essential one to the other. No man can think rightly about things unless he knows how to do those things; nor can he do them without having learned to think rightly about them. The man who knows by actual experience something about plants, soil properties, rotation of crops, irrigation, animal husbandry, vegetable gardening, and fruit-growing will get clearer ideas and a keener interest from the study of history, civics, and political economy. The man who has learned how geometry and mathematical formulae apply to the work of the blacksmith, the mason, and the carpenter, or how the principles of industrial chemistry are essential to the trade of the painter and the textile worker, develops a capacity to appreciate the splendors and absorbing interest of book-learning that the mere book-learner can never have. General Armstrong, the noble founder of the institution, desired that Hampton should stand "pre-eminently for the idea of labor as a moral and educative force." His purpose—possibly his single purpose—was to instill this idea into the negro race. There is some hopeful indication that his purpose was greater than he himself knew it to be. For it begins to appear that, through the influence of Hampton and the institutions, white and black, which have sprung up under its example, this idea has been instilled more and more into the white race. Industrial education is a term very widely misunderstood. Too many people have thought that it was going to make plodders of us all—mere plane-pushers, mortar-mixers, anvil-pounders. Hampton Institute is practically disproving this. The right kind of industrial education ought to give and does give a man a keener enjoyment of all the beauty of literature, history, art, and music. It enables him, to be sure, to push a plane and lay a stone in mortar, but also to appreciate more profoundly the work of Giotto, Brunelleschi, and Sir Christopher Wren; it enables him to hold a plow to its furrow, and thereby the more to enjoy the paintings of François Millet, the discoveries of Faraday, the poems of Virgil and Theocritus.

These words introducing the reader to Hampton Institute would be incomplete without at least the mention of the two men who, in the spirit of its founder, General Armstrong, have, with greater burdens and in the face of greater obstacles than the public can ever know, brought the Institute to its present state of efficiency and achievement. These two men are Dr. H. B. Frissell, Principal of the Institute, and Mr. Robert C. Ogden, President of the Board of Trustees. The modesty and calmness with which they do their work have kept the general public less informed about them than it sometimes is about men much more talked about but much less deserving. Those Americans, however, who have given time and attention to the educational problems of the country know what Dr. Frissell and Mr. Ogden have accomplished, and place their names very high in the list of American patriots.—THE EDITORS.

## I.—LEARNING BY UNDOING

BY T. E. RICHARDS, JR.

Learning by doing is one of the great ideals of Hampton Institute which has done much toward the creating of her name and fame. But while learning by doing has made her famous, let me also say that many of her students learn by undoing. Such has been my case.

In the Caribbean Sea, not far from the shores of Cuba, lies an island which is

called the gem of the West Indies. Its climate, luxuriant vegetation, and winding rivers make the island appear to the American tourist like a paradise, while the native, overcome by its balmy air and refreshing sunlight, remains in lazy contentment. He sees no reason why he should exert himself, when nature offers everything freely without struggle, or worry. Again, the effects of the caste



system check his progress. From the time that the English took charge of the island, and even under Spanish rule, old birth and class distinctions were transplanted, and since then have taken deep root in the minds and hearts of the natives, so that the island has reached that unfortunate state which exists in every country when the working class is insufficient to support the aristocracy, and when there is no appreciation whatever for common work. England, on the other hand, being more progressive, has gradually shaken off these traditions and become more like America in democratic ideas. A man in Jamaica having three or more acres of land planted with bananas can safely call himself a country gentleman. My father, being fortunate enough to have a banana cultivation and some money, was looked upon as the country gentleman just mentioned. On this account we were not expected to do anything that servants should do. I spent most of my time keeping my father's books and doing such work as became my rank. Of course the rest was spent in school. Since my stay at Hampton I have often thought of the appearance I used to make with a little negro boy behind carrying my parcels, and many times I have thought what a fool I was.

My relatives, in talking to one of their American friends who was in sympathy with the island and its future, had gotten a glimpse of Hampton's ideas. They were shown how labor was uplifting, and how the Americans were succeeding because they believed this, and because everybody worked. After many months of discussion they were convinced, and Mr. E. B. Hopkins, the friend, made them part from me in order that I should see as the Americans saw.

Early in the spring of 1902 two of us arrived at the school's gate. We were surprised in not seeing a student taking recess, for it was eight o'clock, or recess time. We waited and waited, yet there was no baggageman in sight. Finally, a passing student pointed out a wheelbarrow to us and told us to take our baggage to the office. My partner looked at me and I at him, each being unable to break the dead silence. We finally decided to take our trunks to the office,

as there was no one else to do it. All this time we were wondering what kind of an American college this was, not to have a baggageman. We soon found, however, that we were both baggagemen.

We were now assigned to our different rooms, and after a day of hard and curious investigation we separated for the night, thinking that the matron would call us in time for breakfast, so as to allow her to clean the room without disturbing us. Next morning I awoke about seven or eight, and, not seeing the matron, I asked for her. My speech was not easily understood by my mates, who thought I said, "Who cleans up?" At that moment they showed me the dust-pans and brushes of the room, one of them using the broom very cleverly as he explained matters to me.

Next Monday I reported to the greenhouse for work. I thought I was going to keep books or something of the kind, so I appeared on the scene well dressed. I saw the headman watching me, but I was too green to see his point. A little later I had a team of well-groomed horses going out of the seeming school bounds, and in less than ten minutes more I was changed from well dressed to well dirty. It is needless for me to tell how I manned the plow, for I never saw one before with so many parts. This was the beginning of my seeming difficulties. Anyway, I at once resolved to conquer all things for my country's sake. I am sorry to mention that my friend and fellow-traveler, being much more accustomed to his old living, could not meet Hampton's requirements and reforms. He could not learn by undoing. He therefore went home much mortified. My funds, on account of misuse, had been cut off, my friend was gone, my old ideas were failing me and new ones were taking their places.

I soon saw that it was impossible to learn by doing what I had been doing. Seeing that I was hemmed in on every side with new ideas and customs, I decided to abandon the old form of living and adopt the new. Since then my difficulties have vanished: my old idea of drawing the line has been changed for Hampton's reaping to sow. All the industrial pursuits for which I had



AN INDIAN STUDENT TEACHER  
In the kindergarten of the Practice School



inherited hatred I now sincerely like and admire. I have finished the machinist trade, and during two months of my summer vacation I took a course in the Brooklyn Automobile School. It was in this shop that I learned what real hustling meant. I spent the other part of my vacation in Jamaica. During my short stay there I now and then introduced the overalls publicly, but I met severe criticism. In many cases my

companions rejected my company. The Jamaicans, however, are coming around to the truth that labor is not degrading. Still, there will be a great problem in the future for the young Jamaican to solve. I am glad to say that when I return I shall not be so helpless and useless as when I came here four years ago, and I hope I may be able to do something toward bringing about a change of sentiment.

## II.—THE EVOLUTION OF A HOPELESS CASE

BY CHARLES B. RANDALL

The first impressions of myself and my surroundings that remain in my memory are of a very humble home on a twenty-five-acre tract of land in Powhatan County, Virginia. I will not say farm, for, as nearly as I can remember, there were not two acres of cleared ground attached. This land was a gift to my father from a brother of his, whom at that time I had never seen. I pictured him in my mind as a very wealthy man, and certainly a very good one. I found out later that although my uncle was not very wealthy, he was really very good and very generous; that he was several years older than my father, and that he had gone to Massachusetts in 1866 with some Union soldiers, and there had worked and economized and saved his earnings to the extent that he was not only able to make this gift to my father, but was himself pursuing a course of study in a place called Hampton Institute.

There were three brothers older than myself. During the winter months all of the time that they could spare from the work of clearing and tilling the little farm they spent in school. I was not yet old enough to go to school, but I had a longing to know something about the contents of my brothers' books. My mother noticed this anxiety on my part, and purchased me a primer, and she labored during her spare moments to teach me the alphabet; so, at the age of six, I had pretty well mastered that primer. From that time until I was fif-

teen years of age I attended school from one to six months a year—more often one than six, for I had to help with the farm work. Had I been more industrious, it is probable that I might not have had the chance to go to school as much as I did. It was the common talk of the neighborhood that I was the laziest boy in it. Very often my father would let me go to school because he was tired of the job of trying to make me work. I could outstrip the best of them in the school-room, but when it came to work, I was not there except under compulsion.

In 1892 my uncle, of whom I have spoken already, paid us a visit. Before he left he very generously offered to give me the advantage of two years' training at Hampton at his expense. I do not know what was in his mind, but I have often thought since that, knowing Hampton as he did, he felt that here was the place to get me started to do something, if it were possible for me to be started. If that were his thought, it was most prophetic—as you shall soon see.

The following year I came to Hampton, entering as a day student. Before that time I had never been more than forty miles from that little farm in Powhatan County, yet I was so lazy and worthless and withal so pugnacious and mischievous that many people, who did not know, thought that I had been reared in New York. I have always since regretted that I did not get here a year earlier, for had I done so I would have had the pleasure



AN AGRICULTURAL STUDENT  
Separating cream in the dairy

and privilege of seeing General Armstrong. He died a few months before my arrival. During my first year here very few days passed that did not set before me some allusion, some reminder, of that great and noble worker. All around me were the lasting monuments of his untiring labor and magnanimous self-sacrifice. All about me were living examples of thrift and industry. Every day I saw boys and girls working hard and attending school at night; and yet after eight months of this I emerged into vacation time about as lazy as when I started.

The following school year found me again at my place. I went through the same refining process again, and came out almost but not wholly dross. I applied for work in the Institute during that vacation, and my application was accepted. I set to work after the close of school, and in less than a dozen days I had worked in three different departments, each one considering itself well rid of me when I was gone. The thirteenth day marked the turning-point in my life. On that day happened the incident which to me takes precedence of all others in my life. Major Moton (then Captain Moton) called me to the office to talk to me, and what he said to me there changed the whole trend of my life and character. Perhaps he has never thought of it again, but I am sure that I shall never forget it. He scolded me soundly for my shiftlessness, and, among other things, said, "You are actually the laziest boy that I ever knew." In some way it seemed that that one sentence kindled all sorts of fires in my young brain. All of my native pugnacity came to the surface, and then and there I told the Captain that I would leave the school and not return. The following morning I did leave, apparently in high dudgeon, but in reality probably no student ever left this campus with more sober, serious thought, for down there near Marquand Cottage I had buried that morning the Randall of the day before, and was taking away the material for the development of another fellow by that name. In that same spot I had registered a vow that I would some day get to the place where Captain Moton would be willing to take back the assertion that he had made.

Since that time, as I have thought of Hampton, its work and its workers, it has been very apparent to me that the boy or girl who has had the privilege of living under its influence, and who has not been made better, whose life has not been changed to a grander, nobler, higher plane, whose aims have not been set higher, must indeed have been primarily of an extremely worthless clay. One of my reasons for relating these incidents in detail, as I have done, is to illustrate to you the fact about Hampton that impresses me most. It is the power that there seems to be here of getting hold of seemingly worthless fellows and drawing forth the true worth that is latent in them. Probably no boy here was ever started on the upward road in just the same manner that I was, but I believe it took just that to start me. When Hampton does not find out the secret, you may rest assured that the problem is difficult to solve.

After that interview with the Major I went to my home and worked on my father's farm until October, when I took charge of the school in which I had been a pupil two years before. I found real pleasure in the work, and did what I could to uplift those about me.

My next venture was at the North, in the city of Boston, where I went as a hotel man. Having never before been in a large city, the many alluring attractions of city life came near proving too much for me; but the vow that I had made and my remembrance of the warnings I had so often heard at Hampton kept me afloat. It took me nearly three years to learn that I would make but small success in hotel work. There was either something about the hotel that didn't suit me or something about me that didn't suit the hotel. I did not stop to figure out which was true, but I simply decided to change. I was helped in determining my future course of action by a very kind and generous friend of mine, a lady who was a guest of the hotel in which I worked. Together we planned that I should come back to Hampton, finish the course which I had already begun, and afterward learn a trade. I did not know what trade I would learn. Up to that time the only



BRANCH OF DOMESTIC SCIENCE  
In the ironing-room of the laundry

work that I knew much about was farming or hotel work. I knew little of tools. I had not much inclination to learn about them, but somehow and somewhere I had gotten gumption enough to see that a trade was the thing for me. I finally entered the carpenter shop in 1899, at the age of twenty-three, with no inherent ability in that direction, and no experience save that acquired in the manual training department.

I finished the course three years later with some credit, I hope, and I am glad to say that very few days have passed since that time that I have not worked at my trade, either as hired man, instructor, or contractor. To-day I can show Major Moton some good results of my labor in three States—Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina.

At present my work is in Winston-Salem, North Carolina. My first work there was as instructor in carpentry and drawing in the State Industrial Institute. I am now working as a building contractor. I began the business with next to no capital, with but slight acquaintance with the people, and in the midst of the sort of competition that seemed to lead to starvation; but, in spite of all these hindrances, by diligent application of my time and energies to my work, and by promptness in meeting my obligations, I believe I can safely say that I have won the confidence and the respect of the people of both races. I have for a partner a young man who is a graduate of the Slater Institute. We have had a hard struggle together; we have had to do our work better and furnish better material than those in competition with us, while we have received very little more for services rendered than they.

At first the people seemed to think that to get work done cheaply was the chief aim in building. By a great sacrifice, we have demonstrated to them that this is not true, and to-day we do all of the best building that is done in the town by our race. The colored people have been operating a Building and Loan Association for about four years. During the past three years we have done the principal part of that work. There is no lumber-manufacturing place in town where an order from Randall and Smith is not gladly received and promptly delivered, and no brick concern will turn us down. Wherever we do work we endeavor to do it well and give satisfaction; and we work six days in the week, though the custom down there is to work five and a half. We have trained six young men in the trade to the extent that they now receive wages as high as the best colored workmen in the town. The struggle is still on, and we are still being inspired to higher achievement.

In conclusion, I must say, however, that whatever I have done, whatever respect and confidence I may have among my fellows, whatever influence for good I may wield, I must attribute the cause of it all, first, to the living interest of my mother; second, to the strong arm and will of my father; third, to the kindness and generosity of my uncle; and, last but by no means least, to the influence of Hampton's workers upon my life and character. My work shall continue to be in the direction of helping people not to be lazy, for I am convinced that there is very little hope for such people; and whenever I get hold of what seems to me a hopeless case, I think I can do no better than to recommend him to Hampton.

### III.—INDIAN TRADITIONS

BY JAMES GREEN

The Indians neither built monuments nor wrote books. The only records they made were by means of wampum and pictures; consequently the stories told by the Indians are largely traditional, depending for their vividness on the intelligence or the imagination of the teller.

When I was a child, my father used to tell some of these traditions. How old they are he does not know—he only says his father used to tell them. I have remembered a few of them, and I will tell them as I remember them.

The first is the story of the creation of man, the monkey, the fish, and the



A CARPENTER STUDYING TINSMITHING AS A SUPPLEMENTARY BRANCH OF HIS TRADE

snake. The Indians believed in two gods, the Good and the Evil. The Good Ruler thought to himself that the world was incomplete with nothing living in the water nor on the dry land. So he created the beautiful fishes to live in the water, and man on the land. The Evil One saw that these two creations were good, and they made him angry and jealous. He went to work to imitate the Good Ruler. In trying to make a fish he made a snake. He felt ashamed that he could not make a fish, so he turned his labor toward making a man. But here he also failed; instead of making a man, he made a monkey. This is the way my forefathers believed men, monkeys, fishes, and snakes were made.

Another story my father used to tell is about the marriage customs of the Indians. There were eight clans to a tribe—the Bear, Beaver, Turtle, Deer, Snipe, Wolf, Heron, and Hawk. No one was allowed to marry another of his clan in any tribe. A Deer of the Senecas might marry a Turtle of his or of any tribe, but a Wolf might not marry a Wolf, nor a Bear a Bear. The children belonged to the clan of the mother. They not only called her mother, but they called her sisters mothers, and her sisters' children brothers and sisters; this is the reason they do not marry in their own clan. If the marriage proves unhappy, the parties are allowed to separate, and each is at liberty to marry again. An Indian once replied to a white man who criticised the marriage customs of the Indians, "You marry squaw; she know you always keep her, so she scold, scold, scold, and not cook your venison. I marry squaw; she know if she not good I not keep her, so she not scold, but cook my venison and always pleasant. We live long together."

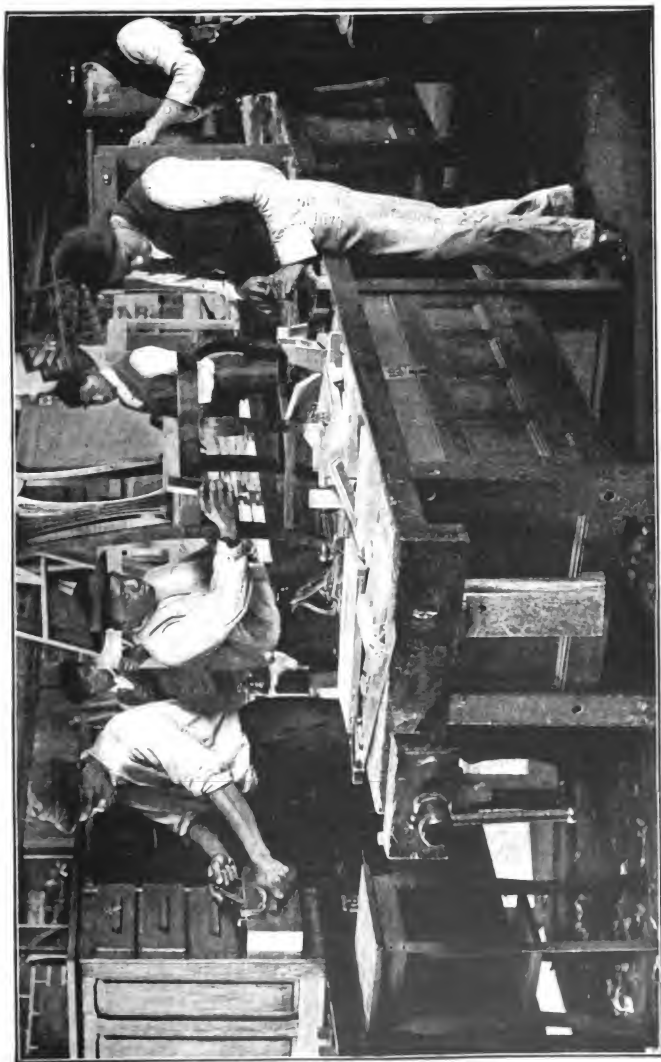
About the world's coming to an end, my father used to say that there was a large piece of canvas in the heaven torn in many places, and there was a woman mending it. When she got through, the world would come to an end. But the canvas was always torn whenever there was any kind of a storm. I remember I used to rejoice whenever there was a hard thunder-storm, hoping that the

canvas would be torn to pieces, so that the old woman would never finish the work.

It is said that the Indian has no sense of humor, and therefore he has no jokes; but I think most of those who believe that would change their minds if they heard a few of the jokes in Indian language. The laughter part is lost in translation. Here is one that, when told in Indian language, makes anyone laugh who understands. It is about an Indian, who did not know his English very well, going to a white settlement. It seemed that a certain farmer had been visited by a thief who took a few melons. The farmer, upon seeing the Indian, asked if it were he who took the melons. The Indian, not understanding what was said, answered, "Yes." He saw that his answer made the other angry, so he thought he would say "no" the next time. The farmer went on to say, "Are you going away now and leave my melons alone?" "No," the Indian replied. This, when told by an Indian in his own dialect, makes his hearers burst into laughter.

The Indians have many animal stories. They will tell you why animals behave as they do and why they are made as they are. I once asked my father why it was that the dog was so friendly to the man. He said that long ago, before the white man had set foot on this land, all the animals were able to talk with the Indian. One time the animals called a meeting to discuss how the Indian was getting ahead of them in hunting and on the war-path. The wolf, bear, fox, and many others plotted to exterminate the Indian. In the midst of the discussion the dog rose up and expressed his opinion. He said, "If there is going to be a war, I will go and tell the Indians to prepare for it. It is unfair to the Indian and against the rule to hold a meeting when every one is not present." The horse was of the same opinion. This made all the others angry against the two, and they were about to do violence to them when the voice of the Good Ruler was heard in wrath. He said he had heard their council, and would punish them for their evil plotting and for partaking in a council when every one was not there. From that day





CABINET MAKING

Mr. C. B. Randall, whose article appears on another page, learned the foundation of his trade in this shop



their power of talking was taken away from them, and they were made inferior to the Indian. As for the dog and the horse, they would always have been friends to the Indian, but their ability to talk was taken away from them also.

I used to like to hear my father tell of the happy hunting-ground. To gain admittance to this place, he used to say, we must live a good, straightforward life. At that place there was plenty of game and fish, and the place was only for the Indian. The white man could not enter this place because he was so cruel to the red children of the forest. I once asked him what became of those who did not live a good life. He said: "Those who like to torture dumb animals, such as the dog and the cat, will in the next world be made to cross a pit on a tight-rope. In the pit are dogs and cats ready to jump up on any one who should fall. If you have lied to your friends, the Evil Spirit will pour molten lead down your throat as many times as you have lied. If one has a wife and has the habit of beating her, he will be made to beat a white-hot statue of a woman with a rod, and at every stroke

sparks will fly at him and burn him. If one had danced other than as the Good Ruler ordained, he will be made to dance on a red-hot floor."

These traditions of my forefathers were held sacredly and reverently by former generations. But that feeling is now dying out, being supplanted by the doctrines of Christianity. In a few generations these traditions or old beliefs will be held only as folk-lore stories or fairy tales by the descendants of those who told them.

The uneducated Indian finds it hard to give up his ideas of religion to become a Christian. He does not see wherein the Christian religion is superior to his. But education is working a great change. Hardly any one now believes that by pointing to a rainbow one will get disfigured, or that if an owl hoots near a house death will come to one of the family.

No, the Indian did not build monuments nor write books, but the legends he has told and the mighty rivers he has named will always serve as his monuments, that he may not be forgotten when he shall no longer tread the land which was once all his own.



## THE COMPANY OF THE FAITHFUL

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD

The faithfulnesses of the past,  
How quiet and obscure and vast  
They reach behind us, making sure  
The things that rise and that endure!

All things of glory and of worth  
In faithfulness have had their birth;  
Out of the deep of sacrifice  
The pillars of the future rise.

The faithfulnesses of to-day,  
Painful and hard and slow are they;  
Yet inch by inch from them must grow  
The nobler days that earth shall know.

From faithfulness to faithfulness  
The world fights forward through its stress,  
Duty the watchword, God the goal;—  
Art thou of those that build, my soul?



DANIEL H. BURNHAM

## CREATIVE AMERICANS

### *AN AMERICAN ARCHITECT*

*BY ROYAL CORTISSOZ*

**A**RCHITECTS in this country are not infrequently heard deploring the handicaps under which they labor. Sites are often badly proportioned and so placed as to be almost unmanageable. Building committees are stupid or they are inhumanly obstinate about exceeding the estimates. The client who demands no changes in the plan of his house after the walls are up, or, having asked for them, is willing to pay the extra bills without getting into a temper, is so rare as to be a kind of natural curiosity. In too many cases there is a wide difference between what the architect wants to do in order to realize an ideal, and what the purse or the taste of his employer will permit him to do. If he is carrying out a scheme under the best of circumstances, it is not

improbable that in the midst of his joyful progress he may be cast down by a strike. I have known a brilliant and successful young architect to declare that his pleasure in doing a piece of work was turned to bitterness by the innumerable annoyances suffered in the doing of it. Yet, when all is said, the American architect remains the spoilt child of his profession.

Nowhere else in the world will you find such building operations going forward as you may observe almost anywhere in the United States. Public enterprises are vast in number and in scope. Gigantic office buildings spring up like mushrooms. The plans filed for new private dwellings in city and country are past counting. So incessant is the demand for architectural services

that men in their thirties, or even younger, men fresh from the office training which succeeds the training of the schools, set up in business for themselves and win prizes in competitions or receive private commissions which the veterans of an earlier day might have envied. But it is not upon the mere magnitude of his opportunity that the American architect is to be congratulated. It is in the nature of his chance that he is fortunate. Witness the career of the subject of this paper, Mr. Daniel H. Burnham, of Chicago.

Born at Henderson, New York, in 1846, and early brought to Chicago, he came to maturity at just the time and in just the place favorable to the development of his gifts. In partnership with the late John Wellborn Root, he practiced his profession under conditions which gave him a unique problem to solve. They were not æsthetic conditions; they were business conditions; and they were, perhaps, a little more closely identified than any others with the daily movement of American life. It is customary when dealing with American literature or painting to talk about the growth in this country of intellectual interests and of the love of beauty. We take account of progress made. We speculate as to possible gains in the future. If architecture is our theme, we reflect more particularly on the evolution of an American style. Meanwhile the genius of the American people has fully and conclusively expressed itself, if anywhere, in the domain of practical things, and it has given to architecture not a style but a species—the office building fifteen or twenty stories high. It has been Mr. Burnham's part to illustrate this species, to do something in America that had never been done elsewhere. I do not mean that he invented it, for the entire profession has been occupied, more or less, with the construction of tall buildings ever since the steel-cage principle was established. It was to his partner, John Root, too, that much of the character in the earlier work of the firm was due. But from the start Mr. Burnham has been a builder of sky-scrapers, and it is in that rôle that he has achieved special distinction. Though he has put to his credit other work of

rich significance, as will be seen below, his office buildings belong in the foreground of his biography.

Consider the need put before him when he undertook to design them. It was not, in the first place, that they should be beautiful. It was that they should contain so many square feet of well-lighted space for renting purposes, the amount of space that would yield the owner a certain return on his investment. Owners vary in temperament. Some of them realize that a building is the more profitable as it is the more attractive to look upon. But in essentials the demand framed above is the demand made upon all designers of tall office buildings. When they settle down to work, they have to create a little cosmos, finding space for more things than go into any other type of building, with the possible exception of a great modern hotel. Take a typical building designed by Mr. Burnham. First come engine-rooms that in themselves embody interesting ideas of construction. Then come safe deposit vaults. On a higher level you will find shops and elaborately planned banking quarters, a restaurant, a rathskeller, and a café. Eight or ten elevators—some of them expresses—rise past hundreds of offices to club-rooms that lie just under the roof, where a garden puts the last touch to the building. In the marble-lined corridors there are faucets supplying filtered ice-water. There is hot as well as cold water in the lavatories. Corners for the telegraph companies are not forgotten. Facilities for mailing letters are on every floor as a matter of course. The man who chose to sleep in his office could live in a building like this all the year round. Obviously, the architect who serves his interests must be a master of humdrum detail. But he must be more than that if he is to satisfy his professional instinct, which is to make the outside of his building expressive of its inner character. Here arises a question which has been getting itself discussed for years, but which still remains on debatable ground.

The architect is an artist quite as much as the painter, the sculptor, or the musician, and he is loth to abdicate his artistic functions simply because he

is confronted by a problem apparently insoluble on a strictly artistic hypothesis. Two elements in that problem drive him almost to despair. His building must be so much greater in height than in depth or breadth that it seems impossible, to begin with, that his composition should have rational proportions. Of course if he could conceive of his building simply as a tower, all might go well; but he is generally hemmed in by other buildings on three sides, and, what is worse, there is his second cruel element to be reckoned with—the necessity for piercing the façade on every floor with the greatest possible number of windows. There is something grimly humorous about his predicament. Fate, grinning maliciously over his shoulder, drives him into an *impasse*, insisting that his is an engineering problem, not an artistic one, and urging him to make the best of a bad bargain. It is odds, however, that he will kick against the pricks, and move heaven and earth to show that where others have failed he will triumph, turning a sky-scraper into a work of art. There is something touching about the resolution with which the architects of America have held to this view of the matter. I have heard many of them arguing about it, and suggesting one new way or another out of the *impasse* just mentioned. At a dinner of the Architectural League, a year or two ago, the walls were covered with drawings and photographs of sky-scrapers, and all the speeches of the evening were devoted to the subject. One member had some interesting things to say about the use of steel externally as well as internally. He thought that if the cage were permitted to declare itself in the façade instead of being hidden in a shell of stone or brick, the result would at least be sincere and might even be made picturesque. There was talk, too, of using sheets of metal decoratively, and, of course, the claims of color were duly advocated. Polychromatic façades have been built in Europe, and some of them are charming, but then they have been executed on a very modest scale. The experiment of treating the sky-scraper in color from top to bottom has not yet been tried. There

is a chimney-like building in Chicago over which I believe Mr. Root used to let his color sense play in imagination, but his dream was never realized. I could not help feeling at the League dinner to which I have referred that all ideas of lending an artistic significance to the sky-scraper are necessarily such stuff as dreams are made of. After all, do they not resolve themselves into a principle which would transmogrify the sky-scraper into something else, making it a hybrid instead of the clean-cut symbol of American business life that it can be made so long as the architect recognizes his limitations and plays the game?

Mr. Burnham has played the game. That is what has made him a conspicuous and valuable figure in American architecture. All that despair of which I have spoken is reserved for the designer who will not look facts in the face, but doggedly goes on evading them and producing sky-scrapers which are impressive, if at all, by virtue of their bulk alone. Mr. Burnham has gone to the root of the matter. Perceiving that the sky-scraper rests upon a principle of prosaic simplicity, he has made simplicity the keynote of his work. He has made no effort to disguise the fact that such a building is just a succession of so many layers of cubicles, all calling for light and air. He has given those cubicles the value belonging to them in the composition, only endeavoring, as he has multiplied windows, to break up their monotony by the most judicious means. He is, as a rule, sparing of decoration. To lighten the appalling masses with which he has to deal, he looks rather to modifications, at a few points, of the broad structural lines. Thus, in the Railway Exchange at Chicago, a building seventeen stories high on a space 171 feet square, he has gained relief for his façades, and a measure of light and shade, by throwing out shallow bays at regular intervals, and carrying these bays from the third floor to the twelfth. Just beneath the cornice the windows are made circular and the surface around them is enriched with sculptured ornament. Otherwise the building is as bald as the packing-cases

with which so many sky-scrapers have been compared, and, save that it has a cornice lacking in weight and that the entrances want emphasis, the building is a success. That is, it looks like an office building, it is dignified and in good taste. Elsewhere Mr. Burnham has used with admirable effect a system of classical columns, two stories high, at the bottom of his building, with a similar system of columns or pilasters supporting arches beneath the cornice. The First National Bank and Commercial National Bank Buildings in Chicago, the Ford Building in Detroit, the Frick Building in Pittsburg, all bear witness to the usefulness of this motive. In the Frick Building still further variety is gained by the division of the façades, from the lower system of columns to the upper system, into arched sections, the arches resting on long, slender piers. But it cannot be said that the physiognomy of any one of Mr. Burnham's sky-scrapers is radically differentiated from that of another. Every one of them is simplicity itself. Are any of them beautiful, in the strict interpretation of the word? Hardly that. Theirs is the beauty of fitness. They are beautiful as a great war-ship is beautiful. If they have a grace, it is the grace of refinement, but that is all. Now this is not to say that Mr. Burnham, in leaving beauty to take care of itself, has left out something without which his work is lifeless. On the contrary, it is to say that he has got at the secret of his problem and has magnificently triumphed.

There is one sky-scraper of his which, more than any other, has provoked discussion—the Fuller Building on Madison Square, better known as the Flatiron. It has been denounced as merely hideous. Some people maintain that it is beautiful, either because they like to entertain views which they are pleased to regard as original, or because they have observed the building looming in the fog, late on a winter's night, with lights in many of its windows. For my own part, I believe that its considerable merit lies in nothing more nor less than its consummate exploitation of the eccentric site as a business investment. Every inch of the space available is put to profitable

purpose. Corridors, elevators, lavatories, and staircases are concentrated in the center of the building, with the result that every office has an abundance of light and air. As for the façades, they are inferior to others by the same designer chiefly because their surfaces are rather more freely teased with expedients meant to secure decorative effect and relief. One adverse commentator on the building, criticising it at the time of its completion, neglected to ascertain the name of its designer, and gravely stated in print that the misguided man might have done better if only he had gone to sit at the feet of Mr. Burnham. That blunder was an oblique testimony to the fundamental strength of Mr. Burnham's work. He has accustomed his critics to simplicity and mass. Striving, for once, in the Flatiron, for an impossible lightness, he gave some ground for the assumption that the building had been done by some one else. For once he lost his hold on his best resource, the resource that marks him as so much an American, a masterly kind of common sense.

Is that quality incompatible with the artistic sense? Is Mr. Burnham any less the artist because he has designed his sky-scrapers from a rigidly practical point of view? The best answer to these questions lies in the record of his work on what can only be described as great civic improvements. He showed something of what he could do in this direction in 1893, when, as chief architect and director for the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago, he bore a fruitful part in that extraordinary architectural ensemble. Since then he has been identified with various public schemes of great importance. He was made Chairman of the National Commission established for beautifying the city of Washington, and he has served in the same capacity on a similar commission formed in Cleveland. Chicago and San Francisco have claimed his ability for work along these lines, and two years ago he submitted reports to the Secretary of War on proposed improvements in Manila and Baguio, in the Philippines. It is impossible to traverse here in detail any of these schemes, but

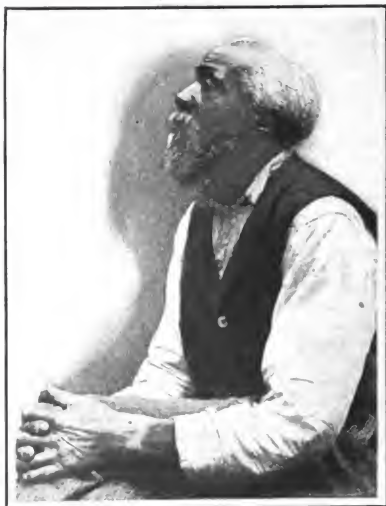
that, indeed, is not really necessary. The important thing is the general character of the inspiration he has brought to his grandiose tasks. His first thought, after looking over the ground, is for the every-day necessities of the city. His report on the improvements proposed at San Francisco before the earthquake accounts for public and private buildings, looking boldly to the future, but at the same time showing a proper solicitude for the situation then existing and the adjustment of a policy of adaptation and slow change to one of ultimate creation. Beauty is sought—beauty in architecture and in vistas; but convenience is constantly remembered, as is so unpoetic a thing as sanitation. Turning then to the lovely natural surroundings of the city, Mr. Burnham works out a heroic plan, contemplating the bringing of something like unity out of the vast area, and the linking of the city through landscape gardening, monumental terraces, and so on with the wild panorama stretching beyond its limits.

The report on proposed improvements at Washington, framed by Mr. Burnham in collaboration with his fellow-architect, Charles F. McKim, the sculptor, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and the landscape architect, Frederick Law Olmsted, Jr., makes, with its maps, diagrams, plans, and other illustrations, a stout volume. In a nutshell, it advocates the extension and perfection of L'Enfant's famous plan, and the creation of a symmetrical whole, embracing balanced groups of public buildings, with parks, monuments, and fountains all contributing to one superb effect. The classical motive has already been fixed at Washington as the one which should control, and how well Mr. Burnham understands this is shown by the new Union Station which is his

personal contribution to the architectural scheme. But what is bound especially to impress the reader of this report is the deeper and broader conception it reveals, a conception transcending that of architectural style. The point to the whole document lies in its presentation of a city made beautiful not only with builded stone but with water, earth, and sky. A glorious avenue of trees is made as important to the plan as the Capitol itself. The object aimed at is not a museum of monumental buildings for the architectural student, but a beautiful city for men to live in. A passage in Mr. Burnham's report on improvements suggested for Manila recommends the development of a certain section along the water front with a view to fostering the social life of the city; and in a foot-note the architect says:

The delightfulness of a city is an element of first importance to its prosperity, for those who make fortunes will stay and others will come if the attractions are strong enough; and the money thus kept at home, added to that freely spent by visitors, will be enough to insure continuous good times. The aim should be to make Manila really "The Pearl of the Orient."

That note is characteristic of Mr. Burnham, characteristic in its feeling for things "delightful," and in its sterling common sense. Washington, San Francisco, Cleveland, Chicago, and the cities of the Philippines will be, if he can have his way, places of beauty. Also they will be healthful, convenient places, good to live in. It is a great thing that the artist should dream dreams, but it is equally important that he should know and sympathize with the world in which he lives. Mr. Burnham's work, whether it take the shape of a sky-scraper or of a city clothed in new beauty, is first and last a demonstration of this truth.



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## *THE DAY'S WORK DONE*

*BY MARTHA YOUNG*

*ILLUSTRATED BY JULIANA ROYSTER*

Lord, when dat evenin' fall,  
Dew on de earth and rest for all,  
Seem lak I hear Ole Massa call:

"Come in, Chillen, come in now,  
Set up de hoe and lay by de plow—  
Come in all y'all somewayhow.

"Come in, Chillen, as bes' you may,  
'Caze you is Mine, I hatter let you stay—"  
(How kin Ole Massa sen' his own away?)

"Come in, Chillen, 'fo' de darkness fall,  
I don't want be missin' airy chile at all—  
Come in, Chillen, de good and—all."

# AN HEIR OF THE MINNE-SINGERS

BY ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER



IT is fitting that clairvoyance should have taken us to Klausen. We were in tourist-infested Toblach, yearning for peace and atmosphere. So we smoothed out the map and threw open our souls to the play of whatever it is that brings us "just our luck."

"Klausen," mused Veilchen-Augen, blotting out with her forefinger the Brenner Pass: "when I was a little girl, some one sent me a postal of an old mill there."



SEPPERL. THE NIGHT WATCHMAN

"All aboard!" I put in. "I have a sort of feeling—"

"Done!" she cried. And, with the impetuosity of youth, on the strength of "a sort of feeling," we requested our Roman bankers to address us in Klausen until further notice.

A leisurely train deposited us and our bag by a swift little river. On the other side lay a narrow village squeezed in between gardens running to the water and the sheer crag of Cloister Säben, topped by towers and churches and battlements.

We crossed the bridge, turned from the tiny square into a narrow, cobble-paved lane—the high street of the town—plunged through a black portal, and

climbed some spiral stairs straight into the fifteenth century.

Hand sought hand, and our private code decided that, among all earthly rooms, the dining hall of the Gasthof zum Lamm was our first choice. It had been a council chamber before Columbus began to make eggs and monarchs stand about in Spain, and half of it was two stories high with a latticed stone balustrade running around a balcony from which gloomy passageways led to all sorts of mysterious and romantic places. An ancient iron chandelier swung from the lofty roof.

A crucifix gleamed large and pallid as death from the further wall. A Romanesque arch led to the lower ceiled section, with its paneled roof, its quaint frescoes, and its Erker windows of small round leaded panes—the precious iridescent kind with a bubble in the center.

A watchman's lantern and halberd hung on a pillar, and before we slept we found that these were no anachronisms. For, at ten, a real old Nachtwächter, with lantern, halberd, and hooded mantle, shuffled down the lane in resonant clodhoppers, stopped before our window and intoned the following:

"Loust auf ihr Herrn und lasst euch sagen:  
Der Hammer im Turm hat zehn Uhr geschlagen.  
Zehn Uhr!  
Lobet Gott und unsere liebe Frau.  
Betet für die armen Seelen im Fegfeuer  
Dass Gott ihnen allzeit gnädig sei.  
Gebt Obacht auf das Feuer  
Damit kein Unglück g'schiet.  
Zehn Uhr hat's geschlagen.  
Gelobt sei Jesus Christus."





VALENTINE GALLMETZER, THE TYROLESE  
SCULPTOR, IN HIS HOLIDAY PEASANT COSTUME

This lyric at once tempts and baffles  
translation :

Hearken, masters, to my rhymes:  
The steeple hammer has struck ten times.  
Ten o'clock!  
Praise ye God and his dear Mother.  
Pray for the poor souls burning in hell,  
That God may ever use them well.  
Take good care your fires to smother  
To avoid bad luck.  
Ten o'clock has struck!  
Praised be Jesus Christus.

Not that we understood anything but  
the "Zehn Uhr!" for many a night,  
as old Sepperl, during the fifty years  
that he had been chanting his quaint  
rigmarole, had lost his teeth and cracked  
his voice beyond repair, without in the  
least compromising the breadth of his  
dialect. But that made it all the more  
exciting, and every evening we stood in

our window waiting at ten, or were ro-  
mantically awakened at twelve or one  
by the punctual clump-clump and the  
croon, and we counted that night lost  
unless we could puzzle out at least one  
more word. We found, though, that we  
were not alone in our ignorance, and  
whenever we asked a Klausener what  
Sepperl sang, he would smile and say:  
"He mutters an ancient rune. I myself  
hardly comprehend it. 'The lieber Gott  
and he know best.'"

Finally we caught Sepperl himself,  
and gave him a liter of red wine to per-  
form his function untimely. *Aber* slowly  
and distinctly!

It was hard to leave our inn long  
enough to look at the town—our fasci-  
nating "Guest-court to the Lamb," with  
its sunny rose garden climbing the moun-

tain and its shady bowling garden running down to the river, its high arched hallways wherein lurked monstrous wine-butts, its passages leading to attics full of enticing old furniture and fragments of the Middle Ages, its hospitality and its mottoes.

In the entrance hall (how few other entrances are *truly* entrancing!) a friendly fresco declared:

"Willkommen Wanderer, hab' kein Angst,  
Droben gib't's wass du verlangst."

Welcome, wanderer, have no fear;  
Everything you want is here.

But finally we managed to gain the street and pass through the Brixen Gate, the sole relic of the fourth-century days, when Klausen was the walled city of Subsabione on the border between the Roman land and Illyria.

The signboard of the outlying inn, "Zum Kalten Keller," attracted us. It was a quaint painting of a caparisoned knight, and bore this legend:

"Herr Luitpold ist vor vielen Jahren  
Als Minnesänger herumgefahren,  
Kehrt' auch in diesem Hause ein,  
Trank daselbst viel guten Wein,  
Auch fand er gut zu leben,  
Dum' blieb er gern in Säben."

The host came out while we were gazing at his sign, and received us with the deep, quiet, joyous courtesy of an old and tried friend.

"The gracious Herrschaften are Amerikaner? Ah, no, we have never before seen any one from among the wilds and the red savages of Brazil." (America means South America to most of the people on the Brenner.)

"We are honored that the high-well-born Amerikaners come to visit Klausen. Have you seen the sights? Ah, you take for mein signboard an interest. That ruined castle half-way up to Säben was Luitpold's own."

"No wonder, then," we told the good host, "that this place is so poetic, if it was actually the home of a Minnesinger."

"Ach wass!" he exclaimed, "a greater than Luitpold has been here."

He pointed to a beautiful pine wood on the mountain side across the river. "Yonder was born Walther von der Vogelweide. The Herrschaften are perhaps staying at the Lamm? Why, the wonderful Rathsaal where you eat is

dedicated to that greatest of the Minnesingers, and the bowling garden that runs down to the river has been christened the 'Walther-Garten.'"

We stared in amazement. This was the first time since landing in Naples that we had ever heard an innkeeper refer without bitterness or contempt to a rival establishment. And the modern inhabitants of Klausen began to interest us as much as the ancient.

We did not live there long before discovering that the millennium had all but arrived in that romantic little place. The Klauseners are all brothers. The innkeepers often drop in on each other for a friendly glass, and the only feud in the whole countryside is between a man of unsound mind and a gentleman from North Germany. Fighting and lawlessness are unknown, and the entire police force consists of old Sepperl, whose functions are confined to the realm of purest poesie.

After sampling our host's "cold cellar," or rather pretending to, we returned with even greater zest to explore this town of brotherly kindness and of mediæval bards. Truly, in those narrow, glamorous streets poetry seemed more natural than prose, and we should not have been



KLOSTER SÄBEN FROM KLAUSEN



PANORAMA OF KLAUSEN WITH SÄBEN IN THE DISTANCE

surprised to hear the town cobbler addressing his apprentice in rhyme from his doorway, or to learn that the tax assessments were made out in sonnet form. At every turn we saw a lovelier bay window, a more worm-eaten saint enshrined, a quainter signboard, a more entrancing peasant costume, and more eagerly projecting eaves.

There was a poetry in the very salutations of those we met; for Klauseners feel the solidarity of the human race rather more than New Yorkers, for instance, and every one greets every one else kindly in the land of the Minnesingers.

On the rough stone steps leading up the crag to Cloister Säben we met a peasant.

"Grüss di' Gott!" (God greet thee) he exclaimed, snatching off his rough cap with a profound bow.

Presently, rounding a corner, I came upon a young Klausener.

"Heil!" (Hail) he cried to me. Then, catching sight of Veilchen-Augen, "Ich habe die Ehre mich zu empfehlen." (I have the honor to recommend myself.)

Up near the ruined castle of Luitpold an aged peasant woman explained the panorama to us, saying as she moved away, "B'hüt' di' Gott!" (God preserve thee.) And when Veilchen-Augen offered

her grandchild some candy, the old peasant cried, "Küss die schöne, kleine, süsse Hand!" (Kiss the beautiful little sweet hand), and suited the action to the word.

Much of Säben is not open to the public, but from the foot of the highest tower we could look up the valley to Brixen, and down to the picturesque castle of Waidbruck, half-way to Bozen. The sight of sights, however, lay eastward, where the red and jagged peaks of the Dolomites began to peep above the evergreen mountains of Tyrol.

"What a paradise for a painter!" was our refrain all the morning; and we began to speculate as to whether the law of the rotation of crops did not hold for art as for agriculture, and whether we might not find some Klausen brush or chisel upholding the grand traditions of the Minnesingers.

After lunch Veilchen-Augen gave a scream of joy, and beckoned wildly. She had found a Dürer etching, and, lo! the background of Dass Grosse Gluck was no other than our Klausen. Then the Lamm's old guest-books were brought to us, and there we discovered loving local sketches in oil, water-color, charcoal, crayon, pen, and pencil, by some of the most eminent modern Austrian and Ger-



GALLMETZER'S FIRST PRIZE MODEL OF HASPINGER  
This monument is to be erected in 1909 at Klausen

man artists, such as Defregger, Kirchner, Lange, Zingerle, and Koester. Klausen, said our hostess, had been a favorite rendezvous in former years for the great Munich crowd, and we could well believe her.

On the wall close to our table was a particularly glamorous etching of the Rathsaal itself, and we went to inquire for a copy at a shop near by.

"Radierung?" echoed the rosy-cheeked young mistress. "I hardly know what the gracious, high-well-born ones mean, but I shall fetch my man." Her sturdy "man" had a workman's apron, a bullet head, and fine, intelligent, preoccupied eyes. But when he heard that the strangers wished an etching, he was aflame on the instant with sympathy and enthusiasm. "Then you, too, are of the elect?" his eyes seemed to say. It was a lightning change such as we had known in the bright library of youth when the spent traveler at nightfall murmured "In His Name" in the ear of the surly baron.

"Unluckily, I have it not," he said. "You are the first among travelers to require an etching. But the Herrschaften, would they not be so good as to step into my *atelier*?"

He threw open a door, and we entered an enchanted spot. It was the studio of a wood-sculptor. One saw on second glance that he was a genius. A great serene Madonna, nearly delivered from her wrappings of spruce, towered over us—a work as far above the ordinary church saint of commerce as Dürer is above a Journal artist. The place was alive with finely conceived St. Florians pouring unwooden water upon fiery houses; with exquisite crucifixes and humorous night-watchmen and lantern-bearing Lusterweiberle, who fluttered gayly from the ceiling; with beautiful and spirited terra-cotta statuettes and portraits in clay and plastolene. From that day my time began to be divided between the rose garden, where one could write in a glorious peace and look out on mountain and river and read books from Vieuasseuf's Florentine library, and the studio of Valentin Gallmetzer, whose chisel made clean, pleasant sounds in the spruce Madonna.

The place, the man, and the work fascinated me, and on the third day I asked for a piece of wood and a tool.

"Ach nein," was the answer; "so rash goes it not. The place to begin is at the beginning."

He hurried out, and returned with a board full of clay. Then he unhooked a plaque in low relief from the wall, brought forth some worn modeling instruments, and arranged everything on a stand.

"First one must learn to model," he said.

That was the beginning of a fatal passion. Before long writing went by the board and the rose garden was deserted, while I, in an unspeakable apron, became sculptor's apprentice for eight hours a day.

And thus I came to know and love the modern representative of the Minnesingers.

Bit by bit, while he was chiseling his Madonna, or modeling in relief some quaint religious procession of Tyrol, or repairing a wayside crucifix, his life history and his true self came out.

His story reminds me of that tale of the Italian painter who was found as a boy tending sheep and making charcoal sketches on the rocks. Only Valentin Gallmetzer was not so fortunate as to be found. He had to find himself. Born in a *Bauer's* hut, a few leagues north of that famous Renaissance Italian, he spent his life watching his flocks on the high slopes of the Eggenthal, feeding his passion for art by carving the sticks and modeling the clay he found about him. Often he besought his father to let him go and study art, but the old man only called him an idiot, and bade him mind his sheep. And, as a pious Tyrolese lad would never dream of disobeying his parents while they lived, Valentin stuck to his flocks. But at length the son's goodness and patience and enthusiasm prevailed, and at eleven o'clock on the night of his twenty-eighth birthday he received the paternal blessing and leave to seek his artistic fortune. At three that morning he shouldered his bundle, and set forth on his penniless, merry trudge toward the goal.

He apprenticed himself for three years

to a wood sculptor in the Grödner Thal, who gave him three meals a day and one suit of clothes in the year in return for his labor. During that time he never possessed a coin nor tasted beer or tobacco. Yet he was blessedly happy, even when people told him, as they often did, that he was too old to become a sculptor.

When his apprentice days were over, he walked up to Munich and entered the

and well in the German classics, and had thought keenly about it all. Often during that idyllic summer, Veilchen-Augen would sit with us in the bright little studio, within sound of the rapid Eisack, reading aloud from Lessing or Goethe or Schiller while the Meister (as we called him) copied her hands on his Madonna and I wrestled with the Hermes of Praxiteles. And now and again the Meister would talk of what had been



KAPELLE AT KLAUSEN

Academy, studying three years with a professor whose stock criticism was, "Scratch that refuse down!" But the savage master never said this to Gallmetzer. All day he toiled at the Academy. At night he earned his living by hard manual labor.

"I have studied only sculpture in my life," he said once to me. "Otherwise I am a terribly ignorant fellow. If you could only see me once write a letter, for instance, you would laugh yourself dead."

Yet I found that he had read widely

read, showing that he had deeply pondered many a knotty point in the philosophy of art and of life.

On his graduation with honors the Meister chose wood as his principal medium of expression; for wood sculpture is the most characteristic phase of Tyrolese art, and the Meister is a true patriot above everything. But it was fortunate that his wife was a passionate business woman and that he presently inherited enough patrimony to buy her a diminutive fancy goods store. For



though the Meister, at the age of thirty-eight, is now the first sculptor in Tyrol, it may be years before pure art can suffice to support the little family.

He is a tremendous toiler, rising every week-day at half-past four and working till dusk, often returning to the studio in the evening. Yet his Madonna, which required three months of such labor, brought him a fee of—forty dollars!

I once asked him how he could stand the strain.

"Ach!" he answered, "that is my splendid, sound peasant blood—my twenty-eight years on the mountains." He was intensely proud of his peasant-hood and its traditions, and once he dressed up for us in the holiday costume of his native valley, joyfully showing us the ancient, richly studded leathern girdle which his great-grandfather had worn before him.

With all this went in full measure the Tyroler's piety and love of Roman Catholic ceremonial. He attended every service in the church across the square, and took part in its frequent picturesque processions through the streets.

Even such a hardy nature, however, has its moments of discouragement, and I remember, one day when the Madonna was not behaving well, that he quietly laid down his mallet and took a train for Bozen, to spend a few reverent, receptive hours in the tiny museum there.

The great event of the summer was a competition among the sculptors of Tyrol for a life-sized bronze statue of Haspinger, the Capuchin monk who led the peasants to victory under Andreas Hofer in the war of 1809. This was to be erected in the church square directly opposite the Meister's window, and excitement ran high in artistic circles from Innsbruck down to Trient. Defregger and other mighty men were on the jury, and, though the pay was pitifully small, it was the chance of the Meister's career. And, to our delight, the Meister, who ten years before had been minding his sheep, won against all Tyrol by the unanimous vote of the jury, on the very eve of our departure.

That night the heir of the Minnesingers looked upon the first champagne that had ever been uncorked in Klausen, and all of our dearest Klauseners were at that modest banquet in Rauter's *Künstler-Café*. But none of them would touch a liqueur, for liqueurs, they declared, were products of artifice, and everything artificial is foreign to the Tyrolese nature.

The Meister is one of the happiest persons alive. But

"Each mortal hath his Carcassonne," and his is Italy.

And we can think of few things more appealing than that young sculptor starved for inspiration within eighty miles of the land of Michelangelo.



A VIEW OF KLAUSEN



NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

## *ETHAN BRAND*

*A CHAPTER FROM AN ABORTIVE ROMANCE*

*BY NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE*

*WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE*

"**E**THAN BRAND" was probably written in 1848, when Hawthorne was forty-four years old. It first saw the light three years later in "Holden's Dollar Magazine," and found its place with "The Snow Image," "The Great Stone Face," and other characteristic tales in the collection of short stories which was issued in 1852 under the title "The Snow Image and Other Twice-Told Tales." Ten years earlier he made a trip through the Berkshire country by stage, of which a full report appears in the "American Note-Books." He concerned himself, after his detached manner, with the spectacle of life, and jotted down impressions of the eccentric or unusual characters who crossed his path. He explored the mountains on foot, and noted especially the wild and rugged aspects which Greylock occasionally presents. This record of impressions throws light on the genesis of his stories and his characteristic use of mysterious or forbidding backgrounds. An odd figure, an underwitted old man, met him one morning on a walk, waving his umbrella and gesticulating strangely while he recited his pathetic history: "Conceive something tragical to be talked about," Hawthorne wrote in his note-book, "and much might be made of this interview in a wild road



among the hills, with Greylock, at a great distance, looking somber and angry, by reason of the gray, heavy mist upon his head."

There are several striking pictures of solitary and lonely places touched with the dusky splendor of the novelist's imagination; and there is one record which, in its fullness of detail, shows how deeply he felt the gloomy beauty of the scene of Ethan Brand's lonely madness:

Mr. Leach and I took a walk by moonlight last evening, on the road that leads over the mountain. Remote from houses, far up on the hillside, we found a lime-kiln burning near the road; and, approaching it, a watcher started from the ground, where he had been lying at his length. There are several of these lime-kilns in this vicinity. They are circular, built with stones, like a round tower, eighteen or twenty feet high, having a hillock heaped around in a great portion of their circumference, so that the marble may be brought and thrown in by cart-loads at the top. At the bottom there is a doorway, large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture. Thus an edifice of great solidity is constructed, which will endure for centuries, unless needless pains are taken to tear it down. There is one on the hillside, close to the village, wherein weeds grow at the bottom, and grass and shrubs too are rooted in the interstices of the stones, and its low doorway has a dungeon-like aspect, and we look down from the top as into a roofless tower. It apparently has not been used for many years, and the lime and weather-stained fragments of marbles are scattered about.

But in the one we saw last night a hardwood fire was burning merrily, beneath the superincumbent marble—the kiln being heaped full; and shortly after we came, the man (a dark, black-bearded figure, in shirt-sleeves) opened the iron door, through the chinks of which the fire was gleaming, and thrust in huge logs of wood, and stirred the immense coals with a long pole, and showed us the glowing limestone—the lower layer of it. The heat of the fire was powerful at the distance of several yards from the open door. He talked very sensibly with us, being doubtless glad to have two visitors to vary his solitary night-watch; for it would not do for him to fall asleep, since the fire should be refreshed as often as every twenty minutes. We ascended the hillock to the top of the kiln, and the marble was red-hot, and burning with a bluish, lambent flame, quivering up, sometimes nearly a yard high, and resembling the flame of anthracite coal, only, the marble being in large fragments, the flame was higher. The kiln was perhaps six or eight feet across. Four hundred bushels of marble were then in a state of combustion. The expense of converting this quantity into lime is about fifty dollars, and it sells for twenty-five cents per bushel at the kiln. We asked the man whether he would run across the top of the intensely burning kiln, barefooted, for a thousand dollars; and he said he would for ten. He told us that the lime had been burning forty-eight hours, and would be finished in thirty-six more. He liked the business of watching it better by night than by day; because the days were often hot, but such a mild and beautiful night as the last was just right. Here a poet might make verses with moonlight in them, and a gleam of fierce firelight flickering through. It is a shame to use this brilliant, white, almost transparent marble in this way. A man said of it, the other day, that into some pieces of it, when polished, one could see a good distance; and he instanced a certain gravestone.

"Ethan Brand" belongs to the closing period of Hawthorne's career as a short-story teller; his imagination was dealing with larger and more dramatic motives, and his art was ripe for bolder ventures in the field of pure romance. He was brooding over the great theme, already dealt with in many minor studies, which was to receive the full impress of his imagination, his insight, and his subtle skill, in "*The Scarlet Letter*." The mystery of conscience had arrested him at the start; he had studied its workings under the pressure of the Puritan ideals and in vital relations to the New England temperament. Under the title *Hints for Stories*, the index to the "*American Note-Books*" presents a striking list of the themes and motives which had for him deep and fruitful stimulus: "people in masks," "an insane reformer," "a snake a type of envy," "temptations of the devil," "last visits of a dying person," "the drowned rising," "a secret thing in public," "crime without the sense of guilty," "a bloody footprint," "an ice-cold hand," and a long array of kindred subjects, draw aside the veil from his mind and make us aware what ghastly company he kept. His temperament, the long years of solitude under the eaves at Salem, the brooding habit of his mind, the appeal of the specters waked

by the Puritan over-emphasis on individuality, the subdued richness of his imagination at home in the shadows which encircle the soul, freely and at times magically fused in his penetrating and subtle style, made him master of the secrets of the morbid, distorted, tyrannical conscience in a world in which phantoms wore the appearance of realities. The isolation from society, the detachment from living interests, the inability to distinguish between specters and persons, the will overtopping the intelligence, which have made New England prolific of solitaries, hermits, men and women driven blindly by fixed ideas, furnished him with inexhaustible material. With deep psychological insight and consummate delicacy and force of style, he dealt with the inner struggles of the men and women whose outward experiences Miss Wilkins has dramatized in some of her shorter tales with graphic power. Among these tales of diseased mind and overburdened conscience "Ethan Brand" is a convincing creation of his genius and his art.

H. W. M.

**B**ARTRAM the lime-burner, a rough, heavy-looking man, begrimed with charcoal, sat watching his kiln at nightfall, while his little son played at building houses with the scattered fragments of marble, when, on the hillside below them, they heard a roar of laughter, not mirthful, but slow and even solemn, like a wind shaking the boughs of the forest.

"Father, what is that?" asked the little boy, leaving his play, and pressing betwixt his father's knees.

"Oh, some drunken man, I suppose," answered the lime-burner; "some merry fellow from the bar-room in the village, who dared not laugh loud enough within doors lest he should blow the roof of the house off. So here he is, shaking his jolly sides, at the foot of Greylock."

"But, father," said the child, more sensitive than the obtuse middle-aged clown, "he does not laugh like a man that is glad. So the noise frightens me!"

"Don't be a fool, child!" cried his father, gruffly. "You will never make a man, I do believe; there is too much of your mother in you. I have known the rustling of a leaf startle you. Hark! Here comes the merry fellow now. You shall see that there is no harm in him."

Bartram and his little son, while they were talking thus, sat watching the same lime-kiln that had been the scene of Ethan Brand's solitary and meditative life, before he began his search for the Unpardonable Sin. Many years, as we have seen, had now elapsed since that portentous night when the IDEA was

first developed. The kiln, however, on the mountain-side stood unimpaired, and was in nothing changed since he had thrown his dark thoughts into the intense glow of its furnace, and melted them, as it were, into the one thought that took possession of his life. It was a rude, round, tower-like structure about twenty feet high, heavily built of rough stones, and with a hillock of earth heaped about the larger part of its circumference, so that the blocks and fragments of marble might be drawn by cart-loads and thrown in at the top. There was an opening at the bottom of the tower like an oven-mouth, but large enough to admit a man in a stooping posture, and provided with a massive iron door. With the smoke and jets of flame issuing from the chinks and crevices of this door, which seemed to give admittance into the hillside, it resembled nothing so much as the private entrance to the infernal regions, which the shepherds of the Delectable Mountains were accustomed to show to pilgrims.

There are many such lime-kilns in that tract of country, for the purpose of burning the white marble which composes a large part of the substance of the hills. Some of them, built years ago, and long deserted, with weeds growing in the vacant round of the interior, which is open to the sky, and grass and wild flowers rooting themselves into the chinks of the stones, look already like relics of antiquity, and may yet be over-spread with the lichens of centuries to come. Others, where the lime-burner still feeds his daily and night-long fire,

afford points of interest to the wanderer among the hills, who seats himself on a log of wood or a fragment of marble, to hold a chat with the solitary man. It is a lonesome, and, when the character is inclined to thought, may be an intensely thoughtful, occupation; as it proved in the case of Ethan Brand, who had mused to such strange purpose, in days gone by, while the fire in this very kiln was burning.

The man who now watched the fire was of a different order, and troubled himself with no thoughts save the very few that were requisite to his business. At frequent intervals he flung back the clashing weight of the iron door, and, turning his face from the insufferable glare, thrust in huge logs of oak, or stirred the immense brands with a long pole. Within the furnace were seen the curling and riotous flames, and the burning marble, almost molten with the intensity of heat; while without the reflection of the fire quivered on the dark intricacy of the surrounding forest, and showed in the foreground a bright and ruddy little picture of the hut, the spring beside its door, the athletic and coal-begrimed figure of the lime-burner, and the half-frightened child shrinking into the protection of his father's shadow. And when, again, the iron door was closed, then reappeared the tender light of the half-full moon, which vainly strove to trace out the indistinct shapes of the neighboring mountains; and, in the upper sky, there was a fitting congregation of clouds, still faintly tinged with the rosy sunset, though thus far down into the valley the sunshine had vanished long and long ago.

The little boy now crept still closer to his father, as footsteps were heard ascending the hillside, and a human form thrust aside the bushes that clustered beneath the trees.

"Halloo! who is it?" cried the lime-burner, vexed at his son's timidity, yet half infected by it. "Come forward, and show yourself, like a man, or I'll fling this chunk of marble at your head!"

"You offer me a rough welcome," said a gloomy voice, as the unknown man drew nigh. "Yet I neither claim nor desire a kinder one, even at my own fireside."

To obtain a distincter view, Bartram threw open the iron door of the kiln, whence immediately issued a gush of fierce light, that smote full upon the stranger's face and figure. To a careless eye there appeared nothing very remarkable in his aspect, which was that of a man in a coarse, brown, country-made suit of clothes, tall and thin, with the staff and heavy shoes of a wayfarer. As he advanced he fixed his eyes—which were very bright—intently upon the brightness of the furnace, as if he beheld, or expected to behold, some object worthy of note within it.

"Good evening, stranger," said the lime-burner; "whence come you, so late in the day?"

"I come from my search," answered the wayfarer; "for, at last, it is finished."

"Drunk—or crazy!" muttered Bartram to himself. "I shall have trouble with the fellow. 'The sooner I drive him away, the better.'"

The little boy, all in a tremble, whispered to his father, and begged him to shut the door of the kiln, so that there might not be so much light; for that there was something in the man's face which he was afraid to look at, yet could not look away from. And, indeed, even the lime-burner's dull and torpid sense began to be impressed by an indescribable something in that thin, rugged, thoughtful visage, with the grizzled hair hanging wildly about it, and those deeply sunken eyes, which gleamed like fires within the entrance of a mysterious cavern. But, as he closed the door, the stranger turned towards him, and spoke in a quiet, familiar way, that made Bartram feel as if he were a sane and sensible man, after all.

"Your task draws to an end, I see," said he. "This marble has already been burning three days. A few hours more will convert the stone to lime."

"Why, who are you?" exclaimed the lime-burner. "You seem as well acquainted with my business as I am myself."

"And well I may be," said the stranger; "for I followed the same craft many a long year, and here, too, on this very spot. But you are a newcomer in

these parts. Did you never hear of Ethan Brand?"

"The man that went in search of the Unpardonable Sin?" asked Bartram, with a laugh.

"The same," answered the stranger. "He has found what he sought, and therefore he comes back again."

"What! then you are Ethan Brand himself?" cried the lime-burner, in amazement. "I am a newcomer here, as you say, and they call it eighteen years since you left the foot of Graylock. But, I can tell you, the good folks still talk about Ethan Brand, in the village yonder, and what a strange errand took him away from his lime-kiln. Well, and so you have found the Unpardonable Sin?"

"Even so!" said the stranger, calmly.

"If the question is a fair one," proceeded Bartram, "where might it be?"

Ethan Brand laid his finger on his own heart.

"Here!" replied he.

And then, without mirth in his countenance, but as if moved by an involuntary recognition of the infinite absurdity of seeking throughout the world for what was the closest of all things to himself, and looking into every heart, save his own, for what was hidden in no other breast, he broke into a laugh of scorn. It was the same slow, heavy laugh that had almost appalled the lime-burner when it heralded the wayfarer's approach.

The solitary mountain-side was made dismal by it. Laughter, when out of place, mistimed, or bursting forth from a disordered state of feeling, may be the most terrible modulation of the human voice. The laughter of one asleep, even if it be a little child—the madman's laugh—the wild, screaming laugh of a born idiot—are sounds that we sometimes tremble to hear, and would always willingly forget. Poets have imagined no utterance of fiends or hobgoblins so fearfully appropriate as a laugh. And even the obtuse lime-burner felt his nerves shaken, as this strange man looked inward at his own heart, and burst into laughter that rolled away into the night, and was indistinctly reverberated among the hills.

"Joe," said he to his little son, "scamper down to the tavern in the village, and tell the jolly fellows there that Ethan Brand has come back, and that he has found the Unpardonable Sin!"

The boy darted away on his errand, to which Ethan Brand made no objection, nor seemed hardly to notice it. He sat on a log of wood, looking steadfastly at the iron door of the kiln. When the child was out of sight, and his swift and light footsteps ceased to be heard treading first on the fallen leaves and then on the rocky mountain path, the lime-burner began to regret his departure. He felt that the little fellow's presence had been a barrier between his guest and himself, and that he must now deal, heart to heart, with a man who, on his own confession, had committed the one only crime for which Heaven could afford no mercy. That crime, in its indistinct blackness, seemed to overshadow him. The lime-burner's own sins rose up within him, and made his memory riotous with a throng of evil shapes that asserted their kindred with the Master Sin, whatever it might be, which it was within the scope of man's corrupted nature to conceive and cherish. They were all of one family; they went to and fro between his breast and Ethan Brand's, and carried dark greetings from one to the other.

Then Bartram remembered the stories which had grown traditionary in reference to this strange man, who had come upon him like a shadow of the night, and was making himself at home in his old place, after so long absence that the dead people, dead and buried for years, would have had more right to be at home, in any familiar spot, than he. Ethan Brand, it was said, had conversed with Satan himself in the lurid blaze of this very kiln. The legend had been matter of mirth heretofore, but looked grisly now. According to this tale, before Ethan Brand departed on his search, he had been accustomed to evoke a fiend from the hot furnace of the lime-kiln, night after night, in order to confer with him about the Unpardonable Sin; the man and the fiend each laboring to frame the image of some mode of guilt which could neither be atoned for nor forgiven. And, with the first gleam of light

upon the mountain-top, the fiend crept in at the iron door, there to abide the intensest element of fire until again summoned forth to share in the dreadful task of extending man's possible guilt beyond the scope of Heaven's else infinite mercy.

While the lime-burner was struggling with the horror of these thoughts, Ethan Brand rose from the log, and flung open the door of the kiln. The action was in such accordance with the idea in Barram's mind that he almost expected to see the Evil One issue forth, red-hot, from the raging furnace.

"Hold! hold!" cried he, with a tremulous attempt to laugh; for he was ashamed of his fears, although they overmastered him. "Don't, for mercy's sake, bring out your Devil now!"

"Man!" sternly replied Ethan Brand, "what need have I of the Devil? I have left him behind me, on my track. It is with such half-way sinners as you that he busies himself. Fear not because I open the door. I do but act by old custom, and am going to trim your fire, like a lime-burner, as I was once."

He stirred the vast coals, thrust in more wood, and bent forward to gaze into the hollow prison-house of the fire, regardless of the fierce glow that reddened upon his face. The lime-burner sat watching him, and half suspected this strange guest of a purpose, if not to evoke a fiend, at least to plunge bodily into the flames, and thus vanish from the sight of man. Ethan Brand, however, drew quietly back, and closed the door of the kiln.

"I have looked," said he, "into many a human heart that was seven times hotter with sinful passions than yonder furnace is with fire. But I found not there what I sought. No, not the Unpardonable Sin!"

"What is the Unpardonable Sin?" asked the lime-burner; and then he shrank farther from his companion, trembling lest his question should be answered.

"It is a sin that grew within my own breast," replied Ethan Brand, standing erect, with a pride that distinguishes all enthusiasts of his stamp. "A sin that grew nowhere else! The sin of an in-

tellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims! The only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony! Freely, were it to do again, would I incur the guilt. Unshrinkingly I accept the retribution!"

"The man's head is turned," muttered the lime-burner to himself. "He may be a sinner like the rest of us—nothing more likely—but, I'll be sworn, he is a madman too."

Nevertheless, he felt uncomfortable at his situation, alone with Ethan Brand on the wild mountain-side, and was right glad to hear the rough murmur of tongues, and the footsteps of what seemed a pretty numerous party, stumbling over the stones and rustling through the underbrush. Soon appeared the whole lazy regiment that was wont to infest the village tavern, comprehending three or four individuals who had drunk flip beside the bar-room fire through all the winters and smoked their pipes beneath the stoop through all the summers since Ethan Brand's departure. Laughing boisterously, and mingling all their voices together in unceremonious talk, they now burst into the moonshine and narrow streaks of firelight that illuminated the open space before the lime-kiln. Barram set the door ajar again, flooding the spot with light, that the whole company might get a fair view of Ethan Brand, and he of them.

There, among other old acquaintances, was a once ubiquitous man, now almost extinct, but whom we were formerly sure to encounter at the hotel of every thriving village throughout the country. It was the stage agent. The present specimen of the genus was a wilted and smoke-dried man, wrinkled and red-nosed, in a smartly cut, brown, bobtailed coat, with brass buttons, who, for a length of time unknown, had kept his desk and corner in the bar-room, and was still puffing what seemed to be the same cigar that he had lighted twenty years before. He had great fame as a dry joker, though, perhaps, less on account of any intrinsic humor than from a certain flavor of brandy-toddy and tobacco-smoke, which impregnated all

his ideas and expressions, as well as his person. Another well-remembered, though strangely altered, face was that of Lawyer Giles, as people still called him in courtesy; an elderly ragamuffin, in his soiled shirt-sleeves and tow-cloth trousers. This poor fellow had been an attorney, in what he called his better days, a sharp practitioner, and in great vogue among the village litigants; but flip, and sling, and toddy, and cocktails, imbibed at all hours, morning, noon, and night, had caused him to slide from intellectual to various kinds and degrees of bodily labor, till at last, to adopt his own phrase, he slid into a soap-vat. In other words, Giles was now a soap-boiler, in a small way. He had come to be but the fragment of a human being, a part of one foot having been chopped off by an ax, and an entire hand torn away by the devilish grip of a steam-engine. Yet, though the corporeal hand was gone, a spiritual member remained; for, stretching forth the stump, Giles steadfastly averred that he felt an invisible thumb and fingers with as vivid a sensation as before the real ones were amputated. A maimed and miserable wretch he was; but one, nevertheless, whom the world could not trample on, and had no right to scorn, either in this or any previous stage of his misfortunes, since he had still kept up the courage and spirit of a man, asked nothing in charity, and with his one hand—and that the left one—fought a stern battle against want and hostile circumstances.

Among the throng, too, came another personage who, with certain points of similarity to Lawyer Giles, had many more of difference. It was the village doctor; a man of some fifty years, whom, at an earlier period of his life, we introduced as paying a professional visit to Ethan Brand during the latter's supposed insanity. He was now a purple-visaged, rude, and brutal, yet half-gentlemanly, figure, with something wild, ruined, and desperate in his talk, and in all the details of his gesture and manners. Brandy possessed this man like an evil spirit, and made him as surly and savage as a wild beast, and as miserable as a lost soul; but there was supposed to be in him such wonderful skill, such native

gifts of healing, beyond any which medical science could impart, that society caught hold of him, and would not let him sink out of its reach. So, swaying to and fro upon his horse, and grumbling thick accents at the bedside, he visited all the sick chambers for miles about among the mountain towns, and sometimes raised a dying man, as it were, by miracle, or quite as often, no doubt, sent his patient to a grave that was dug many a year too soon. The doctor had an everlasting pipe in his mouth, and, as somebody said, in allusion to his habit of swearing, it was always alight with hell-fire.

These three worthies pressed forward, and greeted Ethan Brand each after his own fashion, earnestly inviting him to partake of the contents of a certain black bottle, in which, as they averred, he would find something far better worth seeking for than the Unpardonable Sin. No mind which has wrought itself by intense and solitary meditation into a high state of enthusiasm can endure the kind of contact with low and vulgar modes of thought and feeling to which Ethan Brand was now subjected. It made him doubt—and, strange to say, it was a painful doubt—whether he had indeed found the Unpardonable Sin, and found it within himself. The whole question on which he had exhausted life, and more than life, looked like a delusion.

"Leave me," he said bitterly, "ye brute beasts, that have made yourselves so, shriveling up your souls with fiery liquors! I have done with you. Years and years ago I groped into your hearts, and found nothing there for my purpose. Get ye gone!"

"Why, you uncivil scoundrel," cried the fierce doctor, "is that the way you respond to the kindness of your best friends? Then let me tell you the truth. You have no more found the Unpardonable Sin than yonder boy Joe has. You are but a crazy fellow—I told you so twenty years ago—neither better nor worse than a crazy fellow, and the fit companion of old Humphrey here!"

He pointed to an old man, shabbily dressed, with long white hair, thin visage, and unsteady eyes. For some years

past this aged person had been wandering about among the hills, inquiring of all travelers whom he met for his daughter. The girl, it seemed, had gone off with a company of circus performers, and occasionally tidings of her came to the village, and fine stories were told of her glittering appearance as she rode on horseback in the ring, or performed marvelous feats on the tight-rope.

The white-haired father now approached Ethan Brand, and gazed unsteadily into his face.

"They tell me you have been all over the earth," said he, wringing his hands with earnestness. "You must have seen my daughter, for she makes a grand figure in the world, and everybody goes to see her. Did she send any word to her old father, or say when she was coming back?"

Ethan Brand's eye quailed beneath the old man's. That daughter, from whom he so earnestly desired a word of greeting, was the Esther of our tale, the very girl whom, with such cold and remorseless purpose, Ethan Brand had made the subject of a psychological experiment wasted, absorbed, and perhaps annihilated her soul, in the process.

"Yes," murmured he, turning away from the hoary wanderer, "it is no delusion. There is an Unpardonable Sin!"

While these things were passing, a merry scene was going forward in the area of cheerful light, beside the spring and before the door of the hut. A number of the youth of the village, young men and girls, had hurried up the hill-side, impelled by curiosity to see Ethan Brand, the hero of so many a legend familiar to their childhood. Finding nothing, however, very remarkable in his aspect—nothing but a sunburnt wayfarer, in plain garb and dusty shoes, who sat looking into the fire as if he fancied pictures among the coals—these young people speedily grew tired of observing him. As it happened, there was other amusement at hand. An old German Jew, traveling with a diorama on his back, was passing down the mountain road towards the village just as the party turned aside from it, and, in hopes of eking out the profits of the day, the show-

man had kept them company to the lime-kiln.

"Come, old Dutchman," cried one of the young men, "let us see your pictures, if you can swear they are worth looking at!"

"Oh yes, Captain," answered the Jew—whether as a matter of courtesy or craft, he styled everybody Captain—"I shall show you, indeed, some very superb pictures!" So, placing his box in a proper position, he invited the young men and girls to look through the glass orifices of the machine, and proceeded to exhibit a series of the most outrageous scratchings and daubings, as specimens of the fine arts, that ever an itinerant showman had the face to impose upon his circle of spectators. The pictures were worn out, moreover, tattered, full of cracks and wrinkles, dingy with tobacco-smoke, and otherwise in a most pitiable condition. Some purported to be cities, public edifices, and ruined castles in Europe; others represented Napoleon's battles and Nelson's sea-fights; and in the midst of these would be seen a gigantic, brown, hairy hand—which might have been mistaken for the Hand of Destiny, though, in truth, it was only the showman's—pointing its forefinger to various scenes of the conflict, while its owner gave historical illustrations. When, with much merriment at its abominable deficiency of merit, the exhibition was concluded, the German bade little Joe put his head into the box. Viewed through the magnifying-glasses, the boy's round, rosy visage assumed the strangest imaginable aspect of an immense Titanic child, the mouth grinning broadly, and the eyes and every other feature overflowing with fun at the joke. Suddenly, however, that merry face turned pale, and its expression changed to horror, for this easily impressed and excitable child had become sensible that the eye of Ethan Brand was fixed upon him through the glass.

"You make the little man to be afraid, Captain," said the German Jew, turning up the dark and strong outline of his visage from his stooping posture. "But look again, and, by chance, I shall cause you to see somewhat that is very fine, upon my word!"

Ethan Brand gazed into the box for an instant, and then, starting back, looked fixedly at the German. What had he seen? Nothing, apparently; for a curious youth, who had peeped in almost at the same moment, beheld only a vacant space of canvas.

"I remember you now," muttered Ethan Brand to the showman.

"Ah, Captain," whispered the Jew of Nuremberg, with a dark smile, "I find it to be a heavy matter in my show-box—this Unpardonable Sin! By my faith, Captain, it has wearied my shoulders, this long day, to carry it over the mountain."

"Peace," answered Ethan Brand, sternly, "or get thee into the furnace yonder!"

The Jew's exhibition had scarcely concluded, when a great elderly dog—who seemed to be his own master, as no person in the company laid claim to him—saw fit to render himself the object of public notice. Hitherto he had shown himself a very quiet, well-disposed old dog, going round from one to another, and, by way of being sociable, offering his rough head to be patted by any kindly hand that would take so much trouble. But now, all of a sudden, this grave and venerable quadruped, of his own mere motion, and without the slightest suggestion from anybody else, began to run round after his tail, which, to heighten the absurdity of the proceeding, was a great deal shorter than it should have been. Never was seen such head-long eagerness in pursuit of an object that could not possibly be attained; never was heard such a tremendous outbreak of growling, snarling, barking, and snapping—as if one end of the ridiculous brute's body were at deadly and most unforgivable enmity with the other. Faster and faster, round about went the cur; and faster and still faster fled the unapproachable brevity of his tail; and louder and fiercer grew his yells of rage and animosity; until, utterly exhausted, and as far from the goal as ever, the foolish old dog ceased his performance as suddenly as he had begun it. The next moment he was as mild, quiet, sensible, and respectable in his deportment as when he first scraped acquaintance with the company.

As may be supposed, the exhibition was greeted with universal laughter, clapping of hands, and shouts of encore, to which the canine performer responded by wagging all that there was to wag of his tail, but appeared totally unable to repeat his very successful effort to amuse the spectators.

Meanwhile, Ethan Brand had resumed his seat upon the log, and moved, it might be, by a perception of some remote analogy between his own case and that of this self-pursuing cur, he broke into the awful laugh, which, more than any other token, expressed the condition of his inward being. From that moment the merriment of the party was at an end; they stood aghast, dreading lest the inauspicious sound should be reverberated around the horizon, and that mountain would thunder it to mountain, and so the horror be prolonged upon their ears. Then, whispering one to another that it was late—that the moon was almost down—that the August night was growing chill—they hurried homewards, leaving the lime-burner and little Joe to deal as they might with their unwelcome guest. Save for these three human beings, the open space on the hill-side was a solitude, set in a vast gloom of forest. Beyond that darksome verge the firelight glimmered on the stately trunks and almost black foliage of pines, intermixed with the lighter verdure of sapling oaks, maples, and poplars, while here and there lay the gigantic corpses of dead trees, decaying on the leaf-strewn soil. And it seemed to little Joe—a timorous and imaginative child—that the silent forest was holding its breath until some fearful thing should happen.

Ethan Brand thrust more wood into the fire, and closed the door of the kiln; then, looking over his shoulder at the lime-burner and his son, he bade, rather than advised, them to retire to rest.

"For myself, I cannot sleep," said he. "I have matters that it concerns me to meditate upon. I will watch the fire as I used to do in the old time."

"And call the Devil out of the furnace to keep you company. I suppose," muttered Bartram, who had been making intimate acquaintance with the black bottle above mentioned. "But watch,



if you like, and call as many devils as you like! For my part, I shall be all the better for a snooze. Come, Joe!"

As the boy followed his father into the hut, he looked back at the wayfarer, and the tears came into his eyes, for his tender spirit had an intuition of the bleak and terrible loneliness in which this man had enveloped himself.

When they had gone, Ethan Brand sat listening to the crackling of the kindled wood, and looking at the little spurts of fire that issued through the chinks of the door. These trifles, however, once so familiar, had but the slightest hold of his attention, while deep within his mind he was reviewing the gradual but marvelous change that had been wrought upon him by the search to which he had devoted himself. He remembered how the night dew had fallen upon him—how the dark forest had whispered to him—how the stars had gleamed upon him—a simple and loving man, watching his fire in the years gone by, and ever musing as it burned. He remembered with what tenderness, with what love and sympathy for mankind, and what pity for human guilt and woe, he had first begun to contemplate those ideas which afterwards became the inspiration of his life; with what reverence he had then looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother; with what awful fear he had deprecated the success of his pursuit, and prayed that the Unpardonable Sin might never be revealed to him. Then ensued that vast intellectual development, which, in its progress, disturbed the counterpoise between his mind and heart. The Idea that possessed his life had operated as a means of education; it had gone on cultivating his powers to the highest point of which they were susceptible; it had raised him from the level of an unlettered laborer to stand on a star-lit eminence, whither the philosophers of the earth, laden with the lore of universities, might vainly strive to clamber after him. So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered—had contracted—had hardened—had perished!

It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers or the dungeons of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study.

Thus Ethan Brand became a fiend. He began to be so from the moment that his moral nature had ceased to keep the pace of improvement with his intellect. And now, as his highest effort and inevitable development—as the bright and gorgeous flower and rich, delicious fruit of his life's labor—he had produced the Unpardonable Sin!

"What more have I to seek? what more to achieve?" said Ethan Brand to himself. "My task is done, and well done!"

Starting from the log with a certain alacrity in his gait and ascending the hillock of earth that was raised against the stone circumference of the lime-kiln, he thus reached the top of the structure. It was a space of perhaps ten feet across, from edge to edge, presenting a view of the upper surface of the immense mass of broken marble with which the kiln was heaped. All these innumerable blocks and fragments of marble were red-hot and vividly on fire, sending up great spouts of blue flame, which quivered aloft and danced madly, as within a magic circle, and sank and rose again, with continual and multitudinous activity. As the lonely man bent forward over this terrible body of fire, the blasting heat smote up against his person with a breath that, it might be supposed, would have scorched and shriveled him up in a moment.

Ethan Brand stood erect, and raised his arms on high. The blue flames played upon his face, and imparted the wild and ghastly light which alone could have suited its expression; it was that of a fiend on the verge of plunging into his gulf of intensest torment.

"O Mother Earth," cried he, "who art no more my Mother, and into whose bosom this frame shall never be resolved! O mankind, whose brotherhood I have cast off, and trampled thy great heart beneath my feet! O stars of heaven, that shone on me of old, as if to light me onward and upward!—farewell all, and forever. Come, deadly element of Fire—henceforth my familiar friend! Embrace me, as I do thee!"

That night the sound of a fearful peal of laughter rolled heavily through the sleep of the lime-burner and his little son; dim shapes of horror and anguish haunted their dreams, and seemed still present in the rude hovel, when they opened their eyes to the daylight.

"Up, boy, up!" cried the lime-burner, staring about him. "Thank Heaven, the night is gone, at last; and rather than pass such another, I would watch my lime-kiln, wide awake, for a twelve-month. This Ethan Brand, with his humbug of an Unpardonable Sin, has done me no such mighty favor in taking my place!"

He issued from the hut, followed by little Joe, who kept fast hold of his father's hand. The early sunshine was already pouring its gold upon the mountain-tops, and though the valleys were still in shadow, they smiled cheerfully in the promise of the bright day that was hastening onward. The village, completely shut in by hills, which swelled away gently about it, looked as if it had rested peacefully in the hollow of the great hand of Providence. Every dwelling was distinctly visible; the little spires of the two churches pointed upwards, and caught a fore-glimmering of brightness from the sun-gilt skies upon their gilded weathercocks. The tavern was astir, and the figure of the old, smoke-dried stage agent, cigar in mouth, was seen beneath the stoop. Old Graylock was glorified with a golden cloud upon his head. Scattered likewise over the breasts of the surrounding mountains there were heaps of hoary mist, in fantastic shapes, some of them far down into the valley, others high up towards the summits, and still others, of the same family of mist or cloud, hovering in the gold radiance of the upper atmosphere.

Stepping from one to another of the clouds that rested on the hills, and thence to the loftier brotherhood that sailed in air, it seemed almost as if a mortal man might thus ascend into the heavenly regions. Earth was so mingled with sky that it was a day-dream to look at it.

To supply that charm of the familiar and homely, which Nature so readily adopts into a scene like this, the stage-coach was rattling down the mountain road, and the driver sounded his horn, while Echo caught up the notes, and intertwined them into a rich and varied and elaborate harmony, of which the original performer could lay claim to little share. The great hills played a concert among themselves, each contributing a strain of airy sweetness.

Little Joe's face brightened at once.

"Dear father," cried he, skipping cheerily to and fro, "that strange man is gone, and the sky and the mountains all seem glad of it!"

"Yes," growled the lime-burner, with an oath, "but he has let the fire go down, and no thanks to him if five hundred bushels of lime are not spoiled. If I catch the fellow hereabouts again, I shall feel like tossing him into the furnace!"

With his long pole in his hand, he ascended to the top of the kiln. After a moment's pause, he called to his son.

"Come up here, Joe!" said he.

So little Joe ran up the hillock, and stood by his father's side. The marble was all burnt into perfect snow-white lime. But on its surface, in the midst of the circle—snow-white, too, and thoroughly converted into lime—lay a human skeleton, in the attitude of a person who, after long toil, lies down to long repose. Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart.

"Was the fellow's heart made of marble?" cried Bartram, in some perplexity at this phenomenon. "At any rate, it is burnt into what looks like special good lime; and, taking all the bones together, my kiln is half a bushel the richer for him."

So saying, the rude lime-burner lifted his pole, and, letting it fall upon the skeleton, the relics of Ethan Brand were crumbled into fragments.

# SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

## THE ACCEPTED TIME

Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.—2 Corinthians vi. 2.

**T**HIS verse has often been quoted as a Scriptural argument against the doctrine of salvation in a future life. It has nothing to do with a future life. The Hebrew prophets foretold a coming Kingdom of God and a coming Messiah who would usher in that Kingdom. Paul quotes one of these prophecies and declares that it is fulfilled. The prophet had spoken of an acceptable time and a day of salvation. Paul says, "Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation." The promised day has arrived; the Coming One has come. Thus Paul's saying is equivalent to Christ's message, "The Kingdom of God is at hand," and to the message in his parable of the Great Supper, "Come, for all things are now ready."

As I am writing these lines, in early April, there is still a feeling of distant snow in the air, and in unsunlit corners some remnants of last winter's ice and snow still linger. But the grass is springing up, and the uncovered brooks are beginning their song, and the trailing arbutus is in bloom, and the bees are awaking from their winter's sleep, and the early birds are hymning their morning devotions in the tree-tops. It is time to get out the plow and break up the ground and get ready to sow the seed. For spring is at hand, and we must be preparing for summer. This was the message of Christ; this is the message of Paul: The long-promised day of salvation has come. "Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him."

What is the promised day of the Lord? It is a day when there shall be "upon the bells of the horses righteousness unto the Lord;" when "all thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" when "out

of Zion shall go forth the law, and . . . nation shall not lift up sword against nation;" when "they shall sit every man under his vine and his fig-tree, and none shall make them afraid." The public honesty which makes business on a credit basis possible is the Kingdom of God. The public school is the Kingdom of God. International law and international peace based on international law is the Kingdom of God. The distribution of wealth is the Kingdom of God. The Kingdom of God is here. The day of salvation has dawned. Whatever merchant is promoting the spirit of honesty and fair dealing in business, whatever teacher is promoting a universal education and quickening the conscience and reverence of his pupils, whatever statesman is leading his nation toward higher ideals of justice and so toward the consummation of peace, whatever reformer is promoting a more equitable distribution of wealth, whatever father or mother is sowing in the child's heart the seeds of goodness, truth, and purity, whatever priest or preacher is leading men toward the practice of justice, mercy, humility, and reverence, is working in the Kingdom of God. We are already in the Kingdom of Heaven. We need not wait for any more splendid unveiling of God, any more assurance of the forgiveness of sins, any more direct call to duteous service. The Master is come, and calleth for thee.

"Wherever the gentle heart  
Finds courage from above,  
Where'er the heart forsook  
Warms with the breath of love,  
Where faith bids fear depart,  
City of God, thou art.

Where in life's common ways  
With cheerful feet we go,  
When in his steps we tread  
Who trod the way of woe,  
Where he is in the heart,  
City of God, thou art."



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# The Outlook



*Saturday, August 3, 1907*

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By ELBERT F. BALDWIN

Of the Editorial Staff of The Outlook

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By LEROY PERCY

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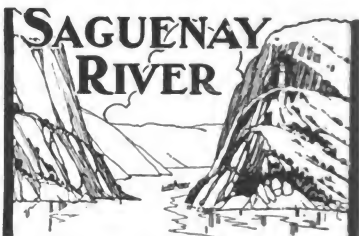
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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 3, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 14

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## North Carolina and State Rights

The controversy about the railway rate law that has been agitating North Carolina is one that involves a question of jurisdiction between inferior Federal and inferior State courts. The last legislature of North Carolina passed a law providing for a maximum passenger fare of  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cents per mile upon all railways within the State having a mileage of sixty miles or more, and conferring upon the Railway Commission power to apply the maximum rate to all railways doing business in the State. The act imposes enormous fines against the railways for violation of its provisions. Counsel for the Seaboard Air Line has stated that the penalties to which this railway would be subject would exceed \$1,600,000 per day; and in the case of the Southern Railway it is estimated that fines amounting to \$2,500,000 per day might be imposed upon it for failing to sell tickets at the prescribed maximum rate. The eighth amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that "excessive fines shall not be imposed, nor cruel nor unusual punishments inflicted." As the net earnings of the Seaboard Air Line for an entire year are less than \$5,000,000, it would appear that a fine of \$1,600,000 per day would be somewhat excessive. The total net income of the Southern Railway for a year is \$15,000,000, but an accumulation of six days' fines would entirely exhaust this snug sum and bankrupt the corporation. It is maintained by the attorneys for the railways that the North Carolina rate law is invalid, as it is in conflict with the section of the Federal Constitution quoted above which guarantees protection to all citizens from the imposition of excessive fines. Stockholders of the Seaboard Air Line were the first to take important action. They applied to a Fed-

eral court for an order to restrain the State authorities from enforcing the new law and a restraining order was issued to prevent the enforcement of the act until its validity could be passed upon by a court. The Seaboard Air Line and the Southern Railway as well decided to give to every purchaser of a ticket a rebate check, calling for the repayment to the passenger of the amount of the excess fare in case the rate law is ultimately sustained. In this way the rights of the passengers are fully protected. It has been said that the railways might better have shown a disposition to comply with the new law by selling tickets at the reduced rate. But had they done so, and had the law later been declared unconstitutional, it would have been impossible for the railways to recover their losses from their patrons.



## Criminal Proceedings Against Ticket Agents

Exasperated because the Seaboard Air Line had stolen a march upon them, the State authorities evidently determined to head off a similar proceeding on the part of the Southern Railway, and hence they arrested the agents of that corporation on the charge of violating the rate act. Action was also brought in the State courts against the Southern Railway Company, and a fine of \$30,000 was imposed. Thereupon the Southern Railway applied to Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, of the United States Circuit Court, for a writ of habeas corpus. The writ was granted, and some of the ticket agents who had been sentenced to pay a fine and to work with the chain gang for thirty days, by the State criminal court, were taken before the Federal judge, who released them under bail, pending a final decision as to the validity of the rate law. The State authorities have taken an appeal,



claiming that the Federal Court has no right to interfere with a criminal proceeding before a minor State Court. Upon releasing the accused ticket agents Judge Pritchard said: "It will be a sad day for the people of North Carolina when its citizens are prohibited by acts of the Legislature from asserting any right guaranteed to them by the Constitution of the United States. Suits of this character have been brought in different States of the Union, and in every instance Federal Courts have proceeded to determine questions involved without interference, hindrance, or delay by legislative or judicial authorities of such States. . . . The State Constitution, as well as the statutory law, affords ample protection to every person deprived of his liberty without due process of law. It is remarkable that any one representing the State should oppose the granting of the writ of habeas corpus." As to the power of a court in equity to enjoin the prosecution of a criminal case, Judge Pritchard cited the opinion of Justice Day in the case of *Dobbins vs. Los Angeles* in which the court said: "It is well settled that where property rights will be destroyed, unlawful interference by criminal proceedings, under a void law or ordinance, may be reached and controlled by decree of a court of equity." In regard to the imposition of unusual penalties Justice Brewer said, in the *Kansas City stockyards* case: "It is doubtless true that the State may impose penalties such as will tend to compel obedience to its mandates, . . . but when the Legislature, in an effort to prevent any inquiry of the validity of a particular statute, so burdens any challenge thereof in the courts that the party affected is unnecessarily constrained to submit rather than take the chances of the penalties imposed, then it becomes a serious question whether the party is not deprived of the equal protection of the laws." The cases have attracted unusual attention because Governor Glenn of North Carolina has had so much to say about State rights, and about the interference by a Federal court with proceedings in a State court. In spite of efforts to reach an amicable agreement further indictments

against railway ticket agents were brought at the end of last week and a warrant was issued for the arrest of President Finley, of the Southern Railway. Governor Glenn is in a difficult position. It is hard for him to arrange any compromise that will not seem like an annulment of the State criminal law. On the other hand, there should be an opportunity for testing the constitutionality of the law without involving the railways in undue financial loss. In the meantime the law is the law until it is declared unconstitutional.

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### *Three Points of Importance*

In this confused situation, in which are involved matters of technical legal procedure, there are three points which stand out clearly: In the first place it is evident that the South, which during the era following the Civil War has devoted itself with an almost unprecedented success to the development of industry, is now feeling the evils incidental to rapid industrial progress, and like the rest of the country is anxiously searching for a way by which the growing giant of industrialism may be controlled by democracy. The state of Alabama, for instance, has attempted to put a curb upon the railways by decreeing that any railway appealing to the Federal Courts from the State rate law should sacrifice its charter. It has been decided by a Federal Court, however, that no provision to this effect is constitutional. This attempt of Alabama, like the conflict in North Carolina, indicates how thoroughly in earnest the South has become in its determination to control the instruments of industry. In the second place it is evident that the railways which do not want Federal control are eager to seek Federal protection. They like to have all the comforts that would come to them from Federal regulation of inter-State commerce without assuming any of the responsibilities. This controversy will help to make clear, we hope, why it is that the most far sighted railway managers, as well as the real leaders among the public men of this country, have been urgent in advocating the policy of holding all those engaged in inter-State Com-

merce responsible to the Federal government. In the third place it is evident that the United States Supreme Court will ultimately have to pass upon the issues between the parties concerned in this controversy. There is, therefore, no reasonable ground for great public excitement. Whether the issues reach the Supreme Court through inferior Federal courts or through the State courts of North Carolina does not seem to be a question of the gravest public concern. It should be the business of the State officials and of all the judges so to conduct this controversy as to allay popular excitement and maintain public order.



#### *Disciplining a Legislature*

The method which Governor Hughes has adopted in dealing with the legislative problem of reapportioning New York State has been exactly that of a wise father with a number of willful, foolish children. A mother, let us say, has told the children that she holds them responsible for the order of the play-room, and she finds it in great disorder. She tells her husband so, and he sends word to the children that they are to rearrange the room. Then the children begin to quarrel. One boy decides he wants a specially roomy corner for his possessions, and he persuades a faction of the family to side with him. The rest withstand him. Evening comes and nothing is accomplished. The father might now go to the play-room, decide how it shall be arranged, and set the children to work on his plan; but he does nothing of the sort. He simply calls them to the play-room the next day and shows them their task. After a time they tire of their wrangling, patch up their differences, and go out to play. Last spring the highest court of the State of New York decided that several of the political divisions of the State were unconstitutional, and must be changed. The Governor showed the Legislature their duty. Then the Legislature began quarreling. The Speaker of the Assembly chose a pleasant territory for himself and for his father, formerly a representative in Congress; and he induced the Assembly to stand by him. The Senate

disagreed. The Governor did nothing. The regular session came to an end. Then the Governor called the Legislature together in special session showed them their unfinished task, and left them. Now at last, the Speaker of the Assembly having abandoned his demands, the Legislature has put the State in order and has adjourned. There still remains the question whether the completed task will wholly satisfy the courts; but the Legislature has, we hope, learned a lesson. At least, ordinary sensible children would have learned a lesson under similar circumstances. It is a lesson concerning the insignificance of selfish personal interests as compared with the general good. Next time—perhaps—the Legislature will give less consideration to the political fortunes of individuals and more to justice to the State.



#### *The Spread of the Texas Idea*

A significant instance of the spread of the "Texas Idea" in city government is to be found in Des Moines, Iowa, which voted in June to adopt a charter modeled after the Galveston plan. From a government by a mayor and ward aldermen the municipality will pass under the control of a board of five commissioners elected at large, one of whom shall be mayor. The change will become effective next March. This political upheaval is the result of a long, hard fight against inefficient management of city affairs. Des Moines, a town of perhaps 85,000 population, is the capital of the State, and the statehouse crowd and the politicians of the Polk County courthouse combined with the city office holders for their own common interest. The consequence was a system that made for the interests of the politicians but neglected those of the municipality. If there was graft it was probably insignificant. But the city was given a slipshod administration and mediocrity was at a premium. Efforts to better affairs by electing a Citizens' ticket had proved futile. So it fell out that the people turned for relief to a scheme of government that offered centralization of authority and responsibility. James G. Berryhill, a public-spirited citizen with business in-

terests in Galveston, had become familiar with the commission plan of government there. Two years ago he was called on to explain the system to the Des Moines Commercial club. As a result of that speech the club took up the matter and began a vigorous campaign under Mr. Berryhill's leadership to obtain the necessary legislation from the State Legislature. It was only after two years of constant effort in the face of repeated failures that success came. The charter, which will be operative next year, embodies the essential features of the plan now in operation in Galveston and Houston. All of the business of the city is to be distributed between the five departments of public affairs, accounts and finances, public safety, streets and public improvements, and parks and public property. The mayor is constituted superintendent of the department of public affairs.



*Peculiarities of  
the Des Moines Plan*

In several important respects, however, the Des Moines plan (which has already been partly outlined in *The Outlook*) differs from that in use in Texas. As finally adopted in June, its main provisions are these: In the first place, the officials are to be selected at a non-partisan primary. Any person may become a candidate by filing a petition signed by twenty-five voters ten days before the primary. On the primary ballot the names of the candidates for Mayor are arranged alphabetically, without party emblem, and the voters are instructed to vote for one. The names of the candidates for Councilmen are arranged alphabetically also, with instructions to vote for four. At the regular election the two candidates for Mayor who received the highest number of votes go on the ballot. The eight aldermanic candidates receiving the highest number of votes are submitted in the same manner. The "recall" is another political experiment, first tried, it is believed, in Los Angeles, that is incorporated in the Des Moines charter. If the conduct of a member of the Council is distasteful to his constituents, a petition of twenty-five per cent. of the votes cast in the

next preceding election will compel him to become a candidate at a special election. If the incumbent is to retain office he must receive a plurality over any other candidate nominated by petition. The initiative and referendum are features of the Des Moines plan. Any proposed ordinance may be submitted to the Council by a petition signed by twenty-five per cent. of the electors. The Council may pass the ordinance without alteration within twenty days, or submit it to the people at a special election. The referendum works in much the same way. The people, by vote, may reject any ordinance passed by the Council. All franchise ordinances must be submitted to the people before they become effective. It has been said that the Des Moines plan has been adopted in order to obtain efficiency. It has been adopted also to secure democracy. Its provisions, the people think, will take away control from a small faction of the dominant party, and will put the authority in the hands of the voters themselves.



*A Good Bargain  
for the Transit Company*

Having settled the question of the gas lease for twenty years, as *The Outlook* has already reported, Mayor Reyburn's administration has settled another important question for the city of Philadelphia, that of the street railways. And it has settled it, apparently, for fifty years. The city government has passed a new ordinance and has made a new contract with the Rapid Transit Company. In return for the new terms which it has secured from the company, the city has repealed all previous agreements with the company, and with all its subsidiary companies. By this new arrangement the company is to pay the city five hundred thousand dollars a year for the first ten years, increasing the payments thereafter by fifty thousand dollars every ten years until during the fifth decade it is to pay seven hundred thousand dollars a year. The city is allowed the right to choose two directors of the company. Some franchises, which the company does not want, are cancelled. The company is required to establish a sinking

fund to extinguish at the end of fifty years its present capital stock of thirty million dollars and to call in all unpaid installments on the stock. In return for these requirements the city abandons for fifty years its present right, established by ordinance fifty years ago, to purchase the railways at the original cost; it does away with the car licenses, releases the company from the obligation to share in the paving of streets, and extends to the company certain valuable franchises. If at the end of fifty years the city wishes to purchase the property rights of the company, it must pay an amount equal to its capital stock of thirty million dollars, plus any additional capital stock issued with the consent of the city, and must take the property and rights subject to all indebtedness. For the two directors, to whom the city is entitled, the Councils of Philadelphia have chosen, for one place, the president of the bank in which the Mayor is interested, and for the other place, one of the beneficiaries of the notorious "midnight franchise" of 1901. There is naturally a difference of opinion as to the justice of this bargain. The company, it is hardly necessary to say, is delighted with it. One of the directors speaks of it as a "Christian adjustment" as opposed to "suicidal controversy." On the other hand, a city party member of the council says of it:

The street car rider will continue to contribute forty-one per cent. of each fare paid to a fund for the payment of inordinate dividends on the stock of corporations whose tangible property long ago went to the junk pile, whose only asset is the right given to it by the people to use certain streets, and which long ago ceased to have any part in the actual transportation of passengers for hire along the street railway lines of Philadelphia. It is not unfair to say that those citizens most interested in establishing efficient municipal government believe that in this arrangement the officials of Philadelphia have failed to conserve properly the interests of the public.

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#### *Korea: A Japanese Protectorate*

The new convention signed at Seoul, the capital of Korea, last week by the Ministers of the new Emperor, whose imperial seal is

also attached to the agreement, practically establishes a Japanese administration through Japan's Resident-General. The form of a government under the Korean dynasty is maintained, but the consent or direction of the Japanese Resident-General must be had (as agreed in the articles of the new convention): first, to all reform measures; second, to the enactment of laws and the carrying out of administrative measures; third, in keeping separate the judicial administration from other affairs; fourth, for the appointment or dismissal of Korean officials of high grade; fifth, for all appointments to official positions; sixth, to the engagement (apparently in any capacity) of any foreigner. It is announced that the application of this very sweeping plan, under which the Resident-General must be consulted on practically every point of administration, will go into effect slowly; and from Japanese sources the admission is made that there is a lack of competent Japanese officials available. It is to be hoped that the new administration will lay greater stress than has been laid heretofore on the personal and property rights of individual Korean citizens. Nothing is more urgent than a proper and adequate organization of courts of justice. Such a system does not now exist, and, as we understand it, never has existed in Korea. The position of Japan in Korea is naturally a difficult one. If Korea had shown strength and courage as a nation, she might still have suffered because of Russian and Japanese jealousy over the encroachments of both and the desire of each to control Korea; but in that case, Japan might have been contented with a broad supervision of Korean international affairs and with whatever steps were necessary to prevent Russian aggression. As it is, Korea can have no hope of persuading or frightening Japan into abandoning the predominance granted to it by the Portsmouth treaty, and must face the problem of so acting as to obtain, perhaps with the assistance of friendly remonstrance by other nations if necessary, a good and just administration from the Japanese officials. At present it is probably true that the enormous

immigration of Japanese into Korean territory has worked to the injury of Korean property holders, and that personal rights of Koreans have been disregarded. It is imperative for Japan to establish promptly a strong administration which should have as one of its prime objects the protection of Korean rights.



*English University  
Reform*

There have not been wanting, of late, signs that the English universities were willing to turn from purely academical and classical traditions, to recognize modern educational currents of thought, and even to show an interest in those things which concern the heart of England's populace. Thus, the other day, at the same Commemoration at which our Mark Twain was so notably honored, among the recipients for the degree of D.C.L., side by side with Prince Arthur of Connaught, with Professor Herkomer, with the Lord Chief Justice, and with other titled and distinguished men, stood General Booth, the head of the Salvation Army. In presenting him with the degree the Chancellor neatly, but somewhat elaborately, managed to translate "*General of the Salvation Army*," as "*animis repelundis exercitus imperator ac dux*," and in a far happier phrase described General Booth as "the tender-hearted protector of the lowest classes of the people." This recognition of work for the poor, and in the name of religion, by a fighter rather than a scholar, certainly goes to show that Oxford is alive to what is going on outside its own beautiful academic groves. So when, some time ago, The Outlook noted an appeal for a large fund to meet the pressing needs of Oxford, it will be remembered that Lord Curzon, the new Chancellor, especially named first of all among those needs the promotion of modern and scientific studies, and pointed out that until a large fund was raised the great gift of Cecil Rhodes was, in a way, a burden, because while the older scheme of studies must be kept up, this gift emphasizes the instant necessity of giving the new-comers from all parts of the

world the best modern equipment and scientific training. One more interesting advance movement among the universities is seen in the appearance last week of the first number of The Oxford and Cambridge Review, which aims to secure a common meeting-ground for discussion between the two great universities, and to voice Oxford and Cambridge opinion on other than purely academic functions. The new Review is notable for a charming paper on "Intropective Literature," by A. C. Benson, by the first of a series of articles on "The Religion of the Undergraduate," from Mr. William Temple, and by the appearance of what is believed to be an heretofore unpublished essay, by John Stuart Mill, entitled "On Social Freedom." An attempt to accelerate the movement of the universities to adapt themselves to modern conditions came to the front during the week when the Bishop of Birmingham, in the House of Lords, appealed to the Government to appoint a commission on this subject. He contended that the universities were now play-grounds for the sons of wealthy men to a far greater extent than ought to be tolerated. This brought out quick and sharp retorts from two brother bishops, one of whom asserted that as far as Cambridge was concerned the Bishop of Birmingham "had been asleep for five years, and was still sleeping," because Cambridge had already adapted itself to conditions of modern life. The Bishop of Oxford, while less assertive, also claimed that great reforms had been made, and that his university was not at all unwilling to move forward and to meet new requirements. In other directions it has been urged that the universities ought to be richer and the colleges poorer; that the undergraduates' purses ought to be considered; and that, by a better system of finance, life at the universities ought to be made simpler and cheaper for all. A significant fact is seen in letters from Oxford professors to the London Times upholding the proposal for a commission, and asserting that attempts to reform from within have again and again proved abortive, owing to the present university constitution, which can be changed only by Parliament.

*A Catholic Social Movement in Spain*

The New York Sun not long ago reported an interesting social movement among the Catholics in Spain, and interpreted this movement as the result of the democratic and social ideas sown by Leo XIII., whose understanding of modern conditions and sympathy with modern movements would probably have given affairs in France a very different direction from that which they have received during the last few months. Much is expected in Spain from the young King, who has shown ability, tact, and force in dealing with the political situation. The Prime Minister, Señor Maura, is regarded as a man of statesmanlike mind, a sincere Catholic, and open-minded toward the democratic movement of the time. The correspondent of the Sun attached great importance to recent measures taken by the Bishop of Madrid, who declares that the social question is one of pressing importance, "that the remedy lies in the social action of the priest, and that social studies contain the science and the art which teach how the remedy may be applied to the evil;" and, in pursuance of his purpose to inform the Spanish priests concerning social questions, the Bishop has established a course of studies for the coming year focused upon the most pressing social problems in the endeavor to use the resources of the Church for their solution. The Bishop is of opinion that the study of ethical conditions involves a study of theology as "the indispensable basis for any social study;" that the Christian social law, the rights and duties of the individual, the relations of various organizations to one another and to the individual, must be studied in connection with the present legal order of society. The economic order can be understood only by knowledge of Christian political economy, which takes as the object of its investigation, not material in itself, but the human activity which produces, shares, and consumes it; the economy which submits itself to morality and to law, and subordinates itself to the welfare of society. The social studies arranged by the Bishop to be carried on in the Madrid Seminary are divided into six courses, and the Bishop expresses the hope that

money may be secured sufficient to establish scholarships which will enable students who distinguish themselves in these studies to complete their education in Belgium or Germany. In his interest in social questions, according to this correspondent, the Bishop of Madrid is not alone. Other bishops are endeavoring also to stimulate and regulate social action. In some dioceses centers have been organized where priests meet for instruction and training in social matters, and a new Catholic magazine, started for the purpose of giving expression to the interest in social questions, declares: "A veritable fever of propaganda has taken possession of Catholics . . . and a marked symptom of this ardor is the care taken by the Catholic press to treat social questions broadly." In one large industrial center unions of working people have been organized under Catholic leadership, and a number of "agricultural syndicates" have been organized in different parts of Spain. In a few months it is expected that the Province of Navarra will be covered by a network of rural banks and agricultural syndicates, to be followed later by a group of protective corporations which will in turn become powerful federations. Of course the value and significance of such a movement as this depends almost entirely on the personnel of the men who direct its policy; but that these questions should be considered at all in so reactionary a country as Spain is a very significant indication of the worldwide interest in industrial and social problems.



*A Just Protest* We have received from the Macedonian-Thracian Society of America a copy of its protest "both to the Great Powers and to the Peoples of Europe and America" against the persecutions of Greeks in Bulgaria and Oriental Rumelia. The facts stated in this protest may be summarized as follows: At the time of the Turco-Russian War the attention of the European Powers was called to the conditions in Bulgaria and Oriental Rumelia, or a part of ancient Thrace. These provinces were inhabited by a mixed population, including Bulgarians, Turks,

and Greeks. The Treaty of Berlin contained provisions definitely guarding their respective rights, such as the following:

In the localities where the Bulgarians are mixed with the Turks, Rumanians, Greeks, or other nationalities, the rights and interests of these populations will be carefully considered in regard to elections and the elaboration of the organic statutes.

Religious convictions shall not act as a motive for the exclusion from the enjoyment of civil or political rights, admission to public office or honors, or the exercise of various professions or industries in any locality whatever.

The liberty to practice openly all creeds is assured to all subjects of Bulgaria, as well as to foreigners, and no impediment whatever shall be put in the way of hierarchical organization of the various confessions, or their relation to their spiritual chiefs.

Other more specific clauses were added to safeguard not only political and religious rights, but the rights of person and property as well, and to secure to the different nationalities the use of their own language and to provide for the use of two or more languages in judicial procedure wherever there was a considerable minority who did not use the language officially in use. The protest specifies a great number of violations of both the letter and the spirit of these provisions by the Bulgarian Government. For example: It collects heavy school taxes from the Greeks, but makes no allowances for the Greek schools. It requires the Greek children to attend the Bulgarian schools from the age of six to twelve. It requires all Greek children in the schools to spend so much time in learning the Bulgarian language that there is no time left for instruction in the Greek. It prohibits the importation of Greek newspapers. It has dismissed many officials from the public service for no other reason than that they were Greeks. It has directly or indirectly encouraged mobs against Greek ecclesiastics, Greek churches, Greek schools, and Greek hospitals. These have been in many instances pillaged and burned. Greek shops, Greek residences, and Greek newspaper offices have been destroyed in the same manner. And all this has been done in execution of a deliberate policy thus defined by a paper which the protest describes as "the official organ"

of Bulgaria. "A single race must dominate in the Balkans—the Bulgarian race. For that reason both the Macedonian Hellenism and that of Oriental Rumelia must be annihilated and exterminated. . . . The catastrophe of the Hellenism should be the watchword of the Bulgarians. . . . The struggle against Hellenism should begin even in the cradle. . . . Bulgarians, do not forget your duty." The right to have person and property protected by the government, the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's own conscience and to have the instruments, symbols, and officials of one's chosen religion respected by those of different faiths; the right to have schools which are supported by the taxes of all the people equally open to all the people and carried on in the interest of all the people, are fundamental and elemental rights. They are not dependent on treaties. Their systematic and deliberate violation ought to arouse against those who violate them the indignation of the civilized world. And while America cannot, probably, take any official action concerning the wrongs which the Greeks are suffering in the Balkan Provinces, Americans may well express their condemnation of those wrongs and their sympathy with those who are suffering from them. The Macedonian-Thracian Committee have our hearty sympathy in their appeal to the peoples of Europe and America.



#### *A Discovery in Egypt*

A report has been received from Prof. J. H. Breasted, head of the University of Chicago's Egypt Exploration Expedition, of a notable discovery—nothing less than the Temple of Ikhnaton, greatest of the Pharaohs, all knowledge of which had been lost to the world for centuries. Like many other notable finds, the discovery was made unexpectedly, as Professor Breasted at the time was not looking for the temple, whose sight even has so long been forgotten among men. The ruins of the temple, as well as those of the city around it, had been known to explorers for many years; but they had not been identified with the name and

fame of the great heretic ruler, none of whose monuments elsewhere have escaped destruction. The temple itself has always been known in modern times as that of Sesebi and is situated at the foot of the third cataract of the Nile, a few miles below the Kagliari rapids, on the west side of the river facing the great plain which stretches west across the sands to the distant hills which mark the border of the Sahara. The region is a lonely, desolate one, and Professor Breasted, in a letter to the director of the University of Chicago Oriental Exploration Fund detailing his discovery, says that at the time he made his observations the air was so obscured by flying dust and sand that the horizon was never clearly visible. The discovery itself may be said to have been preparing for the fortunate discoverer for thirty-three centuries; for the action of air, sun, and sand had been slowly making it possible, by detaching the stucco work which for so many centuries had concealed the facts as to the builder of the temple. In that dry, almost changeless climate the elements worked slowly; but they at last revealed to an expert signs which set him to thinking and led to an examination which resulted in solving a noted problem in Egyptology. Preceding explorers had been misled by the false stucco work which covered the inscriptions, and the columns had thus been converted into huge palimpsests in which the later work effectually concealed the traces by which at last the true character and origin of the temple were revealed. In erasing the inscriptions and reliefs and covering over and smoothing the surface with stucco work, the later sculptors succeeded in their efforts until the elements themselves laid bare the fraud to the skilled interpreter of the past. The crumbling away of the stucco work enabled Professor Breasted to catch a glimpse of the sun disks usually appearing in Ikhnaton's adoration scenes. Further examination revealed the full outlines of Ikhnaton's figure and also some of his titles which had been either overlooked by the later sculptors or which they had not deemed it necessary to erase. The discovery, as we have

said, is a notable addition to Egyptology, and the manner in which it was made adds to its interest. Patient and scholarly investigators and explorers are slowly revealing, link by link, the long chain of historical evidence which carries back to the dawn of history and throws new light on the wonderful past of the land of the Pharaohs.



#### *Mars and Its Canals*

During the last month or so the planet Mars has been the center of interest to all who take note of the skies at night. The planet which, perhaps on account of its fiery red color, was first named for the God of War, and was represented by Dante in his system of the universe as the home of the souls of valiant crusaders who fell battling for the Cross, now attracts special attention in the southwestern heavens, even from the casual observer, on account of its unusual brilliancy. This added brightness arises from the fact that it reached opposition on the sixth of July and was nearest the earth on the twelfth, at which time it was distant only about thirty-eight million miles. The chief interest in Mars at this season of its nearest approach to the earth lies in the opportunity it affords to astronomers to study it and photograph it in reference to its so-called canals. The fact, also, that at the recent opposition, contrary to its usual position, it presented the South Pole to view adds to the interest of astronomers who have thus been enabled to study more favorably than at other times the southern hemisphere of the planet which in its axis of rotation, its moons, its seasons, and other similarities affords the nearest parallel to the earth among all the planets. These facts also have led some astronomers to believe Mars is perhaps the only one of the planets which is possible of habitation to human beings such as ourselves. As the South Pole is now turned toward the sun, it is now summer in the southern hemisphere of Mars, and the rapid melting of its great ice cap and polar snows has been carefully noted and photographed at the observatory at Flagstaff, Arizona, by Professor Percival Lowell



and his assistants. When the warm weather first began to affect the ice cap it extended more than forty-five degrees from the Pole or, in other words, covered an arc on the planet's surface of more than one hundred degrees. According to the observations made at Flagstaff, this cap of snow and ice shrank at the rate of about a degree a week, and the dark border where the melting took place was clearly defined. As astronomers have been patiently waiting for about thirty years for the present favorable opposition, they have naturally made careful preparations for observing it under these special conditions. At the Flagstaff observatory, 7,250 feet above the level of the sea, where the air is dry and conditions are extremely favorable, the preparations were naturally greatest, and the long-awaited opposition was carefully observed and many photographs taken. The results of these observations have not been made known in full as yet, but Professor Lowell has, it is reported, already ascertained much of interest, especially in regard to the southern hemisphere. He has also been able to photograph two canals even before the actual opposition, and astronomers, as well as people generally, will watch with interest his announcements when made in full. A special expedition was also sent to the Andes, where conditions are perhaps even more favorable than at Flagstaff, and a cable received from Professor Todd recently announced the successful photographing of the canals at that station. When the results of observations, both at Flagstaff and at the Andean station, are made known, it seems probable that a considerable addition to our knowledge of the first of the superior planets will be at hand, though as to whether any undoubted evidence of human life upon the planet will be forthcoming may well be doubted. On this subject Professor Pickering is quoted as saying: "I do not say that Mars is not inhabited; I only say that I regard the chances of our ever knowing almost infinitesimal." Professor Lowell's views will be found in an interesting article in *The Outlook* of April 13 last and in his lately published book on Mars.

### *The Army in the Air*

The United States Army has taken up, in a practical and persistent way, military ballooning, although there is still a difference of opinion about it as a means of observation in the zone of soldierly activity. This work comes under the Army Signal Corps, than which there is no more alert, energetic and enterprising branch of the military establishment. The Chief Signal Officer, Brigadier-General James Allen, is a man of experience in signal corps work, and one who appreciates the varied needs of the system of transmitting information, whether in the United States, Alaska, the Philippines, or, for the present, in Cuba. The work of signalling has developed wonderfully since the old times, when the flag was used by day and the torch by night. There are all sorts of devices, such as the rocket, the heliograph, and the flash-lantern, while electricity, with the modern appliances of portability, has added to the system such remarkable features as the field telephone and telegraph and the wireless telegraphy. Naturally, the Signal Corps has developed these various agencies of communication in preference to the balloon. Moreover, they have not had the advantage of a special fund for experimentation such as is at the disposal of foreign armies, where, in some cases, notably in Germany, there are maintained balloon parks for secret trials and tests in these military aeronautics. But General Allen has assigned an energetic and courageous young signal corps officer, Captain Charles DeF. Chandler, to the duty of ballooning, and that officer has made several trips with the balloonists in order to study the upper currents and observe the efficacy of observation from great heights. The Government recently purchased of a New York firm the largest balloon which was ever made in this country, and this was tested recently in Washington and accepted. Captain Chandler made the voyage from Washington to Harrisburg, leaving the National capital on June 4, at 1.15 P. M., the landing being effected at 5.45 the same afternoon. The distance travelled was 103.8 miles, or at an average rate of 35 miles an hour. Enthusiastic balloonists believe that the military balloon will

play an important part as a means of observation; others look upon ballooning as a fad, and regard the balloon itself as of little practical value, since its direction cannot be controlled, and it may not be possible to cover the territory occupied by the enemy in a way that will permit accurate observation. Then, of course, there will be the difficulty in getting the results of such observation back to headquarters in time to be of any value.

#### *Future Experiments*

However this may be, the Army Signal Corps will continue its experiments on a scale which has never been equaled before in this country. There are several balloons at the signal corps depot in Omaha, and during the present summer there will be experimental employment of the balloon trains in order to test the efficiency of such vehicles and afford the necessary instruction to the balloonists. There is being built at Omaha a plant which will generate hydrogen gas by a new system in which steam and iron filings are employed, and it is believed that the gas can be produced even more cheaply than illuminating gas is at present. The present cost of hydrogen, when made by the cheapest of the systems employed, is about twice that of illuminating gas. When the plant is ready for use, a balloon now awaiting trial at Fort Omaha will be put into the air. This balloon displaces 15,000 cubic feet. The balloon recently tested in a flight made from Washington requires 78,000 cubic feet of gas. Illuminating gas was used when the total amount lifted, including the balloon, three passengers, paraphernalia, ballast, etc., was 2,402 pounds. If hydrogen gas had been employed, the lifting power of the balloon would have been about 5,500 pounds, or over twice as much. Captain Chandler on his recent trip took photographs from the balloon as it had risen from Washington. These photographs were taken with an ordinary camera, and give some idea of this sort of record of the enemy's country to be obtained under such circumstances. The War Department has purchased abroad an instrument known as the telephotcamera, which is said to

mark a new departure in the art of telephotography. It will be possible to make an enlargement six times by using a camera no larger than the ordinary one, so that there is a practical lessening of the effect of distance and a correspondingly greater clearness in the picture taken.

#### *The Acquittal of Haywood*

The acquittal of William D. Haywood at Boise, Idaho, excites little surprise. During the many hours of the jury's deliberation public opinion varied between the likelihood of disagreement and acquittal; few thought a verdict of guilty likely. One jurymen after the trial expressed the feeling of most of the others in saying that there was nothing against the accused but inference and suspicion. The judge's charge warned the jury against accepting Orchard's single word as convincing, but the general detestation of the most abandoned criminal of modern times made this unnecessary. The theory of the State from the first has been that Haywood was the brains and Orchard the hand of this atrocious murder; and, thus holding, the State had every right to employ the confession of Orchard against the man it regarded as the more intelligent and therefore more guilty conspirator. But the law wisely requires that an accused man's life shall not be forfeited on the evidence of a guilty accomplice unless it be corroborated from other sources. This additional testimony must not merely verify some details of a confession, but must bear on the essential evidence of guilt, so that the whole body of proof shall make a chain of such significant circumstances as to convince an intelligent juror beyond question that the charge is true. Circumstantial evidence must be complete, must be something more than suspicious circumstances. Those who have watched the Haywood case carefully agree that Orchard's story was not seriously shaken; that the defense failed entirely in some of its important assertions—such as that Orchard hated Steunenberg personally because the latter's act forced Orchard to sell a mine which would have made him rich, the fact being that the mine had been

sold long before this reason could have operated. It is also true that there was *some* evidence that Haywood had sent money to Orchard, had known of his being near the scene of the murder, had helped deceive Orchard's wife as to his whereabouts. Were these and other minor matters clear proof of guilt when joined to Orchard's flat assertion? The jury thought not. Great latitude was given both sides to prove a conspiracy; the State tried to show that this was one of a great number of crimes of violence intended to terrorize mine-owners and intimidate non-union men; the defense to show that mine-owners and detectives and "gun men" had incited violence in order to arouse sentiment against the Federation. The impassioned and emotional plea of Mr. Darrow, of Haywood's counsel, failed, we think, to convince either the jury or the country that the cause of the accused was the cause of organized labor. Senator Borah, who delivered an extremely able and, as a rule, calm address for the State, was right when he said that "the only safety of the laboring man is the integrity of the Government under which he has lived and prospered." The judge's charge did much to emphasize the fact that the issue was not one of capitalist against labor or class against class.

### *Aunt Patience*

In the absence abroad of the editor-in-chief of *The Outlook*, his colleagues for once break the bonds of impersonal journalism to record here their sorrow in the sorrow that has been heavily laid upon him. Mrs. Lyman Abbott, who for almost fifty years bore the same burdens that he bore, and redoubled all his experiences of joy by her rare sympathy and mental and spiritual resources, died in Hildesheim, Germany, on July 19. There are doubtless many readers of *The Outlook* to whom this news will bear a sense of personal bereavement when they learn that Mrs. Abbott was the counselor and friend who wrote to them, through the

columns of this journal—then *The Christian Union*—under the name of Aunt Patience. Those who once were her "nephews and nieces" will recall the simple happiness derived from her correspondence with them, and will perhaps be able to ascribe some of their own faith and wisdom to her influence.

Abby Frances Hamlin Abbott was born in Waterford, Maine. She was a niece of Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, the great missionary to Turkey and founder of Robert College, and a first cousin once removed of Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President of the United States. If she had lived through next October, she would have completed her seventieth year and would have celebrated with her husband her golden wedding.

Wise orderer of her household, skillful trainer of children, gracious dispenser of hospitality, preserver of the youthful spirit in herself and others, patient participant in many undertakings for social amelioration, practical believer in the democracy as well as the inviolability of friendship, she interpreted in modern terms, by her life, with singular literalness, the womanly ideal set forth in the closing verses of the ancient Book of Proverbs.

### *The National Forest Policy*

Now and then from the West come protests and complaints against the policy under which the National forests are managed. Some of these are made in good faith, and should be met with a clear statement of just what the National forest policy is and how it is being carried out; others are the result of knowledge that the theft of timber, land, and minerals, and monopoly of the range, will no longer be permitted. Much of the honest opposition to the creation of National forests comes from a wrong idea of their purpose and use. They are the first outcome of a general policy that is slowly taking shape in the public mind—the conviction that our natural resources, forests, waterways, and land, are put here to be used in a

definite way, and that this use must be open to all alike.

National forests are created to insure to the home-builder and to home industries a perpetual supply of timber, to preserve the forest cover on watersheds and so to insure a steady and constant streamflow, and to make certain the fair and lawful use of forest and range. They are open to all persons, with the sole restriction that their permanent resources shall be used in such a way that they will not become exhausted, but will remain for the use of others in the future development of the Nation. The wise use of all their resources—timber, water, land, minerals, and range—is encouraged in every way. The chief aim of their administration is to make them large factors in the upbuilding of the West and in the permanent wealth of the entire country.

Perhaps the chief objection urged against National forests is that their creation locks up the resources of the region, checks industry, and prohibits settlement. As a matter of fact, exactly the opposite is true. All resources of the National forests are open to use. Commercial enterprises are welcome. Stores, hotels, power plants, and mills can be erected and operated without unnecessary restrictions. Prospectors and miners are free to travel over a forest, and explore, locate, and develop claims exactly as they would anywhere on the public domain. If it is necessary to include small areas of agricultural land within a National forest, home-seekers can select any of it, have it listed, build their houses and barns, patent it, and have it always for a home. The range within the forests is grazed by all kinds of stock. Appropriation of water is entirely a State affair, and the creation of a National forest affects it in no way whatever. In every case the chief conditions placed upon these uses are that they must be for the best interests of all concerned, and must conform to the law. Mining claims cannot be taken up simply for the timber on them. To enter agricultural land and patent it, the claimant must take the land for a home, not for other purposes. Users of the range must graze their stock only on that part to

which they have the best right; the large owner cannot crowd out the small one. These conditions cannot hinder development, but are necessary for it in its true sense.

Thus National forests in no way act as a wall around the resources of a region. Nor have persons who obey the laws anything to fear from them. Though they touch in one place or another the activities of a majority of the people of the West, they are first of all for the home-builder. Timber is always on hand for his needs, he is certain of a steady supply of water, his stock is assured of grazing ground, while the Government protects the forest from fire, which otherwise might menace his property or even his life. Upon the home-builder depends the future of the West, and by helping him, more than in any other way, the National forests assist in the best development of the regions in which they lie.

Strong protests have in some cases been made against the charge for permits to graze stock on National forests and for other special uses. The principle upon which a fee is charged is quite clear, and is as old as our form of government. The National forests are not the exclusive property of those who use them. They belong to all the people, who should derive some direct benefit from their use. The cost of the force of men who protect the forests from fire and trespass and who see that the resources are used in the right way, as well as all other expenses connected with the forest management, is borne by the people as a whole. It is only reasonable, then, since the forests belong to the people, and since they pay for their maintenance, that the comparatively few persons who have full access to their resources should pay a reasonable amount for what they get. Fees are in no way excessive. They merely balance the added benefits which National forests give their users. The very best answer to the charge that fees are in any way prohibitive upon users of the forests is the number of applications for permits, which this year is greater than ever before, and more than some of the forests are able to accommodate.

Some complaint has been made that

National forests withdraw a great deal of land from taxation. It is true that the National Government pays no taxes. In their place, however, it pays each year to the counties in which the forests are located ten per cent. of all receipts from the sale of timber, use of range, and other uses. So large was it certain that the counties' revenue from this source would become that Congress provided that the amount paid in any one year should not exceed forty per cent. of the counties' tax receipts from other sources. Few can well claim, then, that the counties would have been benefited in any way as well had the National forests not been created.

To conserve the natural resources of the Nation is absolutely essential if it is to have a high future. To prevent vast areas of the public domain from falling into the hands of corporations or individuals with large resources is the one way to make sure that the future inhabitants of the West shall be freeholders and not tenants. The best development of a region is brought about when all its land is put to those uses to which it is best adapted. These are principles which each day are coming to be more fully recognized as true. Upon them the National forest policy is based.



## *In This Present World*

When Jesus bade his disciples to lay up their treasures in heaven, did he mean, as so many have imagined, that they were to withdraw from the life of men, that they were to forget the present and the past, that they were to put away from themselves their love of kindred, of friends, of the beauty of this world, and live for a vague, unimaginable reward in a world to come? His whole life makes it clear that he meant nothing of the sort. No man ever lived in the world about him as intensely as did he. His last words revealed His love for his Mother and for his friend. His teachings abound in delight in the visible world.

To him heaven was not a place, a distant star, a hidden world to which some day he would return. Heaven was

a kind of life, as truly present as future, as real now as after death. The kingdom of heaven was the domination of this kind of life over the minds and hearts of men. The kingdom of heaven is the kingdom of God, the victory of the spirit of God in human life; to use Paul's phrase, "righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." To lay up treasures in heaven is to prize those things that will endure when this spirit will rule in the world.

By this truth we may test all our experiences. The man who does his daily task just to secure that which perishes with the using is laying up treasures upon earth. His neighbor, who may be engaged in the same kind of business, but is intent on making that business a means of genuine service, is laying up treasure in heaven. There is nothing magical or mystical in this. It is not as if, with every good deed done by a man on earth, some angel in a distant star deposited so much merit to his account. It is rather as natural as the operation of any physical law. The purpose, the intent, the will of a man determines the character of his deeds as truly as the kind of seed determines the kind of plant which it will engender. In the buying and selling of merchandise, in the bearing of burdens, the carrying of products, the healing of diseases, the pleading of cases, the hard labor of the hands, men can, if they will, increase the wealth that cannot perish. So we may bring to the test of this truth our business, our friendships, our study, our part in the life of the community and the nation. If we had, instead of the conception of heaven as a place, the sense of heaven as a kind of life, we should find every act of our lives transformed.

One reason why we feel so bitterly the absence of those whom we call dead is that we believe so little in the nearness of heaven. If we understood that they had passed simply from a life in which heaven was but partially regnant, to a life in which heaven was unresisted, our grief would be robbed of its bitterness. If we understood this, we should realize that we could, by our lives, bring heaven and them nearer. If we understood this,

we should not lose at all our love of life ; we would rather hear as from the invisible choir a summons to make of this world at least a place that might be called the environs of heaven, if not, as yet, heaven itself.

The word that comes to us from Christ and from all others who have conquered death bids us keep alive the spirit of happy interest and faith in this present life ; for it assures us that this life should not—and some day will not—be essentially different from the life of the world to come.



## *Truth and Character*

It has been well said that in this stage of life truth is given to men not to answer their questions or satisfy their curiosity, but as means of growth ; this is what lay behind Lessing's oft-quoted declaration that if truth were held out to him in one hand and the pursuit of truth in another, he would choose the pursuit rather than the full and final attainment. Truth comes to men as fast as it can be turned into character ; it is not disclosed or revealed in order that perfect systems may be framed. We are not here to master all the secrets of the universe and pass judgment on its structure and ends any more than children are in school to decide fundamental questions of ethics and economics ; we are here, as children are in school, to learn the lessons set for our instruction and do the work laid upon us. The most learned Brahmin may say ten thousand times, " I am God," but he remains at the end of his self-deification what he was at the beginning, the child of the Infinite, born into a world which he did not create, surrounded by mysteries which he cannot penetrate, living under laws which he did not frame.

The flood of knowledge which has changed the aspect and nature of the universe for men has only shown more clearly the vast disparity between the power of man and the immeasurable forces which play about and through him. In every direction intelligence, skill and that patience which is the noblest characteristic of science, are tirelessly dis-

covering, exploring, organizing the outlying regions of knowledge, as two hundred years ago adventurous spirits were pushing their way into far-off parts of the earth and doubling its capacity for giving the race room and food and play for all its energies of mind and body. The story of discovery in religion, science, art, geography, navigation, government, the industries, is the very heart of history ; and has laid the deep foundations of that new approach to the Infinite which Dr. Gordon has sketched so reverently and convincingly in his recent volume, "Through Man To God." This epic of the adventures of the human spirit on its great journey Godward has destroyed the lone conception of the nature and dignity of man once widely held by Christians. A theology which began with sin and worked back to God—like a theory of government which should begin with the penitentiary and work back to the great principles of social organization—could have no truer vision of the children of God and the brothers of Christ than that in which they appeared not in an ascending spiritual order, but as "worms of the dust." The terrible way of the Cross up which men have climbed from the cares in which they once lived, through all possible tragedies of toil, agony, and, at times, despair, lies like a line of light across the map of history. All manner of evil deeds have been done on the journey and all manner of baseness and brutality have marked its course ; but no man of all the host who have gone through this mighty travail of soul started of his own will ; none was ever consulted as to the route he would take or the dangers he would encounter ; the door for all has been opened by an unseen hand, the path marked by an invisible power, the conditions imposed by an unseen authority. To every man who has made the journey there have come great labors, terrible dangers, heart-breaking sorrows. If men had been "worms of the dust" they would have been so involved with their environment, so much a part of the substance in which they lived, that what we call life would have been for them a little glow of conscious-

ness and then the night. The anguish of the great adventure has come from the divine relationships of the traveler, from the capacity of a spirit to suffer in the imprisonment of a body, from the incurable sense of loneliness and homesickness of a child longing for the light and love of the Father's house and presence. And this likeness of man to God has involved mutuality of relationship between the human and the divine. To bring children into the world is not only to acquire a right to reverence and obedience; it is also to assume great responsibilities, to accept great duties. The fact that men are made in the image of God carries with it that divine necessity of light, love, truth, which brought Christ into the world to reveal to those whom the Father had made the heart and purpose of the Father.

In this salvation of men from their lower by revealing their higher selves, this disclosure of the divine relationship to the traveler on his mysterious journey, knowledge plays a great part; the pursuit and the possession of it are the joy and satisfaction of the hour, the stimulus and inspiration of the search. That this revelation is partial and incomplete is no more baffling and discouraging than that knowledge of a new country should come slowly and in a fragmentary way to those who are pressing on into its heart. The supreme matter for us is not the acquisition of knowledge for the gratification of our interest or curiosity, but the making of the journey with intelligence, courage, and strength. We ask many questions by the way to which no answer is made; but we know all that is necessary to keep us on the path and to bring us in safety to the end of our seeking after God. The lesson of patient humility is learned most thoroughly by those whose greatness of nature and mind give them clear sight of the narrowness of the way on which the light falls and the immeasurable space on either side which is shrouded in mystery. It is the ignorant who make a show of knowledge; the wise are glad to wait silently on the coming of that truth which touches us only when we are ready to give it room in our lives.

## *The Spectator*

The Spectator whooped like a boy, so pleased was he with his invitation to join what was left of his family clan in a reunion at the old farm. He had been wishing for a full bath in solitude, and where should he find it if not at the old farm, even with the youngsters of the clan much in evidence? "We are going to bury ourselves 'back of Mayfield mountains' for a week," ran the bidding, "in that nook at the foot of Honest Hill that you once thought the center of the universe. Try re-living your boyhood with us and let us see what it will do for our souls."



The old farm was "up State," well to the north. The Spectator had not seen it since that morning when he looked back from the top of Honest Hill for a last glimpse of his mother in the door of the low house watching his going forth into the world. He had felt he could never go back to the homestead desolated by her death, and by many changes, and for over thirty years he had not been within miles of the locality. The old house had degenerated under a long dispensation of foreigner tenantry, and finally it had been abandoned, "its sashless windows," as one of the clan had written, "most like the eyes of a skull—no wonder it is said to be haunted." The remote cross-road was nearly obliterated; the nearest railway station was miles away. Then a stranded speculator of the clan had picked it up for a song, and lo! his prosperity in poultry, bees, and squabs, in a fine creamery, and in the raising of Shetland ponies, had inspired and was bringing to pass this family reunion.



On his journey to the meet the Spectator pondered much upon the contrast between his life as a back-country boy, and those of the youngsters he was soon to meet, made possible because their fathers and mothers, through deprivation and hardships, had gained momentum for achievement that had been the carrying force for their descendants as well. But what a well-spring of poetry and

romance that barren old farm had been for the children raised upon it; and how little in comparison, in the way of *poetry-feed* (to quote a term of his grandmother's), their town-reared progeny had been given to browse upon. Yes, new poets were scarce; they would be scarcer as the solitudes disappeared. Nor did he forget the possibilities afforded for complete isolation in a skyscraper in the heart of New York. But as an incubator for poets the skyscraper was a failure, he knew only too well. The old farm had been a poem in itself. He could believe the report that it was haunted! Giles, the country pedlar, was no longer its main link with the world—and what could the new farm give to fill the place of Giles? The mail-order catalogue, the rural delivery, the telephone, the bicycle, had crowded out the old type of country pedlar; and how much poetry was there in what had taken his place? If the Spectator were a story-writer he would see that the country pedlar of his childhood was fictionized; he is a type of our early civilization, already as extinct as the dodo.



It was late of a dark night that the Spectator reached the old house, nor was he thankful for the electric light that revealed a fine *porte cochère*. It was a little lantern that his mother used to hang at the sagging gate when he was out late that he had missed—such a hungry boy, after a four mile bareback ride for the mail, bareheaded and barefooted, if it was summer, chilled to the bone with floundering through drifts if it was winter. He had plotted to arrive after dark when everyone would be in bed; disillusion should be postponed until after a night's sleep under the ancient roof. If red tiles there were in place of mossy grey shingles, he didn't care to see them to begin with. He could find the room assigned him easily enough, even shutting his eyes as he did so—the big north chamber, a veritable cave of the winds in his boyhood, the winter's store of mince pies kept frozen on its mantel shelf. Steam heat and a call-bell, breakfast at eight—and in his room if he

wished! There were the high-posted bedstead—and the spindle-legged dresser, but the feather beds, like the frozen pies, had disappeared.



Straight into the Spectator's dream drove Giles the Pedlar. "Why of course I know you; you haven't changed one bit"—the voice seemingly was outside the room. Yes; it came from the top of Honest Hill with all the farm sounds of a Spring morning; and there was Giles, and there was a freckled, towheaded boy with patched trousers hanging from one "gallus." Giles sat high up on the seat of his ark-like wagon, and he reached down a knotted hand which the boy gripped fast, and was pulled up over the wheel. The pedlar was "so glad ter see him;" "sich a lot of things as he had to show him"—digging deep into bulging pockets full as of old with apples, spruce gum, wintergreen, everything a boy could hanker for; at last bringing forth a big root of sassafras and a twig of birch. "Couldn't get heah no sooner, Sonny. They had to hev a lot of weddin' fixins at the Holler; sent me back for 'em. But I've gotten a new hat for ye, Sonny—and shoes—" holding up rare beauties, red soles with wooden pegs. No, he hadn't forgotten the grandmother's best Scotch snuff, the new tobacco pipes, the blue jean, calico, sticking salve, pills, Godfrey's cordial for the baby, horse liniment, new milk pans, a yard of ribbon, the artificial flowers, and the trinkety breastpin. Again the Spectator helped Giles in carrying his treasures into the big kitchen, and in spreading them out for exhibition, gazing his full, with the same old longing for the things denied him—for one of those fine jack-knives and a decorated slate pencil were seemingly all he needed to make his happiness complete after the difficulty of deciding between a peppermint heart and a stick of licorice had been mastered. The way Giles handled his steelyards and yardstick thrilled the Spectator's heart as of old—but nothing like as much as did the sight of the old buckskin money-bag, heavy with coin, hung during trade from the pedlar's neck; for had not the gory, folk-lore



stories he had heard from hired men and hired girls invested that money-bag with awesome possibilities? It was the money-bags of peddlers that had led robbers to murder them in the way they did. What a brave man Giles was to drive alone through the woods after dark. Believing in the heroism of Sir Galahad had been easy after that. The Spectator was struggling to admonish his hero by a recitation of "If yer don't watch out," when hilarious voices at the telephone in the hall below landed him on his pillow again—"Those polo shin-guards didn't come last night; see they're here by noon sharp"—and Giles was gone.



An hour yet before breakfast. Would Giles come back in another dream? Plainly, if the Spectator was to experience anything like re-living his past in the old house, then and there in half awake dreaming was the place for it. He was not sorry that dressing by candle light was not revived for the reunion, nor a turning out of the boys to water the stock, nor did he regret that the whole house was not filled with the smell of sausage and buckwheats. Yes, Giles came back and spread before the Spectator a lot of penny primers, tiny leaflets—such glory of brightest colors as their covers made! The hoarded copper cent, earned by learning by heart, "Chained in the market place he stood," declaimed in the evening to the swallows in the hay-loft, was to be invested, and the first book bought by the Spectator surely was something to remember. Shutting his eyes tight the Spectator snatched at random and sped to the hay-loft to enjoy his prize. Alas! it turned out to be the story printed on his Sabbath day handkerchief, "Why, Phebe, are you come so soon?" a fore-taste of later purchases in books.



And not one of those college boys had brought an ode for the occasion; nor could any one of them be induced to serve up something impromptu—not even a limerick. Their heads were full of polo; they were actually afraid the noon-time dinner would be so prolonged

that getting off on their ponies before two would be difficult. For lack of an ode somebody must make a few remarks over the cider and doughnuts with which the old-fashioned dinner closed; and under the stress of emergency the Spectator told his ghost story of Giles the Peddler—its "Finally, brethren" intended to impress the youngsters with the fact that the fullness of their lives had a source in the stern deprivation of their forebears; that the grim isolation of the old farm had been a well-spring of romance, an inspiration for poetical natures that had never developed in luxury. He had scarcely finished when, at a signal from the leader of the polo team, there was an outburst of voices reciting, and most impressively,

The world is too much with us; late and soon.

Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

Then with their college yell they were off, the old boys watching them, and the tally-ho full of pretty girls following in their wake.



"You see, Cousin Spectator," said that one of the grandmothers who as a girl had written verses as near like to those of Mrs. Sigourney as she could, "if they don't try to write poetry, they can render the best of it as it should be. That was better than any ode upon this occasion."



"But what are we coming to?" came in awesome whispers from the retired parson of the clan. "To think that this reunion should have broken up with a college yell instead of a season of prayer." "Didn't you catch the prayer of that sonnet? Those boys did, I am sure. They know what we have been slow in recognizing, that poetry has given us many prayers." In the pause that followed she was heard repeating,

To one who has been long in city pent

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair

And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer  
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

"When those boys sing the Recessional for us to-night you will understand," she added.

# The Second Hague Conference

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

In the following article The Outlook's correspondent at The Hague, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, gives a personal impression of some of the most notable figures among the delegates, and tells of the plans for the Temple of Peace, the gift of Mr. Carnegie, the corner-stone of which will be laid during the present Conference. Later on he will consider the discussions and conclusions of the Conference.—THE EDITORS.

## III.

THE first Russian delegate, M. Nelidoff, who was chosen President of the Second Hague Conference, is a superb looking old statesman with white hair and beard, yet with a keen glance and an alertness of manner which one associates with younger years. As yet, he has had little opportunity to distinguish himself, save on the occasion of his presidential address, which I heard at the opening session. It was a dignified and timely statement, especially in its rejoinder to those who deprecate the amelioration of war, because, as they say, you cannot stop war unless you frighten people by its horrors. But, declared M. Nelidoff: "The horrors of ancient conflicts and the wars of the Middle Ages did not diminish either their length or frequency, while, on the other hand, the ameliorations introduced in the second half of the past century in the laws and customs of war, especially with regard to prisoners and the wounded, have not at all developed the taste for war."

By an irony of fate, at the moment when M. Nelidoff was opening the Second Peace Conference at The Hague, his august sovereign was dissolving the Second Duma at St. Petersburg. As rumors have been current concerning the influence of the Duma's dissolution on M. Nelidoff's address, he announces that his speech was printed and in the hands of the press agents before any one at The Hague knew of the event at St. Petersburg.

The President of the Conference has had no opportunity to preside at another plenary session than the first, but he has since had to reply to addresses from two deputations. He speaks rather

adroitly, as one might expect from the Russian Ambassador at Paris. These two addresses were reminders of what should never be forgotten, that wars bear most heavily on the poor and on women. The address emphasizing the first was from the churches. It was signed by twenty-three bishops of the Church of England and by fourteen bishops of the American Episcopal Church; indeed, by the official chiefs of all the Protestant bodies of England and America; by nine bishops of the Roman Catholic Church in America; by the Grand Rabbi of the Jewish churches, and by Protestant ecclesiastics in Holland, Germany, Switzerland, and Hungary. It was appropriate that such catholicity of religious appeal should be voiced by one of the best exponents of liberal religious thought, a man who continues the traditions of the school of Dean Stanley, Dr. Fremantle, Dean of Ripon, England. The address pointed out that the deep and widespread sentiment now awakened against war with all its train of calamities and miseries, is imperfectly comprehended by many of those who live and act only in the *entourage* of sovereigns, diplomats, and statesmen. This popular sentiment, in the words of the address, demands more attention than it has received, because in each country it is the masses who have to bear the burdens and endure the sufferings which war brings. To this Dean Fremantle added later, at the Cercle International: "Take 1815, as example. In that year, because of the prolonged wars which had preceded it, the rich forged to the head of affairs everywhere. But the poor were proportionately forced downwards into more abject misery than they had ever known."

The address to M. Nelidoff went on to express the hope that the present deliberations at The Hague would lead to the arrest of the continually increasing competition in armaments, to the lessening of the useless expenses which such competition engenders, and to a proportionate lightening of the heavy burden placed on the shoulders of the people. "Yes, yes," said M. Nelidoff in reply to the clergy present, "the doctrine of Christ has been preached for two thousand years, and yet, during all that time, not until 1899 did men succeed in holding one conference of the governments to *organize* peace. If two thousand years was necessary to make men comprehend the importance of peace, they ought not to become impatient if, only a few years after having recognized their duty, the Governments do not immediately realize all that we may desire!"

The other deputation was from the International Council of Women's Federation of National Councils, themselves representing a great number of societies in twenty countries, united in the common effort towards a better humanity. Mrs. Henry Villard was the American representative. As their address truly said, the women of the world await the result of the Second Hague Conference with the greatest anxiety, for they stand to gain the greatest benefit. Not only as wives and mothers are they the special victims of war, but upon them, the feebleness, rests most heavily the burden of military taxes. Hence, a new ideal of patriotism and social duty must be inculcated—no war. "We all want to abolish war," replied M. Nelidoff, "but as that is unhappily impossible, our duty is to do all we can to prevent it and to reduce the sufferings brought by it." Some of the women, however, looked as if they foresaw a time when war *would* be abolished.

The second Russian delegate, Privy Councillor Frederic de Martens, Professor of International Law at the University of St. Petersburg, is the most efficient statesman among the Russians of 1907, as he was in the Russian delegation of 1899. "In that Conference," he said the other day, "we began with pessimism and ended with optimism.

The latter sentiment will, I think, increase with the present Conference." Professor de Martens is younger than his eminent colleague, just mentioned. He is sixty-two years old. He was only thirty years of age when he went as delegate to the Conference of Brussels on the Laws of War. The Conference at the Hague in 1899 might be called, in contrast, a Conference on the Laws of Peace. Its most important work was to create an International Arbitral Tribunal, and of that court a discerning Government immediately made Professor de Martens a member. A particular service to his home government, as well as to the world, ought to be mentioned, for it has not had the publicity it deserves. Before the Russo-Japanese war broke out, Dr. de Martens had prepared and presented to the Emperor a project to submit the dispute between the two countries to the Hague Court. The project was approved, but before its execution, Japan lost patience and the Far East became the seat of war. In the present Conference, Professor de Martens has been made President of the Fourth Commission, that on Maritime Law. His particular projects already submitted to the Conference are found in his famous catechism of fourteen questions put to his special Commission, but more impressively in his scheme for the transformation of the Hague Court and the Hague Conference. Something corresponding to these plans must be adopted and when it is, Russia and the world will appreciate the words used by Dr. de Martens to me yesterday, "My aim is, at the end of my life to say that it has not been useless to my country and also to the other nations. That is my only ambition."

As seems appropriate, the head of the greatest military power on land is a giant in physical and intellectual appearance. Germany is fitly represented by the tallest and largest man here. Solid and imposing and with a seemingly never ruffled poise, Baron Marschall von Bieberstein *looks* his worth and experience. His father, grandfather and great grandfather were ministers of State in Baden, perhaps the most beautiful of all the German provinces, certainly hav-

ing the most attractive people. Fulfilling family traditions as well as accentuating his own worth, the present Baron Marschall rose through all the grades of legislative and administrative office and was then sent by the venerable and beloved Grand Duke to Berlin as his resident plenipotentiary in the Bundesrath, the Federal Council. Baron Marschall immediately won Imperial favor and not long after, Imperial office, for, on the downfall of the Iron Chancellor, followed by that of Herbert Bismarck, he was appointed to the latter's place as Minister of Foreign Affairs, a post which he held until, at his own request, he became Ambassador to Turkey. With the exception of the detachment of Mr. Bryce from the British Cabinet to go as Ambassador to Washington, Baron Marschall's case is the only one in recent history which occurs to me, where a Minister of State has left cabinet rank to take ambassadorial office. But Baron Marschall knew what he was doing and the effect such a compliment would have on the sensitive Sultan. As, with Secretary Root's trip to South America, a new era in our relations with that continent was begun, so with Baron Marschall's arrival in Constantinople there began a new era in German influence throughout the Moslem world. For ages, now English, now Russian influence had been uppermost at the Sublime Porte—never German. But with the exception of the masterful monarch who had already begun an admirably clever coquetry with Abdul Hamid, no one has contributed nearly so much to win pre-eminence for Germany on the Bosphorus as has the present German Ambassador. Other diplomats may well take notice that this prestige has been gained by a man careful never to offend Turkish national or religious prejudices and sedulously to cultivate the notion that in Germany Turkey finds a protector against the jealousies of the Christian nations. What is the result? First, Turkish concessions, whether commercial, educational or religious, go first of all to Germany, and only secondarily to the other Powers. Second, Asia Minor is now regarded not only by Europeans but by many Orientals as about to be-

come, one day, Germany's greatest colony. While the furtherance of German interests has naturally been Baron Marschall's first duty, he has helped to stem Turkish intolerance towards others, especially when Abdul Hamid recently took to himself a part of the Anglo-Egyptian border, then being re-delimited.

In conversation this morning Baron Marschall emphasized two facts—first, that not all Germans, any more than all Americans, are ultra-protectionists. "I do not say that I am a free-trader," said he, "but I am certainly not a protectionist as most understand the term. I am what I would call a fair-trader. You say that there are many like me in America. Very well, let us get together and have in place of a *modus vivendi* a permanent tariff arrangement satisfactory to both sides." Secondly, as regards any attempted isolation of Germany: "It is true that the German delegates here will take care that no Power shall be isolated. In isolating one Power the position of all the others becomes more difficult. France, for instance, has become a more tractable neighbor—conscious of whatever force results from the Russian alliance—than when she was isolated and without friends and allies in Europe."

As was fitting, the very first proposition to be laid before the Conference was Baron Marschall's scheme for an International Supreme Prize Court. It is big with the future, not only as to the settlement of disputes arising from ships captured as prizes, but in the settlement of a larger subject, the main Hague Court itself, which may proceed from the German proposition as from a kernel.

Of Dr. Kriege, the second German delegate, one hears continually, "That's a strong man." The observation is just, for Dr. Kriege has already established an enviable legal reputation in his own country and also here in the short time which has elapsed since the Conference was opened. It is safe to say that no delegation is in finer form than the German. All of its members seem to represent the "unhasting, unresting" habit as well as that of thoroughness. Furthermore, they one and all

show an open desire to make this Conference a constructive success. What a contrast to the German delegation of 1899, whose head could speak of "*la farce de la Conférence*" and where foreign delegates had to go to Berlin to plead with the Kaiser to influence his own delegates to be less obstructive!

After writing of the Germans, the English come naturally next in order—first, because of the much-too-exploited jealousies and rivalries, characteristic chiefly of the small minds of both countries, and, second, because of the admirable manner in which the English and Germans here have worked to a common end. For instance, in friendliest rivalry, no sooner had Baron Marshall submitted his Prize Court plan than an equally interesting one came from the venerable, but still hale and hearty, Sir Edward Fry, the first British delegate. Sir Edward is a Quaker. It seems strange that a Quaker should be a "Sir"—they do not generally take kindly to knighthoods and baronetcies, with their heraldic badges of visored helmets and bloodstained hands. Again, how Sir Edward can reconcile Quaker garb with the Court dress in which I saw him arrayed yesterday, I do not know. He is, one may well believe, a fine type of the intellectual Briton. But, as I have reason to appreciate, by reason of repeated conversations with him, he is an equally fine type of the genial and gentle Briton, the most amiable of John Bulls. He was formerly Lord Chief Justice of Appeal and ranks as one of the first lawyers in England. He was thus appropriately appointed British member of the Hague Court and was gladly selected by our Government to act as its arbiter in its claim against Mexico arising out of "the Pious Fund of the Californias." Sir Edward was also the Legal Assessor in the Doggerbank case between England and Russia during the Russo-Japanese war.

The second British delegate, Sir Ernest Satow, began his diplomatic career as a student-interpreter in the consular service in Japan. Nearly his whole life has been spent in the Far East, where he has rendered distinguished service as Minister to Japan,

then to China. He is supposed to understand their politics as well as does any Occidental observer, while his knowledge of their religions and literatures is acknowledged by Orientals themselves to be profound. Sir Ernest is a spare, keen, intellectual-looking man, apparently of the hair-splitting order as to mentality, certainly hardly reminding one of the conventional Englishman; indeed, in his manner the traditions of both Occident and Orient are evident. It has been a privilege to know such a man.

Here, then, are six characters—two Russians, two Germans, two Englishmen. There are other equally interesting personalities in the Conference, but none more interesting and perhaps none more immediately influential.

A marked feature of the Second Hague Conference on Peace and Arbitration will be the laying of the cornerstone of the Temple of Peace,

In 1903, Mr. Andrew Carnegie delighted the world by giving \$1,500,000 for the erection and maintenance of a permanent home and library at the Hague for the International Court established by the first conference of 1889. He put the sum at the Dutch Government's disposition. That Government of course felt a proper sense of obligation in view of this magnificent benefaction. It was also highly pleased with the chance of assuring permanence to The Hague as a seat of international deliberations. Nor, finally with an equally characteristic Dutch thrift and Dutch complacency, did it by any means overlook the inevitable aggrandizement of the town's material importance. Hence, in 1905 the Government bought for \$280,000 the fine tract of territory called the Zorgvliet, a plot of nearly fourteen acres, as a fit setting for the building made possible through Mr. Carnegie's generosity.

The Zorgvliet Park once lay nearly half way between the Hague and Scheveningen, but the larger town has now grown around it on two sides. There has been some criticism of the choice of location from architects on the ground that it was too low and gave little chance for architectural perspectives; there

has, of course, been criticism from disappointed real estate dealers who hoped that the choice might fall in some other direction. Mr. Carnegie was here recently and told me that he was entirely satisfied with the location. He especially admired the fine old oaks and beeches and was glad that the site was so easily accessible from all parts of the Hague and Scheveningen.

The property was once the residence of Jakob Cats, perhaps the most typically national of Dutch poets. But now it is to be dedicated to poetic justice. This will be realized not so much by a philanthropist's money as by that philanthropist's spirit. No worker for the cause of peace and arbitration has united actual personal, practical endeavor with that of a lofty idealism as he has.

The administration of the Carnegie fund was entrusted by the Dutch Government to a responsible board, of which Jonkheer van Karnebeek, the well-known statesman, prominent in the Peace Conference of 1899, was made chairman. The board threw open the competition for designs for the building to architects of all nations, and appointed a jury to decide, by secret ballot, as to the winner. This jury consisted of seven men, six architects and Jonkheer van Karnebeek, *ex-officio*, as chairman of the fund. For Holland, Dr. Cuyper (to be distinguished from the *ex-Premier*, whose name is spelled with a "k" and without the final "s"), one of this country's most eminent architects, was chosen; for Germany, Dr. von Ihne, the Kaiser's architect; for Austria, Professor König, of the Vienna Technische Hochschule; for France, M. Nenot, President of the Society of French Architects; for England, Mr. Colcutt, President of the Royal Society of Architects; and for America, Professor Ware, Emeritus Professor of Architecture at Columbia University. Jonkheer van Karnebeek informs me that no less than two hundred and sixteen architects, representing many countries, sent designs, the total number of which exceeded three thousand. He adds that, at the moment of voting, it was, of course, not known to the jury who the architects were. The designs favored by the Committee were nar-

rowed down to sixteen; and of these, I am glad to state, half were American, among them plans drawn by such well-known firms as Messrs. Carrère & Hastings and Messrs. Warren & Wetmore. Out of these sixteen six designs were "crowned" by the jury, and out of the six the winning plan was that of M. Louis Cordonnier, of Lille, France, who thus obtained the first prize offered by the jury of \$4,800. His principal achievements hitherto have been the Hôtel de Ville, the city hall at Dunkerque, France, and the stock exchange at Lille. Some years ago he obtained first prize in a competition for the Amsterdam Exchange, but in the end his plan was not executed. Replying to my query as to the correctness of the rumor that M. Cordonnier was chosen by a majority of one only, Jonkheer van Karnebeek says that, as the balloting was secret, no one knows who voted for M. Cordonnier, nor has it been recorded that the decision in his favor was by a bare majority. Nor, in recognition of his success, has M. Cordonnier been appointed Architect to the Dutch Government, as has been erroneously stated. On the contrary, as is necessary here, he will work in co-operation with a Dutch architect. For this purpose Heer van der Steur has been chosen, a man of note as an architect and an engineer as well.

The world is already familiar with the illustrations of the Cordonnier exterior design, with tall towers marking the corners of the four façades, reminding one of an animal on its back with its four legs sticking in the air. I asked Mr. Carnegie if the original plans were to be carried out in their entirety and learned that they were to be somewhat modified. Result, it is to be hoped, greater simplicity and less pastry-cook decoration! The modified plan, Mr. Carnegie thinks, will satisfy the dissenting majority of the jury and all other critics. Aside from the façades, the ground plan of the building seems practical and praiseworthy. Its principal feature is a great Hall of Arbitration.

Preliminary work for the foundation of the building is being started so that the foundation stone may be laid during the session of the Second Hague Confer-

ence. Mr. Carnegie modestly declines to be present on that occasion. He adds that he much prefers the appellation "Temple of Peace" to that of "Palace

of Peace," but he will not urge its adoption as he believes that the question of name should be left to the Conference.

The Hague.

E. F. B.

## SUMMER VESPER SERMONS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

### THE LAW OF LIBERTY

Touch not, taste not, handle not.—Colossians ii. 21.

**I**T is curious that this text should ever have been used as a Scriptural authority for total abstinence. Total abstinence is sometimes quite essential to life, to say nothing of virtue; but this text is not authority for it. On the contrary, Paul quotes this motto to condemn it. "Why," he says, writing to the Colossian Christians, "as though living in the world, are ye subject to ordinances [such as] Touch not, taste not, handle not?" From all such prohibitions the disciple of Christ is free.

There is a common notion among the young that to become a Christian is to enter into servitude; to remain away from Christ is to remain free; that a Christian may not dance, play cards, go to the theater; but if he is not a Christian he may. The reverse is nearer the truth. The Christian is called unto liberty. He is a freer man for being a Christian. It is safer for him to dance, play cards, and go to the theater if he wishes to than it was before he gave his life to Christ's service.

We are made free from bondage to law by our loyalty to law. Law is the nature of the thing concerning which it is predicated. The law of gravitation means that it is the nature of all material substances to attract each other in a certain ratio. If the earth could be conceived as endowed with a will and so deciding some day that it would like to leave its orbit, it would be quite indispensable to the life on the planet that it should be prevented from gratifying its wish. It would be necessary by some force from without to prevent it from disregarding the law of its own nature. But so long as it is

obedient to the law of its own nature no external force is necessary for its well-being. So the law of love means that it is the nature of men to love. If a child truly loves his mother, he may need instruction as to what will best please her; but he does not need laws to compel him to please her. The life of a loyal nature within sets him free from all irksome bondage to laws imposed from without.

Laws on the statute-book are necessary for the protection of society from the criminal classes. "Law," says Paul, "is not made for a righteous man, but for the lawless and disobedient." The sagacious criminal gets a shrewd lawyer to tell him how far he can go in cheating his neighbor and not get caught by the law. But most honest men do not even know what the laws on the statute-book are, and they have no need to know. The law of honesty in their nature makes unnecessary a study of the law imposed by society from without. Etiquette is a series of rules which society has formed for the regulation of social intercourse. But a man ruled by the instincts of a gentleman gives himself very little concern about these laws of etiquette. If he chance to violate some local rule, it is not reckoned against him as a fault. The truly courteous man is released from subserviency to etiquette.

He who accepts the life of Christ and devotes himself with absolute singleness of purpose to Christ's work is thereby released from bondage to rules and regulations. The law of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ makes him free from the law of sin and death. There is to him only one law—Love: Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and

soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. If he loves God with all his heart, he no longer asks himself how much prayer he must offer to his Father. Ritual ceases to be his law, and becomes his instrument. He uses it when he likes, as he likes, no more than he likes, and only as he finds it a useful means for the expression of his reverence and his love. If he loves his neighbor as himself, he no longer asks what the law of honesty requires of him; he does not desire to get an advantage for himself out of his neighbor, and therefore he

has no occasion to ask what kind of advantage-getting the law of honesty forbids. His inward honesty protects him from all overt acts of unfair dealing. If it is his supreme desire to make his body the instrument of his spirit, he does not have to hedge his appetites about with restrictions. His appetites become self-regulating. In short, he who always pleases to do right can always do as he pleases. "Ye have been called unto liberty; only use not liberty for an occasion to the flesh, but by love serve one another."

## "INTRIGUE AT WASHINGTON"

It is so easy to bring charges of favoritism, of negligence, of "playing politics," against public officials, and so easy to believe such charges when they are presented, that we Americans need frequent reminders of the justice, efficiency and openness of our own government. Such a reminder the New York Times has published. With the permission of that journal we reprint herewith its editorial article on "'Favor' at West Point." As an illustration of the service a great newspaper can render in securing information for its readers which is both accurate and significant, this article is worthy of a National circulation.—THE EDITORS.

[*Editorial Article from the New York Times, 15 July, 1907.*]

FROM a Colorado correspondent we have received a letter making these charges against the administration of the West Point Military Academy:

Here is a set of facts: A young cadet named Barton entered last year on probation from Peekskill, New York, being a little under weight. He had as his alternate a fellow named Phipps, whose father was very wealthy and protested against young Barton's admission. Barton made the required weight and at once took high rank in his class. This June he was thrown out without any reason being assigned, and Phipps was immediately appointed to his place. The Military Secretary refused a reconsideration.

The detailed facts are: William M. Barton, appointed by reason of standing first in a competitive examination, June, 1906, from Peekskill; reception condition on examination to make up weight. Weight made up, and by reason of his conduct and his proficiency took high rank in his studies. Phipps protesting all the time and finally undoing Barton by intrigue at Washington.

This letter, being signed by an apparently genuine and responsible name, seemed to The Times worthy of investigation. The general American opinion, after the experience of more than a

century, is that, if there is any place in the world in which favoritism goes for nothing and merit for everything, that place is the Military Academy. It would be a shock to the whole Nation to find authentic evidence of a single case in which the standing of a cadet had been modified by "pull." Accordingly The Times has taken the pains to procure the official record of this case. The record follows:

At the entrance examination in May, 1906, the Nineteenth District, State of New York, was represented by Mr. Barton as principal, and Mr. Phipps as alternate. The Medical Examining Board found Mr. Barton not physically qualified for admission, on account of underweight and lack of chest development. The alternate, Mr. Phipps, was found duly qualified. He was notified about the 25th of May to report for admission, the principal being notified of his failure physically. When the report of the examination was forwarded to the War Department the case was reopened and the department directed that Principal Barton be admitted "on probation until August 28, on which date he will be re-examined physically." Mr. Barton was admitted, and on June 16 was examined by the Medical Board which examined all classes. His weight is recorded as 120 pounds, chest measurement at expiration 30¼ inches, age 20 years, height 5 feet



10 inches. For his age and height he should have weighed 138 pounds and his chest measurement should have been  $32\frac{1}{4}$  inches. He was again examined August 28, and a gain of weight reported, but no gain in chest measurement. His term of probation was then extended by the War Department to June 1, 1907, with the provision that "if Cadet Barton should fail to come up to the physical requirements of cadets by the end of his probationary term, June 1, 1907, Mr. Phipps be instructed to present himself at West Point for admission to the Military Academy under his alternate appointment." At the annual examination Cadet Barton was examined May 24, 1907: Weight, 124 pounds; chest measurement,  $30\frac{1}{4}$  inches, his age being 21, and height in this instance being recorded as 5 feet  $9\frac{1}{4}$  inches. For his age and height the weight is 137 pounds; chest measurement,  $32\frac{1}{4}$  inches. Upon this report the War Department directed his discharge under the previous instructions and the admission of Mr. Phipps.

We are also informed that during his probationary year Cadet Barton stood No. 41 in his studies, and had a good standing in discipline.

From this recital it is perfectly plain that whatever "pull" was exercised was

exercised in favor of Cadet Barton and against Cadet Phipps. It is equally evident that this proportion of "pull," which kept a probationary candidate on the roll of cadets for a year, was exercised through the War Department in Washington, and not at all through the authorities of the Military Academy. It is equally evident that Colonel Scott, whom our correspondent accuses of making West Point "the playground of politicians," had nothing whatever to do with this case, except in a strictly formal and perfunctory way.

"This is a moral that runs at large." A very good rule, when you hear of "a scandal at West Point," is not to believe it. And, in the case of scandals made more widespread than this question of Cadet Barton and Cadet Phipps, it is wise to assume that the policy of the Military Academy, and even of the War Department, is directed by a tenderness for the feelings of the rash accusers, not at all by a desire to screen the innocent accused.

## A SOUTHERN VIEW OF NEGRO EDUCATION

BY LEROY PERCY

President Roosevelt has sent to *The Outlook* the following article, from the *Daily Herald of Vicksburg, Mississippi*, with the suggestion that it be published, because it seems to him to be so important, and because he so firmly believes that the effective way to help both races in the South is by following just such a course as Mr. Percy here advocates. In his judgment, the way Northerners can best help is by doing all they can to back up such a man as Mr. Percy in any way that would be effective. In its issue of July 20, *The Outlook* reported the contest between two citizens of Mississippi for pre-eminence in denouncing the negro race and obstructing its progress, and pointed out that these two politicians were not to be included among the real leaders of the South. What we believe will be the ultimately controlling sentiment of the South can be seen in this article by another citizen of Mississippi. Mr. Percy is one of the foremost citizens of the State. The words here printed were originally delivered last May in Greenville, Mississippi, in response to the toast "Our Country," at a banquet of the State Bar Association.—THE EDITORS.

THE hour is so late, the subject assigned me—"Our Country"—so great, and the speaker so inefficient, that, with your permission, I will localize, specialize, the matter; for, at last, that man is a lover of his country, and a true patriot, who humbly strives to do his duty and to discharge

the obligations of citizenship in that locality to which Fate may have assigned him.

There is a subject on which I would like to say something to you, representing, as you do, the highest and most thoughtful citizenship of Mississippi. An erroneous statement, oft repeated

by those high in place, if permitted for long to go uncontradicted, soon passes current as an axiomatic truth, molds and shapes sentiment, crystallizes into bad legislation, and finds its ultimate expression in governmental blunders.

Such an erroneous statement has come much into vogue in the South, and especially in Mississippi, in regard to the negro and his education. The statement is daily heard that education ruins the negro as a laborer, and that we should not be burdened with educating him. I want to enter my protest against both assertions. I deny that education impairs the usefulness of the negro; I deny the assertion that the South should not educate him.

It is idle to talk about stopping the education of the negro; it is "kicking against the pricks." There is no voluntary retrogression in civilization. You might as well try to stop the rising tide of the ocean, or to turn back the hands of time. If we should cease to furnish the means for his education, on the theory that it is better to keep him in ignorance, a theme would be furnished by which millions would be obtained from other sections of this country for his education. The money would come from remote sections of the country, and the instruction would be given by those hostile and alien to our wants, our needs, and our problems, and a part of that education would be hostility to and hatred of us.

No, this education must be given by the Southern people, and through the instrumentalities which they provide. We taught him what he knew in slavery, we must teach him what he should know in freedom. If we could stop his education, we should not do so. I deny as an academic question, that the negro's usefulness is impaired by education. I deny that any man is rendered worse by having his intelligence quickened, his mental horizon widened. I deny from observation and actual experience that a rudimentary education makes a negro a more inefficient farmer. I own a place in Washington County entirely tenanted by negroes. I do not believe that a more desirable set of negro tenants can be found upon any property in the South,

and more than eighty per cent. of them can read and write. The most desirable class of negro farmers in the Yazoo Delta are those who are able, as it is expressed, to "furnish themselves," that is, those who can procure from factors, or commission merchants, supplies for the year, instead of the planter being forced himself to supply them. They are the negroes who either own small tracts of land, or, if they are renters, who have accumulated stock, farming implements, and other personal property. In a small way, they can be called the pecuniary successes of their race. More than ninety per cent. of this class of negroes read and write. But, be this as it may, you cannot send these men out to fight the battle of life helplessly ignorant. In slavery, he was the slave of one, and around him was thrown the protecting care of the master. In freedom, you cannot, through the helplessness of ignorance, make him the slave of every white man with no master's protection to shield him.

The negro must be educated to the extent necessary to enable him to know whether he is being rightfully or wrongfully treated. Any other idea is monstrous and intolerable, because of its harshness and cruelty. But not as a matter of justice to him alone is his education necessary, but because the industrial development of the South demands it. One of the common results of education is that the negro wishes to separate himself from the ignorant mass of his own race, and to go where he can be judged of as a man on his individual merits; and when he goes, he takes just that much of the race problem with him and leaves the problem for us just that infinitely small step nearer to solution.

To drive the negro in a mass from the South would mean industrial revolution; to rest the development of the South upon the negro alone means industrial paralysis. Mississippi could be caricatured as standing with both heels firmly planted in the earth, and with both hands firmly clasping the coat tails of the fleeing negro, in one breath upbraiding him for his worthlessness and inefficiency, and in the other vowing that no other laborer should be allowed to replace him.

Almost before the last slave-ship brought from the Dark Continent its load of negroes to create for the South the most insoluble problem that ever confronted civilization, other ships were coming to the shores of America, loaded down with emigrants who desire an opportunity of working out their future in an unknown, unexplored, almost waste, West. In the years that have passed they have built up there a magnificent commonwealth, rich in brawn, rich in intelligence, rich in the ability to discharge the duties of American citizenship; while we of the South are feebly reaching with "lame hands" for higher things.

Don't drive the negro out, but educate him, equip him, and let him go as he will, taking his troubles to other climes, filling his place with the best immigrants you can get, but filling it with white men, possessing the potentialities of citizenship, whose children, or whose children's children, some day in the future, will help us bear the burdens, help us solve the problems, of government. This the negro can never do. I do not ignore the industrial development which has been going on in the South, but it has not been through, or by reason of the negro—it has been despite him. We have developed just where the white man has done the work, and just in proportion to the work done by him. The South must not be dependent for its prosperity upon the negro. There is not enough of him, and what there is not good enough.

But, brethren of the bar, there is a reason which demands that the negro should be educated sufficiently to know whether he is being honestly or dishonestly dealt with. It is not a reason that flatters our self-esteem; it is a reason that might not be discussed by one hampered with political aspirations—certainly not by a politician wont to tickle the ready vanity of the people by the laudation of their many virtues; but no abuse can be corrected, no danger avoided, unless its existence is first recognized. I assert that the education of the negro, to the extent indicated, is necessary for the preservation of the character and moral integrity of the white men of the South. Daily, in rec-

ognition of the weakness of human nature, the prayer goes up from millions to a higher power, "Deliver us from temptation—temptation which I cannot face and overcome, I pray Thee to deliver me from." There is no greater temptation known to man than the hourly, daily, yearly, dealing with an ignorant, trusting people. There has been no race known to history that could long withstand this deadly, insidious attack. It has sapped and undermined, it is sapping and undermining, and it will sap, undermine, and destroy, the character and integrity of our people, your integrity, my integrity, the integrity of your children, and the integrity of my children.

I plead with you for the preservation of the manhood of the South, its high ideals, its lofty character. The money improperly taken because of his helplessness from the negro, it is true, leaves him little poorer, but it infinitely degrades him who takes it. There are no two brands of honesty. You cannot be dishonest in dealing with the negro, and remain honest in your dealings with other men. The wrongful appropriation of one dollar blunts the moral perception of him who takes it, blurs in his mind the dividing line between what is right and what is wrong, and makes him a worse citizen, less capable of discharging his duties to his country.

So justice, self-interest, the duty which we owe to ourselves and those who follow us, all demand that we should not permit to go unchallenged, should not acquiesce in, the viciously erroneous idea that the negro should be kept in helpless ignorance.

Do not misunderstand me. I do not mean to minimize, nor could I exaggerate, the gravity of the negro problem, nor am I laboring under the misconception that I am offering a solution of it. There is no quack nostrum to be used in solving the negro problem. There is no "get-well-quick" remedy. It can and will be worked out, but it will be through time, it may be through generations. It must be worked out with infinite patience, with absolute honesty and fair dealing, and with that steadfast courage with which Southern men have met every danger by which they have been confronted.

# DESERTION A DISEASE

BY DANA T. MERRILL

*Captain of Infantry, United States Army*

AMERICAN institutions are opposed to the system of conscriptions employed by practically all first class powers of the civilized world to recruit their military forces. Hence the maintenance of an army here depends upon volunteer enlistments, and upon the acceptance by the prospective soldier of a contract to serve the United States for a specified period. The breaking of this contract with the necessary intent constitutes desertion, a military crime, but according to public opinion, not necessarily a crime in any other sense. The number of men who desert is large and it constitutes a serious factor in our military establishment today. No locality is especially favored, no section of the country is immune; it is everywhere present, and being on the increase, must continue to be a matter of utmost concern until remedied.

Why then do so many soldiers regard their oaths so lightly, and honor the flag of their country to so slight a degree? This question has yet to be answered satisfactorily, and in place of holding this evil in check, it seems to be growing each year, and to be absolutely general throughout the army.

It must be understood from the first, that the army is primarily an American institution, with good old American names furnishing the bulk of the muster rolls, for nowhere is the great influx of foreigners less noticeable, so that the problem is essentially an American problem, and not one brought over with the socialists of Europe.

The soldier is, as a rule, a clean, self-respecting man, and few are inherently bad; and they do come, notwithstanding opinions to the contrary, from the better class of young Americans.

Desertions, then, are not confined to the worst element in the army alone; it takes toll both from the good and the bad, seemingly without rhyme or reason, and in the great majority of cases without causation from within. The exper-

ieniced captain of twenty years' service may lose as many men as the young lieutenant fresh from the Point or from the ranks, the best disciplined companies and regiments drop as many as others in which the standard is not so high. Nevertheless there are a certain proportion of desertions which are healthy, and which are caused by the soldier himself forcing out undesirable characters; but today this forms a small minority.

In a general discussion of the causes of desertion from influences without the army, it is at once apparent that a high place must be given to impatience of restraint so characteristic of the present generation of young Americans, and this is not overcome by a sense of subordination of private desires to public interests. There is then a great lack of public spirit, and this leads to the opinion of a marked decline in martial spirit of the American people. No one can doubt this if a close analysis is made of the class of men, with few exceptions, who are volunteering for the army today, and who did so during the war with Spain, and the consequent Philippine Insurrection.

There were some true and patriotic Americans ready for service anywhere in 1898; there were many others who volunteered with strings, and others who sought special organizations, such as the "Rough Riders" and "Volunteer Cavalry;" but the greater majority of citizens did not offer their services because, as they expressed this truth, "others would," and others did to the extent required.

In their opinion, the honor of the country could be trusted to men who had no careers to jeopardize, and so all honor to the men who did sacrifice home attachments for public interests, and none who felt their class was too high to stop a bullet. There are, indeed, exceptions to this, but exceptions make the rule.

The decline of martial spirit directly

causes desertions by depriving the army of a type of men who in the past constituted a splendid class of non-commissioned officers and who were in every respect excellent, reliable, and "sticking" soldiers.

Discontent causes desertion in practically all cases in some form or another, and much of this arises from outside the service and comes from conditions which cannot be remedied by the military authorities; and there is no more fertile source of this discontent than the viewpoint of the civilian toward the soldier. The mere fact that a man is in the United States uniform is an indication to the public that he is of an inferior class; a hireling, of bad character and worse habits, a mark for contempt, and a man to be shunned in public and vilified in private, and one who has sacrificed his self-respect and independence by enlisting. There are no lack of incidents of soldiers being forbidden public amusement places while in uniform, or plainly shown that their presence is not desired, nor any dearth of incidents where they have been subject to insults and jeers on the streets, either as individuals or as organizations. The army is looked upon generally as a place where tough boys can be disciplined, or perhaps as a "reform school" upon a grand scale.

It is true that soldiers have caused disturbances, and have by disorderly conduct and drunkenness perhaps given rise to a small extent of this form of public opinion. But, it is still more true that in public they are infinitely better behaved than the average men of their age and class in civil life, and their uniform courtesy to women in street cars, where they cheerfully give up their seats, is in marked contrast to the conduct of the civilian. In one of the larger cities, in which an army post is located, a street-car conductor who had worked for years on the car line next to the post remarked that "never once had he been troubled by the conduct of the soldiers." They were, he said, "invariably neater, cleaner, and better behaved than his civilian passengers."

Naturally, a soldier soon learns of these conditions, and his discontent is

fostered by this unfavorable opinion concerning his vocation, and he will find his amusements in places where he is received cordially; and it is no great matter of pride to the American citizen to learn that the saloon and the "Dive" are the class of amusement houses which extend an open and a friendly hand.

With these conditions facing the soldier, is it any great matter of surprise that desertions are many, and re-enlistments few? Where, then, can come the pride of profession so essential to contentment and efficient work in every branch of life, when the soldier learns of this public contempt for his trade? The seed of discontent finds fertile ground in the young man who rightly expects that his oath of enlistment opened to him an honorable profession.

There are other influences to which the soldier is subject besides the vicious element met in public places, only they act by direct material encouragement. In localities where there is a great demand for labor many soldiers have been enticed from the colors by flattering offers of good pay and practical immunity from arrest; in fact, this is common enough, and cases are known where agents have frequented the vicinity of army posts, treated the men well, and so induced them to desert.

Public sentiment directly assists the soldier who deserts to break his contract by affording a practical immunity from detection and arrest. A deserter is not treated as the criminal which his act, both morally and legally, makes him, he suffers no loss of public esteem by so doing; on the contrary, he may gain by it. He can return to his former mode of life without question, and with reasonable grounds for expectation not to suffer for his crime.

Nowhere, then, does the soldier find a kindly and helpful hand stretched out to him by his fellow-citizens; everywhere are the sinister influences encouraging him to commit a crime for which the penalties leave him nothing but a criminal, and involve a forfeiture of his American citizenship.

Charity no soldier needs or wants, neither does he appreciate the mistaken grounds of the missionary work fre-

quently attempted. He would be met man to man, not otherwise.

It has never been demonstrated that any soldier ever deserted for the single reason of harsh or ill-treatment on the part of his officers, and this cannot be considered as one of the potent causes for desertions. Within the army, there are undoubtedly reasons why men become dissatisfied, and the amount of pay received when compared to the standard of civil life is small, and under present conditions inadequate. Double the pay, and desertions would probably drop off, simply because a higher grade of men would be attracted to the service; treble it, and they would cease entirely. That, however, cannot be expected under present conditions.

The old soldier, of years of service, is the best judge of causes and effects within the army; and ask any one of them what is the greatest single cause for desertions, and he will answer, without question, the abolition of the canteen, the loss of the soldier's club. With the canteen there was a center of amusement for the soldier to pass his time in leisure hours. It never was a drinking establishment, pure and simple, as has so often been published. There was combined the feature of light drinks, harmless amusements, such as card-games without gambling, pool, billiards, a lunch-room, and a reading-room well stocked with newspapers and periodicals.

The canteen encouraged temperance by forbidding excess; the strongest beverage was beer, but it also contained non-intoxicants, and it furnished amusements and was patronized by the abstainers as well as by the drinking element among the soldiers. The profits went directly back to the soldier in the form of athletic material and prizes for athletic contests, in amusements, and to the organizations for the material betterment of the mess. It was no special tax upon the soldier's pay, for a soldier like any other man will drink, and now that he cannot get his beer in decent surroundings, he finds it at present in the fringe of "dives," that have, since the canteen was abolished, sprung up like malignant mushrooms close around military reservations. There was a place to

go during leisure hours, a center for diversion; but without the attracting element, the present so-called canteens, or post exchanges, are but petty stores with all but the barter and sale element eradicated, and they can do little toward restoring attractions, because much of the soldier's pay goes to outside saloons, and these saloons furnish ample credit to last from pay-day to pay-day. The greatest use of a canteen then was to keep men contented, and to keep them at home; its lack works directly, and most effectively, in the opposite direction.

The soldiers themselves give other reasons for discontent peculiarly pertaining to the military side; and among those worthy of consideration, by the fact that they were repeated very generally, are practice marches with the entire kit, which extend throughout the year and become hard and monotonous. They fail to see the practical benefit to be gained by such an increase of hard work, and are discontented because no additional pay follows.

Many other reasons were advanced, such as non-military work in posts, soldiers enlisting rather to get out of work than expecting to do as much as in civil life at a decreased wage. They noted a change within the organizations themselves, a lack of *esprit de corps*, caused by the loss of so many experienced soldiers and the influx of inferior recruits. No soldier objected to the military side pure and simple, nor thought that it had been in the past too hard; but the combination of the old with so much that was new, and so perhaps difficult, left them too little time to themselves, and resulted in the chronic condition of being "tired of soldiering."

The old soldier is, as a rule, leaving for the greater allurements of civil life, and leaving his place to be filled by recruits, only, however, in a numerical sense. His shoes remain empty.

The remedy for desertions has been often discussed, but never found, or applied. The evil goes on day by day. Money would end it, as stated before, by being able to attract a much higher grade of recruits, but no petty advance in pay will have this effect. It must be radical.

The regular soldier, first of all, wants a square deal from the citizens whom he has been, and may be again, called upon to defend.

He thinks his past record entitles him to, and demands, honor and respect.

His uniform should be one to be proud of, and not an object of scorn and derision, and not a badge of baseness

and servility to be patronized as the lowest of public servants.

And principally because of this public opinion, and lack of honor, soldiers do and will continue to desert; and yet as deserters, and moral cowards, they find aid and comfort where they were not honored as soldiers.

Fort Wayne, Detroit, Mich.

## THE QUARREL

BY ELIZABETH SHAW OLIVER

THE day was hot and sultry; not a breath of wind stirred the surface of the river, and the distant mountains were half hidden by angry black clouds. The men of St. Fidèle looked at the horizon as they sweated at their work. "*Une grande orage*," they said.

Before twelve o'clock, as was his custom, Thomas MacClarren rode down the village street. The guardian of the forest lands in his tweed Norfolk and knickerbockers, his Scotch bonnet perched on his snow-white waving hair was a familiar figure in Monsieur le Ferrière's parish. Few people visited his isolated settlement at Baie des Rochers, but everyone met him as he wandered about the countryside, a pack of fire notices strapped with a fishing-rod to the cantle of his saddle, his faded plaid over his shoulder. Whatever the weather he rode on Saturday mornings to St. Fidèle to make a few purchases at Philippe Coutourière's store, to fetch his mail and to pass an hour with Monsieur le Curé, his dearest friend in lay matters, his bitterest opponent in things religious; for let it be understood that though in the stronghold of catholicism, Thomas MacClarren clung tenaciously to the Westminster catechism of his forefathers. Honest and irascible, loyal to his friends and contemptuous of his enemies, the guardian of the forest lands, his spirited head erect, his gray eyes youthfully clear, went conscientiously about his daily business. If the meaner element of St. Fidèle took refuge behind their orthodoxy and murmured "heretic," the better class liked and respected him.

Chirruping encouragingly to his white pony, MacClarren made his way between the scattered hiproofed houses until he reached the golden mortar and pestle, which crowned the proud roof-tree of Doctor Duchesne. Here he dismounted nimbly, slipped the mare's bridle over a fence post, and lifted the latch of the shop door.

A close smell of drugs pervaded the place. Shelves and counter were crowded with gaudily wrapped bottles, and at the back of the shop, high on the wall, swung a brightly colored picture informing the intruder that "*L'enfant pleure for son Castoria*." The old Scotchman glanced about impatiently; the shop was empty. Careless of dusty boots, he strode across the spotless oil-cloth and pushed open a side door.

Doctor Duchesne, in scrupulously brushed black, sat by the window of his inner sanctum; he jumped to his feet as he caught sight of the old guardian.

"*Ah, bon jour*, Monsieur MacClarren," he exclaimed, rubbing his short-fingered hands together and smiling genially. "You do me great honor; no one is ill I hope at Baie des Rochers."

MacClarren grunted. He disliked the doctor from the top of his suspiciously black hair to the tips of his pointed boots. "My granddaughter insists her baby is very ill," he admitted ungraciously. He measured off an infinitesimal portion of his little finger with his thumb. "A pain of this size," he continued, "in the stomach of the first born is a serious affair. She would not let me go this morning until I gave my promise to see you."

The doctor readjusted his black-rimmed glasses. "I will prepare a little sirup at once," he said sympathetically; "one of great mildness, which will suit the delicate digestion of the very young. Will Monsieur return to get it? Monsieur calls of course at the presbytère?"

Old MacClarren turned scarlet, knit his fine brows and without a glance in Duchesne's direction walked out of the room.

The apothecary doctor gasped. MacClaren's brusqueness had passed the limits of eccentricity. He opened the shop door and looked indignantly after the tweed-clad figure on the rough white pony. Then stepping onto his narrow, unroofed piazza, for there was an admixture of curiosity in his anger, he placed himself where he could get a glimpse of the low-lying presbytère with its hip roof and dormer windows. Within the white-washed picket fence, in the midst of the flower beds, he saw the *soutane* of Monsieur le Ferrière.

Old MacClarren rode slowly up the street, his head bowed forward, his shoulders drooping. As he neared the presbytère Duchesne expected to hear a cry, a welcome from the Curé, and to see the white pony brought suddenly to a standstill, but to his amazement the old priest turned his back on the approaching horseman and walked slowly into the house, while MacClarren, flinging back his head and squaring his shoulders, rode on towards the post-office.

Doctor Duchesne tugged at his beard. For twenty years, as all the village knew, Thomas MacClarren had ridden on Saturday mornings to St. Fidèle; for twenty years he had reined in his horse at the presbytère gate. Had the two friends quarreled? The doctor was keenly interested. Duchesne, in spite of his acknowledged position as "the richest man in the parish" had always felt an envious interest in the intimacy between the Curé and the guardian, an intimacy from which he was tacitly excluded. The two men had not been unfriendly when the doctor had arrived in the village some ten years before, but as the fact became known that the doctor had a contempt for nonpaying patients and an unchange-

able faith in mortgages, their sentiments, though they showed it with characteristic difference, underwent a change. Monsieur le Ferrière became each year more coldly courteous, Thomas MacClarren more brusque and impatient. Doctor Duchesne, whose desire to be rich was only equalled by his ambition to be honored, did everything in his power to ingratiate himself with the two men, who were the village's acknowledged aristocracy. He continued to meet their rebuffs with assumed humility and posed in the village as their ardent admirer. Though he was forced to admit that he made little progress, he was patient; the doctor was a man who believed in waiting. Now the wisdom of his faith seemed justified, for in the apparent quarrel between priest and guardian he saw an opportunity to make himself a sympathetic confidant, or if that failed a welcome peacemaker. As the first great rain drops of the coming storm splashed on the dusty road, warning the village people indoors, the doctor, with a self-satisfied smile on his lips was still standing at his shop door. Even when the rain, like a gray curtain, swept down the valley, blotting out mountain, field, and river, he did not move. Thus he happened to get a glimpse of old MacClarren, his plaid wrapped close around his shoulders, his head lowered, doggedly urging his shrinking pony up the village street, forgetful alike of grandchild and "sirop."

At the *presbytère* François la Voie, the bent little man who ordered the Curé's house, after closing every door and window fetched the blessed *sapin* from its place in the cupboard. He believed firmly in the efficacy of its burning branches, and whenever a branch of the dried aromatic balsam crackled on the stove, thunder and lightning were robbed of their fears. As he hung over the tiny bonfire Monsieur le Ferrière's voice sounded through the house. The old servant straightened himself.

"What does Monsieur desire?" he asked, pushing open the study door.

The Curé sat by his writing table, loose pages of manuscript scattered about him, but the ink on his pen was dry.



"François," he said nervously, glancing over his spectacles, "has Monsieur MacClarren come yet from the post-office?"

"When I closed the front windows, Monsieur," returned the servant, "he rode towards home." A flash of lightning illuminated the room, and as the thunder rolled among the hills, the rain swept wildly against the window panes. "Monsieur le Gardien does not seem to mind the weather," he added,

"And he did not stop at the *presbytère*," murmured the Curé sadly, "he would not take shelter under my roof."

François sniffed, the omission of MacClarren's weekly visit had been balm to his orthodox soul. Can not Monsieur live without the heretic at his elbow," he said irritably.

The Curé took off his spectacles and looked at François, his eyebrows were raised, his mouth compressed. The old servant squirmed under the unspoken reproof.

"I ask Monsieur's pardon," he murmured penitently. Then with an air of great mystery he placed his forefinger on one side of his nose. "Shall I prepare for a little day's fishing?" he suggested. "Trefflé Bergeron says the salmon are running."

The Curé flushed and shook his head. "*Tu es bon enfant*," he said wearily, "but I have no heart to go."

"Monsieur Duchesne," said François in a trembling voice, when the next day after mass the cunning doctor had wrung the whole story from him, "something terrible has arrived, never in twenty years has Monsieur lacked the heart to kill a salmon!"

Gradually, almost imperceptibly, the news became known in the little village that Monsieur MacClarren had omitted his visit to the *presbytère*. Had Monsieur le Curé and Monsieur le Gardien quarrelled? Women bending over their sewing asked the question, men toiling in the log jams discussed it. Though the old Scotchman had his admirers, if it came to a choice between the two men St. Fidèle would not waver. Philippe Coutourière, voicing public sentiment, announced from his counter that unless matters were cleared up, Monsieur Mac-

Clarren must buy his necessities elsewhere. The week dragged on and the more loyal began to be roused, for Monsieur le Curé grew each day more unlike himself; he said his masses, he visited the sick, but he never stopped for a friendly chat at the store and his morning greetings to his little flock were cheerless and dull. Trefflé Bergeron in his white farmhouse beside the river watched the fresh run salmon play unmolested in the Curé's pools and helplessly wrung his hands.

Dr. Duchesne held seemingly aloof from the gossip, but no one in the village was so well informed of the Curé's actions and state of health. With adroit and well directed sympathy he won François la Voie's confidence, and the old servant really troubled about his master, and eager for comfort and advice soon fell into the habit of pouring his troubles into Duchesne's sympathetic ear.

"If Monsieur would only come to see Monsieur le Ferrière," implored the old man. "Monsieur is a man of such talent, he would make things better, I am certain of it. Monsieur le Curé is not well. Since his last trip *aux bois* with that *sacré* MacClarren it has not been to my taste. I have thought, Monsieur, that the heretic may have bewitched him; they say he practices the black art on all the animals of the woods. Why else should Monsieur le Curé care whether *ce vieux* MacClarren comes to the *presbytère* or stays away?"

Duchesne shrugged his shoulders and shook his head. He was as ignorant as François of the true nature of the quarrel between curé and guardian, but though he built great hopes on the old priest's evident distress of mind he was too wise to introduce himself at a servant's request.

By the time another Saturday had arrived all the village as well as the scheming doctor was on tiptoe. Each member of the Curé's parish wished, before taking action, to be convinced of the great men's estrangement, but though dinners were burnt while inquisitive housewives lingered upon doorsteps, unrebuked by their equally interested lords and masters, St. Fidèle was doomed to disappointment. The sunlight danced on the rippling river, the fresh green leaves swayed in the cool breeze, but

Thomas MacClarren and his white pony failed to appear. Heads were shaken dubiously and tongues wagged wildly.

François, who had always hated "*ce vieux* MacClarren," was inwardly delighted with the new turn of affairs. Could it be possible that the old guardian would never return to the presbytère? All Sunday long he hugged the thought to his jealous heart, and, finally, on Monday morning, convinced of his probability, vowed six candles to Sainte Anne de Beaupré. A household errand at Coutourière's shop took him at noon past Duchesne's house.

The doctor's *planche* and chestnut gelding stood before the door; the horse's golden coat gleamed with much brushing, the harness and trap were spotless. Looking through the shop window François saw the doctor busily placing bottles and packages in the little black bag which was his badge of office. He paused a moment, hesitating to interrupt and still unwilling to pass by without a word.

The doctor bustled out of his shop, smiling and genial. "*Bon jour, bon jour*," he said. He seemed to be in the best of humors.

"You are in a great hurry, Monsieur le Docteur?" asked François apologetically.

"That is it, my friend," returned the doctor, as he placed his bag under the seat of the *planche* and took the reins from his son's hands. "I have just had news that Monsieur le Gardien is ill, the result of a cold caught in last Saturday's storm. He has sent for me, and I must lose no time. A *fluxion de poitrine*, when one is no longer young, is serious."

He jerked the reins, and the young horse, so encouraged, trotted briskly up the village street.

Old François shaded his weak eyes with one hand and looked for a moment after the dust-enveloped vehicle.

"*Dame*," he murmured, as he hobbled on to Coutourière's shop, "why does Monsieur le Docteur occupy himself with such matters? Can he not see it is a judgment of God?"

François, however, was unprepared for the manner in which the Curé received the news. Bubbling over with

excitement he tip-toed into the study, where the Curé was reading his mid-day office, and coughed tentatively. The old priest looked up from his breviary.

"Eh bien François," he said, "what is it?"

François smiled happily. "Monsieur le Gardien has a *fluxion de poitrine*," he answered. "Doctor Duchesne has just left for Baie des Rochers."

"What dost thou tell me?" said the Curé, sitting up very straight, his face lined with sudden anxiety.

"I said," repeated François, "that Monsieur le Gardien has a *fluxion de poitrine*; he moves not from his bed; the storm last week was too much for him, after all!"

The old priest closed his breviary with a snap and rose to his feet. "François," he said excitedly, "harness Coq at once; we drive to Baie des Rochers."

"But, Monsieur," exclaimed François, "consider! It is eight miles to Baie des Rochers. Monsieur has had no dinner! Coq has had no oats."

The Curé undid his long fingers. François had never seen him so roused. "Discuss not," he said; "do as thou art told."

The old servant hurried away, shaking his head and muttering, "*Bonne Sainte Anne priez pour nous!*" It is as I said, the heretic has bewitched him."

Thus it happened that half an hour after the doctor's shining *planche* and sleek horse had mounted the steep hill leading to the main road, the Curé's much humbler *calèche* and pony toiled up the same rutty track.

The Curé sat well forward on the hard cushions, his head thrust forward, a clenched hand on each knee, his usually calm brow furrowed with anxiety. François from his narrow driver's perch tugged at the reins, and the little bay horse, with lowered head and taut muscles, dug his hoofs firmly into the rough road.

On an ordinary occasion the view of the surrounding country, the broad rippling St. Lawrence, the bold cliffs, the rolling hills, would have charmed Monsieur le Ferrière, for he was a man peculiarly sensitive to the beauties of nature, but to-day his heart was so full of the

desire to reach the little settlement at Baie des Rochers that he saw nothing beyond the pattern of the oil-cloth on the bottom of the *calèche* and François' jolting, gray shoulders.

The red *calèche* bumped along the rutty highway, past farm-house, stream and wood, up and down hills; and the Curé, in his worn *soutane*, his old straw hat pushed back from his forehead, complained of the slowness of the pace. "Coq is growing old," he exclaimed impatiently.

François glanced reproachfully over his shoulder. "Young or old," he said loyally, "there is not a horse of such talent in the whole parish."

At last they reached Alfredes Harvey's farm, from which point the traveler gets his first glimpse of Baie des Rochers; a long, low peninsula running out into the St. Lawrence, a hundred feet below the main road, on the cliffs. A tiny river on the left forms a rocky miniature harbor, guarded from the northern wind by a bold jutting promontory. Waving willows surround the MacClarren homestead, a white, rambling building, with moss grown roof; while close, as if for needed support, crowd the newer houses of sons and grandsons. Far to the right, in the midst of green fields, fronting the broad river and the sunrise, stands the little wooden kirk, the only Protestant place of worship in the wide parish of St. Fidèle.

François pointed a gnarled finger downward. "There they are, Monsieur," he said, indignantly, "the houses of the heretics. *C'est choquant*."

But the reproach fell on deaf ears. Monsieur le Ferrière glanced affectionately at the white buildings, the green fields, the brave little church. "Let us go down quickly," he said.

As the *calèche* swung into the grass road which led to the old house, the doctor's *planche* turned out of the stable. The doctor held the reins, his brow was lined, his mouth set. The two horses on the single track halted nose to nose. Monsieur le Ferrière sprang like a boy to the ground.

"Doctor Duchesne," he asked, eagerly, "is Monsieur MacClarren very ill? Is there any danger?"

Duchesne had fared forth that morning with colors flying to meet ignominious shipwreck. Stripped of his pride, he clung to his professional dignity like a drowning sailor to a splintered spar.

"Monsieur le Curé," he said, pompously, "I assure you there is no danger. Your friend has without doubt been imprudent and he is not young. You will find him perhaps in a bad humor, but with care he will soon be well."

The Curé gave a gasp of relief, and lifting his *soutane* with either hand, sped down the road. He hardly stopped to return the greeting of MacClarren's unmarried daughter, who in neat black and mob cap, stood on the threshold of the old Scotchman's house. He pushed past her and burst into the little sitting room, which was MacClarren's particular domain. The long narrow room with its bright red carpet, its badly framed engravings of Knox and Burns, its rough bookcase's motley array of cheap bindings, was familiar ground to the Curé. Here he had spent many a controversial evening when parochial or fishing expeditions had led him far from St. Fidèle. The door of the little adjoining bedroom was closed; he pushed it gently until it swung open on its worn hinges and stepped across the threshold.

In his wooden bed, propped among the pillows, his faded plaid across his knees, lay old Thomas MacClarren, breathing hoarsely. His cheeks were flushed, his eyes flashing.

"Thomas," pleaded the Curé, as he stood at the foot of the bed, "art thou still angry?"

Old MacClarren pushed back the white hair from his forehead with trembling eager hands. His voice was petulant.

"Seigneur," he exclaimed, "am I to have no peace; first that rascal Duchesne, and now thee. A sick man needs rest."

But the Curé was not to be rebuffed. "Art thou still angry?" he persisted.

"Why not," returned the Scotchman obstinately, "have we not dreamed of such a chance for twenty long years, you and I?" His face became tense and eager. "Dost thou remember, Jean," he said, "how the fish rose like a flash

of light from behind the big rock at the foot of the falls? "Six pounds 'we said when we saw him, the biggest trout in the Bon Desir. Dost thou remember how he ran out my line, how my rod bent?" Then suddenly the light went out of the old man's eyes, his mouth shut with a snap. "Jean, Jean," he muttered with an almost tragic break in his voice, "I thought thee a fisherman, but a schoolboy could have handled the net better!"

For a moment the Curé was silent; his hands behind his back clenched and unclenched. He was eager for peace, but the irascible guardian was pressing him hard. "I did my best," he said finally in dangerously even tones. "I warned thee it was an impossible place to land a half played fish, besides the casting line was weak."

"Half played fish," retorted MacClarren sharply, raising himself in the bed, "the trout was gasping and on its side. Why not admit it was all thy fault?"

The Curé's eyes flashed fire. "Because it was not," he said shortly.

The two old men glared at each other. There was no sound in the little room beyond the Scotchman's labored breathing and the ticking of the eight-day clock. Then without a word the Curé shrugged his shoulders and turned on his heel. The quick angry movement swept his swaying *soutane* into a dusty corner and brought a fishing-rod clattering to the floor. The Curé frowned as he stooped down, his fingers closed on the familiar canvas cover. Old MacClarren from his pillows watched him eagerly. The priest straightened himself slowly, his face cleared, and a smile stole into his eyes. The Curé had sacrificed his pride to his affection. He turned to the bed and held the canvas-covered rod towards MacClarren.

"There are too many memories here, Thomas," he said, "days of sunshine and cloud, of good luck and bad, of rippling water and green swaying trees. Thou art right. I was clumsy. I did lose the fish."

This was unlooked-for surrender. MacClarren gave a little gasp of shamed surprise. "A man must sometimes speak his mind," he muttered awkwardly.

"Come, Thomas," continued the Curé, "have you not punished me enough. I have been very lonely."

The Scotchman hesitated. "It is true I was angry with thee," he said slowly, "and said perhaps too much, but is that a reason that thou shouldst turn thy back on me and close thy door in my face?"

"I turn my back on thee! I close my door in thy face!" exclaimed the Curé.

MacClarren gave a bitter little laugh, the slight had cut deeper than he was willing to admit. "My eyes may miss a weak place in a casting line," he said, "but I am not yet blind. A week ago Saturday," he continued, "when I passed the *presbytère* eager to see thee, to talk matters over, thou wert in the garden, but as I rode up the street Lavoie from the doorway warned thee of my coming and I saw thee turn and walk into thy house."

"A week ago Saturday!" mused the priest, "I was in the garden!" Then his lined face became gravely tender. "I remember," he said gently. "No, Thomas, Lavoie did not tell me of thy coming but of Elizabeth Tremblay's going. How could I take pleasure in the flowers when one of my children had gone on her last journey and I had not given her the *Bon Dieu*. I went to my books because my heart was heavy. No, Thomas, I did not see thee. All morning long I waited for thee, and when François told me thou hadst ridden by I could not understand. To quarrel for the sake of a few angry words was not like thee."

MacClarren's face was a curious mixture of embarrassment and happiness. "We Scotchmen are obstinate fools," he muttered, and then irrelevantly and with evident effort, "perhaps I did hurry the fish."

The Curé's faded eyes brimmed with laughter. "Obstinate fools make good friends," he said softly, stretching out a hand. MacClarren caught it eagerly.

"The salmon are running," exclaimed the priest, "and we have wasted more than a week! *Quelle bêtise!*"

MacClarren's laugh ended in a paroxysm of coughing. The old man bent

almost double, his face grew crimson and beads of perspiration stood out on his white forehead.

A line of worry showed between the Curé's eyes. "Thou art feverish," he spoke anxiously, "I like not thy cough! What did Duchesne say to thee?"

The sick man lay back among his pillows, his breath was short. "Duchesne is a pompous fool," he said. "I myself could have told my daughter that I have a cold, that I am old, that I must be careful."

"Is that all he said?" persisted the Curé. He was labored by the old Scotchman's labored breathing.

"If thou must know," said MacClarren shortly, his eyes snapping, "he had the impudence to sympathize with me; he thought thee responsible for my illness; I should not, he said, have ridden from St. Fidèle in the storm and if the *presbytère* was, as he feared, closed to me, he begged that hereafter I consider his house and stable as my own."

"What didst thou say?" asked the Curé, boyishly eager, knitting his white, overhanging brows.

MacClarren shook his head, his lips beneath his white beard curled humorously. "Jean, *mon ami*," he said, touching the Curé's black sleeve affectionately, "I will not tell thee. I do not love the doctor and perhaps I was not quite myself, for I too have been lonely. One thing I know, a good Presbyterian should not have said it and a priest of the true church may not hear it!"

The two old men looked into each other's eyes, the memory of the past days was blotted out; they threw back their heads and laughed like children.

François sitting outside in the red *calèche*, watching old Coq crop a belated dinner, shook his head as he heard the laughter.

"Bewitched," he said, "bewitched."

He crossed himself hurriedly and glared at the little brown kirk just visible beyond the waving tree tops.

## POOR IRELAND<sup>1</sup>

THE traditional stage Irishman is a ridiculous figure. Yet he seems to have established the present general estimate of his race. He certainly does not remind us of those austere pioneers who kept alive the spark of Christianity in Ireland and who kept art and learning from being overborne by the blight which had settled over the rest of Europe. Nor, coming to our own time, does "Paddy" recall the great soldiers and statesmen with whom Ireland has strengthened the British Empire. The accepted Irish type of the masses may be amusing, but he smacks also of indolence, thriftlessness, a tendency to drink, and even a lack of certain primary virtues.

Fortunately, these failings are not characteristic of the Irish people as a whole. In every quarter of the globe Irish men and women have shown themselves hard workers; if they have not displayed the same energy at home it is

because of the general agricultural oppression and depression, because of unsanitary dwellings and insufficient food. As to drink, contrary to the general supposition, the Irishman spends a less average on it than does the Englishman or Scot; moreover, the Irishman spends more on beer than on spirits, the contrary being true of the Scot. Furthermore, and even more surprising to many, statistics show the Irish to be less criminally inclined than are the inhabitants of Great Britain; in particular, as to sexual morality, the stranger in Ireland is invariably surprised by the rectitude of the people.

In 1841 Ireland's population was estimated at 8,100,000; in 1901, at 4,400,00. Thus, in sixty years the population fell by nearly four millions. America has won what Ireland has lost. But this is not all. Quality as well as quantity is involved. The emigrants have generally been in life's full vigor; most of those who have remained have been physically, mentally, and industrially deficient. Meanwhile, the burden

<sup>1</sup> The Outlook in Ireland. By the Right Honorable the Earl of Thurston, K.P. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1. net.

of taxation has enormously increased. Is it surprising, then, that, with the exception of France, Ireland's birth-rate should be now the lowest in the world?

Unless remedial measures are undertaken Ireland must continue downward. It is true that two noble laws, passed within a decade, have brought relief—the Local Government and Land Acts. The first conceded to the Irish the right of self-government in purely local affairs. Until 1898 Grand Juries had managed those affairs; thereafter District and County Councils, democratic bodies, took their place. The Councils have done their work well and have had distinct educational value in the people's responsibility, knowledge, and appreciation as related to the art of government. The Land Act provided a way for tenants to become proprietors and removed the prime cause of friction between the two classes. But the money devoted to this benefaction will not alone regenerate Ireland. The people need instruction in modern agricultural and industrial methods. These in turn will only partially succeed unless stimulated by the Irishman's consciousness of a more active participation in his country's affairs, economic and administrative.

This increase of power is demanded, first of all, by the Irish Nationalists, whose idea of Home Rule carries with it complete independence and separation from England; second by those English Liberals who subscribe to the Gladstone programme of practical but not quite complete separation; third, by many well-wishers, Liberal and Conservative, who would give to the Irish the fullest possible management of their own affairs.

Such management was, in the judgment of many friends of Ireland, assured by the bill recently proposed in the House of Commons by Mr. Augustine Birrell, the well-known author of "Obiter Dicta" and other books of essays, who is Chief Secretary for Ireland in the present Liberal Cabinet. Mr. Birrell's statesman-like measure was not at once rejected by Mr. Redmond, the leader in Parliament of the Irish Nationalists, who had been consulted during the various stages of the bill's preparation. But in the later Nationalist conclave in Dublin, influ-

enced by opposition, both clerical and lay, Mr. Redmond rejected the measure. It would have meant to his starving constituents at least half a loaf. He demanded the whole and lost all—at least for the present parliamentary session. As has been well said, moderation is not melodramatic. The present Irish representatives in Parliament have seemed to distinguish themselves in the realm of melodrama only.

In their mortification at the Irish attitude and the consequent withdrawal of the measure, Mr. Birrell and the Liberal leaders have had the sympathy of many Conservatives and Unionists, among them the Earl of Dunraven, a great Irish landlord and perhaps the principal force behind the Land Act of 1903. Speaking of the policy of the party now in power, Lord Dunraven said: "I greatly rejoice, for policy is more important than party in my eyes. With all my heart I wish them Godspeed in it." Lord Dunraven's just published book, "The Outlook in Ireland," constitutes perhaps the strongest argument yet put forth for the passage of some such measure as Mr. Birrell's, conferring on the Irish sufficient and efficient control of local government. Despite the amazing tactics of Mr. Redmond, such a bill must ultimately be passed—if the Liberals cannot, perhaps a coalition government of Conservatives and Liberal Unionists may, repeating their successes of 1898 and 1903.

Those who resist the proposed reform should read Lord Dunraven's plea. As he says, the only occasion when the right of free government was strenuously denied to a portion of the British Empire was followed by a revolt culminating in the formation of the United States of America. The lesson taught by the rebellion of the American colonies has had powerful influence for good, as Lord Dunraven easily shows; for the British Empire affords plenty of testimony to that influence and to the benefits of free institutions.

The story of the British Empire is the record of political devolution, or the derivation of various amounts of self-governing powers from the sovereign Parliament by the communities forming the Empire. As our author truly affirms,

the component parts of the Empire are joined together by a tie of loyalty to the throne and by the sense of fellowship arising by common enjoyment of the widest possible political, social and religious freedom. The Channel Islands, for instance, he says, retain their own language and have their own legislature, coinage and military service. The Isle of Man is an even more striking example, for the author, for it is inhabited by a Celtic race, whose characteristics are not dissimilar from those of the Irish, yet the ancient, autocratic House of Keys has been for forty years a representative body. Why should Ireland be deprived of a full measure of what this neighboring island enjoys and what is enjoyed in the Province of Quebec, which, French and Roman Catholic through and through, is to-day happy and prosperous because, as Lord Dunraven points out, of the application of a wise system of devolution, authority having been delegated from the Imperial Parliament to the Parliament of the Dominion Federation and by it to the Parliaments of Quebec and the other federating Canadian provinces. This is real home rule, as understood in Canada and Australia. Most remarkable of all, even in India British statesmanship has been able to evolve a method of government not subversive of the central authority, but as our observer shows, delegating to localities and communities a considerable share in administrative work.

In all this, Lord Dunraven concludes, Great Britain has applied two analogous principles to her outlying possessions: (1) to ancient communities she has reserved their distinctive characteristics, usages, laws, languages, and governing powers; (2) to new and developing communities she has delegated power. Great Britain's one failure, as he impressively charges, is due to the negation of these twin principles—to the attempt both to obliterate distinctive characteristics and usages and to produce absolute homogeneity by force. But Ireland cannot be absorbed or obliterated, nor can her affairs be adequately managed by the Imperial Parliament. Like Quebec compared to the rest of Canada, so Ireland's population is for the most part racially different from the people of Great Britain, and Ireland's agricultural, industrial, educational, financial, commercial, political, and social problems demand different methods of treatment from those across the Irish Sea. As Quebec sends representatives to a central legislature at Ottawa, so Ireland sends representatives to a central legislature at London. But, unlike Quebec, Ireland has little independent control over its own affairs. In Quebec there is prosperity and contentment, in Ireland misery and discontent. To change the latter into the former conditions, there should be applied, as Lord Dunraven very clearly and truly declares, the principle of devolution.

## Comment on Current Books

**Madame** When the presentation of fact can be made so absorbingly interesting as Mrs. Ady convincingly proves possible in this volume of memoirs<sup>1</sup> one is tempted to wonder that the demand for fiction exists. In her sympathetic and discriminating record of the life of that truly remarkable woman, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, sister of one king and sister-in-law of another, the brilliant courts of Charles II. of England and Louis XIV. of France are brought before the reader with vivid reality as no romance could reveal them. The characters of the two monarchs, of Madame,

and of most of the notables of their time, have fresh light thrown on them by letters preserved in the French *Archives du Ministère des Affaires étrangères* and documents from State papers on French affairs in the British Record Office, many of them here published for the first time: the correspondence between Charles and his "dearest Minette," as he called his sister, being especially noteworthy in this respect, and as a revelation of tender and faithful affection, aside from its general historical interest.

**Our Heritage** Anything on matters maritime Sea time from this writer must be taken as expert testimony, and he has here given us a peculiarly novel

<sup>1</sup> *Madame: A life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I. and Duchess of Orleans. By Julia Cartwright, Mrs. Henry Ady. (New Edition.)* New York: B. B. Stetson.

and fascinating volume<sup>1</sup> in a book which is at once scientific without the burden of scientific nomenclature, and romantic without being at all a romance. How comprehensive a view of the various aspects of his subject Mr. Bullen presents may be seen by a glance at these chapter-headings: "The Ocean as the World's Reservoir of Health," "The Winds of the Ocean," "The Clouds," "Ocean Currents," "The Tides," "The Ocean as a Source of Food Supply," "Ocean the Universal Highway," "The Ocean Unexplored and Unexplorable," "The Ocean as a Battle-field," etc. Incidentally it may be remarked that, in spite of his splendid and timely advocacy of peace in the last-mentioned chapter and elsewhere, Mr. Bullen himself seems not averse to dealing out bloodless thrusts, as in one place he alludes to critics of the British navy as "foreign liars" and "home-bred traitors," and in another contrasts Protestants with "bigoted" Roman Catholics, referring to the power of their organization as "the vast tyranny of the Romish Church." He also rather persistently scolds a perverse generation for their interest in the daily newspaper, football, bridge, and other joys of existence instead of in the serious subjects that employ his own attention. But this, if a bit questionable in point of taste and consistency, is only a minor blemish in a work the major portion of which is most stimulating and instructive.

**Aggressive French Christianity** American and English Christians are not as well-informed as they might be about the ideas, ideals and actual aggressive work accomplished by French Christians. As the vast majority of French men and women are Roman Catholics, a volume such as M. Bonet-Maury<sup>2</sup> is always useful to impress upon the minds, not only of Frenchmen themselves, but of Christians all over the world, and especially of Protestants, what has been and is being accomplished by France in the development of morals and religion. The world Congress of Religions at Chicago in 1893 furnished the occasion for a fuller appreciation of this, and the accounts of the Congress by M. Bonet-Maury and Dr. Barrows called attention of a yet wider circle to the too little-appreciated endeavors of various bodies of Christians in other parts of the world than ours. In M. Bonet-Maury's present volume we see the broad ideals underlying the work of France in particular in her missions in

Africa and Asia. The author of "L'Islamisme" knows well how to put to the fore his countrymen's beneficial influence, especially among the blacks, but he by no means forgets to praise Livingston's monumental achievement as does M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, in his preface to the volume. If one figure, however, stands out more clearly than another it is that heroic one of the late Cardinal Lavigerie, Primate of Algeria, a missionary of apostolic temper and fire, a man worthy to stand alongside the church fathers themselves. In his "Quatre Portraits" the late Jules Simon had already instructed the world as to Lavigerie's true place in history. The present volume impressively emphasizes the lesson.

**The Old Engravers** The old print which hangs on the wall is apt to picture the life of long ago better than the pen portraits of the printed page. This is particularly true of English prints and of English life. Copper plate engraving first appeared in England about the middle of the sixteenth century. Two hundred years later the art had developed its various branches so as to interpret life with both comprehensiveness and intimacy. Engravers now had a wide choice of medium in line, mezzotint, stipple, etching, aquatint. In these various forms we find visualized the impressions we receive from Pepys, Evelyn, Horace Walpole, Fanny Burney and the rest. If the old prints are worth any one's attention first of all because of their intrinsic merit as works of art, they are worth quite as much because they link us intimately with the past. They represent, as does nothing else quite so well, the human atmosphere of other days. A book has always been needed which should unite these two view points of art and life. At last it has come in Mr. Malcolm Salaman's description of the old engravers of England and their relation to contemporary art and life.<sup>1</sup> Mr. Salaman writes in charming style. His text is both entertaining and instructive and is illustrated by many excellently reproduced pictures.

**Robert Clark** This volume<sup>2</sup> commemorates the life and work of a pioneer missionary amidst a fierce and fanatical people, in Northwestern India. An honor man of Trinity College, Cambridge, Mr. Clark went in his youth to the field where his half-century of work resulted in institutions and influences fruitful of growing and

<sup>1</sup> *Our Heritage the Sea*. By Frank T. Bullen, F.R.G.S. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> *France: Christianisme et Civilisation*. Par G. Bonet-Maury. Hachette et Cie, Paris, France.

<sup>1</sup> *The Old Engravers in Their Relation to Contemporary Life and Art*. By Malcolm C. Salaman. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2, net.

<sup>2</sup> *Robert Clark of the Punjab*. By Henry Martyn Clark. M. D. Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1.75 net.



enduring good. The courage and gentleness, the energy and patience, the self-devotion and tactfulness of the ideal missionary were all illustrated in him, and he did not lack "the saving grace" of a sense of humor. The narrative is blended with sketches of the land and the people, their ways, and the lights and shadows thence resulting. Especially noticeable are the indications of an active interest of both officers and privates of the British army in Christian missions, outrunning a timid policy of the civil government.

#### *England and the English*

This thick volume is divided into three books, "The Soul of London," "The Heart of the Country," "The Spirit of the People."<sup>1</sup> As an "interpretation"—it is so styled by the author—it does not appear to us particularly illuminating, though a very great number of words have been used in the attempt to make it so. To the divisions already mentioned a voluminous "author's note" is prefixed, supplemented by one of similar length, in which egotism and oversophistication of view-point and utterance contend, as, indeed, they do throughout. Most right-minded people being at least reverent if not devout, the tone of tolerant condescension toward "revealed religion," especially manifest in this "L'envoi" and in the chapter on "Faiths" in Book III., seems peculiarly offensive, and to the orthodox believer must appear blasphemous. The volume has several good illustrations by Henry Hyde.

#### *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*

In this remarkable work<sup>2</sup> we have at length what might have been expected. Italy, reunited and once more a world-power enthroned at Rome, now takes from foreign hands the congenial task of writing the history of the ancient world-power of which she was the home. Hereafter Mommsen, Merivale, and others, however meritorious their work, will not suffice the modern reader apart from this Italian interpreter of the mistress of the ancient world. In his view the Roman world-conquest exhibits a colossal case of experiences recurring whenever a national industrial democracy grows up on the ruins of an agricultural aristocracy. The oft-related events of Roman history serve him as the thread which connects his story of changing economic conditions and social life, and the motives and policy of political leaders. The two volumes which

form the first instalment of the history cover the period of the military and commercial expansion of Rome in the Mediterranean basin down to the date of Cæsar's death. A few passages will indicate the central interest of the historian. Near the end of the second century B. C. Marius and Scæurus stand forth as early specimens of the self-made man, and of "the new Italian *bourgeoisie* . . . the nucleus of the first real Italian nation in history," the result of "much the same causes as have contributed, between 1848 and the present day, to that Italian *bourgeoisie* which is the nucleus of twentieth-century Italy." The period of the first Triumvirate witnessed an industrial revolution analogous to that of the nineteenth century: "Italy was passing through the same period of rejuvenation as Europe and the United States at the present day," and encountering our own problems, among them "the contradiction between the sentiment of democracy and the unequal distribution of wealth." Of Rome's "first and greatest lyric poet," Catullus, the historian remarks that his work is sufficiently accounted for by Cæsar's political revolution. Poetry so personal and passionate could only be poured forth in an age when the wealthy and cultured classes had embarked in the pursuit of enjoyment, "abandoning the affairs of government to a class of professional politicians." As to Cæsar, Mommsen's estimate of him is set aside as biased by "fanatical admiration for his hero." He is described as an "incomparable opportunist," but not a great statesman, a remarkable genius, who "under twentieth-century conditions might have become a captain of industry in the United States, an empire-builder in South Africa, or a scientist or man of letters in Europe, with a world-wide influence." His mission was that of a Titanic destroyer. In him were "personified all the revolutionary forces, magnificent, but devastating, of a mercantile age in conflict with the traditions of an old-world society. . . . His greatest work for posterity was the conquest of Gaul, to which he himself attributed little importance." Why he undertook it is still problematical. The present account differs widely from the common, and is defended at length in a critical appendix. However familiar with Roman history one may be, he will find an attractive freshness throughout these volumes.

#### *A Gallery of Tories*

A book of rare and many-sided interest is this work<sup>3</sup> of an old hand in the Conservative, or Tory party, of which Lord Beaconsfield, formerly Mr. Disraeli, was in his later years the

<sup>1</sup> *England and the English: An Interpretation.* By Ford Madox Hueffer. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.

<sup>2</sup> *The Greatness and Decline of Rome.* In 2 vols. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Translated by Alfred E. Zimmern, M.A. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$5.25, net.

<sup>3</sup> *Lord Beaconsfield and Other Tory Memories.* By T. E. Kelliel. Mitchell Kennerley, New York City. \$4, net.

great leader. Between him and the author existed that intimate friendship which gives value to the reminiscences here preserved. The larger part of the volume is devoted to reminiscences of a multitude of other Tory characters of all classes from lords to peasants, a long train of anecdotes concerning whom, jocose, sarcastic, or grotesque, gives pith and point to its commemoration of them. Town life and country life, Tory clubs and Tory inns, the university and the village, Tory sportsmen, agriculturalists and journalists, Tory democracy and literature, statesmen and ladies, come into view as the kaleidoscope turns, and always in a genial, often in a humorous aspect. As Mr. Kebbel was *persona grata* in the best Tory society, of course he knew it well; and as he was for thirty-four years a writer for such a journal as the (London) Standard, he wields a practiced pen. That he is also a classicist, who remembers his Greek and Latin well enough to make pat quotations, adds the flavor to his pages which scholars prize. Altogether it is a capital book for leisure hours.

#### Growth and Education

Among many important treatises on education now competing for attention none of higher importance than this<sup>1</sup> has come to our notice. Its fundamental proposition, that the physical basis of education is the thing to be first secured, should by this time be familiar enough, but what this involves and demands most parents and teachers have yet to learn. The human being who is getting his growth needs the sort of education that will help him get it. The young child is to develop out of the animal stage, in which the sense-organs and muscles dominate, into the human stage, with the brain controlling the vital system, and it is through the exercise of the former that the brain has to gain development. Significant it is, that careful manual training in the use of tools proved an effective cure for the dullness in simple arithmetic shown by inmates of a reformatory. To know the stages of growth and development of the several physical organs in the successive periods of early life promotes intelligent supply of the kinds and amounts of exercise required in each period. Large information on this point is presented here. It is certain that study of one sort or another is forced upon many children before they are ripe for it; certain, also, that the power of doing fails of proper training at the time when the creative, constructive instinct is budding. The strain of life, especially in the cities, where children miss the physical development gotten in the old time life on

the farm, is forcing attention to the defects and mistakes of current educational practice, to which this enlightening volume brings sound scientific and practical correctives. Tables of physical measurements and a bibliography covering the lines of study opened in the text enhance its value.

#### The Cambridge Modern History

It is a tumultuous period with which this fresh volume<sup>1</sup> of an invaluable work is concerned—the period of reaction and ebullition which followed the close of the Napoleonic wars. The visions of universal union and peace which had hovered over the conferences of the allied powers of Europe soon vanished, to reappear only in our own day at The Hague. The first half of the nineteenth century, marked by the ferment of new ideas, by great economic changes and literary movements, by new national aspirations, and the birth of new States, was a period of unstable equilibrium, both evolutionary and revolutionary. These characteristic features of it appear in the course of the twenty-four chapters contributed to this volume by British and Continental scholars, each a specialist in his theme. That part of the field which lies closest to American interest is the continent which stretches from our southern border to the Strait of Magellan. The story of the achievement of its independence is introduced by an illuminating history of the Spanish dominion for the three centuries preceding, with an estimate of it not unmingled with admiration—"from the middle of the sixteenth century the dominant note of the Spanish dominion is peace," a peace unknown there before or since the Spanish era. Due credit is given for the helping hand extended to the young republics by the United States, offset by a charge of responsibility for prolonging the Spanish power in Cuba and Porto Rico. Other specially attractive chapters treat of Catholic emancipation in Great Britain; Canada as the birthplace of Britain's modern colonial policy; the revolution in English poetry and fiction; economic change; the British economists. The historian remarks that after the political earthquake which had convulsed Europe the search for a stable basis of authority was divided by conflicting theories, the one basing it on the old religious sanctions of the established order, the other on utilitarian science grounded in observed facts. Between these a conflict went on throughout the changeful period

<sup>1</sup> The Cambridge Modern History. Planned by the Late Lord Acton, LL.D. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., G. W. Prothero, Litt.D., and Stanley Leathes, M.A. Vol. X. The Restoration. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$4. net.

<sup>1</sup> Growth and Education. By John Mason Tyler. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50, net.

here reviewed, with issues of greater change in the period ensuing.

**English Congregationalism** This massive volume<sup>1</sup> by a great and statesman-like leader of English Congregationalism has interest for many of other names, Episcopalians and Presbyterians especially, as well as all Americans to whom the development of religious freedom and the delimitation of the spheres of Church and State form an attractive subject. Names stand for variable things in the three hundred years of history here reviewed. A Congregational church now denotes simply an independent church associated with others equally independent. Originally, says Dr. Dale, it denoted a society not constituted simply by free contract of its members, but regarding itself as an organ of Christ's will, and subsisting in vital union with him as its head. To this conception Dr. Dale holds it still. Between the Presbyterianism of Cromwell's time and ours important differences appear. Puritanism and Anglicanism in Cromwell's time had both changed for the worse since the time of Elizabeth. The effect of her policy Dr. Dale sees as both for better and for worse. It strengthened her power, and so prevented the suppression of Protestantism in Europe. But it promoted a revival of Catholic tendencies in English Protestantism, which under the Stuart kings were baneful to church and throne, and to-day are working for schism. Cromwell was a Congregationalist—an "Independent," in the phrase of that time. His army was mainly composed of Independents. In Parliament, till "purged" by the army, the majority were Presbyterians, who viewed with horror the execution of the king by the Independents. After the restoration of the monarchy, the history traces the development of the Congregational churches from feebleness to strength, along with that of other dissenters from Episcopacy, and records their achievements for religious liberty and national education in opposition to the proscriptive policy of the State Church, now attenuated and ere long to disappear. For a historical understanding of the peculiarities of religious life in England this history is eminently instructive.

**Pragmatism** In this volume<sup>2</sup> the lectures to which the students of Columbia University flocked last winter are given to the larger number who have been on the watch for their publication. Pragmatism, as expounded by Mr. F. C. S.

Schiller and Professor Dewey, has been, says Professor James, "abominably misunderstood." He characterizes some attacks on it as "impudent slander," and devotes himself to its vindication. To Pilate's question, "What's truth?" he would reply, "Truth comprises all principles, ideas, and beliefs that lead in the long run to the best practical results. Pragmatism is the same method in philosophy that utilitarianism is in ethics, which pronounces monogamy right and gambling wrong, not by previous intuition, but by the test of experience. What wears best is good; and, because proved good, is true. Pragmatism, also called Humanism from its insistence on practical human needs, commends itself to those who find the rarefied empyrean of rationalism too thin to breathe in, and prefer the lower levels of the habitable world. Whether a philosopher be a pragmatist or a rationalist, Professor James regards as dependent on his intellectual temperament. His well-known vivacious and breezy style of address, garnished here and there with racy colloquialisms, working, as it does, to enliven attention to his argument, is itself felicitously pragmatic. That the pragmatic method of philosophy trends toward materialism is certainly untrue. "If," says Professor James, "the hypothesis of God works satisfactorily in the widest sense of the word, it is true. Whatever its residual difficulties may be, experience shows that it certainly does work, and that the problem is to build it out and determine it so that it will combine satisfactorily with all the other working truths." Humorously dividing thinkers into the "tough-minded," more intent upon experienced facts, and the "tender-minded," more intent on ideas and principles, these lectures set forth the pragmatic method as serviceable for unstiffening the theories which keep them apart, and helping them to get together.

With this fifth volume<sup>3</sup> the series "Postils" of Luther's sermons on Gospel texts for the Sundays and festival days of the Christian year is complete. The present issue includes twenty-six of his "postils"—expository homilies—covering the period from the second Sunday after Easter to Trinity Sunday, inclusive. Their predominating theme is the work of the Spirit, and they may be classed as missionary sermons. This is not only their first translation into English, but their first unabridged translation into any language. It is in this series of discourses that Luther is considered to have been at his best.

<sup>1</sup> History of English Congregationalism. By R. W. Dale, D.D., LL.D. Complete, and Edited by A. W. Dale, A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, \$4. net.  
<sup>2</sup> Pragmatism: A New Name for Some Old Ways of Thinking. By William James. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.25, net. Postage, 13 cents.

<sup>3</sup> The Precious and Sacred Writings of Martin Luther. Vol. XII. Edited by John Nicholas Lenker, D.D. Lutherans in All Lands Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

# Letters to The Outlook

## THE RIGHT TO BE OVERWORKED

### I.

Substantially the same question involved in the case recently decided by the Court of Appeals of New York, and discussed by you in *The Outlook* for July 13, relative to the hours of labor of women, has been passed upon by the Superior Court of Pennsylvania. The Pennsylvania Court and the New York Court hold divergent opinions. It may be of interest to you and your readers to have the Pennsylvania case set forth.

Robert Beatty and John R. Beatty, Philadelphia, were indicted for violating the law limiting the labor of adult women to twelve hours a day and sixty hours a week. The defendants demurred to the indictment, contending that the law, as it applies to adult women, is contrary to the Constitution of Pennsylvania, which guarantees the right of acquiring and possessing property, and that it is also contrary to the Constitution of the United States, which protects one against being deprived of liberty and property without due process of law.

Judge Biddle, of Philadelphia, in overruling the demurrer, said, "Surely an act which prevents the mothers of our race from being tempted to endanger their lives and health by exhaustive employment, can be condemned by none save those who expect to profit by it. The complaint of violated Constitutional rights, it will be observed, does not come from those who are employed, but from those who employ them." He adds, "We think that this act is clearly within the police power of the State, and the exercise of it in this case justified by the interests of the individual and the community." In support of his decision, Judge Biddle quotes Justice Lore, of Massachusetts (Com. vs. Hamilton Mfg. Co., 120 Mass. 383), and Justice Brown, of the Supreme Court of the United States (Lawler vs. Steele, 152 U. S. 133-136 (38; 385; 388)).

An appeal was taken on Judge Biddle's decision, on which Justice Orlady, of the Superior Court, handed down an opinion affirming Judge Biddle's judgment. Justice Orlady said, in part, "Sex imposes limitations to excessive or long continued labor. . . . Adult females are a class as distinct as minors, separated by natural conditions from all other laborers, and are so constituted as to be unable to endure physical exertion and exposure to the extent and degree that is not harmful to adult males; and employ-

ments which under favorable conditions are not injurious are rightly limited as to time by statute, so as not to become harmful by prolonged engagements." Justice Orlady cites many decisions of State and Federal Courts in support of his opinion. (Filed July 26, 1900.)

C. V. HARTZELL,  
Chief Clerk, Dept. of Factory Inspection.  
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

### II.

As one of that large body of readers who admire the position of *The Outlook*, and entertain the greatest possible respect for its views upon nearly all the questions of the day, may I be permitted to say a word in reply to the statements contained in the article entitled "The Right of Overwork," in your issue of July 13th?

The title of your remarks upon this subject shows in itself, I think, somewhat of a misapprehension of the practical working of the law discussed. Few intelligent people will, presumably, defend either the moral or the economic propriety of "compulsory overwork," and the whole tenor of your remarks is, I think, based upon the assumption that any work done by an employee after the normal day is, of necessity, more or less compulsory. Indeed, you distinctly say that refusal of such work upon the part of the employee "spells dismissal."

I feel that there is a grave misapprehension in connection with this matter, and the error is shared by many conscientious reformers interested in the theoretical cause of labor.

Controlling a manufacturing business employing a considerable number of both men and women, I have no hesitation in saying that the law referred to, which has just been declared unconstitutional, has often worked a great injustice to the woman worker.

In my own business, which I know is representative of a large class of manufacturers employing women, no "compulsion," either direct or indirect, as to extra work has ever been thought of for a moment.

For a short season of the year, not exceeding two months in all, the pressure of business sometimes requires that work shall be continued until nine or ten P.M. This extension, however, never exceeds four, but is usually three nights a week.

Now kindly note (1) that a notification of the proposed extra work is given the day previous, and the hands are expected to

advise the foreman whether they desire to make this extra time; (2) that all hands are allowed half an hour for supper; (3) that every workman is paid an advance of fifty per cent. per hour over his day rate.

It must be quite evident that at this rate no employer would, for a moment, consider it as desirable to do an hour's work at night which could possibly be performed during regular hours.

But what I would especially point out is the fact (and quite a natural one under the circumstances) that instead of "compulsion" being applied the trouble is always in satisfying that portion of the working force which is *not* called upon for this extra labor at an extra price, and these employees feel aggrieved at being left out of the good things. In the twenty-five years I have been in control of this manufacturing business I can state, without peradventure, that no workman's position has been jeopardized or in any way injured by his declination (for reasons good and sufficient to himself) to undertake this extra work.

Now, as to the law forbidding such labor upon the part of women. Our foremen have frequently, during such press of work, been asked by our women to permit them to earn this extra money, which many of them could do easily, and certainly for a limited period, without any injury to their health, and we have always been forced to say, "no, the law, in its grave wisdom, makes it a crime for us to permit you to use your own judgment as to your ability to work, while your brothers are supposed to have judgment sufficient to decide such matters for themselves." And so the women are denied the privilege of earning a few additional dollars per week, which many of them could put to good use, while the members of the superior sex are ready and anxious to accept all such benefits, these extra gains, in many cases, being expended in Saturday night dissipation.

As indicating the point of view of the worker of this "compulsory labor" for men, I may say that during the past year I have had a number of such conversations as this with applicants for positions:

"What are the wages?"

"Twenty-one dollars per week."

"Do you have much overtime?"

"Very little—not for more than two months of the year."

"I do not think this would satisfy me. I want to get a position where I can work two or three hours daily overtime."

Such restricted laws as this in regard to women are often due to the well-meaning but inexperienced efforts of certain reformers

who fail to post themselves upon the existing practical conditions.

P. B. J.

"The practical working of the law" discussed in the case of a humane employer, like our correspondent, is very different from the practical working of the law in the case of that greedy and sordid class of employers whose existence unfortunately cannot be denied and whose tyranny was one of the causes of bringing the law into existence. Our laws are made to protect the weak not against the just but against the unjust. Even if all employers were just, however, the fact that some or most women want to work at night is no reason for allowing them to do so. If, it is true, as we believe and as the Pennsylvania Court cited by the correspondent from that State holds, that night work for women is a menace not only to individuals but also to the race, the community has a moral right to protect itself against the ignorance and temporary self-interest of certain women by making such night work illegal.—THE EDITORS.

#### SMALL-BOAT SAILING

As an ardent lover of small-boat sailing I read with much interest Mr. Dix's recent article upon the subject in *The Outlook*. With most of the sentiments expressed I am in hearty accord, but must take issue with him in his opinion of the sloop, or bowsprit-fitted craft in general. Flat catboats, such as Mr. Dix so admires, no doubt have their uses, though personally I have no use for them; but in mild summer weather they probably do afford the maximum of fun for the minimum of experience. In "skirting sedges and running upon oyster-beds," for disporting in close proximity to piers and willow trees, or indeed for common use in waters so shoal that upon occasion the yachtsman readily steps out and walks home, few will dispute Mr. Dix's statement that his cat-boat is most convenient.

But when he accuses bowsprit-fitted boats of a tendency to "punch" unsuspecting pleasure-seekers standing on piers in the vicinity, I must protest. If this has been Mr. Dix's sad experience, in the name of humanity let him by all means confine himself to the cat-boat, yet surely Mr. Dix exaggerates the danger. For over thirty years I have cruised up and down our coast in small sloop-rigged boats, and never once has bowsprit of mine prodded so much as a child standing upon a pier or elsewhere!

And further, though his nautical phraseology is somewhat ambiguous, Mr. Dix claims

that the bowsprit necessitates an extra hand to "alternately 'loosen' and belay the jib-halyards." Just why jib-halyards should have to be alternately "loosened" and belayed, is beyond comprehension; if Mr. Dix intended to say *twin jib-sheets*, he may rest assured that no extra hand is necessary for this operation under ordinary circumstances. A captious reader might also inquire why, since Mr. Dix chooses to designate sheets as "sheet-ropes," he does not consistently speak of "halyard-ropes," "toppinglift-ropes," etc.

GEORGE S. WASSON.

Kittery Point, Maine.

To the above Mr. Dix at the suggestion of *The Outlook* replies as follows:

"Mr. Wasson, in his letter, overlooks the fact, perhaps, that the subject of my recent little sketch in *The Outlook* was not yachting or anything more general than the pleasure of sailing a very modest little catboat upon a particular waterway that always shines to me with many delightful associations. This body of water is too shallow for large, sloop-rigged yachts or schooners, and the natives there, knowing only the handling of small cat-boats, look with the same ignorance and intolerance upon larger craft that the seamen years ago had when they looked upon steamers when they were first used, and I tried to give the atmosphere of this particular spot and the point of view of the fishermen, crabbers and sailors who live there. They speak colloquially of "sheet ropes" just as they do of "a breeze of wind." To this shallow waterway come, during the summer months, many city workers who cannot afford the luxuries of large yachts, but they find here surcease from business cares and unlimited pleasure and recreation.

"It is this pleasure which I tried to picture. I am one of the fortunate ones who have known the larger problems and excitements of navigating larger sailing boats in more extended waters; but if some day I may have the pleasure of taking Mr. Wasson out for a spin in a small catboat over the shallow but breeze-strewn and lovely waters of this particular bay, it may give him, perhaps, a realization of the spirit of the place, which my article evidently failed to do."

#### THE Tanager and the Redbird

May I, a very humble devotee at the shrine of bird-lore, venture a word in defense of the doctor who "saw wrongly," according to Mr. Burroughs in his article in the last issue of *The Outlook*. The doctor had described a bird of vivid scarlet color in every quill and feather, and *had to be told that* "we

have no such bird." Surely Mr. Burroughs has met, in woodland or on lawn or in scientific books on birds, the summer tanager, or summer red-bird. Of nearly the same size and form as the scarlet tanager, yet, as the doctor described it, "with every quill and feather of vivid scarlet," it is one of our most beautiful bird visitors. Of so much more brilliant color and lacking the crest and black beak "trimmings" of the cardinal, it is in no danger of being confused with the latter, even if one does not at once see their difference in form. The summer tanager's song is sweet and mellow, and his peculiar chirp, sounding sharply through the snowy luxuriance of the cherry-blossoms, which seem his favorite flower, can never be mistaken after once learned. He is common to the Southern and Southeastern States, and is frequently found in the Middle States, being much more common here in southern Ohio than is his brother, the black-winged scarlet tanager, with whom, it seems to me, he should exchange names. A. P. K.

Piqua, Ohio.

A correspondent from New Jersey writes to the same effect. Mr. Burroughs, at the request of *The Outlook*, replies as follows: "If your correspondents had read my article carefully, they would have remembered that I spoke of the bird they refer to—the summer redbird, or summer tanager, of the Southern States. I saw them in Kentucky; the bird is dull red, not scarlet. I know of no record of its having been found in Sullivan County, this State, though, of course, it may have appeared there as a straggler, but it is easier to believe that the doctor "saw incorrectly."

#### INCOME AND INHERITANCE TAXES

The proposed Presidential and Congressional plan of limiting fortunes and raising revenue by inheritance and income taxes may, it is suggested, be greatly improved by two simple modifications; viz., (1) Let fortunes be taxed chiefly in the process of their accumulation, rather than at probate; and (2) let the income tax be limited to those incomes which are not only unearned, but which are now untaxed. I ask consideration for a few of the arguments upon these points.

It is substantially correct to say that wealth, as fast as produced, is divided into two parts; one part goes to wages of hand and brain, the other part goes to privilege. The greater the part that goes to wages the smaller the part that goes to privilege, and *vice versa*. The prime agency in determin-

ing how large shall be the part that goes to privilege is the private appropriation of that communal product known as ground rent, or economic rent; that is, what the land is worth for use. The essence of privilege is the law given power of one man to profit at another man's expense. A man gets rich, not out of his earnings, but out of his savings. If obliged to spend all his earnings, it is not possible for him to accumulate riches. The poor man rebels, not because his rich neighbor can accumulate five hundred dollars to his one, but because, through the operation of this special privilege, it is at his—the poor man's—expense that the rich man's accumulation is made.

The Hon. John D. Long says that there will be discontent just so long as certain comforts and possessions are within the reach of one class and beyond the reach of another class. This discontent Archbishop O'Connell calls the Tumult of the Envious. But unprivileged men, whether unprivileged rich or unprivileged poor, have not far to look to find that discontent and envy start only where skill and enterprise leave off and special privilege begins. You are not envious of Edison, nor Marconi, nor Bessemer, nor railway magnates, nor captains of industry; you gladly accord them princely rewards as public benefactors. It is only when the people are called upon to provide an Edison fortune for every city and town in the country through privilege exaction that your discontent is aroused. It is only when they are required to superimpose upon an unprivileged steel fortune of three or four hundred million a privileged fortune of a thousand million, based upon economic rent, that the shoe begins to pinch. It is only when the ore baron, the coal baron, the oil baron, the railway baron, and the land baron are privileged to take ten dollars or a hundred dollars from their wages and add it to the monopoly price of coal and iron and oil that men are swayed by the "tumult of the envious."

The United States Supreme Court has declared that "an unjust tax is larceny in form of law." Unjust fortunes are the fruit of unjust taxes—taxes which subtract from wages and make almost impossible the savings of labor while augmenting the fortunes of privilege.

But, it is asked, what are you going to do about it? We say, there is just one punishment to fit the crime; to wit, the taxation of privilege. Tax the oil and the coal, the franchise, and all other forms of economic rent, at its fixed initial source, the land, which, without inflationary or deflationary process, bears always the impact of its own market valuation. Tax, not private ownership per

corporate franchise, but tax the privilege attached thereto. The colossal error of the century is the private appropriation, instead of the taxation, of rent.

For the prevention of unjust fortunes a natural process is already provided. For an equitable reduction of accumulated fortunes artificial machinery remains to be invented. President Roosevelt in his Message confesses that the question of an income tax is "very intricate, delicate, and troublesome." It would seem that the proposed dissipation of fortunes by means of an inheritance tax must prove awkward and of questionable justice, besides discouraging enterprise at its point of greatest efficiency and in the midst of a beneficent career.

It is a fundamental principle of economics that the expenditure, enterprise, and activity of society express themselves in economic rent, the annual value of land. Another fundamental principle of economics is this, that a tax upon economic rent subtracts nothing from wages, and any tax upon rent, however large, cannot remain a burden upon the owner beyond a generation at most.

Unjust fortunes are made out of ground rent accumulated and compounded. They can be perpetuated only by the private appropriation of ground rent; cut off from ground rent, the public nutriment, they will quickly crumble and perish from the face of the earth.

Mr. Carnegie says: "Who made the 'wealth' of the Manhattan Island farm? The community, the population, the people. Then you tell me that wealth is sacred. I say that the community was the leading partner that made that wealth. It was hundreds of people settling up there, thousands of people settling around there, and here are these millionaires, they have toiled not, neither have they spun." Is it not sensible to make such cumulative fortunes as these the basis of live taxation?

Congressman Perkins, supporting his own tax measure, says of the man who got rich out of a Manhattan farm: "The State has been an essential partner in his success. . . . The State has the inherent right to levy upon it such a tax as may fairly represent what the people may have contributed toward the fortune." This is Single Tax pure and unadulterated.

President Roosevelt cannot eliminate "intricacy, delicacy, and troublesomeness" from his income tax until he learns to distinguish sharply between capital and privilege, between incomes that are earned and those that are unearned.

C. B. FILLIAMSON

Boston, Massachusetts.

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### TEA BISCUITS

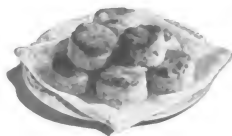
☞ Sift one quart of flour with one teaspoonful of salt, and three rounding teaspoonfuls of baking powder; into this work one large teaspoonful of Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard until it is of the consistency of corn meal, then add just enough sweet milk to make a dough easily handled; roll out one-half inch thick, place in greased pan and bake for about fifteen minutes in very hot oven; brush with yolk of egg and milk; return to oven to glaze.

### BISCUIT SHORT CAKE


☞ One quart flour; one scant pint water or milk; one-half cup Armour's Simon Pure Leaf Lard; one heaping teaspoonful salt; three teaspoonfuls baking powder; one teaspoonful sugar. Mix dry ingredients and sift into chopping bowl. Add chilled lard; chop lightly. Keep ingredients cold. Add water or milk, stirring lightly. Have three plates well greased. Divide dough into six parts and roll each the size of plate. Put two cakes in each plate, one on top of other, and bake about 15 minutes in quick oven. Take out, tear cakes apart and spread with butter. Put the fruit, which has just been mashed and covered with sugar, between layers. Sprinkle with powdered sugar and serve while hot. Sugar and cream or whipped cream may be served with it.

### NEW ENGLAND FRIED CAKES

☞ Scant cup granulated sugar, rounding tablespoonful butter, cupful sweet milk, two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon salt, one-fourth teaspoon nutmeg, four cupfuls flour, four rounding teaspoonfuls baking powder. Sift the baking powder with the flour and add the nutmeg, cream butter and sugar, add eggs, and beat thoroughly; then add the milk and flour. More flour should be added on the kneading board until the dough can be rolled out one-fourth of an inch thick and retain its shape when cut. Cut and fry in Armour's "Simon Pure" Leaf Lard.



# The Outlook



*Saturday, August 10, 1907*

## A Better Chance for Children of the Slums

By CHARLES W. ELIOT

President of Harvard University

## My Reception in America

By FU CHI HAO, M.A.

## The Second Hague Conference

By ELBERT F. BALDWIN

Staff Correspondent of The Outlook at The Hague

## An Unprogressive Farm

By ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 10, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 15

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William B. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## *The Philippine Elections*

Tuesday of last week was election day in the Philippine Islands. The members of the first Assembly of the islands—the lower house of the Philippine Legislature—were chosen by qualified voters. There were two main parties which engaged in the contest: the Nationalists (Nacionalistas) and the Progressives (Progresistas). The Nationalists, who were divided into factions, advocated political independence for the islands. According to the latest available returns, they won a decided majority of the delegates. Their victory seems to have been especially marked in Manila. Some of the Nationalists, while advocating independence, have been moderate in their demands. The other Nationalists, however, who have urged immediate independence, proved to be dominant in the party. It is these that have determined, it seems, the temper of the first Assembly. The result of the election should not be regarded too seriously. The campaign, so far as the victorious party was concerned, was conducted on an issue with which the Assembly cannot deal. It had little if any bearing upon the tasks which the Assembly will have to take up. On the other hand, the success of this campaign throws little light upon the actual sentiment in the islands, except as it may possibly indicate the limits of the sentiment in behalf of independence. Of the population of the islands only a small proportion consist of qualified voters. Of the qualified voters only about a half were registered; and of the unregistered half there were unquestionably but a very small proportion who were eager for independence. The apathy exhibited in the small registration may spell discouragement or it may spell content; the figures do not tell; but it certainly does not spell excited desire to establish outright an independ-

ent nation. Independence is a fine word to conjure with; it appeals to the imagination; it probably brought to the polls most of those Filipinos who feel its charm. But whether it did or not, the immediate problem before the Filipinos is one not of independence but of self-government.



## *Learning Self-Government*

It was for the purpose of training the Filipinos in the art of self-government that the United States brought the Assembly into being. When they have proved that they can protect themselves and their property and administer their affairs, it will then be for themselves to decide whether they can afford to be independent of the United States or not. That they have begun their schooling auspiciously no friend of theirs will care to assert. They have not shown any great eagerness to begin the experiment, as the light registration shows; and those who have recorded their choice of leaders have apparently not exhibited sound judgment. According to a despatch from Washington printed in the New York Sun, Dr. Dominador Gomez, head of the Nationalist party, who on the face of the returns was elected to the Assembly, and who therefore seems to be the chosen political leader of the Filipinos, has had an unsavory career. The people of the United States have had their Gomezes, but they have never made any of them President. Dr. Gomez has been in communication with the *ladrones* and has done much to encourage them; yet, if some of the *ladrone* chiefs are to be believed, he has betrayed them; by making unauthorized promises of immunity he induced these chiefs to surrender to the Government, with the consequence that they have been sentenced to death. He is president of a workingman's

union. Out of forty thousand dollars collected from laborers he has not accounted for more than fourteen thousand. In connection with charges of misappropriation of funds, he tried to make a bargain with the Government in order to escape, but failed. For contempt of court in violating an order concerning the bankrupt union he is under sentence of imprisonment, a sentence which has been confirmed by the Supreme Court of the islands. In addition to all this, his election has been contested on the ground of illegal electioneering. These are the reports concerning the man who is the head and front of the victorious political faction in the Philippines. All this indicates, not that the Filipino is incapable of self-government, but simply that he is a novice. It would have been surprising if he had shown great ability in popular government. It was just because he was untrained or ill trained that the United States took him as a pupil. It is possible that his schoolmaster has not waited long enough for him to learn well the lessons in the primary department and is setting him to work in the laboratory too early; it is certain that his schoolmaster has not given him the best possible chance to feed and clothe himself. In other words, the United States has perhaps put upon the Philippine Islands greater political burdens than they are ready to bear, while it has not permanently relieved the islands of tariff and commercial burdens which they ought not to be required to bear. But this Nation, whatever its mistakes, has undertaken the care of the Philippines in the spirit, not of the exploiter, but of the guide; and it is not going to be disheartened because they prove to be in need of guidance.



*The Massacre  
in Morocco*

The outbreak of savage hatred against foreigners last week at Casablanca, a Moroccan seaport, was a symptom of the religious and racial fanaticism of the country. The Sultan of Morocco has long been regarded by a great part of his subjects as a heterodox and dangerous man because of his interest in Western inventions and amuse-

ments, and Morocco is more or less constantly in a state of semi-revolt. Political intrigues and ambitions of the native leaders of tribes have been the cause of many of the so-called bandit outrages; and at the present time Raisuli is defying the authority of the Sultan. All this unrest and sporadic violence does not prove, as some writers seem to think, that the work of the Algeciras conference of nations was a failure, but rather that the Algeciras treaty, or something even stronger, was a necessity. There is a point beyond which a semi-civilized people cannot be left to itself; and that point is certainly reached when the subjects of foreign nations are massacred in its streets. At Casablanca tribesmen entered the town, attacked the foreign workmen employed on the harbor improvements and street railways, and cruelly maltreated them, while five Frenchmen, two Italians, and one Spanish subject were clubbed or stabbed to death. The only cause was the native opposition to such improvements as street railways and harbor breakwaters, which are apparently regarded as the entering wedge for European ideas. As we write, serious fear is entertained lest the Kabyle and other tribesmen may pour into Casablanca, take possession of the place, and kill any foreigners they may find there. Neither France, which under the Algeciras treaty has special responsibilities for order in Morocco, nor the two other countries whose subjects have been killed, can be expected to refrain from prompt retaliation. It is gratifying, however, to have the statement of M. Clemenceau that in dealing with the situation France will be guided by two principles: first, to find a peaceful solution of the problem if possible; second, to act only in agreement with the Powers that took part in the Algeciras Conference. French and Spanish ships have been despatched to Casablanca, and France has at Toulon transports with troops ready to sail for Morocco. French papers point out that, unless decisive action is taken, Mohammedan fanaticism may be fanned to such a point that a "holy war" may ensue, and thereby the French power in Algeria may be endangered.

### *Japan and the Nations*

The treaty recently entered into between Japan and Russia is concerned with various questions relating to navigation, the fisheries, and commerce generally, and it is expected that these definite agreements will remove the likelihood of a clash between the two Powers upon any of not a few danger-points connected with these matters. In a broad way, the treaty provides that each nation shall treat the other on what is loosely called "the most favored nation basis," and that, with certain slight and necessary exceptions specified, the subjects of each nation shall enjoy equal opportunity with those of the other in which they may be living. It is widely reported in the European press that this commercial treaty between Japan and Russia will be followed by one of a political character similar in its provisions to that now existing between Japan and France. If these reports are correct, the two nations will agree to respect one another's present geographical delimitations, and perhaps to guarantee their integrity; while Russia on her part will ratify her recognition of Japan's supremacy in Korea, and in return Japan will support Russia's claims as to railways in northern Manchuria. Meanwhile the situation in Korea remains acute in interest. The Japanese troops have disarmed the Korean soldiers, and as a result riots broke out, in which it is said some fifty Korean soldiers and a much larger number of citizens were killed or injured. It is understood that Japan has about thirty thousand soldiers in Korea; general armed resistance to her power is not to be thought of; rioting is futile and reprehensible. The supremacy of Japan over Korea is now firmly established and must be accepted as a historical fact; but it is true that Korea has, without serious fault of her own, fallen a victim to the international jealousies of Russia and Japan, and this ought to make it doubly imperative on Japan to provide instantly and efficiently for the protection of Korean personal and property rights. Last week Prince Tjyong-Oui-Yi, who was one of the delegates to The Hague sent by the now deposed Emperor of Korea without Japan's con-

sent, arrived in New York, and announced his hopes of arousing sympathy for his unfortunate country among Americans. His view of the Japanese in Korea may be taken with allowance for natural prejudice. Prince Tjyong declared that Japan is "nearly drunk with ambition to spread her power;" that she would like to have the Philippines; that the Koreans are determined to throw off the yoke of oppression; and that all classes of his people resent the injurious and insulting treatment of individual Koreans by the Japanese. He announces his intention to appeal for support and sympathy to the Great Powers, and says that he will return to his own country, although he believes that he goes to his death. In connection with this appeal to the United States, a recent semi-official report from the United States State Department may be referred to; it was there made clear that our Government had already looked into the question of the duties of the United States toward Korea under the treaty of 1882, and that it found no warrant for taking any active proceedings in the way of interference between the Korean people and their Japanese rulers.



### *An English Educational Reform*

The interference of the House of Lords in 1906 prevented the Liberal Government from remodeling the system of elementary education and taking all schools from under the close control which the Established Church and the Roman Catholic Church have so long exercised over most of them. But the Minister of Education has large administrative powers under existing acts of Parliament, and these are now being used to remedy some of the grievances of which Free Churchmen complain. One of the special grievances has recently been removed by the new regulations for the government and administration of training colleges for teachers. From the time these colleges were established in the fifties of the last century, many of them have been under the control of the Established Church; although, generally speaking, seventy-five per cent. of the cost of building and

maintaining them has come out of the Imperial Treasury. Their management, however, was in the hands of the Church; and hitherto it has been the rule that none but members of the Church could be admitted to these training colleges. There has never been sufficient accommodation in all the colleges—church and unsectarian—for all the candidates for admission; and in hundreds of cases young men and women who had devoted four or five years to preparatory work for the teaching profession have been compelled to sever their connection with the church in which they were reared and to be confirmed according to the rites of the Established Church before they could obtain admission to a college and thus complete their training. Since the Test Act was repealed in 1828 teaching in the elementary schools has been the only department of the English civil service in which such conditions existed—a fact which has long worked injustice both to the teaching profession and to the Free Churches. Under the new regulation the religious test now disappears as regards any department of the public service; and it will not be possible for the Established Church to make it a condition of the admission of a candidate to one of its training colleges that he or she shall join the Church, or to exact a pledge from candidates that during their two years' sojourn in the training college they will attend any particular church. The new order is even more far-reaching; for it makes an end to a social exclusiveness which has long been maintained at some of the training colleges partly supported by the Government. These colleges made a specialty of training the daughters of professional men for teaching in the secondary schools, and they rigidly excluded the daughters of retail tradesmen and of wage-earners. The new order does not make this social exclusiveness impossible; but any institution which continues its exclusiveness will be removed from the list of colleges recognized by the Education Department and will forfeit the grants hitherto paid to it from the Imperial Treasury. The order thus recognizes a sound social principle and tends in the right direction.

#### *America Urges Arbitration*

It is somewhat difficult to judge from the press despatches precisely what progress is being made at the Hague Conference. A great variety of proposals have been presented, and they are being discussed in the four Commissions into which the Conference has divided for convenience and for systematized work. Even if a proposal is approved by one of the four Commissions, it must in the end go to the entire Conference before adoption and must be approved by each and all of the national delegations. Thus, when lately one of the Commissions approved by a substantial majority the American proposal to make private property at sea in time of war exempt from capture except in case of blockades, the result was gratifying, especially to Americans, and a tribute to Mr. Choate's eloquent argument, but it did not show that this important action would be taken ultimately by the Conference. Indeed, the indication was rather for the opposite course. Another American proposal was debated last week, and this—unlike the one just referred to above—did not relate to a change in the laws of war, but to the essential object of the Hague Conference, the world's peace. Arbitration, the establishment of more effective rules to govern a permanent Tribunal, and the provision for stated regular meetings of the Hague Conference itself—these are the great things that lovers of peace hope to see fully accomplished. As one of the Dutch delegates said in this debate, the extension of arbitration is the practical way to bring about limitation of armaments. The American initiative was approved last week, with some reservations, by Russian, German, British, and Mexican delegates. In supporting it, Mr. Choate read President Roosevelt's letter to the Peace Congress in New York last spring, and urged the formation of a court of such dignity, consideration, and rank that the best and ablest jurists of the world might be asked to serve upon it. The work of the present Hague Tribunal, he said, should be extended in its scope. In eight years only four cases have been submitted to the Tribunal, although its very existence

has undoubtedly encouraged the making of arbitration agreements among the nations without resort either to war or to a trial before the Tribunal. Now it is proposed to have all the judges' salaries and the cost of proceedings divided on some fair principle between all the nations, rather than to have, as now, these expenses borne by the countries actually in controversy. This would make the court free to all who appealed to its judgment. The judges are to be salaried officials, to sit at fixed sessions and for definite terms of service. And in other ways the constitution of the court is modified to make it more like that of ordinary law courts. In conclusion, Mr. Choate made an eloquent appeal for the supreme importance of developing and building up out of the present Tribunal one which would really satisfy the world-wide demand. "It is six weeks since this Conference first assembled," Mr. Choate said, "and there is certainly no time to lose. We have done much to regulate war, and very little to prevent it. Let us unite on this great pacific measure, and satisfy the world that the second Peace Conference really desires that in the future peace and not war be the normal condition of civilized nations." Elsewhere in this number of *The Outlook* the fourth of a series of letters from *The Outlook's* staff correspondent at The Hague will be found.



#### *Prohibition in Georgia*

Georgia has adopted State prohibition. The passage last week of a drastic measure making the sale of liquor illegal within the State is the result of an agitation that has been long continued. The lower house has on several occasions passed such a measure, but each time the Senate has defeated it. This year the Senate passed the measure, and, in spite of obstructive tactics, the lower house agreed. The Governor, Hoke Smith, although he is not a believer in the policy of State prohibition, had consented to give his sanction to the measure and make it law. For years Georgia has regulated the liquor traffic by a system of local option. The unit to which the choice between license and no-license

was allowed was the county. So successful was this system that liquor-selling was made illegal throughout most of the State. The result was that it was practically only in Atlanta, Augusta, Macon, Savannah, and some other cities of the State that liquor was legally purchasable. Virtually the whole rural portion of the State was under self-imposed prohibition. Of the hundred and thirty-seven counties, a hundred and three had adopted no-license. It would seem as if the success of local option would have encouraged those who were working for the restraint of the liquor traffic to continue their fight under that system. On the contrary, it encouraged them rather to seek State prohibition. The argument was like this: At present most of the territory of the State, containing about half of the population, is under no-license. In the rest of the territory of the State many of the people, forming a minority in each community, but when added to the rest of the population making a large majority of the whole State, are believers in no-license. This majority ought to rule; but the only way it can carry its will into effect is by abandoning local option and supporting State prohibition. As a consequence, the inhabitants of the rural districts have combined with a minority in the cities, and have given orders to the people of the cities that they shall no longer be allowed to purchase liquors of any sort. It will be illegal even for a physician to prescribe liquor as a medicine. That State prohibition will actually work in Georgia more effectively than it has elsewhere we do not believe. In Maine, prohibition, which is there embedded in the State Constitution, is still an issue. The sale of liquor in the cities, and even in the towns of moderate size, has been for years hardly less free, and in some cases freer, than in many cities where a license system prevails. The breaking of the liquor law of Maine is notorious; it has developed among the people a disregard for all law which gives the best citizens of the State serious concern. The attempt to enforce prohibition in many cities of Maine has been almost continuously resisted. Similar conditions prevail in cities of



Kansas. Kansas City, Kansas, has been boasting of its enforcement of the liquor law—practically a modification of local option for a prohibition State. Iowa tried prohibition—then passed a law to provide for its violation. If the experience of Georgia differs, the law and the conditions under which it operates will invite study.



*The Railway  
and the State*

By receding from its former position, the Southern Railway has ended the conflict between the State of North Carolina and the United States Circuit Court over the passenger rate law. At first, by refusing to obey this law on the ground that it was unconstitutional, and appealing to the Federal court for protection against the infliction of criminal penalties which the law imposed, the railway encountered the wrath of the State. Although it proposed to impound the difference between the rates which it was charging and the rates which the law allowed, and to return this difference to the purchasers of tickets if the case should be decided against it, it could obtain no concessions from the State. Governor Glenn would not consent to anything but absolute obedience to the law while the case is pending. He even threatened to call the Legislature in special session for the purpose of depriving the railway of its right to do business in the State. Week before last the State authorities issued a warrant for the arrest of President Finley of the Southern Railway; but Judge Pritchard, of the Federal Court, released him on habeas corpus proceedings. Almost immediately the railway accepted the terms laid down by Governor Glenn, and applied to Judge Pritchard to modify his injunction against the State authorities on its behalf. The terms which the railway accepted involved both a retreat by the railway and certain concessions by the State. On the one hand, the railway agreed to abandon its former rates, and to put into effect on August 8 the 2¼-cent rate required by the law; and to appeal its case to the Supreme Court of the State, from which, if it is defeated, it can appeal to

the Supreme Court of the United States. On the other hand, the State will continue the action in the Federal courts; will dismiss indictments and prosecutions now pending; will not institute other indictments or prosecutions for any alleged violation of the law up to the time this new arrangement is put into effect, "as far as the Governor can control the same;" and, through the Governor, will advise all people against bringing penalty suits until the present cases are decided. In the meantime the Southern Railway had to encounter last week restrictive action on the part of the State of Alabama. In accordance with an act which was passed last spring and went into effect on July 1, the State has revoked the license of the railway for removing a civil case from a court of the State to a Federal court. From the despatches which have come to us it is not clear in what respect this law differs from that which Judge Thomas G. Jones, of the Middle Alabama District, has declared unconstitutional. In Virginia there is a variation of this conflict over railway rates, inasmuch as there it is not a law but an order of the Railway Commission which has been enjoined by Judge Pritchard. Ultimately all these questions as to the constitutionality of rate laws and orders will have to be decided by the United States Supreme Court, and they ought to be brought before it in as speedy and orderly a way as possible. In the meantime it should be remembered: first, that the several States have no power to control inter-State commerce; and, second, that those States will promote both justice and prosperity which endeavor to harmonize their control of transportation within their boundaries with the control exercised over inter-State commerce by the Federal Government.



*The Rights of the  
Public*

Again a judicial advance in securing the rights of the public is to be recorded. The residents of Oakland, a suburb of Pittsburg, brought suit against the Jones & Laughlin Steel Company in an effort to restrain that

vast iron-making corporation from continuing the emission of ore dust—an aggravated form of smoke—from its blast furnaces. In a decision handed down by Judge Young, of the Allegheny Court of Common Pleas, the officers of the offending company are held to be in contempt for failing to comply with a previous order to abate the nuisance complained of, and are heavily fined, even the directors of the company being each ordered to pay \$100. Judge Young has also definitely stated that unless the company can arrange finally to prevent the emission of ore dust in its manufacturing process, it must suffer exemplary fines or close its furnaces. This is the first recognition of the rights of the people as against a great industry, the courts having long held that while an adjudged nuisance of private origin—as an offensive stable, or a disorderly noise about a residence—could be legally abated, the processes of manufacturing were to be considered in the light of necessary evils when attended, as in the case in point, with disagreeable conditions. That the point has been reached at which the residents of a community have legal redress against intolerable manufacturing conditions, and that such a decision should have been made public at the great iron city of Pittsburgh, is most hopeful as well as significant. The result of the appeal at once taken to the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania by the defendant company will be awaited with great interest. Should Judge Young be sustained, there is hope for hitherto hopeless sufferers from noise, smoke, dust, and other industrial contributions to disease and discomfort, and manufacturers will be forced to find means to avoid distressing the neighborhoods of their plants.

#### *The Hunting of the Grafter*

The attitude of the American people toward dishonesty in public office should be judged, not by the frequency with which theft or fraud is reported, but by the persistency with which it is pursued. From all over the country comes the word that the grafter is hunted. A broker of Pittsburgh has been convicted of conspiracy to bribe

the Councils of the city to pass a franchise. A Councilman had already been convicted of soliciting the bribe; and the president of the company will soon be placed on trial for his participation in the affair. Thus the attack has been directed against the three parties to the transaction—the corporation, the Councilman, and the go-between. In an Illinois city—Peoria—two former highway commissioners, indicted for misappropriation of public funds, have pleaded guilty. In Wisconsin some grafters of Milwaukee, having failed in their appeal to the Supreme Court of the State, will have to go to jail; and a city official has confessed to a shortage in his account. In Ohio a lumber merchant has been found guilty of defrauding the city of Columbus. In New Jersey a legislative commission is searching for graft in the conduct of State affairs. In Pennsylvania the investigation of the Capitol fraud is still in progress, and is likely to be followed by criminal prosecutions. In New York, in accordance with a suggestion made by Governor Hughes, a law has been enacted empowering State officers, boards, or commissions to investigate the departments of the State Government, and for this purpose to issue subpoenas, administer oaths, and require the attendance of witnesses in the production of books and papers. In California, as every one in the country knows, there has been a vigorous and effective pursuit of the dishonest officials of San Francisco. Such facts as these indicate that healthy impatience with dishonesty is increasing, and that the demand for a higher type of man in public office, selected not through selfish interests but through merit, is becoming more and more insistent and widespread.

#### *The Standard Oil Fine*

The largest fine ever imposed by any court in the history of the world was placed upon the Standard Oil Company of Indiana by Judge Landis, of the United States Court for the District of Northern Illinois, on Saturday last. The Company had been found guilty of accepting illegal rebates by a jury. There were no fewer than 1,462 separate counts or instances of rebating

put before the jury after over 400 counts had been withdrawn, and the maximum fine of \$20,000 was imposed for each of these counts, making the enormous aggregate fine of \$29,240,000. While the Indiana company thus fined has a capital stock of only \$1,000,000, it is said to have attachable property of value in excess of the total fine. As it is a subsidiary branch of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the latter may be held responsible, and it was on this point and on the value and capitalization of the parent company, it will be remembered, that Judge Landis required the testimony of Mr. Rockefeller and other officers of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey. The Government's case was based on the allegation that the Standard had received from the Chicago and Alton Railroad Company between 1903 and 1905 a rate of six cents per one hundred pounds on oil shipped from Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois, and St. Louis, Missouri, in the face of a published rate of eighteen cents per one hundred pounds for similar shipments. The chief defense was that the Standard Oil Company supposed that the six-cent rate had been filed by the Chicago and Alton Railway as required and that it was the legal rate. It is stated that the Government will now proceed against the railway in this same matter. An appeal will doubtless be taken, and in time the case will be reviewed by the United States Supreme Court. This case is an illustration on a large scale of a truth already pointed out in *The Outlook*—that the policy of the present Administration as regards Trusts is not to fight them because they are great combinations of capital, nor to make them ask lower prices or pay higher rates, but to force them to stop giving and taking unequal rates for the same service.

#### *A Woman-Chosen Woman Inspector*

The law providing for a woman factory inspector lately enacted by the Connecticut Legislature marks an interesting departure from the usual method of selection. Under this law the factory inspector appoints one woman deputy on the recommendation of an

Advisory Commission of three women chosen by the Governor. This Commission is to be a continuing body, its first members serving for two, four, and six years respectively. As the term of each Commissioner expires, her place is to be filled for six years. Thus, as in the governing boards of social clubs, a majority of the Commission will be familiar with facts and requirements, while the change of one member every two years will bring freshness of view into its composition. An easy inference from the pains taken in this act to secure an unusual woman for factory inspector is that those who devised the law expect her to fill an unusual place, qualifications for which can best be determined by her own sex. In the language of the act, the woman deputy factory inspector "shall have no duty concerning any machinery, appliances, or fixtures, except sanitary fixtures." It is made her duty "to inquire into the enforcement of the laws regulating the employment of women and girls in any manufactory, mechanical or mercantile establishment, investigate conditions relating to the health and welfare of women and girls employed in such establishments, and report thereon to the factory inspector." In other words, those who devised the law wish to secure a high-class and capable woman to investigate social and moral conditions affecting girls employed in factories, and even more in department stores, the theory being that a woman official can learn of and remedy bad or improper conditions where a man official cannot. That such a woman inspector shall successfully discharge these difficult and delicate duties it is necessary that her appointment be freed from any prejudicial influence, as of politics or unionism. As the deputy woman inspector is to be subject to the factory inspector, he is given power to discharge her. As, however, he can replace her only on the recommendation of the commission of women, he will have no motive to discharge her except for good cause. The history of the law is interesting. It owes its inception to certain investigations made by Mrs. Frank C. Porter, of New Haven, wife of the well-known professor of the Yale Theological Seminary, into the conditions of factory

and department store life, in order to secure material for a paper to be read before a club. Believing that some of these conditions could be best remedied by the right kind of official oversight by a woman, she, with Mrs. Percy Walden, a graduate of Radcliffe distinguished for her investigations along similar lines, began in the spring a campaign to secure such a woman inspector. They aroused the interest of women's clubs, of unions, and of manufacturers alike in the idea of an independently chosen official, and had the strong, sympathetic support of these three representative groups before the Legislature, where their cause was championed by Senator I. H. Chase, of Waterbury, head of one of the largest manufacturing industries in the State, as Chairman of the Labor Committee. There was much opposition on the ground that the factory inspector, Mr. McLean, is an excellent official. It seemed, therefore, a reflection on him to choose for him a woman deputy through a commission of women. But so skillfully was the innovation urged on its merits, the point being made that Mr. McLean's successor might be a very different type of man, that this natural opposition gradually disappeared. The Commission appointed by Governor Woodruff consists of Miss Anna L. Ward, head of the Friendly League of Washington, Miss Eleanor B. McCann, of South Manchester, and Mrs. Frank C. Porter, of New Haven, to serve for terms of two, four, and six years respectively. There are in Connecticut a total of about fifty thousand working-women who come within the scope of the act. Hence it is evident that one woman inspector can do little except to better conditions in spots. But should she succeed as far as limitations allow, the number of inspectors will doubtless be increased.



#### *Credit for Quality*

At the University of North Dakota an experiment is being tried which is attracting considerable attention. It has been called "Credit for Quality." It owes its inception to an article by President Hyde, of Bowdoin, which appeared in *The Outlook* for August 2, 1902. Its fundamental principle is that *quality* of work is more valuable than *quantity*; and that

therefore a student who does excellent work in forty courses is getting a better education than one who barely "passes" in fifty. At North Dakota four courses a term, or twelve a year, or forty-eight for the four years, constitute regular work. To this should be added two years of physical culture, which is given one credit a year, making a total of fifty units required for graduation. Students who "pass" are graded A, B, C, or D, as is usual elsewhere. The peculiarity is that these marks differ in value. A term's work graded D or C has the traditional value of one unit, but a B has a value of 1.2, and an A a value of 1.3, the extra two or three tenths being a reward for merit. It was found after a year's trial that the system was weak in one particular. Students would neglect some studies in order to excel in others. As the aim was to stimulate faithfulness and thoroughness along all lines, a modification was made whereby a student who fails to "pass" in any subject, or who in two courses receives only a D, or in three only a C, forfeits for that term all claim to extra credit in other courses. Moreover, as merely "passable" work is not to be encouraged, such students are further penalized by the proviso that not more than two D's will count in any one term toward graduation. A provision similar to this has long been followed at Harvard. The lazy or careless are, accordingly, stimulated to be more painstaking, for otherwise they may require more than four years to earn their degrees. In fact, a student uniformly marked D would require eight years to graduate, while one uniformly marked A (provided he in addition wins special honors in two subjects, for which slight additional credit is given) can in three years complete all his required courses and a sufficient number of elective studies to make up his fifty units. The system has now been in operation for four years, and the results justify the experiment. The general standard of scholarship has noticeably improved. It is found that there are very few uniformly D students, although twenty-seven per cent. of the whole number never receive any surplus credit. The work of these, the careless or ill prepared, is,

however, distinctly better than the work of such students used to be under the old lock-step system. Twenty-eight per cent. occasionally receive a little surplus, while forty-five per cent. are habitually thus rewarded. Of these about one-third, or fifteen per cent. of the whole, earn enough surplus to complete their work in three years. Of the other thirty per cent. a good many prefer to take fewer than the regular four courses at a time in order to do more intensive work on each, a practice encouraged by the faculty; others remain during the four years, and graduate feeling a reasonable pride in being several units ahead of the requirement. Since the adoption of this system at North Dakota somewhat similar plans have been adopted elsewhere; but the North Dakota experiment is the only one which has been tried long enough to secure any very conclusive results. It is, therefore, interesting to note that these have been, on the whole, highly satisfactory to the faculty as well as to the students and their parents.



## *Private War*

At the time of the Independence mine explosion in Colorado three years ago, *The Outlook's* comment was that the tragedy should serve as a warning to both capitalistic leaders and labor leaders "of the always to be expected result when those who ought to regard themselves as partners in a common enterprise regard themselves as soldiers in a relentless war." The testimony and arguments in the Haywood case have revived the memories of the labor war in Colorado; and while it is true that the legal issue in the *Boisé* trial was confined to the single question whether the man Haywood, an officer of the Western Federation of Miners, had conspired with Orchard and others to do murder, the story told was that of a bitter and bloody war waged by private forces against the life, safety, and personal liberty of the men in the opposing ranks. Whether or not the officers of the Western Federation had guilty knowledge of the frightful deeds to which Orchard confessed, it is certain that acts of

criminal violence and of wholesale murder, as at Independence, were committed by union men or their friends as part of the struggle between mine-owners and mine-workers, and that the ultimate cause of these crimes was not individual viciousness, but the labor struggle itself. The theory that these acts were done at the instigation of the mine-owners totally failed of proof. On the other hand, at the behest of the mine-owners, men pointed out by them as dangerous or obnoxious were seized without warrant of law or legal authority, imprisoned under degrading and brutal circumstances in "bull-pens," deported from the State by force, and in some cases abandoned on the open prairie many miles from their families. One mine, the Portland, was closed by military order and with no action of the courts, because it was run on the "open shop" plan, and the military officers declared that to admit *any* union men to work was "a menace to the good people of the county." Thus, on the one side it was claimed that the record of the Western Federation had been of such high-handed violence and crime that any repressive measures were justified—lawful or not; on the other, that the mine-owners were buying courts and hiring armed detectives to destroy the existence of unionism.

All this was nothing more or less than private war. Another instance of incitement to industrial war was seen last week when, according to press reports, a leader of the miners' strike now going on in Minnesota declared that the moment was at hand when the miners should take the law into their own hands, and ordered them to arm themselves and be prepared to strike to kill. He added, according to the despatches, that the Western Federation of Miners was behind them.

Three forms of a resort to force, without public sanction, but under a claim of necessity and of a moral justification, have been practiced in recent times—dueling, which is all but extinct; lynching, which is defended by few, and then only when no legal authority is to be found or where fierce elemental passion is irresistible; and, finally, the violence by strikers against strike-breakers and by

the agents of capitalists in reprisals. A hundred years hence all three of these forms of private war will be unknown, and our children's children will read of such a labor struggle as that of 1904 in Colorado with the same feelings they might have in reading of an archaic combat with stone axes.

Another comment is called for by the widespread and sometimes excited discussion over the acquittal of Haywood. The verdict of not guilty does not in the least exonerate the actual perpetrators of the many deeds of violence in the Colorado mining war. Many such acts were in fact committed, and it is puerile to attribute each and all of these deeds to individual motives of hatred. Neither would a verdict of guilty have excused the overstepping of law committed by mine-owners, and, as most students of the situation assert, by militia officers. When Mr. Darrow in his appeal to the jury said, "Do not think for a moment that if you kill Haywood you will kill the labor movement of the world or the hopes and aspirations of the poor," he was quite right, because Haywood's guilt or innocence was in no way connected with the labor movement of the world. But when he claimed that Haywood's death was sought for by "the spiders and vultures of Wall Street," and by those "who hate Haywood because he works for the poor," he overstepped the bounds of fair argument and talked rank nonsense. Even more preposterous is the comment of a New York labor journal, "The Worker." We quote it as an example of the worst kind of wrong thinking and vicious, demagogic appeal:

Never in the history of this country, and perhaps in no other country, has such a striking victory been won by the working class against such tremendous odds. Every agent of capitalist power, from the most obscure politician in Idaho to the President at Washington, was called into service in the effort to send Haywood to the gallows. Newspapers and magazines, politicians, capitalists, and not a few "men of God," the class that professes to represent the refinement, learning, and culture of this country, deified Harry Orchard, the man who confessed to taking human life with as little compunction as ever primitive savage slew wild animals for food.

Senator Borah's terse and true assertion for the prosecution was, "We

are not fighting organized labor. This is merely a murder trial." With Orchard's testimony and the other evidence offered, the State's duty as well as right was to put Haywood on trial. The jury also did its duty in weighing the evidence and in pronouncing it insufficient, as they so found it. But the cause of organized labor does not rest on this man's guilt or innocence. Thousands of union men the country over honestly hate and denounce violence and believe in an orderly settlement of industrial disputes. To these it is not enough to make a hero out of a man to prove that he is not an assassin. If the Western Federation wishes to be regarded as a commendable labor organization, it must clear its skirts of violence and follow the example of other associations in putting conciliation and arbitration in the place of invective and private warfare.



## *An Educational Interchange*

On another page Mr. Sylvester Baxter informs us concerning schools and colleges in Brazil and Argentina. His article suggests the query, Why may there not be an educational interchange between North and South America?

The idea of bringing North and South America together educationally was first suggested by Dr. Carlos Pellegrini, the eminent Argentinian statesman, some years ago in a conversation with Mr. Barrett, then the American Minister at Buenos Aires. Dr. Pellegrini said: "We have been having the opportunity of seeing many of your diplomatic and commercial representatives, but we have not yet seen here many of your great educational authorities. We should like to learn more of your educational methods, and we should be glad to have you learn something of ours. An interchange in this respect is a consummation devoutly to be desired. If one of your great men were to come to us on a visit of inspection, he would get such a reception as has never before been given to any one in South America."

Strange as it may seem, few of our

people realize that a remarkable civilization exists in South America. We are apt to think of the people there as a mass of half-breeds, a kind of mixture of Spaniard, Portuguese, and Indian, representing a low grade of intelligence and certainly a low grade of educational development. But the reverse is often true. The universities of Rio de Janeiro, Buenos Aires, and Bogotá, to mention but three, are remarkable examples of what may be accomplished by the progressive peoples to the south of us. These universities may even be compared with similar institutions in Europe or America. The university of Rio has over three thousand students, that of Buenos Aires over two thousand, and that of Bogotá over one thousand. Yet each of them shines because of quality rather than quantity.

When Mr. Root completed his South American trip, he had every right to feel that his success was due not more to the fact of his being Secretary of State than to the fact that he represents in himself a pre-eminent intellectuality and statesmanship. Standing at the head of the legal profession in this country, his individual acumen was everywhere recognized in South America ahead of his official distinction. The South American newspapers continually referred to him as a man whose intellect was on a par with that of any American. Hence the compliment of his visit was appreciated by a sensitive people at its double worth.

In truth, the South Americans are more sensitive, aesthetically and educationally, than we realize. In Buenos Aires, for instance, an opera-house is now in process of construction to cost over ten million dollars. In it a democratic people have provided that there shall be always plenty of seats for the very poor as well as for the very rich. The critical qualities of the citizens of Buenos Aires as to music are well known. It has become a proverb among strangers that success in that city means success in the rest of the world. Among the most popular singers in the Metropolitan and Manhattan Opera-Houses in New York City, or in the opera-houses in European capitals, are some who first succeeded at Buenos Aires.

When such a statesman as Dr. Luis Drago, the author of the famous Drag-Doctrin, visits this country, it would be a compliment to him, to his country, and to the whole of South America if he were invited by one or more of our universities to give lectures on international law. This compliment would be doubled if one of our notable authorities on international law were invited to lecture at some South American university as an interchange. Indeed, why should not this become a custom, as it has now become between Germany and the United States? If the South Americans are sensitive, we have helped to make them so. As Dr. Pellegrini said, they have seen more of our merchants and commercial agents and professional diplomats than they have of our great men in the purely intellectual world. As education should always precede politics or diplomacy or mercantile promotion, so we should have been careful to put ourselves educationally before the South Americans, inviting them to our institutions and learning of theirs. It is true that a number of our institutions, notably the Stevens Institute at Hoboken, have always had small contingents of South Americans, anxious especially to learn about American engineering and inventive methods. But this is but one department of education. We should have brought all of the departments of our institutions to the notice of South Americans. We should have been promoters of education as we have been promoters of trade. Through such promotion we would have come to esteem the South Americans at their true worth, as a people well worth our attention and likely to produce able men.

Let us induce our very best educationists to go to South America—President Eliot himself, for instance. If the two parts of this hemisphere are to be drawn together, it can be accomplished only by agents of the finest fiber. The man to follow Secretary Root should mean in the world of education what Mr. Root does in the world of statecraft—he must be a man of practical wisdom as to present conditions and of broad vision of what the future should bring.

## *The Old Order Changeth<sup>1</sup>*

A sign of the times is manifest in the simultaneous appearance of three volumes—the latest successors of a much larger number—indicative of the nearing social changes toward which the thoughts of many minds are turning.

In the first of these "The New Basis of Civilization" is outlined in concise and vigorous chapters—the recent Kennedy lectures before the New York School of Philanthropy by a distinguished economist, Professor Patten, of the University of Pennsylvania. He does not underestimate the evils that cry for redress and reform. But they are in his view essentially economic, and will disappear as economic conditions are righted. Suffering and defeat are held to be the outcome of purely physical conditions of existence. We should therefore try to make men free by removing the pressure that stifles feeling and disintegrates motives. Instead of trying to suppress vices, we should try to release virtues. Men will become moral in degree as their environment is made conducive to morality by quickening the good qualities inherent in human nature. That much may be effected thus is true. The virtues thrive amidst some conditions, but wilt amidst others, and conditions must be made the best.

This, however, demands good men first to make them so. Given the best economic conditions for free play of the social instincts, yet the selfishness as natural to the young child as to any animal must be transformed into altruism by moral culture in the home and school, or its virus will break out in the anti-social man. But Professor Patten tells us that "character is acquired . . . by the activities and amusements in the shop and the street, not by the restraints of the church and the home."

A necessary part of the ground-work of civilization is here misrepresented as

the whole of it. Serious as this defect is, the economic part of "the new basis of civilization" is presented in a constructive line of thought both attractive and instructive. It is a clear sign of a changing time when the economist reinforces the moralist by urging "a socializing of the property of the well-to do" for "the distribution and rapid circulation of the social surplus." Professor Patten is willing to wait thousands of years for the ideal civilization. Yet he thinks it possible to abolish the conditions of poverty within a generation through "income-generosity" and "income-service." In order, to this some moral enthusiasm must be kindled first.

This new heart, which is the prerequisite of new things, Professor Mathews, of the University of Chicago, recognizes as already astir. A moral revival has begun. The public conscience has awakened and demands a change. "The Church and the Changing Order" is his theme. He warns the Church that it has a crisis to meet: it must define its attitude toward formative forces now at work for an economic change, forces that are moral as well as economic, ideals of human brotherhood and social justice. "Without any disrespect for the work of organized Christianity," says Professor Mathews, "there is many a church which, in point of general altruism and of loyalty to its professions of high purpose, could not endure a comparison with the work of some labor unions." The popular idealism which inspires the socialist and the labor unionist gives the Church its grand opportunity "to make a regenerating connection between the gospel and the actual conditions of society," to make moral issues and ideals controlling in the world of industry, business, and politics—in a word, to socialize its gospel.

This, in Professor Mathews's view, is not to be accomplished by mere protesting against economic and political wrongs. It requires the cultivation of power to sacrifice for a righteous cause and to endure "moral fatigue." A generation of men must be trained up in moral and religious sensitiveness to "go out into the world to do actual reconstruction in accordance with their own

<sup>1</sup> The New Basis of Civilization. By Simon Nelson Patten. The Macmillan Company, New York.

The Church and the Changing Order. By Shailer Mathews. The Macmillan Company, New York.  
Jesus Christ and the Civilization of Today. By Joseph Alexander Leighton. The Macmillan Company, New York.



regenerate lives." The Sunday-school is instanced as offering the Church a great opportunity here, which is as yet unused, to give the rising generation broader conceptions of social obligations. Then a new evangelism will make the gospel what it was of old—the gospel both of the risen Christ and of human brotherhood. Such a gospel, says Professor Mathews, will never insist that existing conditions must stand. It will recognize the right of the masses "to demand a larger share in the goods which civilization has produced." If the Church would stand for fraternity, it "must insist upon the socialization of privilege."

Professor Mathews announces himself as not a Socialist, but as believing that the Church may learn much from Socialism. Like Professor Patten, he would have the existing order changed to a better, and he sees that changed conditions would foster a better breed of men. But with deeper insight he sees beneath the justest distribution of surplus goods the dynamic spring of lasting betterment. The driving force of the reform that must exorcise selfishness is religious, not economic, the consciousness of sonship to God from which springs brotherliness to man.

Professor Mathews closes with an appeal for the leaders needed by the Church. Here Professor Leighton, of Hobart College, continues the discussion, and takes for his theme "Jesus Christ and the Civilization of To-day." His standpoint is mainly philosophical. He regards civilization as a process working from within outward, essentially a spiritual process, effecting material change through spiritual forces. In his view of the present movements toward the socialization of the means of material welfare the critical question is, how best to preserve and develop the spiritual character of man and of civilization. His lesson from history is that man cannot be made good from without. Man masters his environment only as he masters himself, and this, his chief problem, is an ethical problem. In Jesus Professor Leighton sees "the pioneer and leader of the new humanity," in whom the entire past movement of moral and humane culture

came to its culmination. His ethical principles, presented in their relevancy and timeliness to the spiritual problems of civilization to-day, obtain thereby a fresh demonstration of their permanent authority.

The traditional ethics of Christianity, says Professor Leighton, include elements derived from other sources than Jesus' teaching, and are on trial to-day. It is a critical time, and compels us to resort anew to him for what is genuinely his. Jesus' answer to present social questions is given in his fundamental teaching: "Man" is a term of spiritual significance. Human personality has absolute worth, derived from its source and its goal. "The source and goal of the historical and social life of human personality is a Divine Life, never withdrawn from the struggle and the pathos of man's history. Man enters into this life, not by the loss of individuality, but by its perfection through service in the social and historical order of human culture. . . . Jesus' conception of ideal humanity is that of a society of free, self-directing personalities, each of whom possesses in himself and recognizes in others an individual life and character of infinite worth and dignity." This is the central thought of an exposition of the true basis and dynamic of civilization which is worthy of ampler presentation than present limits permit.

Taken in their present connection, these volumes form a series worth reading by those who would reach conclusions doing equal justice to the economic and moral elements of the social problems of to-day. Social problems run back for final solution into the questions of the nature and destiny of man, and the nature of ultimate Reality as moral or as non-moral Being. The answer of philosophical materialism to these questions stands utterly discredited. The answer of the practical materialism that would make men good by a good use of goods is equally discredited by its basal fallacy that material conditions are the necessary determinant of moral character. The humanization of man—Matthew Arnold's definition of real civilization—is necessarily based on true ideals of humanity. For these the

advance of civilization, as the movement from old to new goes on, has no other adequate recourse but to the great Regenerator of the world, from whose birth the centuries of modern civilization are reckoned.



## *The Spectator*

The Spectator has been observing lately, with a good deal of interest, the methods of the rural telephone. His attention was first called to the fact that there was peculiarity in this method by hearing, as he came up the steps of a farm-house one day, the voice of the farmer's wife within.

"Mis' Peters? I want Mis' Peters. Two—four—oh! is that you, Maria? Well, I just wanted to ask you if the Simpsons' chimney was on fire. What? Oh! Has been? When? Yesterday? Well, was any harm done? Dear me! ain't that too bad? Lucindy called me up just now and said she was pretty sure of it, but I thought you'd know for certain. I'm awful sorry. What? Oh, well, I'll be over this afternoon. We've got a boarder now, you know—"

Here the abashed Spectator gave an apologetic cough, and the farmer's wife brought her conversation to an end and "rang off."

"I'm very sorry," explained the Spectator. "I did not mean to listen. I could not help it." He glanced accusingly at the open doors.

The farmer's wife regarded him kindly.

"Why, that's all right," she said, somewhat surprised. "We all listen. Why shouldn't you listen? I heard four receivers go up just then, when I stopped talking. There's lots of people wanted to know about that chimney. It's all right, of course."

Her eyes were puzzled, and the Spectator's eyes doubtless were puzzled too. But he laughed when he got up to his room, and realized, with a stir of pleasure, a new possibility of charm in his country investigations.



Not many days later the Spectator was wandering far in among the hills, in

the heart of a grassy hollow, when he came to a lonely house; and at once, according to his custom, he developed a burning thirst. A tall and angular middle-aged woman, with a serene, strong face, solaced him from a wonderful pitcher and tumbler of pink and blue glass. The Spectator is fastidious about the taste of water, and prefers it from a tin dipper; but the tin dipper leads only to barnyard intercourse, whereas the pink tumbler adorns the path of high social courtesy. Therefore he drank and filled and drank; then accepted a seat on the shaded porch for a few moments' rest.

"A beautiful situation you have," he began, politely.

"Well, yes, I s'pose so," his hostess replied, casting a brief critical glance at the circling hills. "Used to be purty lonesome sometimes."

"But now—" the Spectator was beginning in a hopefully inquiring tone, when he was interrupted by a spasmodic ringing from the interior of the house. Whirr-r-r-r! Whirr! Whirr! The woman half started to her feet, involuntarily, as from habit; then remembered the other human interest which she had actually within sight and touch in the person of the Spectator, hesitated, wavered a moment between the two attractions, and finally, to the Spectator's content, sank down in her chair again.

"That's Jenny Perkins's number," she murmured, "over in Jenk's Hollow. I guess likely Mis' Matthews is callin' her up to see whether she's goin' to order her dress from the blue sample or the red. They was talkin' about it yesterday. I got real interested."

"It must be very pleasant for you to have the telephone come and put you in close touch with your friends," the Spectator remarked, sympathetically.

"Friends? Well—" the woman considered, a little wistfully. "I wonder if I could call them friends. I ain't never laid eyes on Jenny Perkins. We don't neither of us get out very often. But I feel as if I did know her real well through hearin' her talk so much. Once I broke right in before I knew it and said, 'Miss Perkins, you must remember that blue fades awful.' She was sort o'

surprised, but she didn't care. Yes, mebber she's sort of a friend."



The Spectator's heart was moved within him at the woman's tone. "I'm afraid the winters are hard for you," he ventured.

"Oh, well"—her face brightened bravely—"the telephone makes such a lot of difference—you never would believe. I used to feel sometimes just buried alive; but now I can take down the receiver any time I want to, and be right in the midst of things. Lots of winter evenings we don't do a thing, Silas and me, but set there and listen. We take turns at listenin' and repeatin' to the other what we hear. Only sometimes Silas gets to laughin' so he can't talk straight, and then I lose lots and I'm sort o' mad. You never did know anything like it the time Joe Parks and Susy Dale ran away to get married. The bell there was ringin' all day long. But there was one inconvenient thing about it—if the person who was called didn't answer the first ring she couldn't be got at all, for all the receivers were down on the line. I should think they'd know enough not to make telephones that way; it's awful inconvenient. Once Silas called out in his masterful way, 'Here, all you people, put up your receivers! And you, Central, call again!'"

"Central was listening too, then?" the Spectator inquired.

"Oh, of course. Susy Dale is her cousin. Besides, Central takes an interest in us all. She's a real nice girl; Bertha's her name. She gives us the weather report and the correct time every day at noon. We ain't never known in our lives before just what time it was."



The Spectator would have supposed, *a priori*, that he would find himself rather disgusted as well as amused at this frank revelation of the possibilities of rural telephones. But he came down the hill in a thoughtful mood which was tinged with amusement, to be sure, but which prompted him once or twice to stop and lay his

hand on a telephone pole with respectful seriousness. Very human the whole institution seemed, very kindly and brave and sweet, reaching out to draw little lonely lives everywhere back to their kind. In the crowded rush of the central world it is not only the people we know who help us, not only the words addressed to us that cheer us on our way. How often we are vitally stirred, even to tears and laughter, by the pulsing intercourse of a throng that is not aware of our existence! This great experience is denied to the dwellers among the lonely hills. No wonder they seize boldly such shadow of it as comes their way. The Spectator confesses that he finds a certain degree of pathos in the picture of Silas standing in the snug, remote winter kitchen, with the receiver at his ear, rocking and slapping his knee with laughter, while his wife hovers, vexed and eager, about him. "Now, Silas, stop! 'Tain't fair. Do tell me!" Can one not hear her impatience?



But the poor Spectator was not to escape with the mere privilege of observation in this country matter. One evening he had occasion to use the long-distance telephone to communicate with a friend far away. There was some trouble and much delay in getting the connection; and, when at last the line was clear, the voice came faint and broken. The Spectator struggled a few shouting moments—"I can't quite hear; could you speak a little louder?"—when suddenly the hearty accents of a farmer who lived two miles down the road cut across the intercourse. "Say, I can hear both on ye. I'll help ye out. She says, Mister, she got your letter. And he says, Miss, why don't you write?" The good will of the farmer was not to be doubted; his voice was honest and fatherly. But faint and far, in the Spectator's ear, came the echo of multitudinous laughter, as the occupants of the valleys and hills lent their ears to his concerns. The Spectator does not remember that ever in his humble life he has been more confused,

# A BETTER CHANCE FOR THE CHILDREN OF THE SLUMS

BY CHARLES W. ELIOT

*President of Harvard University*

WELL-TO-DO people, having found it very difficult to bring up their children satisfactorily in closely built towns and cities, have invented two different means of securing a healthy life for them while at school. One means is the patronage of academies or schools situated in the country, but conducted by accomplished teachers who know how to provide for the intellectual and moral, as well as the physical, needs of the children in their charge; hence the prosperity of the partially endowed academies of New England, and of the more recent private country schools which provide board and lodging as well as instruction. The second means is the provision of day schools well situated in the country, within easy reach from the city; so that the children can easily come out from their city homes to the country every morning, and return near the close of the afternoon. This is a comparatively recent invention used with satisfaction by parents who do not wish their children to be wholly separated from them. The families who use one or other of these two means are well-to-do families, who live in the cleanest and most wholesome parts of the crowded cities, and can provide their children at home with such facilities for out-of-door exercises as cities afford.

The children of the slums need the fresh air and light of large open spaces much more than the well-to-do children, but the noisy, obscure, and dirty streets of the poorest quarters of the city are their only resort.

In the interest of these poor children a Boston architect, Mr. J. Randolph Coolidge, has lately made to the Boston School Committee a new proposal with regard to the location of public school buildings. He suggests that grammar-school houses for the children who live in congested districts be placed on the edge of one or more of the city parks,

and that the pupils be carried out to the school-houses so situated in the morning and brought home again at night in street-cars, at the public expense, five days in the week, the schools to supervise the children's play and study periods, so that on school days the children shall no longer play in the streets or study at home.

There can be no doubt that this arrangement would be highly advantageous to the children who should be thus brought out from the slums five days in the week, and kept under supervision nine or ten hours a day. They would have the adjoining park to play in, and each school-house could be provided with a large yard and plenty of light and air.

If it be assumed that the fathers and mothers in the slums will be willing, or more than willing, to have their children treated in this way, the only objection to this excellent proposal is that it would cost the city something more than the city now spends on these children. There would be two new items of expense: (1) the transportation of the children, and (2) the supervision of the children's play hours. If cars could be used running in the opposite direction from that of the greatest traffic during the busiest hours, the transportation companies might make the children's fares very low and yet lose no money. The supervision of the play and study hours of the children would be a clear additional expense which would be different in different localities, but might easily cost \$5,000 a year for each school of 1,000 children. These extra charges would be partially met by the interest on the difference in cost between a school-house site in the heart of the city and a school-house site taken on the comparatively cheap land of the suburb adjoining a large country park. This difference in cost would be very consid-

erable in many American cities. About 40,000 square feet is the least suitable area for a school-house to accommodate 1,000 children. Such an area might easily cost in Boston, for example, \$250,000, whereas the same area opposite one of the large Boston or metropolitan parks might be procured for \$50,000. The park sites would also have the advantage of being permanent, as well as thoroughly suitable in all respects. In the closely built parts of a city the shiftings of the population not infrequently make it necessary to sell an old site and procure at great cost a new one.

This plan is not applicable to young or delicate children, or to children whose services at home for part of the day are absolutely required. It is proposed for healthy children, not less than ten years old, who are not required to work for their families in the afternoon. These country public schools should have facilities for exercise, occupation, or games under cover in stormy weather; in good weather the children's games and exercise should take place in the open air, partly in the park and partly in the large school yard. It is not proposed to give

away any food at the country school-house. Food brought from home would be warmed, and food would be sold over a counter at cost.

This proposal is certainly very attractive to the humanitarian, the sanitarian, and the economist; for it would give the children of the slums a far better chance for a healthy and happy childhood, and for future serviceableness at adult age. The general plan would have to be adapted in its details to each locality which should determine to try it; for the transportation problem would be different in different cities, and the cost of adequate supervision would vary in different localities. The amount of money to be saved on the difference of cost between school-house sites in the congested districts and sites near the parks would also vary widely in different localities. It is an advantage of the plan that it can be tried with one school-house at a time. That the method is strictly analogous to the methods already adopted by well-to-do people for the benefit of their children should additionally commend it to the democracy for trial.

## MY RECEPTION IN AMERICA

BY FU CHI HAO, M.A.

AMERICA has always been a very sweet and familiar name in my ears, because I have been told by my American friends that it is the only free country in the world, the refuge of the oppressed and the champion of the weak; so I have had a great affection for this country since my childhood days. I had an idea for a great many years that America was the best nation on the earth, and a good friend to China.

There is one special feature that is peculiar to this country, of which every American ought to be proud. From the birth of this great Nation, America has stood for liberty. It was in the cause of liberty that the Revolutionary War broke out in 1776, when many thousands of heroes gave up their lives for the freedom of the human race. From their

love of freedom this free country had its birth.

It was for the cause of liberty that the Civil War broke out in 1860, and continued for four long years. Three hundred and sixty thousand men of the Union army laid down their lives for the cause of human liberty. The terrible war ended, a race of four million people was freed, and thus the American people accomplished the greatest thing that could possibly be accomplished by humanity, and earned a most conspicuous place in the world's history.

Again, it was in the cause of liberty that the Spanish-American War broke out eight years ago. America stood for right. Her victorious career soon brought the war to a close. The people in Cuba obtained their freedom through the aid of America. The Filipinos were

glad to get away from the cruelty of Spain, and breathe the sweet air of freedom under the American flag. Indeed, America is a wonderful Nation.

There is a close connection between America and China. The modern invention of steamboats brought these two nations nearer together. The great Pacific Ocean served as an indestructible tie. It is America that sent out her missionaries and merchants to China early in the nineteenth century, to instruct her people and help her to open the long-closed doors, and thus to get into contact with the new civilization of the twentieth century. We of China owe a great debt to America, especially during the Boxer uprising in 1900. It is largely due to America that China stands intact as she is to-day. Without America China might have been divided among the European nations seven years ago. Certainly America is China's best friend.

Don't be shocked if I tell you that, after six years of careful study and close observation, and after the personal treatment I have received from your country, my attitude toward America is totally changed. America is not so good a friend to China as I had mistakenly thought, because in no part of the earth are the Chinese so ill treated and humiliated as in America.

I hope I shall not be misunderstood. I have no hard feelings whatever against the American people. I can sincerely say that some of my best friends are Americans, and I have a great many sympathetic friends all over the country. But I do hate the misinterpretation of the Chinese exclusion law by your Government. The original idea of the law is lost. The officials on the Pacific Coast have made it their special business to find errors in the papers of every Chinese who came to this country, so as to send them back, whether they were laborers or not.

Pardon me if I give you a brief review of the personal treatment I received from America a few years ago. In the fall of 1901 a college-mate and myself were brought by an American missionary to this country, with the hope of getting an American college education

which would enable us to take part in the uplifting of China in the near future. Glad indeed were we when the steamer *Doric* entered the Golden Gate on September 13, 1901. The peril of the water, the seasickness on the boat, were both ended. Christian America was reached at last. Our hearts were full of anticipation of the pleasure and the warm welcome we were going to receive from our Christian friends.

I was very much surprised to learn, after waiting several days on the steamer, that the passports which we had with us were not accepted by the American Government. There were several objections to the papers. In the first place, we ought to have got them, not from Li-Hung-Chang, the highest and most powerful official in North China at that time, but from his subordinate, the Customs Taotai, the Collector of the Port at Tientsin. In the second place, our papers were in the form of passports, while the law of this country requires certificates. The careless American consul at Tientsin had made still other mistakes and omissions in his English translation. We learned that we were denied the privilege of landing, and were to go back to China on the same steamer one week later.

I wish I could end the story with the deportation, but fortunately, or, if you please, unfortunately, our friends in this country did their best to have us stay. Letters and telegrams began to fly to the Chinese Minister and the Secretary of the Treasury Department in Washington. We were finally allowed to stay in the detention shed when the *Doric* left for China.

The detention shed is another name for a "Chinese jail." I have visited quite a few jails and State prisons in this country, but have never seen any place half so bad. It is situated at one end of the wharf, reached by a long, narrow stairway. The interior is about one hundred feet square. Oftentimes they put in as many as two hundred human beings. The whitewashed windows and the wire netting attached to them added to the misery. The air is impure, the place is crowded. No friends are allowed to come in and see the

unfortunate sufferers without special permission from the American authority. No letters are allowed either to be sent out or to come in. There are no tables, no chairs. We were treated like a group of animals, and we were fed on the floor. Kicking and swearing by the white man in charge was not a rare thing. I was not surprised when, one morning, a friend pointed out to me the place where a heart-broken Chinaman had hanged himself after four months' imprisonment in this dreadful dungeon, thus to end his agony and the shameful outrage.

After staying a whole week in this miserable den we were allowed to come out at the request of a doctor, because our suffering was too great for physical endurance. The Chinese Consul in that city had to give a bond for two thousand dollars before this request was granted.

We stayed in San Francisco more than half a year waiting for our new passports, owing to the death of the great Viceroy, Li-Hung-Chang, and to the fact that not until August, 1902, did the Allies permit the customs Taotai to occupy his official residence and take up his customary duties in Tientsin.

We spent the summer in Tacoma, Washington, with the teacher who had brought us to this country. Later on, in August, we started for Oberlin, as a whole year of precious time and hundreds of dollars had already been wasted. Permission was obtained from our bondsman, and our future address was handed to the American authorities in San Francisco, and it was understood that if our new passports were not correct we must return to San Francisco, but if they were we could receive them at the nearest port—say Cleveland, for instance.

We had chosen our route by the Canadian Pacific Railway, because the air was cooler and the scenery is magnificent; but, unfortunately, we did not reckon with the fact that the road lies partly on Canadian soil. The collector at the boundary was easy and kind enough to let us go out; but, after three days' traveling, when we came back to the boundary, we were stopped at midnight in a place called Portal, North Dakota, by the American authority. This was followed by six weeks' anxiety.

Once more telegrams and letters began to fly to Washington by the score. A professor in Oberlin College and an expert lawyer of Washington, many friends who knew us in China, and many influential friends in this country, sent in appeals in our behalf to the authorities in Washington and San Francisco, but all in vain. The final decision was according to the law of the Free Country: we have no right to re-enter America after we once get out. So, on September 24, the very day we had hoped to take up our college work in Oberlin, we turned our faces sadly northward, and tried to seek a refuge in the Dominion of Canada.

We had hardly time to reach Toronto when several telegrams came from the Chinese Consul at San Francisco urging our immediate return to that city, by way of Vancouver, for the American authority pressed him for the bond of \$2,000. In despair, we prepared to obey; but, alas! there is another law of the Free Country, that no tickets can be sold to any Chinese to any part of the United States without proper certificates. The law required us to return to San Francisco; the law refused us permission to travel on the American soil; and, again, the law forbade us to secure tickets.

At this critical point another permission was obtained from the Attorney-General, through the request of our kind friends, that we might remain in Canada for three months, waiting for the papers which Minister Wu-Ting-Fang sent for the third time.

The papers finally came early in January, 1903, and, strange to say, they were accepted by the American Government. But here arose another difficulty. We had planned, before we started from China, to work our way through college and not depend entirely on our kind friends; but the law in this country refuses us the privilege of doing any kind of manual labor. If at any time during our course of study they find us waiting on the table, washing dishes, or mowing the lawn in summer, immediate deportation will follow. Furthermore, we must give evidence to the United States Government that we have enough

money to carry us through the entire course of study for six or seven years, without doing any kind of manual labor. Unless such evidence be given, we shall not be allowed to enter this country. Such is the law of Christian America!

We were more than glad to reach Oberlin on the 10th of January, 1903. Our entire journey from San Francisco to Oberlin had taken us sixteen months, which is ninety-six times as long as it ought to be. I am sure that I can make much better time in China if I travel on a donkey's back.

Do you blame me for having such hard feelings against America as a Nation, after the trying experience I have above described? Can you believe that hundreds, yes, thousands, of Chinese are receiving such shameful treatment all the time? For instance, a high-class Chinese lady, who came here six years ago to join her husband, who was a merchant in San Francisco, was not allowed the privilege of landing, and therefore she drowned herself in San Francisco harbor. You blame the Chinese for going back to China with the money which they earn by their honest labor, yet hotels and restaurants on the Pacific Coast refuse to entertain Chinese, and the law of this country refuses them the right to become citizens. The Chinese are not allowed to bring their wives to this country to live, yet the State law of California forbids intermarriage between the Chinese and the Americans. How can you blame them under such circumstances? The people accuse the Chinese of being filthy, dirty, stupid, and "rotten" in their morals, while you allow the worst classes from other nations to pour into this country annually by the thousands and tens of thousands.

The time is near at hand for me to return to my fatherland. What shall I say to my people about America? Shall I tell them, as an old lady kindly advised me, everything that is good about America, but nothing bad? Shall I tell them of my warm welcome in San Francisco and my sixteen months' pleasant journey to Oberlin? Shall I tell them of the

close attention the American Government paid to me, and how kind they are not to let me do any kind of hard labor, and thus to injure my delicate constitution? How can I keep quiet? How can I help being a faithful advertiser of the greatness of Christian America?

Were you surprised to learn of the trouble in China some time ago through their boycotting of American goods? The boycott was simply the beginning of the anti-American feeling. The giant of the Far East has awakened from his long slumber. He is now trying to learn his first lesson from this country about the "square deal." The stage of "eye for province and tooth for city" is past in China. The doctrine of Christianity, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap," will hold true forever. How can you expect to gather figs from thorns and grapes from thistles? Don't expect, then, my friends, to reap good fruit from the thorn that you are now planting. The heathen blindness is rapidly passing away. China, with her four hundred millions of people, is now moving toward the light. The injustice and humiliation done to her by America must soon be ended. She will never forget the bitterness of the cup of humiliation, of shame and degradation, forced upon her by Christian America.

America, as I said in the beginning, is a nation of which her people ought to be proud; but she is not in so flourishing a condition as most of her people think. A certain clergyman told me very frankly that "there is a great deal of devil in our country." The billion and a half of dollars spent annually for liquor, the thousands of divorce cases, the trust evil, the social evil of the great cities, may still be the ruin of this country. "There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"Land of the noble free,  
Sweet land of liberty."

My dear friends of Young America, well may you pray:

"Long may our land be bright  
With Freedom's holy light;  
Protect us by Thy might,  
Great God, our King."



# AN UNPROGRESSIVE FARM

BY ELIZABETH WOODBRIDGE

In "A Placid Runaway" (published in *The Outlook* for May 18 last) were recorded certain delightfully wayward experiences of "Jonathan and I." We are sure that all those who recall that article will be glad to know that this, the second of what might be called the Jonathan Papers, will be followed by others in a similar vein.—THE EDITORS.

MOST of our friends, Jonathan's and mine, are occupying their summers in "reclaiming" old farms. We have an old farm, too, but we, I fear, are not reclaiming it, at least not very fast. We have made neither formal gardens nor water gardens nor rose-arches; we have not built marble swimming-tanks, nor even cement ones; we have not naturalized forget-me-nots in the brook or narcissus in the meadows; we have not erected tea-houses on choice knolls, and after six years of occupancy there is still not a pergola or a sun-dial on the place! And yet we are happy.

To be happy on a farm like ours one must, I fancy, be either very old or very unprogressive. While we are waiting to grow comfortably old, we are willing to be considered unprogressive.

Very old and very, very unprogressive is the farm itself. There is nothing on it but old apple-trees, old lilac bushes, old rocks, and old associations—and, to be sure, the old red house. But the old rocks, piled on the hillsides, are unfailingly picturesque, whether dark and dripping in the summer rains or silver gray in the summer suns. The lilacs are delightful, too. In June they send wave upon wave of fragrance in through the little windows, penetrating even to the remotest corners of the dim old attic, while all day long about their pale lavender sprays the great yellow and black butterflies hang flutteringly. Best of all is the orchard; the old apple-trees blossom prodigally for a brief season in May, blossom in rosy-white, in cream-white, in pure white, in green-white, transforming the lane and the hill-slopes into a bower, smothering the old house in beauty, brooding over it, on still moonlight nights, in pale clouds of sweetness. And then comes a wind, with a drenching rain, and tears away all the pretty petals and

buries them in the grass below. But there are seldom any apples; all this exuberance of beauty is but a dream of youth, not a promise of fruitage. Jonathan, indeed, tells me that if we want the trees to bear we must keep pigs in the orchard to root up the ground and eat the wormy fruit as it falls, but under these conditions I would rather not have the apples. The orchard is old; why not leave it to dream and rest and dream again?

The old associations are, I admit, of a somewhat mixed character. There is the romance of the milk-room door, through which, in hoary ages past, the "hired girl," at the ripe age of twelve, eloped with her sixteen-year-old lover; there is the story of the cellar nail, a shuddery one, handed down from a yet more remote antiquity; there are tales of the "ball-room" on the second floor, of the old lightning-riven locust stump, of the origin of the "new wing" of the house—still called "new," though a century old. Not a spot, indoors or out, but has its clustering memories.

Such an enveloping atmosphere of associations, no matter what their quality, in a place where generations have lived and died, is of itself a quieting thing. Life, incrustured with tradition, like a ship weighted with barnacles, moves more and more slowly; the past appears more real than the present. To the old this seems natural and right, to others it is often depressing, but Jonathan and I like it. Our barnacle-clogged ship pleases us—pleases me because I love the slow, drifting motion, pleases Jonathan because—I regret to admit it—he thinks he can get all the barnacles off—and then!—

For, whereas my unprogressiveness is absolute and unqualified, Jonathan's is, I have discovered, tainted by a sneaking optimism, an ineradicable desire and

hope of improvement, which, though it does not blossom rankly in pergolas and tea-houses, is none the less there, a lurking menace. It inspired his suggestion regarding pigs in the orchard, it showed itself even more clearly in the matter of the hens.

I have always liked hens. I doubt if mine are very profitable—the farm is not, in general, a source of profit, and we cherish no delusions about it—but I do not keep them for pecuniary gain. If they chance to lay eggs, so much the better; if they furnish forth my table with succulent broilers, with nutritious roasters, with ambrosial chicken-pasties, I am not unappreciative; but I realize that all these things might be had from my neighbors' barnyards. What I primarily value my own hens for is their companionship. Talk about the companionship of dogs and cats! Cats walk about my home, sleek and superior; they make me feel that I am there on sufferance. One cannot even laugh at them, their manner is so perfect. Dogs, on the other hand, develop an unreasoning and tyrannous devotion to their masters, which is not really good for either, but is morbidly gratifying to sentimental natures.

But hens! No decorous superiority here, no mush of devotion. No; for varied folly, for rich and highly developed perversities, combining all that is choicest of masculine and feminine foible—for this and much more, commend me to the hen. Ever since we came to the farm, my sister the hen has entertained me with her vagaries. Jaques's delight at his encounter with Touchstone is pale compared with mine in their society. Nothing cheers me more than to sit on a big rock in the barnyard and watch the hens walking about. Their very gait pleases me—the way they bob their heads; the "genteel" way they have of picking up their feet, for all the world as though they cared where they stepped; the absent and superior manner in which they "scratch for worms," their gaze fixed on the sky, then cock their heads downwards with an indifferent air, absently pick up a chip, drop it, and walk on! Did any one ever see a hen really find a worm? I never did. There are

no worms in our barnyard, anyhow; Jonathan must have dug them all up for bait when he was a boy. I have even tried throwing some real worms to them, and they always respond by a few nervous cackles, and walk past the brown wrigglers with a detached manner, and the robins get them later. And yet they continue to go through all these forms, and we continue to call it "scratching for worms."

Jonathan has nothing to do with my hens except to give advice. One of his hobbies is the establishing of a breed of hens marked by intelligence, which he maintains might be done by careful selection of the mothers. Accordingly, whenever he goes to the roost to pick out a victim for the sacrificial hatchet, he first gently pulls the tail of each candidate in turn, and by the dim light of the lantern carefully observes the nature of their reaction, choosing for destruction the one whose deportment seems to him most foolish. In this way, by weeding out the extremely silly, he hopes in time to raise the general intellectual standard of the barnyard. But he urges that much more might be done if my heart were in it. Very likely, but my heart is not. Intelligence is all very well, but the barnyard, I am convinced, is no place for it. Give me my pretty, silly hens, with all their aimless, silly ways. I will seek intelligence, when I want it, elsewhere.

In another direction, too, Jonathan's optimistic temperament has found little encouragement. This is in regard to the chimney-swallows. When we first came, these little creatures were one of my severest trials. They were not a trial to Jonathan. He loved to watch them at dusk, circling and eddying about the great chimney. So, indeed, did I; and if they had but contented themselves with circling and eddying there, I should have had no quarrel with them. I did not even object to their evolutions inside the chimney. At first I took the muffled shudder of wings for distant thunder, and when great masses of soot came tumbling down into the fireplace, I jumped; but I soon grew accustomed to all this. I was even willing to clean the soot out of my neat fireplace daily,

while Jonathan comforted me by suggesting that the birds took the place of chimney-sweeps, and that soot was good for rose-bushes. Yes, if the little things had been willing to stick to their chimney, I should have been tolerant, if not cordial. But when they invaded my domain, I felt that I had a grievance. And invade it they did. At dawn I was rudely awakened by a rush from the fireplace, a mad scuttering about the dusky room, a desperate exit by the little open window, where the raised shade revealed the pale light of morning. At night, if I went with my candle into a dark room, I was met by a whirling thing, dashing itself against me, against the light, against the walls, in a moth-like ecstasy of self-destruction. In the mornings, as I went about the house pulling up the shades and drawing back the curtains, out from their white folds rushed dark, winged shapes, whirring past my ears, fluttering blindly about the room, sinking exhausted in inaccessible corners. They were as foolish as June-bugs, fifty times bigger, and harder to catch. Moreover, when caught, they were not pretty; their eyes were in the top of their heads, like a snake's, their expression was low and cunning. They were almost as bad as bats! Worst of all, the young birds had an untidy habit of tumbling out of the nests down into the fireplaces, whether there was a fire or not. Now, I have no conscientious objection to roasting birds, but I prefer to choose my birds, and to kill them first.

One morning I had gathered and carried out of doors eight foolish, frightened, huddling things, and one dead young one from the sitting-room embers, and I returned to find Jonathan kneeling on the guest-room hearth, one arm thrust far up the chimney. "What *are* you doing, Jonathan?" The next moment there was the familiar rush of wings, which finally subsided behind the fresh pillows of the bed. Jonathan sprang up. "Wait! I'll get it!" He carefully drew away the pillow, his hand was almost on the poor little quivering

wretch, when it made another rush, hurried itself against the mirror, upset a vase full of columbines, and finally sank behind the wood-box. At last it was caught, and Jonathan, going over to the hearth, resumed his former position. "Jonathan! Put him out of doors!" I exclaimed. "Sh-h-h," he responded. "I'm going to teach him to go back the way he came. There he goes! See?" He rose, triumphant, and began to brush the soot out of his collar and hair. I was sorry to dash such enthusiasm, but I felt my resolution hardening within me. "Jonathan," I said, "we did not come to the farm to train chimney-swallows. Besides, I don't wish them trained. I wish them *kept out*. I don't regard them as suitable for household pets. If you will sink to a pet bird, get a canary."

"But you wouldn't have an old house without chimney-swallows!" he remonstrated in tones of real pain.

"I would indeed."

It ended in a compromise. At the top of the chimney Jonathan put a netting over half the flues; the others he left open at the top, but set in nettings in the corresponding flues just above each fireplace. And so in half the chimney the swallows still build, but the young ones now drop on the nettings instead of in the embers, and lie there cheeping shrilly until somehow their parents or friends convey them up again where they belong. And I no longer spend my mornings collecting apronfuls of frightened and battered little creatures. At dusk the swallows still eddy and circle about the chimney, but Jonathan has lost the opportunity for training them. Once more the optimist is balked.

But in these matters I am firm: I do not want the hens made intelligent, or the orchard improved, or the swallows trained. There is, I am sure, matter enough in other parts of the farm upon which one may wreak one's optimism. I hold me to my tidy hearths, my comfortable hens, my old lilacs, and my dreaming apple-trees.

# THE SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

## IV.

Previous letters from The Outlook's representative at The Hague, Mr. Elbert F. Baldwin, have dealt with personal impressions of the place, the important personal figures among the delegates, the plans for the Temple of Peace (the corner-stone of which was laid on Tuesday of last week), and other topics. Other articles will follow.—THE EDITORS.

THERE is no more efficient delegation here at The Hague than the American. It is composed of a dozen men. Its ambassadors are Messrs. Choate, Porter, and Rose. The Hon. Joseph H. Choate is seventy-five years old. He looks about fifty-five. But his is quite as impressive a figure as any in the Conference—I should prefer to say the most impressive. Of course his career and public services are far too familiar to Americans to need any recounting here. They find recognition at the Second Hague Conference in an honorary presidency of its third Commission, that on Naval Warfare, the acting president of which is Count Tornielli, Italian Ambassador to France. It is in another Commission, however, the fourth, that on Maritime Law, that Mr. Choate has made himself noticeably felt. In a speech of over an hour, but which kept the auditors' attention throughout because of its comprehensive historical review and its eloquent appeal to the "recalcitrant nations," as Mr. Choate unhesitatingly called them, he upheld the traditional American position regarding the rights of private property at sea, and denounced non-protection as an already discredited policy. It was the greatest speech so far in the Conference. The other night, in replying to the principal toast at the American Fourth of July dinner, Mr. Choate made an equally remarkable display of another of his qualities. People who know say that never before in The Hague was post-prandial oratory distinguished by such brilliant flashes of wit.

General Horace Porter is the second American delegate. From his experience as Grant's secretary (see his capital "Campaigning with Grant"), as a military officer in the Civil War and since,

and also from his successful diplomatic career, he combines in a remarkable degree the qualities of a technical army adviser and of an observer of practical statecraft gained during his years of service as Ambassador at Paris. His worth is recognized by the Conference in conferring upon him an honorary presidency of its second Commission, that on Land Warfare, the acting president of which is M. Auguste Beernaert, ex-Premier of Belgium. Like Mr. Choate, ex-Ambassador to England, so General Porter, ex-Ambassador to France, is a familiar figure to all Americans.

Not so much so is Judge U. M. Rose, of Little Rock, Arkansas, the third delegate. As in the other delegations, so in ours, provision has been made that one of the three ambassadors shall represent the law pure and simple. The ex-President of the American Bar Association, a judge of peculiar eminence in the South, was recognized by President Roosevelt as a fit person to be in our delegation, something of what Sir Edward Fry is in the English and Dr. Asser in the Dutch. Not only does Judge Rose represent a particular professional element, but he stands a marked figure among the seniors of the Conference, whose activity belies their age. For instance, Sir Edward Fry is the oldest man here. He is eighty. Yet the other night he was apparently as vivacious in explaining to me the British attitude on the subject of private property at sea as if he were fifty. In point of age such younger international lawyers as M. Beernaert, seventy-seven; General den Beer Poortugael and Mr. Choate, each seventy-five; Judge Rose, seventy-three; General Foster, seventy-one, and Dr. Asser, sixty-nine, come next. But they have every mental faculty in not only

keen but seemingly youthful play. Furthermore, it is remarkable that these legal authorities, though profoundly learned, have a pervasive, persuasive personality. Because of his rather frail appearance, Judge Rose looks quite the oldest of all. His modest manner hides an encyclopædic learning. Whether in serious speech or in the airy persiflage of dinner-table talk, his acuteness is the more notable because communicated with characteristic Southern gentleness and courtesy.

If Messrs. Choate, Porter, and Rose constitute the "ambassadors" of the American delegation, its "ministers plenipotentiary" are Messrs. Hill, Buchanan, Davis, and Sperry. Dr. David Jayne Hill has been President of the University of Rochester, Assistant Secretary of State, Minister to Switzerland, and is now Minister to Holland. The Dutch like Dr. Hill. It pleases them that Motley's residence among them should now be followed by that of another historian, a gentleman, scholar, and statesman, one who follows in the lead of the late John Hay. Dr. Hill's "Genetic Philosophy" has as successor from his pen "The History of the Development of Diplomacy," two volumes of which have already appeared. Four more are to follow. This work has immense scope. In connection with its review of diplomacy proper it also reviews politics in general from the fall of the Roman Empire to our own days. By their Fourth of July dinner and reception the American Minister to Holland and his wife have given memorable happiness to many guests. Never before, it is believed, did men and women from forty-five nations spend an evening together; certainly never before in one place did the representatives of forty-five nations celebrate an American Fourth of July.

The Hon. William I. Buchanan is the image of the late Cecil Rhodes, and, like him, an empire-builder. He has been Minister to Argentina and Panama and delegate to the Pan-American Congresses of 1902 and 1906, being President of our delegation at the latter. Among other high offices of trust Mr. Buchanan was Director-General of the

Pan-American Exhibition of 1902 at Buffalo. He knows his Latin America better, probably, than does any other North American. Hence his authority has been regarded with highest respect and will probably be controlling in the discussion of the question of collecting debts by force, a discussion of peculiar interest and moment to all South Americans. Mr. Buchanan is a specially good adviser to the South American, the debtor nations, as well as to the European, the creditor nations, since, a practical banker himself, he never allows mere theory, no matter how attractive, to conflict with the practical rules and experience of international exchanges.

The technical delegate is Dr. James Brown Scott, Solicitor of the Department of State and "learned in the law," if ever a Solicitor was. Mr. Scott is a Harvard and Heidelberg man, taking his Master's degree at the first and his Doctor's at the second. In addition to the onerous duties of his office he finds—or rather makes—time to edit the *Journal of International Law*, published by the American Society of International Law, of which Mr. Root, Secretary of State, is President. Dr. Scott's efficiency here is recognized on all sides, and he has properly been made a member of the *comité d'examen*, the very important executive organization under the first Commission, which is considering the subject of arbitration. He already occupies in this Conference something of the place which the lamented Frederick William Holls had in the first, and, like him, should be its historian.

The delegation's expert attaché is Charles Henry Butler, reporter of the United States Supreme Court. He has apparently at his tongue's end complete information of what that Court has ever done. In view of the frequent references here to its decisions and the exalted esteem in which it is universally held, Mr. Butler is thus a singularly serviceable consultant. He is a son of the late William Allen Butler, himself a noted lawyer and the well-known author, among other poems, of "Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square." Mr. C. H. Butler's chief contribution to legal literature is "The Treaty-Making Power of the United

States," an important work in two volumes, published in 1902. It has had influence in shaping both public and expert opinion on some vexed questions.

The secretary of the delegation is Mr. Chandler Hale, a son of Senator Hale, of Maine; for four years Mr. Hale was secretary of our embassy at Vienna. Mr. Bailly-Blanchard, of Louisiana, an accomplished linguist, is adjunct-secretary and is included in the list of secretaries of the Conference itself.

Strange as it may seem at first, the most prominent and powerful members of the Chinese and Japanese delegations at The Hague are Americans, John W. Foster and Henry W. Denison. The Chinese and Japanese Foreign Offices, while naming Orientals as their other delegates, have had the good sense each to name an Occidental also, two Americans, both of whom have had many years of experience in acting for those Asiatic governments. General Foster, of Indiana, an officer in the Civil War, after occupying various posts of distinction, became Secretary of State. He finds here the congenial society of other ex-foreign ministers among the delegates, M. Bourgeois, Baron Marschall, Señor Villa-Urrutia, and Dr. Drago. But General Foster has another and equal claim to distinction, his "Century of American Diplomacy" and "American Diplomacy in the Orient," books which appeal alike to the diplomat and to the general reader.

The authors of valuable volumes on international law, ex-Secretary Foster, Professors Martens, Lammasch, and Renault, Dr. Asser, General den Beer Poortugael, Mr. Butler, and others, are listened to with peculiar deference.

However the times may now have happily changed, for a long period our consuls have in general not been men to impress an outsider with a sense of their being worthy of more responsible station. But an exception must be made in the case of Henry Willard Denison, formerly consul at Yokohama. His tenure of office there was quite as much appreciated by the Japanese Government as by our own, and the former invited him to become legal adviser to its foreign office. In that capacity he, acting for the Japanese, and Professor de Martens for the Russians, drafted the Treaty of Portsmouth. Mr. Denison is one of the strong men of the Conference, and is a trusted authority on all things Japanese, as well may be after his ten years of consulship and nearly thirty in his present position. It is cheering, therefore, to hear him say of the present Americo-Japanese imbroglio: "The Japanese understand that San Francisco does not represent all California, and that California does not represent all America. There will be no war, unless it is made by the yellow journals of both countries."

E. F. B.

The Hague.

## PROBLEMS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE<sup>1</sup>

### THE TRUE MAN AND RELIGION

BY LAIRD WINGATE SNELL

SAID a thinking workingman with whom I was having some discussion, "But why do you talk religion? Religion has nothing to do with the right life; religion is just the cloak men use for cheating and graft, bad living, and playing the hypocrite."

There is much that gives reason for

this belief. The man's mistake is that, seeing so much of the sham, he is blind to the nature of the real. What he speaks of is religion no more than a bad bill is money. That religion has nothing to do with the right life is as true as that air has nothing to do with breathing, food with growing, hands with working.

For the sole function of religion, its whole reason for being, is to teach *the best way to live*, to show men how to fit

<sup>1</sup>Under this general head will be printed consecutively a series of seven brief articles by Mr. Snell, dealing with practical and personal religious problems.—THE EDITORS.

into God's universe. It questions everything, judges, condemns, approves everything, by the practical standard: is this good for life? does this make life larger, better, deeper, sweeter, stronger, truer?

Real religion is so much larger than we credit it with being—and so much better, too—because God is so much larger and better than we credit him with being; and real religion—which is real living—is as large and good as God. For God is the underground reservoir of life and intelligence and energy that we name Spirit, which appearing above ground we name Man. Wherever there is a good man, there is the good God, and there is true religion. That is what the religious life is—God coming to the surface in a good man. Whatever good there is in a bad man, that also is God. And God has made us so that we have to stuff ourselves with the husks of meanness or of filth for a long while before we succeed in driving him out. Of what man that you personally know can you say, He is all mean or all vile?

Would you see the mighty power of true religion, which is true life, which is true God, look at San Francisco in the hour of its overwhelming. There was God—not in the earthquake, not in the fire; they are but the garments of his majesty and power—but in the men and women, in the "still, small voice" that, speaking in the silence of human hearts,

makes men dauntless and women passing strong. Read this from a correspondent of Harper's Weekly:

"At Fourth and Folsom Streets, by some freak, a hydrant was still giving out water. I still see the firemen who stood there rushing a hose down the street flaming on both sides; I can see their chief standing at the corner, his white helmet rosy with the flame, his long slicker dripping, his mouth pouring out a volley of jolly oaths; and then these men, the hose upon their shoulders, their helmets tilted towards the terrific heat, rushing in between the roaring walls. The whole city, mind you, is burning beyond them. They have one hose, one stream of water, they are four. It was something big, the very futility of their effort, of their immense determination to do, with their whole world crashing behind them, their single duty—to fight to the last the hopeless fight."

This is true religion. Most of us have not thought so; but it is. It is the God coming out in the man—true God, true man, true life, true religion. This, too, is Christianity—the religion of God in man, the faith that God can *tell himself* through a human life, and that human life can *fill itself* with God. It is Christianity as it is, in its largeness, truth, and power; large enough, true enough, mighty enough for every man who wants truth and the true God.

## SCHOOL AND COLLEGE IN BRAZIL AND ARGENTINA

BY SYLVESTER BAXTER

It will be remembered that Mr. Baxter visited South America last year as the special representative of The Outlook at the time of the second Pan-American Conference, made particularly notable in the United States by Secretary Root's presence. The material for the present article was gathered at that time.—THE EDITORS.

**H**OW the rose-petals came showering upon us! They drove in our faces like a warm and friendly snowfall; charged with gentle fragrance, they covered our hat-rims and clung endearingly to our shoulders before spreading for our footfalls an exquisite carpet. Novel confetti, that! Costly,

too, it would be in most other parts of the world. But the winter months—if such they can be called—make rose-bowers of house-gardens in southern Brazil. Thousands upon thousands of full-blown roses had been plucked for this festival. But to-morrow the disburdened branches would be as heavily

laden as ever. It was the "garden party" given by the city of São Paulo in honor of the visiting members of the Conference of American Republics. "Garden party," like "five o'clock," "rosbif," "bifteck," and "high life," is one of the popular terms taken over bodily from the English, alike in Spanish and Portuguese.

The delegates, with various secretaries and visiting journalists, had been brought from Rio by special train to be entertained with lavish hospitality during a stay all too brief for both guests and hosts, in view of the many sight-worthy features beheld, and equally attractive things that had to remain unseen. A parade of the public school children of the city was the chief feature of this festival, held in the great central pleasure-ground, the Jardim de Luz (Garden of Light), perhaps four times the size of New York's Washington Square, or twice as large as Boston's Public Garden. The grounds are kept with exquisite care. In the borders the familiar annuals of our northern home gardens flourish in the prodigal abundance of a perennial longevity, surrounded by exuberant tropical growths. At this benign altitude the climate of the temperate zones joins its breath with that of the tropics. The tonic quality of the sweetly stimulant air certifies itself in the robust beauty and vigorous movement of the youth and childhood gathered about us.

The memory of this festival will surely linger with the guests of the day as perhaps the loveliest, the most presagingly significant, of the numerous enchanting experiences that had formed their Brazilian days into one long month of delight. Happy-faced, wholesome, bright-eyed children of the public schools! What may that not mean for the future of a nation? So with the soft showering of the rose-petals there came into the hearts of the visitors a feeling that moistened many an eye with felicitous tears.

The boys in white uniforms and toy rifles did credit to their drillmasters as they marched into the garden and drew up to form a long lane, through which we were escorted from our carriages. At last this lane of children changed

sex. Hundreds of dainty white-gowned school-girls were ranked along the path; laughingly conscious of the great larks it was for them, they held up their satchels filled with rose-petals and vigorously pelted us with the fairy-like missiles as we passed.

Then came the entertainment. Each school had carefully prepared for the event; from each a group presented some specially attractive feature for the visitors—chorals, recitations, allegorical impersonations in costume. The last two numbers were enchanting beyond description. First came a group of small children, boys and girls, in one of the rural dances—a dance of Portuguese peasants—that perpetuate the traditions of the mother country. The second was a similar group that danced a fairy dance with aerial grace and in costumes that, bouquet-like, blended the dancers in exquisite gradations of delicate colors. The charming thing about these performances was the uncommon talent these little ones showed for pantomimic action, combined with an absolute lack of self-consciousness in their movements. Exquisitely fascinating in this respect was the little girl who was the central figure in the Portuguese dance; anything so perfect might be the despair of a royal ballet; Carmencita herself never surpassed the indescribable graciousness of these lithe movements of waving arms and swaying body, the lovely face beaming with childish delight in the sweet abandonment to a sense of rhythmic joy.

Beautiful as the spectacle was, the most impressive aspect of it was its significance as indicating the existence of a public school system in this great Brazilian city that could furnish the material for it all. The State of São Paulo is prouder of nothing else in the way of rank and achievements that its vast wealth has enabled it to attain than the fact that in the extent and quality of its public school system it stands first in Brazil. We had received pleasing evidence of this that morning on our visit to the great normal school, housed in a palatial building together with its training-school—a kindergarten occupying a handsome circular pavilion in the spacious garden behind. This kindergarten



is pronounced by experts one of the very best of its class.

The educational movement in Brazil is immensely indebted to American influences centered in São Paulo. The city is the seat of one of the foremost collegiate institutions in Brazil—Mackensie College. In a comparatively few years this institution has become a factor of national importance in Brazilian education, every State in the republic represented in its student body. Its name is that of its chief financial benefactor, the late John T. Mackensie, of New York, who during his life gave to the institution \$50,000 for the erection of its principal building. The College was also the principal beneficiary under his will, receiving altogether the greater part of his modest fortune. Although the outgrowth of a mission school founded by the Presbyterian Board in the United States, the College has been undenominational from the start. As in our great American colleges, the personality of the president has been a commanding factor in its development. The President of Mackensie is Dr. Horace M. Lane, the oldest American in Brazil both in years and residence. Dr. Lane—both M.D. and LL.D.—came to Brazil early in 1857 as a physician. He went back to the States early in the sixties, but returned to Brazil early in the eighties, became interested in educational work, and his sympathetic relations with the country—which he knows with a thoroughness acquired by few other foreigners—have kept him here ever since. He is a discriminating lover of Brazil. His appreciation of the fundamentally excellent popular character gives him a profound faith in the future greatness of a country which teems with unexploited riches. With his uncommon organizing capacity and his power for making and keeping friends, Dr. Lane has developed the College in admirable fashion and has made its comparatively slender resources go a surprisingly long way. His years sit lightly upon him; with his keen interest not only in his educational work, but in the great movements of the world and in his wide knowledge of affairs, his mental quality is that of youth.

Mackensie is a co-educational insti-

tution. It has at present three courses: scientific, literary or classical, and civil engineering. Particular attention is paid to physical culture, and in the study of physical exercise, both by instructors and students, much new and valuable information concerning causes and effects has been accumulated. Its publication would be of very considerable scientific and educational value.

It is notable that Mackensie bears immediate relationship with the University of the State of New York, having been incorporated in 1890 by the Board of Regents of that institution, with the result that its courses are those prescribed or approved by the same. The revenues of the College are considerably enhanced by the receipts from copyrights of textbooks for general school use written in Portuguese by members of the faculty according to American models, but with special reference to peculiar Brazilian conditions and requirements as developed by their own observations. Another important and growing source of revenue comes from the manual-training department. The instructor in manual training, Mr. Edward Waller, came to the College from Sweden, and proved a man of such skill that handsome inducements to leave the College were offered him from various quarters. The manufacture of school furniture of American design, but with certain improvements upon the original patterns, was taken up by the College, and Mr. Waller was retained under a profit-sharing agreement which proves of great mutual advantage. The growth of the educational movement in Brazil makes a large and increasing demand for the products of the shop.

What was originally the mission school—now generally known in the city as the "American School"—has become a thoroughly organized and equipped preparatory school for the College, which also has a number of preparatory schools in various other parts of Brazil.

Its example has led to the reorganization of the public school system of the State according to American models. In the Federal Congress this school was praised by one of the deputies as "the greatest factor in our educational devel-

opment of the last twenty years." Its kindergarten and its manual-training shop were the first of the kind in Brazil. The kindergarten having been incorporated in the public school system of the State of São Paulo in consequence of this example, that department in the school was discontinued as being no longer necessary. Continued connection with the Board of Missions proving a handicap, the school became purely secular in 1895. It now includes a primary course of four years, followed by a year's intermediate, a four years' secondary, and a three years' normal course for the training of its own teachers. The nationalities and races represented among the pupils of this school, besides the native Brazilian—Italian, German, Syrian, Hebrew, Armenian, American, English, Irish, Portuguese, Spanish, and Negro—epitomize the composite quality of the future Brazilian stock. After the preparatory school comes the college course of six years—a gymnasium course (in the German or high school sense) with required studies followed by the three years' elective college course, finishing with a bachelor's degree. The College has a first-class educational plant with spacious grounds and real estate of enormously enhancing value, buildings for class-rooms, manual training, and dormitories. "Chamberlain Dormitory," a fine building, was named in honor of the late Rev. George A. Chamberlain, celebrated for his notable and self-sacrificing work as an evangelist in Brazil and founder of the school. With this remarkable record for its short history Mackensie seems to be yet only in its beginnings as one of the great educational institutions in South America.

In another important respect the cause of education in São Paulo is indebted to American influence. When in 1890 the reorganization of the public school system was intrusted to Dr. Antonio Caetano de Campos, he selected to assist him the ablest teacher in the "American School" at that time, Miss Marcia P. Browne, from the Boston suburb of Malden. She introduced the methods and processes now in use in the preliminary, group, and model schools of the State. She was the organizer

and director of the Prudencio de Moraes model school, the second of its class in the city.

Public education in Brazil, outside the national capital, is a concern of the various States. It is fostered or neglected in these according to circumstance. States like Bahia and Pernambuco, for instance, give no little attention to the matter, and in their large capital cities have academic institutions of considerable importance, including faculties of medicine and law. In Rio de Janeiro the municipal authorities appear to be fully alive to the importance of developing and improving the public schools. By order of the municipal council the system was reorganized in 1906 on a thorough and comprehensive basis. The service of public instruction is divided, first, into the primary studies of various grades, and, second, into the professional and artistic studies. All the schools are secular, and tuition is free. The ordinance sets forth that the aim of primary instruction is to complement domestic education by providing the generality of pupils with the means to complete their physical, intellectual, and moral education; acquiring and bringing out aptitudes, qualities, and general understanding indispensable to all individuals for the development of their personalities in accordance with natural and moral laws and the civil laws of the country. To satisfy these demands it is made incumbent upon the schools to teach to all how to write the vernacular, expressing it correctly and with facility; a knowledge of arithmetic and of current measurements; a knowledge of the country in which they live, from the physical and political points of view of its history and its geography; to conserve and invigorate physical and mental health; to design and execute manual tasks and impart the proficiency in the mechanical and domestic arts necessary to the generality of persons for satisfying their current and common wants; to act with urbanity and correctness in public and individual life and in accordance with law; to live with economy and system.

This is a comprehensive and explicit programme; if reasonably carried into effect, the results for the community

must assure a marked improvement for the new generation. It is further provided that primary instruction, besides the studies above indicated, shall include the teaching of drawing, music, physical training, and the laws of hygiene. Lessons and exercises must be graduated and conducted with a view to induce in the scholar good mental habits by the rational application of natural methods, inductive and deductive—thus developing the faculties of observation, comprehension, judgment, reasoning, and conception. There are the usual three courses in the primary division: elementary, intermediate, and superior. The schools are masculine, feminine, or mixed, according to convenience. There are fifteen school departments in the Federal District, ten urban and five suburban, with schools distributed according to density of population and lines of local transit. In zones with a large industrial population kindergartens for children from four to six years are provided for.

Two normal schools, each for both sexes, assure the constant training of an adequate corps of teachers. Adjuncts of the normal schools are the customary model schools.

Professional instruction is designed to afford to such individuals as may desire it opportunities for such technical education as may be required for the conduct of the domestic, manufacturing, or agricultural industries most common in the Federal District. There are two professional institutes for this purpose, one for each sex. The control of the entire system of public education is vested in a Superior Council of Public Instruction in co-operation with an executive head called the Director-General.

Doubtless, by virtue of priority, Argentina should have been given precedence in this article, standing as she does first among South American republics in respect to educational efforts and their results. Argentina was the first country in South America to give systematic attention to a scheme of public education. In Brazil the popular educational movement is of comparatively recent date. The latest available figures give the percentage of illiteracy in the population as 84

per cent. In Argentina the percentage is 50. These figures on the face give a sorry impression concerning both countries. But the facts are not so unfavorable as they seem. We must take into account the circumstance that in both countries the public school movement is fairly recent; that Brazil has an enormous rural population, largely semi-barbarous, and as yet almost inaccessible for modern influences. In Argentina the proportion of illiterate immigrants is enormous; even in Brazil it is considerable. In the two republics immigration has come chiefly from three European countries. In Italy the percentage of illiteracy is 48 per cent., in Spain 63 per cent., and in Portugal 79 per cent. Another generation will tell a different story. Wherever opportunity permits, the children of these immigrants eagerly avail themselves of public school facilities.

In Argentina the democratic educational movement began under the initiative of President Sarmiento, the Great Enlightener, as the noble patriot-philanthropist deserves to be called. Sarmiento was deeply impressed by his observations of the benefits of popular education while Minister from Argentina to the United States at about the time of our Civil War. So he induced a large corps of American schoolmistresses to come to Argentina and play a most important part in laying the foundations of a great public school system.

In Argentina control of public education is vested in the National Government. The public school system has been developed along the lines laid down in the national law of 1884. This makes education free and compulsory for children between six and fourteen years. A National Council of Education has charge of all matters concerning primary instruction, aided by a corps of inspectors technically trained in educational science, and by the school councils organized for every district, composed of fathers of pupils. These district councils have administrative charge of the schools. The National Council of Education is relatively autonomous. But in the national capital it operates in subordination to the Ministry of Public Instruction.

Buenos Aires takes pride in nothing more than in the development of its great public school system and the magnificent school-houses built in recent years. These rank with the stateliest monumental buildings of the city. Particularly impressive architecturally are the Sarmiento School and the Escuela Presidente Roca. Among the most notable of Secretary Root's experiences in Buenos Aires were his visits to the public schools. In the twenty-two districts of the capital there are 238 schools for the various grades of primary education, with a total enrollment of 117,483 pupils.

Rapidly as new school-houses are built, the growth of the school population keeps far ahead of the supply. In consequence, the authorities have found themselves compelled to resort to alternating school hours, thus doubling the capacity of the buildings. The technical supervising staff has been increased in recent years by the addition of special inspectors for music, drawing, and physical training. There are four large normal schools in Buenos Aires; their graduates, both male and female, are sufficient to meet the demand for new teachers both in the capital and in the provinces and national territories. A four years' course fits the student for appointment as schoolmaster or mistress. For a professorship another two years are required. The curriculum for the secondary and the normal schools reduces itself to three groups of studies: letters, sciences, and physical culture. The last comprises physical exercises, singing, declamation, and instrumental music. The secondary schools are called *Colegios Nacionales*, national colleges. These are designed to fit students for the university courses; they correspond to the academic or undergraduate departments of universities like Harvard and Yale. In Buenos Aires there is the Colegio Nacional Central, with three sections located respectively in the northern, southern, and eastern parts of the city. There is also an Instituto Libre de Enseñanza Secundaria, Free Institute for Secondary Instruction, with a curriculum similar to that of the national colleges.

Control of the higher education beyond the secondary schools is vested in

the national Consejo Universitario, or University Council. The four independent faculties located in Buenos Aires are therefore in charge of this Council. These are the faculties of Medicine; of Law and the Social Sciences; of Mathematics, or the Exact Sciences, Physical and Natural; and of Philosophy and Letters. The Faculty of Medicine includes courses in pharmacy, dentistry, and midwifery. The medical course requires seven years; that of pharmacy, three years; dentistry, two years; and the School of Obstetrics for Women, two years. The Faculty of Law and Social Sciences has a six years' course. The Faculty of Exact Sciences, Physical and Natural, comprises the branches of civil engineering, mechanical engineering, architecture, surveying, physical and mathematical sciences, natural sciences, and chemistry. Six years are required for civil engineering, five for mechanical engineering and for architecture, three for surveying, five for the physical-mathematical sciences, four for the natural sciences, and five for chemistry. In the Faculty of Philosophy and Letters the course is five years. Besides the regular courses this faculty provides for "cursos libres" similar to those conducted by "privat-docents" in German universities.

Besides these institutions for superior education there are several special national schools. There are two national schools of commerce, one of them for young women and largely attended. A large industrial school, maintained by the national government, and founded in 1897 originally as a department of the School of Commerce, prepares an ever-increasing number of students for industrial careers. The school has three specialties—mechanics, building, and chemistry. The course is six years, in the first four of which the studies are the same for all three departments. Prominent among the special institutions is a Professional School for Women for the teaching of lace-making, glove-making, embroideries, decorative work of various kinds, and the manufacture of artificial flowers.

The higher educational activities in Argentina are by no means confined to

the capital. The university in the ancient city of Cordova is the oldest in the New World—founded in 1613, seven years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. Plans have very lately been perfected for the establishment of a great national university in the city of La Plata. The realization of the project was assured by the action of the National Congress in 1906. La Plata in many respects will make an ideal seat of learning. It is a nobly planned and beautiful city, conceived and brought into being "all of a piece" by the expenditure of many millions. Its new rank as a great university town, the Oxford of Argentina, will give it greatly increased importance and probably go far to justify the expectations formed of it when founded less than a quarter of a century ago. Within an hour of Buenos Aires by rail, it is near enough to give easy access to a great capital and its cosmopolitan life, while sufficiently removed to assure the academic serenity desirable for serious study. The place is a goodly sized city, and the capital of the great province of Buenos Aires. Its tranquil aspect, its leisurely air, peculiarly fit it for its new purposes. The addition of a large student population will naturally go far towards creating the animation of its streets and public places which has hitherto been conspicuously lacking.

The famous La Plata Museum, splendidly housed, celebrated for one of the finest paleontological collections in the world, as well as for other much-admired features, has been transferred from the provincial to the national government, and has been made an integral feature of the university. Magnificent buildings for the university are already under construction near the museum in large park-like grounds, with room for expansion practically unlimited.

In all South American countries a visitor is likely to meet many highly cultivated gentlemen, educated in great European universities or technical schools, courteous and cordial, charmingly mannered, with the polish made possible by great wealth and the leisure that goes with it. These men frequently have proud family traditions. Possessing great landed estates, they constitute

a near approach to a privileged aristocracy—privileged in fact, though not *de jure*, by the existence of a large inert and ignorant population with little appreciation of the doctrines of equality upon which these States are all ostensibly based. These gentlemen are usually extraordinarily good linguists, speaking French, English, German, and often Italian so perfectly that competent observers might find it difficult to discover traces of a foreign accent. Greatly to their credit, they are often earnestly devoted to the study of statecraft, of economic problems, and of science and literature; are genuinely patriotic and bent upon giving the public the benefit of their acquirements. Such men frequently occupy positions high in authority in their native countries, and contribute materially to the quality of statesmanship. The increasing number of these men constitutes one of the great hopes for a steady improvement in the political future of South American republics.

But if reliance were solely upon this class, the prospects would be gloomy rather than bright. South America, like Russia, has given much evidence that an upper class of the highest cultivation and of exceptional intellectual quality, when existing by itself and made dominant, may mean extreme despotism and the direst popular oppression. It is the support given by other highly capable and educated classes and by a growing popular intelligence that means a hopeful and wholesome national development.

The uncommon tendency towards education abroad has led to something of an impression that the higher educational opportunities at home are defective, few, and perhaps rudimentary. But Argentina, and also Brazil, possess, as we have seen, numerous admirably developed institutions of the collegiate and university class. These, by increasingly meeting the demands for the popularization of the superior education, are developing the classes of capable and well-trained men upon whom the work of leadership in public affairs and in the social and economic life of these countries so largely devolves. This is attested by the increasing number of men promi-

nent in public affairs and in professional and technical life who have never had opportunities for study and travel abroad. The same is true of various other South American countries, particularly Chile. The case of an eminent Brazilian engineer, author of one of the best-admired examples of railway design and construction on the continent, and who gained his training exclusively in the National Polytechnic at Rio, is by no means exceptional.

Student life in Argentina and in Brazil is much like student life elsewhere—the life of young fellows overflowing with

vitality, exuberant, enthusiastic, often wild and boisterous to a degree, yet as often earnest and seriously devoted to high ideals in life and character. In both countries the student bodies form influential factors in national life, and, at times, even in public affairs. Student life and traditions in these countries are naturally more akin to those of Spain and France—even of Germany, which has had no little influence upon intellectual movements and educational methods in Argentina and Chile—than to our own. But students are students the world over!

## THE CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA<sup>1</sup>

THE following quotations from the preface will indicate the spirit which has controlled the projectors of this important work: "In the past century the Church has grown both extensively and intensively among English-speaking peoples. Their living interests demand that they should have the means of informing themselves about this vast institution, which, whether they are Catholics or not, affects their fortunes and their destiny. As for Catholics, their duty as members of the Church impels them to learn more and more fully its principles; while among Protestants the desire for a more intimate and accurate knowledge of things Catholic increases in proportion to the growth of the Church in numbers and in importance. The Catholic clergy are naturally expected to direct inquirers to sources of the needed information; yet they find only too often that the proper answers to the questions proposed are not to be met with in English literature. Even the writings of the best-intentioned authors are at times disfigured by serious errors on Catholic subjects, which are for the most part due, not to ill will, but to lack of knowledge. It would be fatuous to hope to call into immediate existence a Catholic English literature

adequate to supply this knowledge and correct errors. The Encyclopedia, therefore, is the most convenient means of doing both, enabling, as it does, the foremost Catholic scholars in every part of the world to contribute articles in the condensed form that appeals to the man of action, and with the accuracy that satisfies the scholar." This is certainly a praiseworthy undertaking, and the editors are to be congratulated upon this volume, the first-fruits of their long and arduous labor.

The preface continues: "In all things the object of the Encyclopedia is to give the whole truth without prejudice, national, political, or factional. In the determination of the truth the most recent and acknowledged scientific methods are employed, and the results of the latest research in theology, philosophy, history, apologetics, archaeology, and other sciences are given careful consideration." The work, therefore, though popular in character and intended for a wide public, claims to be scientific, not polemic, in its interest, and it is to be judged accordingly. At the same time it would be absurd to demand that the authors, in their treatment at any rate of religious questions, should take an entirely indifferent attitude and should put matters always as a non-Catholic would. The title of the work justifies the handling of all religious topics from a Catholic point of view. The only fair question is whether this view-point has

<sup>1</sup>The Catholic Encyclopedia. An International Work of Reference on the Constitution, Doctrine, Discipline, and History of the Catholic Church. Edited by Charles G. Herbermann, Edward A. Pace, Conde B. Pallen, Thomas J. Shahan, John J. Wynne, assisted by numerous collaborators. In 15 volumes, Volume I. Robert Appleton Company, New York. \$6.

led to distortion of the facts, so that the trustworthiness of the work is destroyed or seriously impaired. The writer of this notice does not claim to have read the volume through—he has no desire to emulate Chief Justice Marshall's fabled feat with the dictionary—but the many articles he has examined have made upon him an impression of fairness that has both surprised and delighted him. The articles of course are not all upon the same level. Both in scholarship and in spirit some are better than others; but, taking the work as a whole, it maintains a high average and exhibits a commendable breadth of view and fairness of statement. Taking the Biblical articles, for instance, such as Aaron, Abraham, Adam, Amos, Acts of the Apostles, Apocalypse, and Apocrypha, we find both the conservative and the modern critical views set forth clearly; and though the writers themselves naturally adopt a conservative position, the fairness of their treatment in most cases leaves nothing to be desired. At the beginning of the article on Aaron occurs this general statement of method: "Altogether different views are taken of Aaron's life, according as the Pentateuch, which is the main source on the subject, is regarded as one continuous work, composed by Moses or under his supervision—hence most trustworthy in the narration of contemporaneous events—or as a compilation of several documents of divers origins and dates, strung together at a late epoch into the present form. The former conception, supported by the decisions of the Biblical Commission, is held by Catholics at large; many independent critics adopt the latter. We shall study this part of the subject under this twofold aspect, although dwelling longer, as is meet, on the former." The following disclaimer, introducing a presentation of the legendary view of Abraham, which the author states frankly and without criticism of any kind, is somewhat amusing: "In setting forth the critical view on the subject, I must not be taken as giving my own views also." In the carefully selected bibliographies of these and similar articles, Protestant and Catholic works appear side by side. Indeed, there are more of the former than the

latter—a fact significant of the greater interest in Biblical study on the part of Protestants—and in one case at least the only books mentioned are of Protestant authorship. There are frequent references to Hastings's "Dictionary of the Bible," an acquaintance with which is apparently assumed on the part of the reader. On the other hand, the writer has noticed no allusions to the more radical "Encyclopædia Biblica" of Canon Cheyne.

A like spirit appears in some of the elaborate geographical articles, such as Africa, Alabama, and Alaska, where in the sections on religion Protestant churches are given their place alongside the Catholic and full justice is done them. That more extended information should be given about Catholic life and work is, of course, quite proper, but that the efforts of other churches should be noticed at all and without any attempt to belittle their results is a conspicuous example of fairness. It is unfortunate that this plan has not been carried out in all similar articles. In those on Asia, Asia Minor, and Arkansas, for instance, no reference is made to Protestantism. The discrepancy suggests a lack of careful supervision on the part of the editors. In the article on America there is recognition of the beneficent influence of the New England colonists on the development of the country as a whole; and if the attitude of Protestantism toward the Indians is contrasted unfavorably with that of Catholicism, the contrast is perfectly just.

The article on Apologetics is a good example of a number, like Agnosticism and Arianism, representing in the main the common Christian platform. In its greater part this might have been written by a conservative Protestant, and full credit is given to Protestant apologists. If an advanced liberal may take an exception to a part of the following passage, he must recognize that it is an uncommonly good statement of the general apologetic argument as understood by most modern theologians: "After showing from the records that Jesus taught, now implicitly, now explicitly, that he was the long-expected Messiah, the Son of God sent by His heavenly Father to

enlighten and save mankind, and to found the new kingdom of justice, Apologetics proceeds to set forth the grounds for believing in these claims: (1) the surpassing beauty of His moral character, stamping him as the unique, perfect man; (2) the lofty excellence of His moral and religious teaching, which has no parallel elsewhere, and which answers the highest aspirations of the human soul; (3) His miracles wrought during His public mission; (4) the transcendent miracle of the resurrection, which He foretold as well; (5) the wonderful regeneration of society through His undying personal influence." In the same article, on the other hand, the Catholic principle appears clearly in such a passage as this: "Apologetics thus leads up to Catholic faith, to the acceptance of the Catholic Church as the divinely authorized organ for preserving and rendering efficacious the saving truths revealed by Christ. This is the great fundamental dogma on which all other dogmas rest." It is a pity to see Herder referred to in this article as a deist along with Hobbes, Locke, Hume, Voltaire, and others; but such lack of discrimination is not peculiar to Catholic writers. Attention may be called in passing to a curious mistake in the same article, where the title of Origen's work against Celsus is given as "The True Discourse against Celsus." Articles dealing with matters distinctively Catholic constitute, of course, the most important part of the work. Catholic rites and ceremonies, religious doctrines, and moral principles are treated with fullness and in the main satisfactorily. The articles on Absolution and Asceticism are good examples of a genuinely Catholic and yet, on the whole, fair account of controverted questions. In both cases Catholic principles are carried much further back than by most Protestants, and in the former the use of "penance" for "repentance" in translating early patristic documents is often misleading, but, on the whole, the positions taken are historically sound. As a matter of fact, modern study of the early Church has shown that the Catholic system, which was formerly condemned by Protestants as a mediæval corruption, is of very early date. In all

its essential features except the papacy it was in existence before the end of the second century, and much of it has apostolic as well as early patristic sanction. In many of the more strictly theological articles we move in a genuinely Catholic atmosphere, and in the midst of a scholasticism uncongenial to the modern non-Catholic mind, but, on the whole, it must be admitted that the work is surprisingly free from mediævalism.

In an interesting article on Anglican Orders the papal bull "*Apostolicæ Curæ*" is defended and the ground of their invalidity from the Catholic point of view clearly indicated. The companion article, Anglicanism, is a very fair account of the principles and constitution of the Church of England. In speaking of the High Church revival that has resulted from the Oxford Movement the writer closes with the following significant words: "In the meantime, its work amongst the masses is often a species of catechumenate for Catholicism, and in all cases it is an active solvent and a steady undoing of the English Reformation."

The work contains many biographical articles, the intention being, as the preface says, to record "all that Catholics have done not only in behalf of charity and morals, but also for the intellectual and artistic development of mankind," and to chronicle "what Catholic artists, educators, poets, scientists, and men of action have achieved in their several provinces." Among these may be particularly commended the ones on Anselm, Abelard, and Arnold of Brescia, the last two of which, considering the standing of the men in relation to the Church, are remarkably fair. The articles on various important Popes, such as Adrian IV. and V., and Alexander III. and VI., should also be mentioned. That on Alexander III. is all too meager, but those on Adrian IV. and Alexander VI. are full and admirable, and the latter, while frankly acknowledging the wickedness of this most notorious of Popes, yet presents a careful estimate of his character and career which is much nearer the truth than the indiscriminate and reckless accounts found in most books. The



article on Adrian VI., while very brief—much briefer, for instance, than the corresponding one in Herzog—is nevertheless, considering Adrian's attitude toward the Curia, surprisingly appreciative.

In the lives of the saints one expects of course to find a great deal of legendary material, and in the articles on St. Angela de Merici, St. Alphonsus Liguori, St. Anthony of Padua, and Anchieta one is not disappointed. The miraculous tales repeated in such articles seem as a rule only ridiculous to non-Cath-

olics, but they are intended doubtless for more credulous and sympathetic readers, and it would be unfair to judge the quality of the entire work by them.

On the whole, in spite of the mediocrity of certain portions, and in spite of occasional lapses from the general level of excellence—lapses inevitable in any work of the kind—the first volume must be pronounced fair and sane, and if succeeding volumes maintain the same standard the work cannot fail to prove exceedingly useful.

## Comment on Current Books

### *The Historic Thames*

No subject could possibly lend itself more agreeably to illustration through reproduced paintings than does the beautiful and historic Thames. In this quarto volume<sup>1</sup> the illustrations are by Mr. A. R. Quinton, who has chosen delightful bits of river scenery, pleasant and romantic manors and manor houses, quaint and enticing inns, and glimpses of famous towns and villages all the way from St. Paul's to Oxford. American visitors to England may be divided into two classes: those who have made the enchanting voyage by boat from Oxford to London, and those who wish that they had. To admire the paintings here reproduced will recall joyous memories to the first, and to the second bring even stronger regret than they had before at the omission. The text for the volume is furnished by the well-known essayist, Mr. Hilaire Belloc. While he has performed his task with thoroughness and conscientiousness, he has missed, whether purposely or not it is impossible to say, the tone of romance and aesthetic delight which one naturally expects with this subject.

**A Study of Trickery** If any one is interested in knowing how spirit photography, slate-writing tests, rope tying, sealed-letter reading, "mind reading," and other now familiar but once marvelous phenomena of spiritualism are produced, he will find this book<sup>2</sup> crammed with singular and enlightening facts. It is, indeed, a storehouse of raw material from which one may learn to generalize safely about the psychology of deception. The author has the literature of the subject at his fingers' ends, and his work as a member

both of the English Society for Psychology and of the American Society for Scientific Research has familiarized him with all the sources of information available. But even with this full knowledge of the deceptions of so-called spiritualism, he is not willing to admit that all such phenomena are fraudulent, and he devotes one section of his book to what he calls genuine phenomena, meaning thereby, as we understand him, those for which an adequate physical explanation is not known. With such authorities as Professor Hyslop and the late Dr. Hodgson, the author is inclined to accept such manifestations as those of the well-known Mrs. Piper, of Boston, as inexplicable under any theory of fraud, self-deception, or even telepathy. His final conclusion is, that while new methods of trickery will be invented by mediums from time to time, the false phenomena of spiritualism will gradually die out, the personal medium cease to exist, and that then only can psychical research itself become a science.

**Christianity and Its Bible** A thoroughly religious spirit and an open-minded intellectual attitude of hospitality toward all that is well accredited in modern learning are conspicuous in this book.<sup>3</sup> It is designed for the important service of a "middleman" between Christian scholars and the people, especially the people who desire more light from the learned. It includes the whole field of religious thought as now explored—the history of religion from early times to the present; the development of religious beliefs; art, science, philosophy, and criticism as related to them; the Bible; theological heresies and religious sects; Christian theology,

<sup>1</sup> *The Historic Thames*. By Hilaire Belloc. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$6, net.

<sup>2</sup> *The Physical Phenomena of Spiritualism*. By Hereward Carrington. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. \$2, net.

<sup>3</sup> *Christianity and Its Bible*. By Henry F. Waring. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago. Postpaid, \$1.

Catholic and Protestant; Christian missions and life. It is characterized by judicious and skillful condensation, fairness, religious common sense, and freedom from dogmatism. It is both a trustworthy and a useful book, well adapted to increase religious intelligence in a period of mingled joy and faith.

**Captain Cook** Every boy is familiar with the name of Captain Cook, the discoverer of the Sandwich Islands, and it might be supposed that Lives of this adventurous voyager would be extremely common. It has, in point of fact, been difficult to find anything on this subject at all adequate. Now comes Mr. Arthur Kitson, who has gone into the original sources for information, has largely ignored the early and often incorrect Life by Kippis, upon which almost all Captain Cook books are founded, and has here produced a narrative<sup>1</sup> which is eminently readable. It tells the remarkable experiences of the man who, after rising from cabin-boy in a collier to captain in the Royal Navy, discovered Australia, sailed three times around the world, and was killed, as we all know, by the natives of the Sandwich Islands. The author brings out vividly the exciting and stirring pages in the life of his subject, and points out that, in addition to the usually recognized achievements of Captain Cook, he made voyages to the Arctic and Antarctic Oceans, about which hardly anything has been said, and that sailors the wide world over owe him gratitude because he taught them how successfully to fight the scourge of the sea known as scurvy, from which in olden times sailors suffered so dreadfully. This biography is furnished with portraits, several interesting reproductions of old prints and engravings, a map, and a good index. It may be cordially praised as a capital piece of narrative writing.

**Dublin in the Old Days** We have many times had occasion to praise the series of small volumes known as the "Mediaeval Towns Series." This latest accession<sup>2</sup> relates to the ancient capital of ancient Ireland, and is inferior to none of the earlier volumes in positive interest and notable incident. The story of Dublin goes back beyond mediæval times, and even as early as the year 150 A.D. two warlike Irish leaders agreed upon a division of territory, the boundary of which is said to have been the exact line of the present High Street in Dublin. The name of the city itself, so at least the author alleges in his first sentence, was bestowed

"some two thousand years ago," which is sufficiently broad in its description to leave us free to accept the statement as fact or myth at our choice. "Dublin" means "the black pool." However we may feel as to the exactitude of any of the incidents and records here perpetuated about Dublin and Ireland before the time of the Conquest, it cannot be doubted that from 1400 on there is plenty of genuine material. The chapters devoted to those centuries abound in incidents and anecdotes of stirring and sometimes distressing character. Hardly any city in Europe has had a more picturesque and varied history than Dublin, and it furnishes the author with abundant material for a narrative at once agreeable to read and of historic value. The illustration is mainly from pen-and-ink drawings carefully prepared and of real artistic worth.

### *A Study of the Japanese Character*

Mr. Watson gives his extremely valuable book<sup>3</sup> the title "The Future of Japan," but it might more aptly bear that which we have given to this review. To be sure, he aims to predict the trend of Japan's development, but he does so by analyzing and reasoning about the Japan of to-day, its tendencies, conditions, "atmosphere," and aspirations. The book is not so much one which records achievements or glances at historical perspectives as one which takes up basic aspects of character and derives by philosophical induction a knowledge of what is to be expected. Looked at in this way, Mr. Watson's volume occupies a place of its own, and to the thoughtful reader dispels something of the mystery which involves Japanese ways of thinking and acting. Contemporary Japan may mean the Japan of history, or the Japan of "color and light and romance," or, as the author calls it, "the mystical, semi-esoteric Japan of Japanese and other expositors of the now famous Bushi-do code of the Samurai." As to the last, the author points out that the much-talked-of Bushi-do, while wholly admirable as a code of conduct in a national emergency, is neither a philosophy nor a religion, so far as the vast masses of the Japanese are concerned, but simply the rule of action enforced on Japan's highest class by pride and tradition. He sums up Japan's present place in civilization by saying:

What one sees in the Japan of to-day is a new structure, a new policy, a new state, in process of erection upon the site of an old which has not been wholly removed. The foundations of the old are strong, its walls massive, and its style, though it be that of a bygone age, not unpleasing. The character of the extraordinary enterprise, and the methods of the men

<sup>1</sup> Captain James Cook, R.N., F.R.S. By Arthur Kitson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4.50, net.

<sup>2</sup> The Story of Dublin. By D. A. Chart, M.A. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.

<sup>3</sup> The Future of Japan. By W. Petric Watson. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3.50, net.

In charge of it, must inevitably compose an incongruous spectacle. The order of the old and the order of the new, each in itself coherent, are only with great difficulty contrived into a mutual and consistent harmony. New roofs are imposed upon old walls, wings entirely new are thrown out upon the right and left of the body of the old edifice, pediments are placed over gables, porches where there are no doors, a cupola for a bastion, a lancet window for a hole in the wall. Inevitably there is some chaos and unconscious burlesque of the style and the order of the two civilizations which are the quarries of the builders. The design, however, is evident, and the diligence and ardor of the builders plain to be seen.

**China** This little handbook<sup>1</sup> meets a large need. Mutual benefit is to accrue to China and to us in degree as we understand each other. In view of the nearness into which steam and electricity have brought us, we are bound both by prudential and benevolent interests to cultivate an intelligent sympathy with that massive race in the present crisis of its transformation from ancient to modern conditions. One of our ablest missionaries in China has packed this volume with an amount of information about "old" China and "new" nowhere else to be found in the same compass. The first edition of 30,000 was sold before the book came from the press. One may care little for the missionary interest that is back of it all, but the value of it is patent to every one. To the philanthropist and the Christian the conditions here revealed, the opportunities and the needs presented, make an impressive appeal. For use in Sunday-schools it is as valuable as a course of lessons on the Acts of the Apostles. The questions appended to each chapter adapt it well to such use.

**History in Fiction** There are now three or four works which offer themselves as guides to the subject of history as treated in fiction. That now before us<sup>2</sup> has many good points, and is classified, arranged, and indexed in a thoroughly systematic way. Its two small volumes deal, the first with English historical fiction, the second with American and foreign subjects. The compiler has been very liberal in his interpretation of what may properly be considered as belonging to historical fiction—Cooper's "Deerslayer," for instance, can be included only by a pretty strong stretch of definition; so also with Blackmore's "Alice Lorraine;" while the list might be extended indefinitely. But this is a fault in the right direction, as redundancy does no harm so long as the entire work is kept within moderate compass, as it is here. The

general arrangement is, of course, chronological under the various countries, but a novel and acceptable feature is that, wherever possible, there is added, in the fashion of a foot-note, information about fiction actually written in the time treated by the books in the regular text. Thus, on the page which refers to many stories of the reign of Charles II., we find at the bottom references to John Bunyan's books, written in the period, and having for their raw material the rude country life of Charles II.'s time. So far as we have tested the accuracy and inclusiveness of the work, it seems capital, and a special word of praise should be given for the index, which, by the use of different fonts of type, gives reference to author, title, and subject separately.

**Harnack on Luke** The veteran Berlin Professor of Church History regards the Acts of the Apostles as "a literary performance of the first rank," and the modern criticism it has suffered as "a truly pitiful history." Its first twelve chapters, the Petrine section, and the remainder, the Pauline section, are clearly distinguishable. A searching linguistic investigation of the latter demonstrates to Professor Harnack the indissoluble literary unity of the two, and confirms the traditional ascription of the whole to the companion whom Paul elsewhere refers to as "Luke, the beloved physician," a cultured Greek of Antioch, whose authorship cannot be dated much later than A.D. 80.<sup>1</sup> In Dr. Harnack's view, Luke as a historian is inferior to Luke as a stylist; he is uncritical, and blunders for want of exact information. But the author contends that the present trend of criticism is toward the belief that between A.D. 30 and 70 the primitive Christian tradition as a whole took the essential form it has since attained.

**Personal Problems** One of our best writers on themes of personal religion here<sup>2</sup> discusses various phases of personal problems with which he has had to deal as a helper of seekers for the light. Problems concerning sin and doubt, ambition and self-mastery, pain, guidance, the Church, and questioned points of conduct are handled pointedly, simply, and clearly, with many an aptly fitting relation of experience for illustration. The evangelical and the ethical tone are equally strong, and each is tempered with the charity which remembers that "we are not sent to judge the world, but to save it."

<sup>1</sup> The Uplift of China. By Arthur H. Smith. (Forward Mission Study Courses). Young People's Missionary Movement, New York, 50c., net.

<sup>2</sup> History in Fiction. By Ernest A. Baker, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

<sup>1</sup> Luke the Physician. By Adolf Harnack. Translated by the Rev. J. K. Wilkinson, M.A. Edited by the Rev. W. D. Morrison, L.I.D. (The New Testament Studies.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> Quiet Talks on Personal Problems. By S. D. Gordon. A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York. 75c., net.

# Letters to *The Outlook*

## A SUMMER EXPERIENCE

On the evening of July 10 in New York City I had occasion to seek the services of a clergyman in behalf of a patient about to undergo a very serious operation. The patient and his friends are strangers in the city. My own acquaintance with the churches and clergy of the city is more than usually wide and at the same time close. I therefore volunteered to try to secure a clergyman for them. Knowing that in midsummer many of our pastors and their assistants are out of the city, and realizing that the time of day—it was then about seven in the evening—was not favorable, I rather expected some difficulty in the matter, but I was not prepared for the experience that awaited me. Naturally, my first thought was of my own church. The pastor was abroad. For the time being he has no assistant. One of the pastors of the two mission churches must live in my neighborhood, but how to find him I did not know, until it occurred to me that the undertaker was still accessible. He is easily reached. His name and address are on the front of the church, but, better still, he has a telephone. He gave me the desired address, which proved to be one of the large branches of the Young Men's Christian Association. Application there brought the reply that the gentleman sought was in the city, but not "at home," that he would, however, be in at 9 P.M. Not wishing to lose time, I bethought me of the assistant pastor of another large church whom I know well, and to my joy found that the church had a telephone. My feelings of relief and hope were quickly dashed when efforts to get any one on the telephone brought the reply from "central" that 2147—did not answer. That there might be no mistake about it, I tried three times in an hour, but with like result.

I next tried to get the home address of this assistant. An apartment-house in Harlem was given in the directory, but I knew he had moved from there. Still, I hoped to find him through it. Through the "information bureau" of the telephone company I quickly learned that the apartment-house in question held a number of telephones, but they were all private lines; the house itself had none. There was, therefore, no hope in that direction. Again I sought to recall some one who would surely be in the city, and a young pastor who has devoted his energies and means as well to mission work came to my mind. Surely he would be on

hand even in July. Again I was delighted to find the name in the telephone book, only to be rewarded with the previous result, "no answer." Meanwhile I had appealed to a number of persons in the Young Men's Christian Association for help. Not one of them save the assistant to the special secretary for religious work had an idea as to how a clergyman could be had on a summer's evening. The assistant did know a man who would surely be available, and very kindly went to work on the telephone to get him for me. After ten or fifteen minutes' work on his part, the only result was the information that the gentleman in question was out, the time of his return unknown. Meanwhile I had discovered a church near by in which a meeting of some kind was evidently in progress. Surely there I could find what I sought. I appealed to the sexton, and my feelings may be imagined when, in response to my eager questions, he answered that there was no clergyman in the building, and he did not know where one could be had at that time of night (it was by this time nearly ten o'clock). Of course the hour for the return of the assistant first sought had long since passed, and I had quite worn out the patience of the elevator man and telephone operator of the building with my repeated calls for him, for he was still out, and, I may add, had not arrived when the building closed at a quarter past ten.

While all this had been going on, it had been suggested to me that one of the stations of the summer tent work was near at hand, and that there I could surely find a clergyman. Thither I went, only to find the tent deserted save for the caretaker. From him, however, I learned that the superintendent of the work lived in a neighboring street, and, as he had left the tent, would probably be found at home. He had not arrived, however, when I called there. For the next half-hour or more I went steadily from the superintendent's home to the Young Men's Christian Association and back again, determined to land one of the two men whom I had located. Finally, at half-past ten, the superintendent was at home and responded most kindly to my summons. In my quest I had spent three hours' time, exhausted every resource that I could think of or others suggest, and in the end I secured a clergyman not connected with any of our churches, but engaged in the mission tent work. I have set forth the facts at some length, although I have not recorded all of my efforts, that it may appear just what is

required to get a clergyman for service on a summer evening in New York. I submit that the facts as set forth indicate a situation that is a disgrace to the Protestant Church. I am not criticising any individual. I know very well the need of vacations for our pastors and their assistants, but so long as there are millions of people in the city there should be adequate provision for their needs. Had I wanted a priest, I could have had one in ten or fifteen minutes. Had I wanted a physician, or even a lawyer, I venture to say I could have had a hundred in the time it took me to get one clergyman.

It may be that New York does not need the clergy during the summer, but I do not believe that that is the attitude of the church. Many people are in the country, it is true, but the city streets are thronged almost as thickly as in winter, and the men and women who are still here must often find themselves in dire need of a clergyman, as my patient was. The provision made for meeting such a need is made apparent by my experience. Are the churches content that these conditions should continue? If nothing more can be done, is there not power and sense enough somewhere to put upon the front of every church, above the name of the sexton, the name and address of every clergyman connected with it? Must it remain that the only avenue of approach to the clergy open to the stranger is through an undertaker!

New York City.

B.

### THE MESSAGE OF FLOWERS

The cry of the poor is not for "bread alone," and one of the perplexed questionings of philanthropists has been, How live the distressed out of that deadening of the soul which gives poverty its holding grip upon its victims? Perhaps the National Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild, formed "to carry brightness into the lives of the poor," has opened the way to the solution of the question.

As a teacher of ethics no earthly power carries the authority that Nature does, and so, when she sends emissaries direct, flowers out of her lap, even into the city places where her presence is hardly known, they run little risk of being dishonored, they or their message. True, one sees a thoughtless Fortunatus cast aside a fair flower and let it wither prematurely without a sigh, but the lowly born—poor Ignotus—will rescue it from the street where it lies bruised and bear it home to cherish it with water and sunlight, if the sun, to be sure, sends any light to his little

lodging. Jacob Riis once said, "I have seen a handful of daisies keep the peace of a whole block better than a half a dozen policemen's clubs."

The National Plant, Flower, and Fruit Guild is organized for its work into city stations and country branches. The cities of the land are constituted beneficiaries, as it is for their slum people and their sick ones that flowers are gathered. The country districts, on the other hand, act as the agents of benefaction, supplying cities with the gathered treasure of their hillsides and woodlands. Both centers of organization furnish money to advance the cause, and the city branch has further the collection and disposal of "function flowers," mostly hot-house rarities that bloom in the balls and brilliancies of the American city's unseasonable "season."

From the distributing office in the city the Guild sends its gathered fruits and flowers to the tenement districts, the settlements, the hospitals, and other institutions. By using the free labels of the Guild, the country branches avoid an expense in transportation that otherwise would limit considerably their activity. The labels are good for carrying a package of flowers, fruit, or jelly not over twenty pounds in weight for a distance of one hundred miles; and they are furnished as needed by the Guild.

Other activities of the Guild are the supply of nature material to the city schools, the transformation of back-yard rubbish heaps into healthful gardens, and the establishment of window boxes in tenements. This branch of the work is not strictly charitable in its arrangement, the boxes, furnished complete, being generally paid for by the applicants at a nominal cost of \$1.25 per box. Nine hundred of these were placed in tenement-houses last summer. Also the Guild distributed last year 365,853 bunches of summer flowers, 34,515 bunches of function flowers, 8,990 plants for gardens, 1,484 bulbs for gardens, 4,115 packages of seeds for window boxes and gardens, 896 glasses of jelly, and 94 barrels of fruit and vegetables; and, furthermore, it changed 75 tenement yards into gardens.

It is one desire of the Guild to keep on growing, and anybody living within a hundred miles of a big city would be welcomed as an active additional member or organizer of a country branch. The Guild has a dearth of red tape, and a line addressed to Miss Ada L. Fairfield, Secretary, at the National headquarters of the Guild, Town Hill, Terryville, Connecticut, would bring instructions on how to proceed.

C. E. B.

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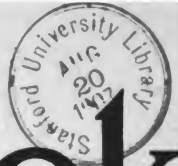
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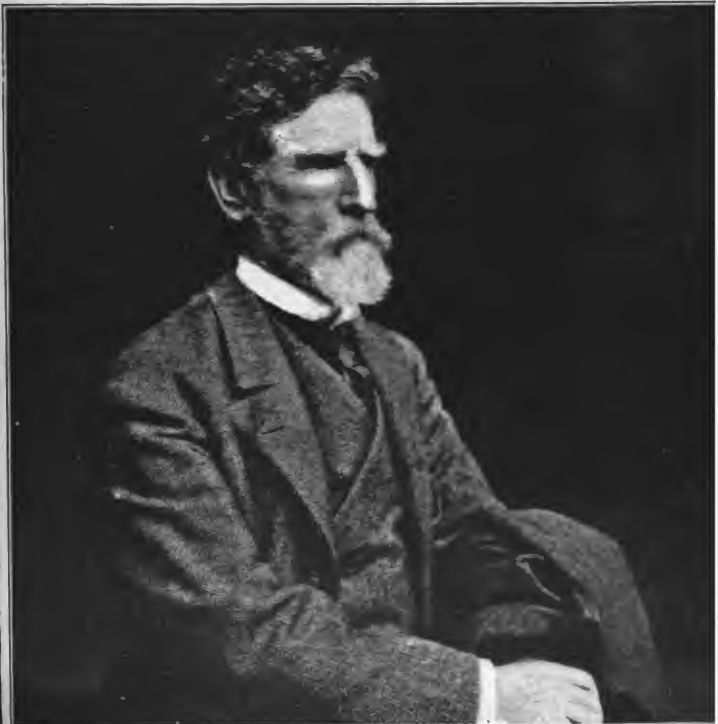


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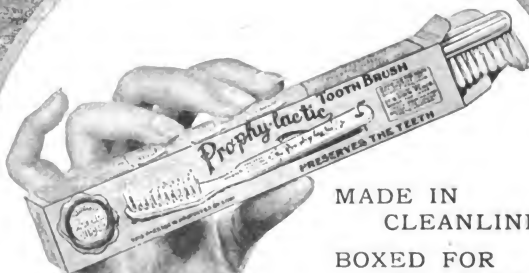




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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 17, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 16

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York; Chicago Office, Marquette Building, Lawrence F. Abbott, President; William B. Howland, Treasurer; Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary; Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief; H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor; R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## An American Sculptor

Augustus Saint-Gaudens, the sculptor, died at his home in Cornish, New Hampshire, on August 3. He had been in ill health for a long time, and death was the result of a general and gradual breakdown of the system. It is an interesting coincidence that only two days before the sculptor's death President Roosevelt had paid a remarkably high tribute to his genius. Writing to a committee of the American Numismatic Society, Mr. Roosevelt said: "You will be pleased to know that we are now completing a new coinage of the eagle and the double eagle, designed by Saint-Gaudens, than whom certainly there is no greater artistic genius living in the United States or elsewhere." Saint-Gaudens was born in Dublin, the son of a French father and an Irish mother, but from the age of six months his life was spent in this country. In spite of his parentage and his artistic training in France and Italy, he was a thorough American, and many of the finest examples of his art are thoroughly American in subject and in spirit. The Sherman statue at the entrance to Central Park in New York City, the Lincoln in Chicago, the Shaw memorial in Boston, the Puritan at Springfield, the Farragut in New York, all of them masterpieces of characterization, are in effect important documents in American history. If his greatest work was done in this field of historical portraiture, when he occasionally went outside of it he achieved no less signal success. His only attempt to portray the nude produced the figure of Diana on the top of the Madison Square Garden tower, a figure of delightful grace and delicate charm. An important work in another field is the Adams monument in Rock Creek Cemetery at Washington. Of this statue Mr. Royal Cortissoz, in a

recent article in *The Outlook* on the work of the sculptor, wrote: "It is his one work of pure imagination, for if there is a poetic sweetness about the several angelic figures he has designed, there is infinitely more than that about the mysterious guardian of the Adams tomb. Swathed in her heavy garment so that only the inscrutable face is visible, leaning upon one uplifted hand, she is enthroned in solemn simplicity, and her secret is past finding out. All that we know is that it is such conceptions of beauty as this that 'light the way of kings to dusty death.' In style as in substance this is a magnificent creation. The modeling is subtle where it needs to be, but so likewise is it bold where, in the massive folds of drapery, the note to express is that of a kind of majestic austerity." Another writer has described it as having "the bare majesty of a passage out of Homer." Some of his most charming work was done in low relief, in the form of medallions of his friends and fellow-artists, and occasionally of prominent men for public memorials. Perhaps the best-known example of this class of work is the Robert Louis Stevenson medallion, made for the memorial in St. Giles' Church in Edinburgh, a source of satisfaction and delight to every lover of the indomitable spirit to whose memory it is erected as well as to every lover of art. In every field the work of Mr. Saint-Gaudens was marked by sincerity, strength, dignity, and reserve. It was never theatrical, always sane and genuine. His personality was no less worthy of admiration than his work. A writer in the *New York Tribune* says of him:

He had a rare personality. Loyal, generous, modest to the point of shyness, and with a peculiar gentleness of demeanor, he was a perfect type of the high-minded man of genius. No one could have been more helpful than he was to young artists of talent.

No one could have been more sympathetic than he was in the appraisal of work by other men. An invincible sense of humor put the last touch to his winning character. To listen to his unassuming but luminous talk on matters of life, art, or literature was a privilege. To hear him when he was in a droll mood, and to see him sketching some of his inimitable caricatures, was both a privilege and a joy. Most endearing of all was he in the struggle that he made against sickness and pain. In that he revealed splendid courage and cheerfulness, bearing his burden with a sweetness that those who knew and loved him can never forget.

His career and the memorials which he leaves behind him are effective silencers of the pessimists who lament the decay in our time of the creative imagination.



**A Senseless Strike** The general strike of telegraph employees, which has been threatened for many weeks, but has been from time to time averted, partly through the effort of Labor Commissioner Neill and partly through temporary agreements between employers and employees, became so extensive last week as to threaten grave injury to the business interests of the country and serious personal discomfort and inconvenience to individual citizens. The immediate cause was the discharge of an operator at Los Angeles. The Western Union officials declare that the man was plainly guilty of misconduct in willfully delaying messages and was discharged on that account. The operators claim that the man was not guilty, and was the victim of the false testimony of a jealous woman operator. The ensuing strike at Los Angeles was followed by the calling out of the Western Union operators at Chicago, and this again was succeeded by similar sympathetic strikes in Kansas City, Denver, New Orleans, and a dozen or more other important points; while the men at New York, it is thought as we write, may be called out at any minute. The incident at Los Angeles must not be regarded as the real cause of the strike. Precisely what are the matters in dispute between operators and companies is exceedingly difficult for the ordinary citizen to determine. The statements made through their official representatives are meager and unsatisfying. As usual in such dis-

putes, the contestants seem far more anxious to impugn one another's motives than to put the case and their several claims plainly before the country. A minor illustration of this may be seen in the fact that letters from The Outlook to responsible officials on both sides, asking for brief statements of their claims as to the matter at issue, received no response whatever. Briefly it may be said that, in New York at least, the operators say that the recent increase of ten per cent. in wages has not been actually received by many who are entitled to it; the company, on its part, denies this absolutely. In New York also the operators assert that nine men discharged for union affiliation have not been reinstated as agreed recently. In the West, and especially in California, the operators say that their pay is below that of other skilled workers; again the company denies the assertion. The employees in Chicago say that the company means to destroy the union, and that the union is fighting for its life; the company asserts that the open shop idea has long been in force, and that the operators now mean to enforce the closed shop system, which, the company says, would take control of its affairs out of its own hands. Some idea of the extent of the strike as it existed at the end of last week may be had from the fact that in Chicago alone over fifteen hundred operators walked out. So far the Western Union Company chiefly has been affected, but the men in some of the Postal Company's offices have gone out, and an extension of the trouble is threatened. All the causes so far assigned on either side for the dispute are precisely of the kind that a fair-minded board of arbitration or court of conciliation should be able to adjust. If this great labor dispute continues and spreads, it will at least give one more striking illustration of the supreme folly of industrial warfare. If this Nation is ever to provide a reasonable and economic method of settling such disputes without waste, delay, and hatred, it might surely begin by making it unlawful for the employees of any public service corporation to stop work and deliberately

throw the machinery of public utilities and necessities out of gear before reasonable notice has been given of their intention, and might also provide authorized and competent tribunals before which such matters should be presented for consideration. Such tribunals need not have final powers, but, as under the Canadian law more than once described in *The Outlook*, may provide a fine for workman or employer who engages in strike or lockout before the case is submitted to the governmental board of conciliation. In the vast majority of cases public opinion, after a full hearing, as in the great anthracite coal strike, will drive both parties to accept the award.



### *The Railway Conflict in the South*

Following the compromise between the Southern Railway and the State of North Carolina, which was recorded in the last issue of *The Outlook*, an agreement was virtually arranged last week between the same railway and the State of Alabama. Instead of attempting, by recourse to Federal courts, to prevent either State from enforcing its railway rate law, the Southern Railway has in each case decided to conform to the law, lower its passenger rates accordingly, submit to what it regards as an injustice, allow its quarrel with each State to be placed for adjudication before the courts of that State without interference from Federal judges, and then, if necessary, appeal from the State courts to the courts of the United States. While the case is pending, the rates established by the State law are to be observed. In North Carolina the rates fixed by the law of that State were put into effect last week on the Southern Railway. They had already been accepted on July 1 by the Seaboard Air Line—the General Counsel of that road informs us—without any attempt on its part to obtain a Federal injunction. Basing its statement on information which it regarded as thoroughly trustworthy, *The Outlook* said two weeks ago that the Seaboard Air Line had succeeded in restraining the State from enforcing its law. The General Counsel writes us that this is contrary to the

fact; that the directors of the road unanimously decided in June to comply with the statutes of North Carolina reducing rates, but under protest; that the road will continue to charge the reduced rates under the law until the questions are settled by the Supreme Court of the United States; but that in the meantime the Morton Trust Company and Mr. James I. Burke, Trustees, have instituted a suit in a United States Circuit Court, alleging, among other things, "that if the proposed rates and charges are put into effect the result would be to deprive the owners of the Seaboard Air Line Railway of their property contrary to the provisions of the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States." The Southern Railway, on the other hand, did apply for an injunction, but, after obtaining it, receded from its position. In Alabama the Southern Railway pursued a somewhat similar course. As a consequence its license was revoked. After agreeing, however, to observe the State law until the questions were settled by recourse to the State courts, it obtained last week a restoration of its license. Last week thus seemed to mark the passing of the acute stage of the struggle.



### *The Part of the Federal Government*

Nothing should be allowed to obscure the fact that the issue which has been raised in these Southern States is a result of a struggle, not between the Federal Government and the States, but between the States and the railways. A recapitulation of the events in the conflict in North Carolina will make this clear. By act of its Legislature, the State fixed  $2\frac{1}{4}$  cents as the maximum railway passenger fare per mile. The Southern Railway, in particular, disregarded the law and continued to charge its former rates. It was fined, and some of its agents were arrested. It took steps to resist the enforcement of the law; it applied to a judge of a Federal Circuit Court for an injunction against the State authorities. The judge granted the injunction. The process of the Federal Court was

neither evaded nor resisted; but it was not obeyed. It is to be kept in mind that the railway company, not the Federal Government, was the complainant. Under such circumstances it is the part of the complainant, if it desires the injunction carried out, to request attachments for contempt. This the railway company did not do. In the meantime the Federal Executive had sent Mr. Edward T. Sanford, of the Department of Justice, to ascertain all the facts. If there was to be a conflict between the Federal judiciary and a State, it was highly important that no action be taken without a clear understanding of the situation. Thereupon the railway company endeavored to persuade Mr. Sanford, as representative of the Government, to request attachments for contempt. In other words, though unwilling to bring the question to an issue by appealing to force, the company was eager to have the Government undertake its quarrel. The reason why the railway did not wish to challenge the State was clear: it enjoyed a number of privileges, derived from the Legislature of the State, which it would not willingly hazard; and it was made to see the danger to those privileges as soon as the Governor threatened to convene the Legislature in special session. Facing the dilemma of proceeding to its own hurt, or retreating, the railway chose to retreat. If the United States Government had made itself the substitute of the railway in this quarrel, it not only would have taken an action both foolish and unprecedented, but also would have laid itself open to the charge of reckless aggression. And yet those newspapers which have been most virulent in their criticism of Federal control of inter-State commerce, which they seem to think is unconstitutional despite the Constitution, are the very newspapers which have been most valuable in their criticism of the Federal Government for declining to take on behalf of a railway corporation aggressive and unprecedented action. The policy of the Department of Justice, which of course has had the approval and sanction of the President, has been tersely summed up in these words of the

Attorney-General in a letter to the President: "This was to assure the execution of any process from a Federal court requiring executive enforcement, without regard to cost or consequences, but to refuse steadily to take sides in a controversy to which the United States was not a party or to go at all beyond our clear duty under the law in a complication of this nature."



#### *The Mississippi Senatorship*

After several days of doubt the primary election in Mississippi has finally resulted in the choice of Mr. John Sharp Williams as the Democratic nominee for the United States Senatorship. This nomination is, of course, practically equivalent to an election. When Governor Vardaman, who was Mr. Williams's opponent, was a candidate for the Governorship, he made his campaign by advocating the plan of devoting to the negro public schools of the State only that proportion of the taxes which was paid by the colored population. He was chosen Governor, but the taxes were not divided. There was no great public sentiment in favor of his doctrine. His election as Governor on such an issue as that indicates how little significance there may be in a campaign conducted on the negro question. In contesting with Mr. Williams for the honor of being chosen successor of Senator Money, Governor Vardaman again, as *The Outlook* has reported, made very much of the race question. He talked much about negro crime. Mr. Williams likewise appealed to the lower side of race prejudice; but he did it in a more intelligent if not essentially more admirable fashion. Of course the election of Mr. Williams will have absolutely no bearing on the race question at all, and indicates practically nothing with regard to sentiment on the race question in the State. As minority leader in the House of Representatives Mr. Williams has shown legislative ability, though not always statesmanlike qualities. His legislative experience and his knowledge of men and questions ought to be of service to his State in the Senate.

*The Alabama  
Investigation of Tuskegee*

"The business organization of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute, looking at its purely business side, is a model of perfection." This is the testimony, not of a partisan of the school, but of the Special Examiner chosen under the authority of the Alabama Legislature. Mr. Haralson, who is a public accountant, accords, in his report to the Legislature, praise to the school not only for the thorough manner in which the accounts are kept, but also for their accessible form. He gives, moreover, in some detail, a report as to the course of study, both academic and industrial. He marks for special commendation the conduct of the experiment farm. In only one particular does he raise any question, and that is regarding items in the expenditure of a special fund. Even this question is not as to whether this expenditure was legitimate, for he explicitly says that "doubtless, under the terms of the bill establishing the station, these charges were legitimate." He simply recommended that the appropriation in question should be spent upon the land. His recommendation was adopted by the Principal of the school, Dr. Booker T. Washington. He includes in this report the following statement:

I was forcibly impressed with the condition and care of the grounds, the good order prevailing among the pupils, and the general air of earnestness and industry that seemed to pervade the entire establishment.

Even those who are well acquainted with Tuskegee Institute are not immune to wonder at its progress. The examiner recalls the fact that it was established as recently as 1880, with an appropriation of but two thousand dollars, and with but ten acres of land. On July 4, 1881, when it first opened, it began its work in a rented shanty with one teacher and thirty pupils. It now has an endowment fund of over one million four hundred thousand dollars, it owns real estate of over two thousand acres to the value of nearly seven hundred thousand dollars, and it has an average attendance of one thousand five hundred pupils, with one hundred and forty-nine teachers. These

figures Mr. Haralson supplements with others, showing what the effect of the school upon the material prosperity of the vicinity has been. Persons connected directly or indirectly with the school have purchased as individuals twenty-nine pieces of property on which they pay taxes; the assessed valuation of this property has increased in consequence from less than forty-four hundred dollars to more than twenty-seven thousand. Other property adjoining the school has increased in valuation from barely more than one thousand dollars to over sixteen thousand. The amount of money spent in the county annually by the school is one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. As President Eliot, of Harvard, has said, 'Tuskegee Institute has had a greater development within less than thirty years after its beginning than Harvard had in its first two hundred years. The Outlook again reminds its Northern readers that the honor of founding this school for negroes, conducted under the leadership of negroes, belongs to no individual, but to a Southern State—the State of Alabama. Tuskegee is more than the greatest educational institution carried on by negroes; it is one of the leaders in the educational movement in this country. Together with Hampton, it serves as an example of the sort of school which ought to-day to be flourishing in all parts of the country for all races and classes of the people. If similar institutions existed in the West and the North, they would do much to solve many of the most difficult social problems consequent upon our rapid industrial development.



*The Hampton  
Negro Conference*

The thousand negro men and women who met at Hampton Institute two weeks ago to deliberate on the affairs of their race not only found ground for their own encouragement but by their progressive attitude and by their reports of investigations during the past year justified a feeling of gratification on the part of the Nation at large. The sessions of the eleventh annual Hampton Negro Conference occupied the first two

days, and those of the fourth yearly Convention of the National Association of Negro Teachers the second two. But the purposes of the two bodies have so much in common, and so many members of each attended the meetings of the other, that they formed practically one continuous session. The attendance attracted by each was about equal. The membership of the Conference is made up of representatives of what may be called the upper middle class of Southern negroes—progressive farmers, successful business men in various lines, ministers, lawyers, physicians, and educators, the leaders in their communities. The programme is each year divided under six general heads: Economic Conditions, Education, Religion and Morals, Charities and Correction, Vital and Sanitary Problems, and Civic Relations. Each subject is in charge of a committee whose duty it is to select the particular topics for the next meeting, carry on investigations along the lines selected, and appoint a speaker to make a report and lead the discussion. For instance, at this Conference, in the consideration of agriculture, attention was concentrated upon two phases, the improvement of the soil and the importance of stock-raising to colored farmers, and the latter topic was further subdivided to treat of pigs and poultry, the two kinds of stock which are of most importance to the negro farmer. Three experts gave practical talks on these subjects, and then answered a variety of questions. Afterwards the members of the Conference were conducted over the Hampton school grounds, where the barns and growing crops served as object-lessons of the preceding talks.



*The Negro as Farmer  
and as Minister*

The first evening of the Conference was devoted to an informal debate of the wide question, "Should the Negro Race Continue to Farm?" led by Dr. Kelly Miller. One side held that for a long time the great bulk of the negro people must be farmers. The reasons advanced were that in cities at present they are forced into crowded and unsanitary quarters, and are, for

the most part, confined to menial occupations from which they have not the chance to rise that is open to white men, whereas on farms they have the opportunity to acquire property, establish homes, and rear healthy children. By this means, it was argued, the race will strengthen itself for ultimate effective competition in all departments of economic activity. The opposing side contended that the only way to achieve this end was through the struggle of immediate competition. This was the only time during the Conference that a purely theoretical subject was under discussion. There were present twenty-five of the recently appointed "demonstration farmers" of eastern Virginia, who held two seven o'clock morning meetings and formed a permanent organization to meet annually in February. These "demonstration farms" are a part of the system which is being extended through the South under the direction of Dr. Seaman A. Knapp, of the United States Department of Agriculture. The men whose farms are to be used in the work are selected by the Government, and agree to work the whole or a part of their farms strictly in accordance with the instructions of Dr. Knapp and his local agents, the "field agents." The field agent in charge of this work among the negroes of Virginia is John B. Pierce, a Hampton graduate. The subject of "The Training of the Colored Minister" called out papers by three clergymen of different sorts of training themselves, and consequently with somewhat divergent views. The Rev. G. S. Imes, a young graduate of the Hartford Theological Seminary, presented the advantages of a good theological course. The Rev. D. Webster Davis, of Richmond, declared that the negro's contribution to religion is emotion, and that no minister can do successful religious work among negroes who does not understand the emotional side of their character and is not able to turn it into healthful and effective channels. The Rev. J. E. Moorland, of Washington, International Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, in charge of all negro city branches in this country, laid stress on practical work and the need of a knowledge of sociology by a clergyman who

would be an effective teacher and preacher.



#### *Other Negro Interests*

About thirty-five of the chief officers of the leading negro insurance companies in the South heard William Young, an actuary of the New York Life Insurance Company, tell them without qualification that the mortality tables on which they base their rates are about one third too low. Some of the companies have been using these tables, which were originally made for white people, for over a quarter of a century. They have been saved from disaster partly because the men in charge had more common sense than insurance knowledge and placed the rates at a point nearer safety, and partly because new business has been constantly gained. If this new business should suddenly cease, it is entirely possible that the negro life insurance company failures would overshadow the Freedman's Bank crash in extent and sinister effect upon negro thrift. The colored insurance companies will probably form an association for mutual protection and education, and will draw up mortality tables based on their own records. Possibly as remarkable a feature as any at the Conference was the almost complete approval of the vagrancy laws in the South. The investigation had shown that, although there were complaints of discriminating and unfair enforcement in some States, the better class of negroes welcomed them because they helped to raise the burden of the worthless, idle negro from the reputation of the one who was industrious and self-respecting. The committee recommended that in the main negroes use their efforts to have the laws strictly enforced, that in States where the laws were unfairly enforced negroes must be warned to avoid even the appearance of illness, and that in States like Alabama, where they were made to assist a system of practical peonage, negroes use every honest effort to have them either fairly enforced or repealed. Thereupon several members from Alabama declared that the laws were felt to be a distinct benefit to industrious negroes in Ala-

bama, as the elimination of the worthless black idler was a consideration that outweighed all others. The investigation made by Dr. G. Dickerson of the use of patent medicines by colored people showed among other things that this evil, one of the worst that afflicts the race, had had an appreciable decrease during the year. At the conclusion of the Conference a summary of its opinions and recommendations is embodied in a series of resolutions for dissemination by the members among their neighbors; to aid in this circulation of knowledge and instruction and to carry on active work local conferences are being established to be affiliated with the central body. A start has already been made in Virginia, where such local conferences in seventeen counties during the last year secured money to improve their school facilities and to lengthen the school term an average of six weeks. The Teachers' Association was of less interest and significance, although there were a few delegates who spoke to as direct a purpose and with as simple words as the farmers. Negro teachers in rural districts have some problems which white teachers do not face. In general, however, the questions they discussed are not very different from the usual stock, and their association has just about as much cause for existence and just about the same cause as any other teachers' association.



#### *France and Morocco*

If the present disturbed conditions in Morocco continue, France will have on its hands something very like war. The savage outbreaks of the tribesmen have gone far to convince Europe that strong measures are necessary; and the distrust of France and unwillingness to give her a free hand shown by Germany in the Algieras Conference have given place to tacit acquiescence in French measures even when they include the military occupation of towns and naval bombardment. The accounts of the events of last week, cabled from Tangier, are not as clear as could be wished in showing whether the French naval commanders at Casablanca had sufficient provocation for their decision



to shell the town; but that they were justified in landing troops can hardly be doubted. Ever since the mob-murder of foreigners, described in *The Outlook* last week, the tribesmen in large numbers have hovered about the town, have occupied its suburbs, and have menaced the foreign residents. One report, sent after the bloodshed of last week, states that six thousand Arab tribesmen had gathered from the surrounding country and that they even ventured to attack the French camp. They were promptly repulsed with a heavy loss, and the war-ships in the harbor shelled them as they rode away. This was on Wednesday of last week. The landing of French troops began on Sunday of last week. They were fired upon and several of them were wounded; they then charged through the streets and drove the Moors out of the city with great loss. Thereupon the French and Spanish ships in the harbor opened fire on the outlying quarter of the town, supposed to be occupied by the tribesmen. But the destruction caused by the shells (it is said that several hundred were fired) was not confined to that quarter, and much of the city of Casablanca itself is in ruins from the bombardment, including even the European part. The cause for this extension of the bombardment is explained as a desire to stop the looting and rioting which were going on everywhere. This feature of the Casablanca incident is, from the humane point of view, most deplorable, and more than anything else shows that strong measures are needed, unless the civilized world proposes to leave Morocco to its own devices and to let the anti-Christian and anti-European sentiment go unchecked. Eyewitnesses say that both the Arab tribesmen and the Moorish soldiers, angered by the bombardment, revenged themselves on the innocent inhabitants almost indiscriminately, although the Jews suffered most severely as regards personal violence. The mob, the despatches say, plundered, killed, and burned on all sides, sacked the custom-house, and destroyed much of the city. As we write, the French appear to be in complete possession, and to have the situation well in hand; but there are

indications that a kind of "holy war" is being preached throughout Morocco, and there is likelihood of outbreaks at many points.

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### *The Movement Against the Lords*

Many English Liberals of the more advanced type now hold that the movement of the Campbell-Bannerman Government against the House of Lords is doomed to failure. Although, as the recent elections at Jarrow and in the Colne Valley division of Yorkshire make plain, the wave of democratic feeling that gave the Government its unprecedentedly large majority in January, 1906, is by no means receding, the movement against the House of Lords is arousing little popular enthusiasm. Such a failure would leave the Government in a worse position than before it came into collision with the Lords over the Education Bill which Mr. Birrell piloted through the House of Commons in 1906. Some of the reasons for the weakness of the movement against the Lords are to be found in the Education Bill itself. The bill never gave full satisfaction to the Free Churchmen. It made too many concessions to vested interests, to the Established Church, and to the Roman Catholic Church; and there were many Free Churchmen who felt no keen pang of regret when, in consequence of the amendments of the House of Lords, the Government was compelled to abandon the measure and leave the education question as it stood after the Tory Education Act of 1902. Even had the Education Bill been all that could be desired by Free Churchmen, from a tactical point of view it was not the kind of legislation on which to wage a great constitutional struggle with the House of Lords. In England the democracy has never been uniformly near to the education system. Only in the large towns where previous to 1902 there were school boards has the democracy ever had much control over elementary education. In other parts of England the education system has been imposed from above, and has been administered by men whose own children attended other schools than those maintained at the

public expense. It has always been difficult in England to keep up the active interest of the working classes in the public elementary schools, just as it is to secure a full attendance at a New England district school meeting when there is no office at stake and no increase in the tax rate is threatening. Education is a subject that should interest the English democracy, but, as a matter of fact, outside the ranks of the Labor politicians it has never aroused this interest; and to those who realize the indifference of the great mass of the working classes towards education it has been doubtful from the first whether a struggle with the House of Lords over its amendments to an education bill would make a strong appeal to the democracy. It needs a question that touches workingmen directly and personally to bring them in their tens of thousands into active hostility to the House of Lords. Only twice in the nineteenth century was the democracy of England so aroused. The first time was in 1832, when the Lords threatened to reject the great Reform Bill; the second in 1884, when they obstructed the bill for extending the Parliamentary franchise to the laboring classes of the rural communities. At other times in the nineteenth century the House of Commons was sharply at issue with the House of Lords. There was a notable case in 1865 over the repeal of the paper duties. But the democracy evinced no interest in these Parliamentary struggles, and, as on the present occasion, there were no popular demonstrations against the House of Lords.



*Why the Radical and Labor Groups Hold Aloof* for the failure to arouse strong popular feeling, a reason that accounts for much of the indifference of the Radical and Labor groups in the House of Commons, is the attitude of the Liberal Government towards the creation of new peers. The Campbell-Bannerman Government has been in power only since December, 1905. But in this brief period of a year and seven months it has created twenty new peers—just as many as

were created by the Balfour Government during the three and a half years that it was in office. The Radicals and Labor members in the early days of the new Parliament were apprehensive that the Government would in this way reward its wealthy partisans—that it would bestow peerages on men who had contributed to the central campaign fund, or who had financed newspapers as organs of the Liberal party. In view of the probability of a collision between the Government and the House of Lords, the Radicals and Labor men were anxious that the Government should go into the contest unhampered by any new creation of peers. They made appeals to the Government to this end. These appeals have gone unheeded; and to-day, when Liberal speakers attack the House of Lords and urge the restriction of its powers over legislation, Conservative speakers and journals ridicule these attacks, and in impugning the sincerity of the movement against the Lords they instance the number of new peers created by the Campbell-Bannerman Government. This line of attack on the Government told adversely against the Liberal candidates in the recent elections at Jarrow and in the Colne division; especially in the Colne division, because the Parliamentary vacancy there was due to the promotion to the House of Lords of a wealthy ironmaster, who had represented the division in the House of Commons. In both these elections the Government candidates were defeated by Labor men; and there can be little doubt that this attitude of the Government towards the House of Lords was responsible to some extent for the large vote polled by the new Labor members. The Labor party also holds that it ought to have been the policy of the Government to pass a number of measures of social reform before it risked a collision with the House of Lords. The Labor members insist that many of these measures could be carried through Parliament without any risk of difficulties with the Upper House; and they blame the Government for coming to issue with the Lords at such an early stage in the existence of the newly elected House of Commons. On the question of the

creation of new peers the Radicals and the Labor men are agreed. Both of these progressive groups in English politics object to any further additions to the House of Lords on political, economic, and social grounds. Their argument is that the House of Lords, with its two hundred and fifty new creations since 1830, is already unwieldy; and that few men can render a service to the State that warrants them and their descendants being for all time of the hereditary legislators. They assert, moreover, that rewards of this kind should not be given to men whose only service to the State consists of large contributions to the funds of a political party. They object to new creations on economic grounds, because of the baneful influence which a constantly increasing aristocracy has on the land system. Each new peer and each new baronet goes into the land market, that his family may have a territorial background; with the result that freehold land in England becomes increasingly difficult to obtain. Finally, the Radicals and Labor men argue that it is not the business of a Government supported by a democratic majority in the House of Commons to set up social distinctions. The net result of the Government's action in this regard is that neither the Radicals nor the Labor men are enthusiastically interested in the movement.



*The Growth of the  
English Labor Party*

The recent remarkable success of the Labor party—which includes a gain of a seat at Jarrow and another in one of the industrial divisions of Yorkshire, both captured from the Liberals, together with one in Staffordshire over the Unionists—has called attention in England to the fact that the Labor propaganda is now being pushed with even more vigor than in the three years before the general election of 1906. So far the Conservative party has recovered only two of the scores of seats that it lost in the *débâcle* of eighteen months ago. One of these successes was due to the Liberal vote being divided by the intervention of a Labor candidate; and the other was gained in a constituency

from which a Liberal member retired under a social cloud and was replaced by a local Conservative territorial proprietor. These are the only elections since February, 1906, at which there have been indications of a reaction; and so far the Conservatives have regained ground much more slowly than after any other general election at which they had sustained overwhelming defeat. What gain there has been otherwise since the general election has accrued to the Labor group. This group, which is led by Mr. Keir Hardie, and which holds aloof from the Government much in the same way as the Irish Nationalists, numbered twenty-nine when the general election was over. It now numbers thirty-three; and it is so active in all the industrial constituencies, and so determined to fight for a seat whenever opportunity offers, that the Government dreads nothing so much as a vacancy in an industrial constituency. There are wealthy men in the House of Commons who have been promised peerages by the Government and who have long been impatient for their reward, but who have to be kept waiting because the Government does not desire to open a constituency, and thus to give the Labor men another opportunity of wresting a seat held by an official Liberal. To the Conservatives and to the Whig element in the Liberal party there are two features in this labor movement in politics that are disconcerting. These politicians had expected that the Labor group would follow the example of the Nationalists and make themselves a nuisance in the House of Commons. But, as the Conservative Yorkshire Post recently remarked, House of Commons traditions and manners have by this time had their influence on Labor members, "who have, moreover, established a discipline and a code of their own in which, curiously, a rather rigid respect for the proprieties seems to have been included, perhaps by way of deliberate intentional contrast to the older records of Irish Nationalism." Even the Tories admit that the Labor men are behaving like gentlemen in the House of Commons, and are running counter to none of its long-established traditions. The persistence with which

the Labor propaganda is pushed is the second feature which is disconcerting the old-school politicians of both parties. They had regarded the large gains of the Labor party at the general election as merely a democratic outburst that would soon spend itself. But instead of exhausting itself it has taken on more vitality. The methods are the same as those which preceded the general election—open-air meetings whenever a Labor speaker can gather twenty people on a street corner, and the publication of numerous modest little news sheets devoted exclusively to the Labor propaganda. These methods are now being pushed with more energy than at any time in the history of the movement. The elections at Jarrow and in the Colne Valley division (Mr. Grayson, the successful candidate in the latter, is an avowed Socialist) prove that the movement is attracting some middle-class support; and it is also noticeable that the last recruit for the Labor group in Parliament is a lecturer at Manchester University.



### *The Bruges Exposition*

Over the quaint old Flemish city of Bruges still seems to brood the spirit of the Middle Ages; very specially is this so just now, when the Exposition of the Fleece of Gold makes the historic past seem real, and casts its glamour and fascination over the beholder. The sleepy old town carries everywhere the air and manner of a grander olden time, when Bruges was one of the greatest cities of the Hanseatic League, and when its now half-deserted docks and quays were the busy scene of a commerce which made its burghers among the richest of Europe, and probably suggested the emblem of its famous Order of the Golden Fleece, whose glories are revived and made real to the visitor of to-day by the Exposition which is now in progress. To the busy American, working hard even at sight-seeing, the ancient city, which was in its golden prime five centuries ago, makes only an impression of still life, though to its inhabitants, doubtless, the stir of the Exposition de la Toison d'Or may seem exciting in its unusual energy

and bustle of activity. The exhibition, as its name implies, is chiefly concerned with the art, arms, armor, and relics pertaining to the famous Order which in distinction ranks with that of the Garter, the Annunciation, the Black Eagle, the Cross of St. Andrew, and the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honor, while in antiquity it outranks most of these, and recalls some of the most splendid and noted achievements of the age of chivalry. The portraits and relics of the early knights of the Order (1429–1559) revivify names which have long lost their significance except to devoted students of the past. Here one can see the very armor of knights who bore the Fleece of Gold, and examine at leisure relics of the "Battle of the Spurs of Gold." The names, the portraits, and the relics seem to recall a page out of Froissart or Lacroix. Especially is the exhibit rich in portraiture of famous knights and kings who were fortunate enough to have their features preserved for posterity by one of the greatest schools of portrait artists in Flemish history. Some of these come as loans from the great galleries of Europe, some from private collections, and some from the palaces of kings and emperors, thus furnishing a collection which the visitor is unlikely ever to see brought together again.



### *The Story of the Order*

The Order whose glories are being quietly celebrated in Bruges this summer was founded by Philippe le Bon, Duke of Burgundy and Brabant and Count of Flanders, in 1429. Himself, during his rule of about half a century, a patron of art and artists, the founding of the Order strengthened his rule by binding his counts and barons close to himself in bonds of honor. Whether he had in mind the legend of Jason and the Argonauts, the Bible story of Gideon and his fleece, or whether the name of the Order was bestowed in honor of the mass of golden hair that fell over the shoulders of one of the handsomest women of her time, Marie de Rumbouge, or whether, as already suggested, it was merely a poetical allusion to the commerce in

woolens and other products which brought wealth to Bruges, cannot now be determined. At any rate, the Order took high rank and has ever since maintained it, there being, it is said, but one member of it in England, King Edward himself, who received the decoration while he was yet Prince of Wales. The ground floor of the Exposition is almost wholly given up to displaying what may be called the regalia of the Order. In the center stands a figure in full robes and insignia—a robe of deep red velvet lined with white taffetas, long mantle of purple velvet lined with white satin, and all richly embroidered and decorated with precious stones, while the hem bears the words, embroidered in gold on a ground of white, *Je l'ay emprise* (I have captured it). Around and in the rooms above on every side are memorials and relics of illustrious knights long since turned to dust—Charolais, Crève-cœur, the Croys, and others whose portraits look down upon the visitor from the canvases of Van Eyck, Van der Weyden, Gerard Horebout, Mabuse, etc. That of Duke George of Saxony is a masterpiece by Louis Cranach, for whose work there is now something like a cult among students of the art of portraiture. It is loaned by the Leipzig Gallery. The collection of tapestries and illuminated manuscripts is probably the finest ever brought together in an exhibition; some of the former, beautifully preserved, with colors and figures almost as distinct as when new, are from the Royal Palace in Madrid, and are probably the finest of their kind in the world. Bruges, it will be remembered, excelled in tapestry before the much-admired products of Beauvais and Gobelin were in existence, and hence it may be said to take precedence in this art. The armor of Charles V., lent also by the King of Spain, with its beautiful ornaments in inlaid gold, attests the skill of the greatest of Italian armorers, Antonio Campi, of Milan. The collection of medals is rare and interesting, as is also that of sculpture; and altogether the Exposition is one of exceeding interest to one fairly familiar with mediæval art and arms and the achievements of the age of chivalry. The historical

tournament, held in the Grande Place, added still further to the interest of an exhibition unique of its kind.

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**Ramabai** The census of 1901 reported the number of child widows in India under fifteen years of age as 391,147, and 19,487 of these as under five years. They are the most wretched class in India, the victims of almost incredible cruelty, as if somehow responsible for the death of him to whom they were married or betrothed. Twenty years ago American women formed an association to aid the high-caste Hindu lady, herself a widow, whom the inarticulate cry of these sufferers had roused to befriend them—Ramabai, the most highly educated woman in India, entitled for her learning “the Pandita.” At the twentieth annual meeting of the American Ramabai Association, its President, Dr. Hall, recently returned from his Indian lectureship, gave an account of his visit to Kedgaon in the Bombay district, where Ramabai’s great institution is located. Her home for high-caste child widows, the Shâradâ Sadan, is the original nucleus of a great family now numbering nearly 1,500 girls, many of them rescued from famine and orphanage. Here are imparted an education and a training in domestic arts and industries, which fit for lives of light and leading, as wives and mothers or teachers among their countrywomen. Dr. Hall said: “I have seen many bodies of students in many parts of the world, but I do not remember any body of students in which the average for beauty, for intellectual vivacity, for womanly charm, was higher than in the group of young girls gathered there as students of the Shâradâ Sadan.” Ramabai’s daughter, Manoranabai, is its vice-principal. While there has never been any proselyting, a large majority of its 155 pupils have become Christians. Ramabai’s girls have carried her influence into many parts of India, and her work attracts to Kedgaon during the cool months almost daily visitors from America, Australia, and England. Dr. Hall speaks of her as “a marvelous personality . . . one of the most commanding and extraordinary

women of her time." The present threatening aspect of public affairs in India he considers is due to opposition to the British bureaucracy, not to disloyalty to the British throne. Still, it is "a stormy time," which he regards as appealing to Ramabai's well-wishers to stand by the heavily burdened leader in her great work. There are now some fifty circles or societies of these. The treasurer is Mr. Curtis Chipman, Boylston Street, Boston.



## *Both Protection and Control*

New converts are ever most zealous. Railway managers and their journalistic friends who a few months ago were crying out in alarm against the idea that the Federal Government should interfere with inter-State railway corporations, and were anxiously arguing for what they called the Constitutional rights of the States, have suddenly, within the past three weeks, become more ardent advocates of Federal intervention than the President himself. Now they are asking—even demanding—that the Federal Government should take their weapons and go up, on their behalf, against these aforetime sovereign States. The Outlook has said that all railway managers would eventually see what some have long seen—the wisdom of strong and efficient Federal control of inter-State commerce; but it did not look for this instantaneous and enthusiastic conversion. Even now it cannot expect this new and exalted state of mind to endure. As soon as Federal interference ceases to mean protection and assumes once more the aspect of regulation, these proselytes, we fear, will abandon their new faith.

The railway conflict in North Carolina, Virginia, and Alabama can be understood only in connection with the progress of railway regulation in the past. On another page The Outlook records the chief facts in that conflict and the events of last week which brought it to its present stage. Here The Outlook reminds its readers of the

course of the larger movement of which this conflict is but a part.

When railways were first invented, Stephenson, "the father of the locomotive," foresaw the time when the sovereign would need to exercise great power in controlling them. That time did not quickly arrive. Everybody knows the great change in industrial and social life which has been wrought by the railways. How speedily that change took place is indicated by the fact that in the seventy years from 1830 to 1900 the railway mileage in the United States grew from twenty-three miles to nearly two hundred thousand miles. More than half of that growth occurred in the latter twenty years. The people of the United States were busy during the early part of that period in building up their industries. With the growth of industry there developed also industrial evils. The railways had the power of life and death over industrial enterprises. By favoring one shipper or locality at the expense of another, a railway could make and destroy fortunes.

With regard to the methods of dealing with these evils we can see four attitudes on the part of the States and the railways.

First—the attitude of indifference. The States were passive. Railway influences were strong, public sentiment was weak, individual sufferers were powerless. Local politicians prospered under the favor of the railways and trusted to the Federal Government to protect the people.

Second—the attitude of demagoguery. The Federal Government, responding to a growing public sentiment, began, with great conservatism, to attack the evils, and, under the leadership of President Roosevelt, laid down a policy which it has consistently followed. Suddenly, within the past few months many local politicians, noting the popularity of this policy, have attempted to imitate it without understanding it—or, perhaps more accurately, feeling tardily the goad of public sentiment, have unintelligently attempted to respond. Instead of regulation, however, they adopted the policy of irritation, and trusted to the Federal Government to protect the railways.

Third—on the part of the railways,

the attitude of protest. When the Federal Government first adopted a policy of regulation, the railways fought that policy. They brought their forces to oppose the adoption of the Hepburn Bill. They argued for States' rights—they made much of the Constitutional guaranties to the several States.

Fourth—the attitude of appeal. Now that the States have assumed to exercise the powers for which the apologists of the railways once so largely argued, the railways are eager for Federal protection, and some of them are querulously complaining because the United States does not fight their battles.

The fact is that the United States Government is the one power that can protect the rights both of the people and of the railways, that can both secure industrial equality and maintain industrial prosperity. The most recent events in the movement emphasize the truth that the public welfare demands efficient Federal regulation of inter-State commerce, and State regulation, in so far as it is necessary, in harmony with the policy of the Federal Government.



## *How Do We Know?*

Steadily and irresistibly enlarging its domain, modern science has seemed like a masterful conqueror destined to bring under its sway the whole world of truth. All lovers of truth—as distinguished from lovers of tradition or lovers of their own conceptions of truth—are grateful for every bit of territory which science has wrested from ignorance. Wherever science has placed its flag, fear, superstition, dull slavery to falsehood, the whole vile crew of ignorance, have fled. Science has brought to mankind vaster and nobler conceptions of the world and the universe, a new power over nature, new weapons against disease, a new understanding of the distant past, a new intelligence concerning the future, a new unity among men. It has been a larger revelation to man of himself and his Maker.

No wonder that men to-day are saying that truth is the gift of science; that the

test of truth is the scientific evidence with which it is sustained; that there is no truth except that which can be scientifically proved. "As a scientific man," said a physician the other day, "I am not satisfied with anything else than overwhelming evidence. We do not regard any medical fact as a fact until it is scientifically established. Is not selfishness better, more desirable, than unselfishness? Is there such a thing as disinterested love? It is all a matter of evidence. It seems to me as if the weight of scientific evidence was on the side of selfishness and against disinterested love."

Is it indeed all a matter of evidence? Is all truth subject to science? Are all aspects of truth alike to be laid under the necessity of conforming to the rules of evidence?

That some aspects of truth are discernible only by scientific methods there is no doubt. A historical fact such as the existence of Napoleon, a property of matter such as the conservation of energy, an effect of certain curative agents, such as the medical value of diphtheritic anti-toxin, can be accepted as true only after it has been proved to be true by overwhelming evidence. In these aspects, contrary to common belief, truth is most elusive. Certainty regarding the truth of history, of physics, of medicine, is not readily to be distinguished from a high degree of probability. That fact does not rouse in us any doubt. On the contrary, there is nothing which men hold to more tenaciously than the truth established by overwhelming evidence; indeed, as we have seen, when men speak of truth, it is commonly those aspects of truth which are scientifically discernible.

There are, however, other aspects of truth which are not established in the first place by evidence, but by another process—demonstration. Of these aspects of truth mathematics affords the clearest illustrations. It is hardly necessary to say that the truth of certain mathematical formulæ would never have been discovered at all if men had had to depend solely upon evidence. In these aspects truth seems nearer to us than in those aspects in which it appears

to us as history, or physics, or medicine. Mathematical truth may be subtle, complex, difficult to understand, but it is not elusive.

There yet remain, however, certain aspects of truth which are discernible neither by scientific process nor by mathematical demonstration. The truth that a melody of Mozart's, that a painting of Rembrandt's, that a poem of Keats's, that a scene on the Hudson, is beautiful, cannot be proved by any scientific method; neither is it susceptible of mathematical demonstration. One who denies that this melody or picture or poem or scene is beautiful cannot be persuaded by any amount of evidence; he cannot be convinced by any process of reasoning. Truth of this kind can be apprehended only by a kind of sympathetic understanding. By whatever name we call it, whether intuition, or artistic temperament, or spiritual insight, this power by which we seize on truth is as real a power as the power of ratiocination, or the power of weighing evidence. Indeed, this power brings truth closest to us; in discerning truth it makes truth a part of us; not something outside of us to be observed, but something within us to be experienced. We do not experience the existence of Napoleon, or the pons asinorum; but, if we apprehend it at all, we do experience a Mozart melody.

In times of great sorrow or great joy, in the stress of temptation, in the pressure of responsibility, the truth we need chiefly is the truth that we can experience. We may have cultivated the habit of scientific scrutiny or of logical reasoning; but if we have neglected the habit of treasuring truth when it enters through experience, we become helpless in times of crisis. Just as Darwin, to his own grief, lost his power of appreciating the fine arts, though he had developed highly his powers of observation and of reason, so a man who is learned and acute may yet miss the fundamental truths of life. On the other hand, as a man who may have no scientific training and only the most primitive powers of deduction may discern the beauty of sea or sky or land, of a painting, a poem, or a song, so such

a man may discern, appreciate, and experience the beauty and the truth of love, of self-sacrifice, of strong-willed devotion to duty, of a life adjusted to the will of God. This is what the psalmist meant when he declared that, even in the face of the wonders of the heavens, the Lord had ordained strength out of the mouths of babes and sucklings; this is what St. Paul meant when he declared that God had chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise. More surely than the scientist knows the ways of beetles or the movements of the stars, and as surely as the mathematician knows the demonstrated conclusions of geometry, the little child knows the personality of his mother, for her love is a part of himself. His way of knowledge is not the way of the entomologist, or the astronomer, or the geometrician, but for all that it is as sure, and it leads him nearer than their ways do to the heart of truth.

If we would understand art in any of its forms, we must live in its presence; we must see good pictures, hear good music, read good books. So, if we would know God, we must live with him, be governed by him, let his will be done in our lives. This is life eternal, to know him. There is no other way to the knowledge of spiritual things except through life. Paul revealed the secret of his insight into the spiritual world when he said, "For me to live is Christ." It is in this way that we can know the love of God which passeth all other kinds of knowledge.

## *The First American Teller of Tales*

Not that Cooper was the first American novelist, for Charles Brockden Brown had written psychological novels a quarter of a century before him; nor the first American romance writer, for Irving's genius had begun to shine before "Precaution" appeared; but in the sense that Sir Philip Sidney had in mind when he spoke of a "tale" as that "which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney-corner," and in the specific



dictionary sense that makes the tale primarily a narrative, James Fenimore Cooper may be called the first American tale-teller. And as the Samoans lovingly called Stevenson Tusitala, meaning not a tale-teller, but *the* tale-teller, so Cooper, in a certain large sense, remains *the* American teller of tales to this day. Naturally, at the centennial celebration of the founding of Cooperstown last week, honor was done to its famous name-giver. Professor Brander Matthews, in a finely critical commemorative address, and half a dozen poets in rhythmic enthusiasm, recalled—to quote Julia Ward Howe's poem, written for the occasion and read by Bishop Potter—

"The hunter bold, the savage dark,  
The breath of regions unprofaned,  
The rover with his phantom bark,  
The valiant spirits, rudely trained."

Mrs. Howe (who, by the way, was born the year before Cooper's first story appeared, and writes this tribute more than fifty years after his death) touches directly in these lines the charm that has made the best of Cooper's work live. No American author, we believe, has been so beloved by boys and by men who have the boy's open spirit. It is true that Cooper is less read to-day in America than he was twenty years ago; but in France and Germany, and perhaps in Great Britain, "Cooper of the wood and wave," as Stevenson used to call him, is still beloved of boyhood. But Cooper's literary survival is a singular one in this respect—that it exists more largely through the memory of one's long-ago reading than through re-reading or through the author's attractiveness to new generations of readers. There are thousands of Americans who would find even "The Last of the Mohicans" or "The Spy" intolerably prolix and deadened by literary pomposity of manner, who yet have in their memory unfading pictures of Harvey Birch the Spy, of Uncas and his father, of Natty Bumppo, the simple but noble hunter and scout known as Hawkeye and Leatherstocking and Deerslayer—beyond question one of the most individual character-creations in all fiction; who have but to close their eyes to feel again the deep thrill and wonder with

which they breathlessly followed the tale-teller through the forest path and down the rapids in canoe, or lay hidden in the cave listening to the Indian's war-whoop, or admired the brave American soldier and pitied the patriotic and despised spy, or saw the pale ports of the pirate ship fall and the desperate fight begin. A host of imitators have vulgarized such topics, but in Cooper's day they were fresh.

In short, as a rule, we love Cooper, but we don't read him. The reasons are obvious: he mined pure gold, but too often he concealed it in heaps of rubbish. Among his stories were between fifteen and twenty that few people admired even in his own day, and that no living soul now reads except as a study of literary curiosities. If the reader doubts this, let him try "Satanstoe," or "Home as Found," or "Jack Tier." Again, he never portrayed more than one real woman in his thirty-five or more novels—the half-witted, true-hearted Hetty Hutter in "The Deerslayer," although the Indian maiden June has sweetness and youth. Moreover, even in his best stories he continually hampers the action and provokes the reader to impatience by "talking like a book" with an old-school formality and excessive elegance which are harder and harder to stand as our more and more informal age moves on. Boys do not mind this, for they assume that for them these things are there to be skipped, and accordingly skip on to the entrancing action and the thrill of adventure and rescue. And how fine that spirit of adventure and romance is! Yes, and it always has been from the day the Odyssey, greatest adventure story of the world's literature, was written, down to Cervantes, and then again down to Cooper and Dumas and Stevenson and Maurice Hewlett and the author of "The Beloved Vagabond." Human imagination will always crave for it, and, when found at its highest and best, will hold it as immortal as aught in letters may be. The realists' reflex from actual modern life may have equal honor and (perhaps) equal long life, but the tale of adventure and romance has not departed from literature, and shall not depart.

## The Spectator

One of the most expensive, one of the most deplorable, attributes of ignorance, the Spectator has often thought, would seem to be the inevitable missing of another's point of view—the point of view, say, of those persons possessed with the understanding and appreciation, the range and richness, of culture. This particular want of intelligence sometimes means the lack of a quick responsiveness to new and higher sentiments. It means to fail in recognizing the poetic flash and iridescence, to be unable to affirm the witty reference to a historical place or personage; in other words, to pass blindly by the overflow of taste and conviction in another's talk. The most fantastic phase of the ignorant point of view, however, is its voluntary sightlessness, its surprised and pityingly compassionate attitude toward those who find perhaps a trifle dull the material side of life, and to whom the busy "inward world-building" power of mind is what explains and makes vital the actualities surrounding us.



"Mr. B. is coming to speak at the club dinner," said the Spectator to a visitor, naming a noted author and statesman of high standing. "Is he?" was the reply; "well, he's one of those blamed literary people, isn't he? They must be awful to live with, but I like to catch a glimpse of them occasionally. I think I'll go," she ended, as though we had in view a rare specimen of wild animal! This remark is a capital instance of the feeling of many, the horizon of whose ignorance is only spanned by their complacency. Some one has said that jealousy is a plant that should never be watered, but the grotesque criticisms of thoroughly cultured persons by those less well informed lead one to suspect that jealousy is a plant carefully tended by many.



It never seems to occur to the average intelligence that a craving for a wider view of things might bring with it the unsuspected blessing of a more acute and deliberate sensibility toward the joys

of life to which those once enlightened unreservedly surrender. They fail to see that study and reading sharpen the capacity for discerning truth, that knowledge brings with it content of mind, and that, in order to have strength, force, and flexibility, one must be familiar with dim distances as well as with one's more immediate environment. Surely the people with whom one would wish to have the most enduring relations in life are those who have acquired a tolerant view and a wide knowledge through long and loving contact with the civilizing influences of old books, old pictures, and older countries, which speak of survival, transmission, and association, and thus are enabled to meet the great mocking world on equal terms.



How often did the Spectator sigh, then, when the law of custom decreed the obligation of sitting motionless and listening with seeming respect to a mealy-mouthed shuffler who had nothing to say, who neither read nor studied and whose topics were limited to the petty, circuitous, and unavailing criticism of people, of hats and gowns, or of how much mutton cost a pound! Then it was with a kind of indigestion of the mind that the Spectator was reminded of the Duke of Cumberland's tactful remark to Gibbon: "Well, how d'ye do, Mr. Gibbon! still doing nothing but scribble, scribble, scribble, I suppose?" How Gibbon must have chafed and fretted at the inexorable law of custom which forbade his answering in kind and intimating that "This is this to me and *that* to thee!" which might have marked to the world in general the inevitable limits of his Royal Highness's charm. When, on the other hand, John R. Green, the historian, relates of his celebrated friend Freeman, "He has a way, if you want him to look at anything of interest in Italy after 1200, of saying, 'Oh, that isn't my period!'" one realizes that Freeman was one of those lucky men who keep their own atmosphere and who are none the less interesting because of the occasional withdrawal into themselves which is part of the power of genius. One feels at once how easily and well Free-

man, with his quick responsiveness to knowledge, *could* have discussed the point or object in hand; and the very fact of his tremendous knowledge of "my period," as he was pleased to call it, would have made his consideration of matters outside and beyond it inevitably amusing and original.



Surely conversation should be able to draw from character and intellect its finest essence. To have the ability to seize upon some little incident of experience and by the exquisite nicety and humor of a few pithy and striking phrases elevate it to the dignity of easy and tripping conversation, *that* is a feat to which provincial self-complacency can never attain. The average mind, though, with its limited horizon, seldom, alas! has a craving for a wider view of things. It takes its own way, prefers usual tastes, likes defined and practical pursuits, and looks upon its own narrow path and hemmed-in experiences as an ample sufficiency. "How funny you are to read rather than to sew!" was a remark to a woman heard the other day; and what could be more actively in the comic vein to the initiated? Here certainly was ignorance dressed up in costume and whimsically paraded! "I don't know enough to embroider well," was the quick answer, but the reply was too deeply tinged with irony to penetrate the wooden sensibilities of the first speaker. From the first remark one might gather that all knowledge wandered about at large and ready to hand for our easy discernment! If one wishes (and most people do) to know the whole wonder and charm of the world and to gain a region of new images and fresh feelings, to bar the door of it all by refusing to read, to see, and to do is not the most effective step. Very little of the fullness of joy in life springs full-grown into our consciousness, and to read and work is,

after all, the simplest way to find a more and more fervent appreciation of life and all it offers. It is not to be wondered at that so many people find the world a dull place, without color and tone, for they themselves are best described by just those adjectives.



It would be difficult, perhaps, to describe the intellectual and spiritual nature possible to the larger and more cultivated type of mind. It does not lend itself to a very close analysis or description; but might it not be termed the blessing of *uncommon* sense? Is it not an intangible mental capacity, lively, alert, which has an æsthetic side, an instinct for the best and most beautiful, a vision always for fine discriminations, which keeps clear of confusions and blunted outlines, and which might felicitously be called the qualities combined of measure, restraint, and appreciation? Have you ever stood in the embrasure of a window and caught the whole wonder and charm of the sunset-flooded hills and valleys before the summer twilight closed around the lake, and felt the poetic intoxication of it all? It is at such moments that one realizes to the full the quality, so difficult to define, and which for years may be a blessing unsuspected, but which finally to recognize and know is to crave or miss for all time. With some it is an emotion born of infinite loneliness and self-restraint, but to the provincial observer it is a sense as unfamiliar and inaccessible as Dante's dim underworld! "Culture," Matthew Arnold tells us, "is getting the power through reading to estimate the proportion and relation in what we read." But it is far more than that; it is to become possessed of the *poetic perception* (as rare as it is exquisite), and to find the horizon widening and ever widening to an artistic and large embodiment of thought and feeling.

# THE AVERAGE CITIZEN AND THE LABOR PROBLEM'

BY JONATHAN THAYER LINCOLN

THE library shelves groan with the weight of books catalogued under the head of "Sociology." Thousands of these volumes deal with what is loosely called "The Social Question," or, what amounts to the same thing, "The Labor Problem." Some of the authors are scholars who have thought deeply along economic lines; some are sensational writers who cry that the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer and nothing but a revolution can restore the balance. There are also apologists for the present régime, who tell us that, all things considered, the worker has no reason to be discontented; yet the worker is discontented, and the fact must be explained. There is a trend toward Socialism in these days, and programmes for municipal ownership are in the air; some reformers would enact laws to forbid, or at least to limit, the inheritance of great fortunes; some would level the conditions of rich and poor by a system of graduated taxation. A thousand projects are being discussed, any one of which we may be called upon to sanction at the polls, yet the average citizen has but the haziest notion of the social question and the conditions which create it. The average citizen has not read the books upon the library shelves—and with reason, as it seems to him. The ponderous tomes of the Doctors of Philosophy present a forbidding aspect; he has been told that the volumes written by young ladies engaged in settlement work are not always trustworthy; and he shuns the writing of the reformers in the belief that all such are anarchistic. He has a notion that great fortunes must be tainted; he regrets that thousands of his fellow-men go to bed hungry; and when strikes and lockouts send up the market price of beef and coal, he believes there

is a labor problem. Then he forms his opinion of it from either the yellow or the subsidized press. Poor, perplexed average citizen, if he would come to the City of the Dinner-Pail, walk its streets and enter its factories, he would find the problem stated and discover some practical suggestions toward a solution.

The writer of this essay is not an economist—he is not even a sociologist; he has, however, lived all his days in a manufacturing community; he has known and admired many persons of great wealth, and he has known and admired many persons who toil from daylight to dark, earning their daily bread in the factories; and he hopes that certain facts that he has learned from these persons may be of some benefit to the average citizen in his quest for truth.

Some years ago a reputable review published a sensational article concerning the City of the Dinner-Pail, and the Board of Trade selected a writer to reply to certain statements made in this article which did not seem to square with the truth. It was my good fortune to accompany the counsel for the defendant in his tour about the city investigating the charges. The sensational writer had described the tenements in which the operatives lived, and selected for particular criticism a group of houses owned by a prosperous corporation. Such a picture of squalor has seldom been painted—evidently the gentleman had never before seen a house without a bath on every floor. These houses were built about a quadrangle which served as a common back yard, and while this back yard might not be all that Mr. J. Horace McFarland might desire so far as grass and trees are concerned, it was a very large breathing-space, and gave each tenant a right to more out-of-doors than one can hire for several thousand dollars on Fifth Avenue. In the center of the quadrangle were a number of outhouses which caused this diligent student of

<sup>1</sup> An article by Mr. Lincoln describing a typical New England manufacturing community was published in *The Outlook* of February 9, 1907, under the title "The City of the Dinner-Pail."

sociology a bad quarter of an hour, and he wrote a long paragraph about the fearful sanitary conditions of the court where outhouses were placed close to the bedroom windows. He failed, however, to state the fact that while the small wooden buildings were originally intended for sanitary purposes, they were used at the time he wrote as wood-sheds, the tenements having been fitted with modern plumbing many years before. He summed up his case against the quadrangle in these words: "In the center of all this filth stands a pump." Not only did the noxious odors invite diphtheria and Heaven knows what other fearsome diseases, but the tenants drank infected water from a well situated in the courtyard! As a fact, there was a pump in the yard, but the pump was without a handle, for the tenants drank the same water with which the city provided their landlord's table. This well illustrates the sensational writer's method in dealing with the problem. Every fact stated was true—there were outhouses in the quadrangle and near by there was a pump; but while the facts were true, the writer's conclusions were false, because, while he told nothing but the truth, he failed to tell the whole truth.

My friend's reply was quiet in tone and more scholarly in treatment than the paper it contradicted, but he, like the other author, was a partisan—one held a brief for the workingman, the other argued his case for the manufacturer. The counsel for the defendant called attention to the large deposits standing to the credit of workmen in the savings banks; a majority of the depositors in several institutions for savings were factory operatives, and this he cited as evidence that the operatives were well paid and thrifty. While I believe the workers in the City of the Dinner-Pail are thrifty and well paid, I want to suggest the danger of drawing such a general conclusion from the evidence. Large bank deposits standing in the names of factory operatives clearly indicate that a healthy financial condition exists among the workers, but do not prove that the average worker earns more than he spends. The fact that many operatives own bank books merely

shows that under existing conditions the thrifty worker may save money. To ascertain the exact meaning of the deposits argument it would be necessary to know the aggregate of the deposits, the number of depositors, and to classify the workers as to the amount of wages they actually earn; this in itself would require the attention of one student for a considerable time. It is as unfair to take the thrifty, self-denying workingman as the type, as it is to set up the hungry, depraved wretch as the inevitable result of the factory system; for the workingman is, after all, merely a human being, an individual distinct and different from every other, and whether he lives in squalor or in comfort depends, in a larger measure than we are wont to think, upon himself; and his well-being on his obedience to greater laws than legislatures can enact.

At the railway station one morning I met an army of immigrants just arrived: one hundred and sixty Western Islanders, men, women, and children seeking a new home on the continent. Had I journeyed to the Azores, outside the principal ports I should have had difficulty in finding so great a crowd of natives—yet here within a mile of my own hearthstone I was to all purposes in Fayal. It was by no means the ragged mob the sensational writer would have painted it, but a laughing, interested crowd of men and women getting their first impressions of a strange country. It was a healthy unrest which sent them wayfaring—the hope to better their condition; friends had come before them and sent back word that America was indeed the land of promise; following their example, these men and women had become wayfarers, and here they were expectant of a new hope. Some will achieve that hope and some will fail, but the achievement or the failure will rest with the individual. The sensational writer would view this company with dismay—another regiment to be mowed down by the machine guns of capital; the apologist would point to their happy, interested faces and tell you the joy of their quest, and how much better it is to run eight looms all day and have the evenings to one's self than to till the barren soil of

an island in the sea; and each writer would fall wide of the mark. Some among this company will be successful, some will fail, and so they would had they remained at home; some have increased their chance of happiness in the broader life of the new world, the others have increased the penalty of failure; but the success or failure, the happiness or discontent, will rest with the individual and cannot be created by act of legislature.

In the last generation the factory day began at dawn and ended at nightfall. Then, as now, some workers were contented and some rebellious; by turns the ten-hour and the eight-hour day were heralded as the dawn of the working-man's hope; but still some are satisfied and some discontented; and so it will be until the end of time. I do not want to be understood as opposed to labor legislation; it is the duty of the State to correct abuses in the industrial régime; but the happiness and contentment of a people must rest on a broader foundation than legislative enactment. In our vain efforts to solve the labor problem we rush from one ineffectual remedy to another, because we are unable to view the problem in its true perspective. If we could follow the throngs that crowd the main street of the City of the Dinner-Pail each Saturday evening to their homes and become acquainted with the workers as individuals, many errors that now distort our vision would be corrected.

A lad of seventeen, who for several years had worked at doffing in a cotton-mill, obtained a position as office-boy in another manufacturing concern. He was a keen, energetic young fellow, and his employer, ever in search of such boys to strengthen his organization when they should become men, took an unusual interest in the newcomer. One morning he noticed the boy engaged in footing up the columns of an old pay-sheet. The task seemed a useless one, and the employer asked the boy why he did it. The boy replied that, having no other work, he had asked the bookkeeper for the sheet that he might verify it, for the benefit of the practice. His employer, pleased with the reply, explained to him how eagerly men in business sought for boys of serious purpose, and

commended the lad for his diligence. The boy, hesitating at first, but encouraged by his employer's interest, said, "I have wanted to tell you, sir, for a long time, how my ideas about rich men have changed since I left the mill. The men I worked with there were Socialists, and they said rich men had no hearts. I had never known a rich man, and when I came here I was afraid every time I made a mistake that I should get a beating. The first time I was sent to your private office you spoke kindly to me, and I went home that night and told my mother that rich men were sometimes just as kind as the poor."

This is a true story, and what a fearful condition it illustrates—a working boy astonished that his master could be kind. The solution of the labor problem lies in simpler means than we imagine; we fret and fume about this and that enactment of law, while the real solution lies beyond the province of legislatures, but within the scope of each man's life—a fuller understanding of the lives of those we meet and talk with and pass by each day. There exists a deplorable ignorance on the part of the snug and comfortable concerning the lives of those who toil, and a similar ignorance obtains among the workers concerning those who employ them.

When I was a boy playing about my father's machine-shop, I watched a man boring castings, and to-day I saw the same man working on the same machine, and still boring holes. What a text this might give the pessimist for his sermon; how he would picture the despair of this man's life, and what an arraignment he would make of the factory system! Yet if he knew the man as I have come to know him, he would find him to be just another mortal on his certain journey from the cradle to the grave. He is a great gentleman in his own set, this borer of holes, and in the past quarter of a century has saved from his wages what his shopmates deem quite a fortune. He goes to church every Sunday with his daughter, a college girl, in whose education he takes a pardonable pride. He is a philosopher withal; he has looked out upon the world, and it has meant something to him. He owns the house

in which he lives, and believes that there should be a property qualification for voters. He tells me that it is a mistake for a man never to take a vacation, and every year he goes to New York for a week to correct his perspective. Sometimes in the summer he goes to Newport for a day, but he does not approve of the summer capital—the residents live to no purpose, they seem bent on killing time. Hours to him are synonymous with dollars, and dollars with the education of children. This workingman, the facts seem to prove, is not the miserable creature the disciples of Mr. Ruskin would have us believe; and, although his horizon is limited, he has advanced a step beyond the office-boy—he knows that his employer may be kind, but he has not learned that the man who gives ten thousand dollars to a hospital, and the moment the check is written forgets it, is still capable of self-sacrifice.

Some fifteen years ago "The Coffee Tavern" was one of the most interesting institutions in the City of the Dinner-Pail. Primarily the purpose of the Tavern was to provide a temperance restaurant for workingmen, and connected with it were rooms for reading and recreation. Soon, however, there came a demand for something more than mere entertainment. Over the games of pool and checkers discussions arose concerning labor and capital, and the men asked for a class in political economy. Thus an educational work was begun which resulted in a few workingmen and a few employers of labor becoming better acquainted.

The directors of the Tavern, among whom were several large employers of labor, met once a week about the round table which was the one conspicuous ornament of the directors' room, the regular dinner was served, and the affairs of the institution were discussed. Incidentally other matters were touched upon, and time out of number the great problem of labor and capital was talked over, from two very different points of view, by the workingmen in the main dining-room and the directors, seated about the round table. After dinner employer and employee smoked their pipes and

played games together, and each returned to the factory with a higher regard for the opinions of the other.

There was a debating club which met at the Tavern on Sunday afternoons, at the meetings of which some speaker, in an address limited to thirty minutes, presented the subject, after which a ruler was passed from hand to hand, the possessor of the talisman being allowed five minutes in which to add to the weight of the speaker's argument or to refute his thesis. The men who debated were workingmen, uneducated, brutalized, as some writers would have us believe, yet I have heard at the Tavern, on many Sunday afternoons, debates which would have done credit to many a State Senate.

In looking over a file filled with forgotten notes concerning the labor problem, I chanced upon a manuscript written several years ago by one Thomas Evans, who signed himself "Justice of the Peace and Old Labor Agitator." It brought to mind the figure of an aged Englishman—a native of Lancashire—rough, unkempt, forceful, but one whose eyes looked out in kindness on the world in which he lived. All about him he saw conditions crying for reform; he knew the times were out of joint, and believed with his whole heart that he had been born to set them aright. A Manchester newspaper once dubbed him John Bright's trumpet-blower; he had been in consultation with Gladstone in matters of practical politics relative to the welfare of the workingmen; Lincoln valued his services, and often in his prime he had been called into the councils of great men of affairs. Thomas Evans was a remarkable man; lacking culture, he had the mind of a scholar; in the manuscript he failed to dot his "i's" and cross his "t's," but his reasoning was clear and his argument masterful. When I first knew him as a Coffee Tavern debater, he was an old man and down on his luck, as the saying is, despised by the manufacturers for being a labor agitator, hated by the workingmen for conceding the fact that sometimes the capitalist is not in error. He was very poor in worldly goods, but rich in his love for men. Later some well-meaning gentlemen

made it possible for him to spend his last days in a home for aged people, but his stay there was brief—he longed for the activities of a busy world; he preferred poverty with doing to comfort with inaction; and after a few weeks he left the Home and returned to his attic and the crust of bread. Enfeebled by age, he could no longer win even a meager living; he spent a few weeks in the poorhouse, but then his indomitable will again sent him forth into the world of men, where for a few days he fought his last brave battle. One afternoon his tottering form appeared in the public square; a group of idlers gathered about him, and the old agitator made his last harangue. To his hearers it seemed the incoherent mutterings of a madman; the police arrested him, he was adjudged insane, and sent to the asylum, where he died. Thomas Evans, J. P., was buried in a pauper's grave, but his message to mankind can never die; his life, as the world counts it, was a failure—he died in poverty—but who can tell what influences for the good of man he set in motion? Reading the manuscript, I found many familiar passages, bringing to mind his talks in the Sunday afternoon debates at the Coffee Tavern; and I can suggest the nature of these debates no better than by quoting one or two passages from this essay, entitled "A Common Sense Sermon on the Labor Problem."

"Society," he says, "has the wrong notion that statesmen lead public opinion and originate reforms; but this is merely a political dose for the simples. Statesmen do not lead public opinion, they follow it. Reforms have to germinate and develop among the people themselves; statesmen are simply the instruments to carry out the collective will of a nation, and all legislation that anticipates the will of society must fail. Schoolmasters must sow before statesmen can reap. We hear much said about consistency of thought, and in my humble opinion it is a monstrous humbug to call it a moral virtue, because all social progress is the result of changes of opinion. What some people call consistency of thought, common sense tells me is mental stagnation. The great question before the country to-day, the labor question,

can never be settled by salary-grabbing politicians. We must be Christians first and partisans afterwards. Common sense tells me there can be no political question which is not also a religious question; and all real progress must be by honest legislation; such legislation, however, will not come until the intelligent and industrious manhood of this country brushes aside the bigotry and prejudice and learns with Tolstoy that we cannot be saved separately; we must be saved collectively."

This seems rare common sense, and, coming from a workingman, ought to set the smug and comfortable to thinking. The man who reasoned so clearly was not a scholar—I devoted many hours to translating the manuscript—but I will venture that on economic questions he could confound many a Doctor of Philosophy.

Let us look again at the manuscript. "In the saving grace of common sense," he writes, "trades-unionism is not a whit better off than the world of practical politics. There are surely many political trade-union leaders who trade in official salaries when manhood and true courage are the qualities most needed; common sense plainly tells me that all bigots and tyrants are not to be found among the employers of labor. Sectional trades unions are not wide enough to secure the greatest good for the greatest number, and I have suffered often for daring to oppose many movements which had the support of sectional unions. We have heard a great deal about what trades unions have done, but few labor leaders can be found with manhood and moral courage to name the cruel wrongs to thousands of helpless and defenseless fellow men and women perpetrated by the selfishness of labor leaders looking for political honors."

This workingman not only could think clearly but he could reason impartially, and you may seek in vain among the writings of the partisans of capital for a more stinging arraignment of trade-unionism than is contained in this manuscript from the pen of the "Old Labor Agitator." Thomas Evans was not the only man among the members of the debating club whose opinions are worthy



of thoughtful consideration; there were many other speakers who took part in those Sunday afternoon debates who, if they might be heard by a larger audience, would exert an influence on modern thought.

The workmen and the employers of labor who attended these debates at the Coffee Tavern gained for themselves those benefits which an adequate criticism of the labor problem would give to the average citizen—a person mightily interested in the question if he only knew it. These men lived with the problem, and their knowledge came at first hand. No sensational writer could convince them that a revolution was imminent, nor could any apologist blind them to the

evils pertaining to our present industrial system.

What these men knew the average citizen needs to know. If he will not read the books upon the library shelves, he may at least look out upon the busy world in which he lives and try to think for himself concerning this vast problem; he can touch elbows with the man who carries the dinner-pail, and learn that he is a man and not a machine; he can talk with the man who employs labor, and learn that he is not the inhuman monster the revolutionists would have us believe; then, having come to know the employer and the employee as they really are, he can set about the task of making them better acquainted.

## PROBLEMS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE

### THE TRUE MAN AND CHRIST

BY LAIRD WINGATE SNELL

TRUE living is true religion; the Christian life is the sound, sane, whole human life; the man who follows truth follows Christ, whether he knows Christ or not. Yet we preach Christ insistently to every man. For we dare to say to every man, If you are true—whether Christian, Jew, Mohammedan, Buddhist, or atheist—if you are true, here is what you are looking for: the way of God in men, the way of life, more life, irrepressible, growing, victorious life—and that is the way of Jesus Christ. Have that mind in you which was in him who humbled himself and was obedient unto death; practice faith in an infinite spirit of love as he practiced it to the utmost limits, to the least

details; above all, learn his spirit who came not to be served but to serve and to give his life for many, and you will prove that Christ's way is life indeed and life abounding.

The man who follows truth follows Christ, to be sure, but to follow and not know him is to walk in the dusk that precedes the day. Give to the man who follows truth to see Christ as he is; he will recognize his Master, he will recognize the life that is itself the truth. To him Christian discipleship comes as inevitably as day to "them that wait for the morning"—if Christ be presented as he is. But presented in the guise of outworn creeds, unreal liturgies, superstitious "schemes of salvation," the true Christ is not seen of the true man, the common man, and not on the common man rests the blame.

<sup>1</sup> Under this general head are included seven brief articles by Mr. Snell, dealing with practical and personal religious problems. The present is the second article of the series.—THE EDITORS.



# THE SHADOW OF GOOD THINGS TO COME

BY ZONA GALE

*Author of "Pelicas and Ettare," etc.*

OF Friendship Village there is a tale in whose very beginning I chance to have been concerned, but by this I set no great store, since a universal nervous liking for all beginnings has driven me to some disrespect for things in such case. It may well have been because I did not recognize the import of the moment—for certain beginnings wear other guise—that I hardly heeded what, one winter night on the Friendship "accommodation," I overheard.

"The Lord will provide, Delia," Dr. June was saying.

"I ain't sure," came a piping answer, "as they is any Lord. An' don't you let on to nobody 'bout seein' me on this train. I'm goin' on through—West."

"Thy footfall is a silver thing,  
West—west!"

I said over to the beat of the wheels, and the words that I said over were more insistent than the words that I heard. Also, I was watching the lighted eyes of a motor, carrying threads of streaming light, go skinning near the track, swifter than the train. It belonged, as I guessed, to the Proudfits of Friendship, and it would be carrying Madame Proudfit and her daughter Miss Clementina, after a day of shopping and visiting in the town. And as I saw them thus airily returning home, I renewed a certain distaste for them, since in their lives these great Proudfits, of the Proudfit estate, seemed veritably goblin-like, with no interest in any save their own picturesque flittings. But while I chided myself for my judging them, and held not less firmly to my own opinion, as one will do, I was conscious all the time of the little gray doctor in the aisle of the rocking coach, holding clasped in both hands his big carpetbag without handles. Over it I saw him looking down in grieved consternation at the little piping woman huddled in one of the rush seats.

"No Lord!" he said, "no Lord! Why, Delia More! You might as well say there ain't no life in your own bones."

"So they ain't," she answered him, grimly. "They keep on a-goin' just to spite me."

"Delia More—*De-lia* More," the wheels beat out, and it was as if I had heard the name often. Already I had noticed the woman. She had a kind of aged youth, like that of Calliope Marsh, dressmaker and mender of lace, who had journeyed in town on the "Through" that very morning, and who had, I was remembering, somewhat mysteriously asked me not to say that she had gone away. But Calliope, in her tan ulster and straw hat, that were on duty winter and summer, was one of the delights of Friendship, and that stifled youthfulness gave her a claim upon you, and not, as to this woman whom Dr. June regarded perplexedly, a forlorn aloofness.

No one but the doctor himself was preparing to leave the train at Friendship. He balanced in the aisle alone, while the few occupants of the car sat without speaking—men dozing, children padding on the panes, a woman twisting her thin hair tight and high. Dr. June looked at those nearest to be sure of their tired self-absorption; but as for me, who sat very near, he had long ago decided that I think my own thoughts and no others, since sometimes I had forgotten to give him back a greeting. Therefore it was in a fancied security, which I was loth to be violating, that he opened his great carpetbag and took out a book to lay on the woman's knee.

"Open it," he commanded her.

I saw the spare contour of her face tightened by her swiftly set lips as she complied.

"Point your finger," he went on peremptorily. She must have obeyed, for in a kind of unwilling eagerness she bent over the page, and the doctor stooped, and together in the blurred light

of the kerosene lamp in the roof of the coach they made out something.

" . . . the law having a shadow of good things to come, and not the very image of the things . . ." I unwillingly caught, and yet not wholly unwillingly either. And though I watched as if much depended upon it that great motor of the Proudfts vanishing before us into the dark, I could not forbear to glance at the doctor, who was nodding, his kind face quickening. But the woman lifted her eyes and laughed with deliberate skepticism.

"I don't take no stock," she said.

I remember how within me something answered to her bitterness. There will be within some of us a thing that answers to bitterness as metal vibrates to a chord. That which is softer quickening. Howbeit that night I did not understand, but I was aware of a certain sympathy for the woman.

"No—no. Mebbe not," the doctor commented with perfect cheerfulness. "Some folks take fresh air and some folks like to stay shut up tight. But—'the shadow of good things to come.' I'd take that much stock if I was you, Delia."

As he laid the book back in his bag the train was jolting across the switches beside the gas-house, and the lights of Friendship were all about the track.

"Why don't you get off?" he reiterated, in his tone a descending scale of simple hospitality. "Come to our house and stop a spell. Come for tea," he added. "My wife said she was goin' to hev hot griddle-cakes and sausage for tea."

She shook her head sharply.

"I couldn't," she said briefly. "Don't you tell anybody you see me," she reiterated warningly.

When he was gone, and the train was slackening in the station, the woman moved close to the window. If I had been lonely—but I am not lonely, and I think that one who is not so can never judge of this and that—I must have caught a certain cheer in the look of the station and even in the magnificent cosmic leisure of the idlers. Truly, though I have lived but a little while in Friendship, I have a joy in them all. In

Photographer Jimmy Sturgis, in his leather coat, with one eye shut, stamping a foot and waiting for the mail-bag, of which, besides his "picture gallery," he is master. In old Tillie, known up and down the world for her waffles, and now peering out between shelves of plants and wax fruit set across the window of the "eating-house." In Timothy Top-lady, who always meets the trains, but for no reason unless it be to say an amazed and reproachful—"Blisterin' Benson, not a soul wants off here!" And in Abel Hallsey, the itinerant preacher—not alone from the love of God, but because within him his soul burned to travel, and his sorrel mare and his road-wagon and his route to the door of many a country church were the sole satisfactions of his wanderlust; but next to this was his delight to be at a railway station when any train arrived, savoring the moment of some silent familiarity with distance. (Also Abel was a devout man and a preacher filled with grace and Bible-taught.)

I delighted in them all, and that night, as I looked, I wondered what it would be like if I were returning to it after many years; and I could very well imagine how my heart would ache.

As the train moved on, the woman whom Dr. June had called Delia More turned her head, manifestly to follow for a little way each vanishing light and figure; and as the conductor came through the car and she spoke to him, I saw that she was in some tingle of excitement.

"You sure," she asked, "that you stop to the canal draw?"

"Uh?" said the conductor, whose personality was masked in a kind of husk so that it was difficult to gain his attention or to win his understanding. "Uh?" he said, winking fast; and when he comprehended, "Oh yes," he said, "oh yes. Oh yes. You be ready when she whistles." He hesitated, manifestly in some curiosity. "They ain't a house in a mile f'om there, though," he told her.

"I know that," she gave back crisply.

Now when I heard her speaking of the canal draw and of the stop that the train might make, I found myself wondering; for a woman is not above wonder,

even a woman who forgets to give back greeting. It would be there, where the trains stopped just perceptibly, that I myself was wont to leave them for the sake of the mile walk on the quiet high-road to my house. That, too, though it chanced to be night, for I am not afraid. But I wondered the more because other women do fear, and also because mine was the only house between the canal draw and Friendship Village; and manifestly the shortest way to reach the village would have been to alight at the station. But I held my peace, for the affairs of others should be to those others an efficient disguise under the sun; and, moreover, the greater part of my wonder is wont to come to naught.

Yet, as I seemed to follow this woman out on the snow and the train kept impersonally on across the meadows, I could not but see that her bags were many and looked heavy, and twice she set them down to rearrange. I think a very ghost of the road could have done no more than ask to help her. And this I did with an abruptness of which I am unwilling master, though indeed I had no need to assume impatience, for I perceived that my quiet walk was spoiled.

When I spoke to her, she started violently and shrank away; but there was an austerity in the lonely white road and in the country silence which must have chilled a woman like her; and her bags were many and seemed heavy.

"Much obliged to you," she said indistinctly. "I'd just as live you should take the basket, if you want."

So I lifted the basket and trudged beside her, hoping very much that she would not talk. For though for my own comfort I would walk long miles to avoid treading on a nest, or a worm, or a magenta flower (and I loathe magenta), yet I am often blameful enough to wound through the sheerest bungling those who talk to me when I would be silent.

The night was one clinging to the way of winter, and as yet with no hint of spring. But the air was mild and dry and the sky was starry. I am not ashamed that on a quiet highroad on a starry night I love to be silent, and even to forget certain concerns of my own

which seem in the publicity of the sun most pressing; but I am ashamed, I own, to have been called to myself that night by a little choking breath of haste.

"I can't go—so fast," my companion said humbly; "you might jest—set the basket down anywhere. I can—"

I craved her pardon and looked my other self scornfully in the face, or so I try to do when that not wholly imaginary woman has stealthily controlled me. But I think that my companion can hardly have heard my apology, for she stood where she had halted, staring away from me. And we were opposite the cemetery lying in its fence of whitewashed rails.

"O my soul, my soul!" I heard her say. "I'd forgot the graveyard, or I couldn't never 'a' come this way."

At that she went on, her feet quickening, as I thought, without her will. And she kept her face turned to me, so that it should be away from that whitewashed fence. And now because of the wound she had shown me I walked a little away in the middle of the road for my attempt at sympathy. So we came to the summit of the hill, and there the dark suddenly yielded up the distance. The lamps of the village began to signal, lights dotted the fields and gathered in a cozy blur in the valley, and half a mile to westward the headlight that marked the big Toplady barn and the little Toplady house shone out as if some one over there were saying something.

"You live here in Friendship?" the woman asked me abruptly.

I could show her my house some way before us. But I had lived there for only a year, and so I said, and that I counted myself a stranger.

"Ever go inside the graveyard?" she asked.

Sometimes I do go there, and at that answer she walked nearer to me and spoke eagerly.

"Air all the tombstones standin' up straight, do you know?" she said. "Hev any o' their headstones fell down on 'em?"

This I could answer too, definitely enough; for Friendship Cemetery, by the vigilance of the Young Married Ladies' Cemetery Improvement Associa-

tion, is kept in no less scrupulous order than the Friendship best rooms.

"Well, that's a relief," she said; "I couldn't get it out o' my head." Then, because she seemed of those on whom a sudden silence lays a certain imaginary demand: "My mother an' father's buried there," she explained. "They're in there. They died when I was gone. An' I got the notion that their headstones had tipped over onto 'em. Or Aunt Cornie More's, maybe."

Aunt Cornie More. I knew that name well, for they had told me about her in Friendship. How she had made her own shroud from her crocheted parlor curtains, lest these fall to a later wife of her octogenarian husband; and how as she lay in her coffin the curtain's shell-stitch parrot "come right acrost her chest." And this woman beside me had called her "Aunt" Cornie More. And then I remembered the name which Dr. June had spoken on the train and the wheels had measured.

"Delia More!" I said, involuntarily, and was scornful enough of myself when I had spoken. But indeed it was as if some legend woman of the place walked suddenly beside me, like the quick.

Who in Friendship had not heard the name, and who, save indeed one who thinks her own thoughts and forgets to give back greeting, would not on the instant have remembered it? Delia More's sister had been betrothed to a carpenter of Friendship, and he was at work upon their house when, a month before the wedding-day, Delia and that young carpenter had "run away." Who in Friendship could not tell that story? But before I had made an end of murmuring something—

"I might 'a' known they hadn't done talkin' yet," Delia More said, bitterly. "When I was a little girl, Calliope Marsh's beau run off with somebody else, an' for ten years the town et it for cake. Well, they ain't none of 'em goin' to get a look at me. I don't give anybody the chance to show me the cold shoulder. You can tell 'em I was here if you want. They can scare the childer' with it."

"I won't tell," I said.

She looked at me.

"Well, I can't help it if you do," she

said. "I'm glad enough to speak to somebody, gettin' back so. It's seventeen year. An' I was gettin' fair body-sick to see the place again."

At this she would be asking me about Friendship folk, and I answered as best I might, though I am wont to pay small heed to the affairs of the town. And of what she inquired about I knew little, and what I did know was footless enough for human comfort. As to the Topladys, for example, I had no knowledge as to what one of them all had earned his money in bricks and had later married a "foreigner;" but I knew Mrs. Amanda Toplady: that she had hands dimpled like a baby giant's, and that she carried a blue parasol all winter to keep the sun from her eyes. And I knew nothing of Mrs. Holcomb, that was Mame Bliss, save that her black weekday cloak was lined with wine broadcloth, and that she wore it wrong-side-outward for "best." And of whether Abigail Arnold's children had turned out well or ill I was profoundly ignorant; but I remembered that she had caused a loaf of bread to be carved on the monument of her husband, the home baker. And so on. But these were not matters about which I could talk to the hungry woman beside me.

Then, to my amazement, when I would have mentioned the Proudfits—those great and rich Proudfits whose motor had raced by our train—Delia More would have none of them.

"I do' want to hear about 'em," she said; "I know about 'em. I use' to take care o' Miss Clementina when she was a little thing. I know 'em. They always was crool proud and crool pious. Mis' Proudfit, she use' to set up goodness an' worship it like a little god."

And this judgment startled me, but yet in its import I secretly concurred. For though I barely have their acquaintance, Madame Proudfit and her daughter Clementina are as a thorn to me too, so that I have not returned their visit; and often and often I forget to give them back greeting. Perhaps it is that they alone in Friendship sound for me a note of other days—but yet, whatever it is, they are a thorn to me; and I remember how, once more, something

within me seemed to answer to this woman's bitterness.

"Then there is Calliope Marsh," I ventured, to turn my thought not less than hers. But Delia More did not answer, and at this I was puzzled, for all Friendship loves Calliope, who, I think, has lived there since the beginning, and has yet preserved her youth.

"You will recall her?" I seemed to press the matter.

And at that—"Yes. Oh, yes," she said, and would say no more. And though, because Calliope had forbidden me, I might not mention that I had seen her on the train that morning, and that she was absent from Friendship, yet it grieved me that this stranger should be indifferent to anything about her.

I would have passed my own gate, because the basket was heavy and because I knew that the woman was crying somewhat. But she remembered how I had shown her my house, and there she detained me and caught at her basket in haste to be gone. So I, who perhaps feel upon me a weak necessity to do a bidding, watched her go down the still road; but yet I could not let her go away quite like that, and before I had meant to do so I called to her.

"Delia More!" I said—as familiarly as if she had been some other expression of myself.

I saw her stop, but I did not go forward. I lifted my voice a little, for by the distance between us I was less ill at ease than I am in the usual personalities of comfort.

"I heard that on the train," I said then, awkwardly—and I was the more awkward that I was not persuaded of any reason in my words—"that about 'the shadow of good things to come.' Maybe it meant something."

Of course I was impatient enough of my commonplace of comfort, but one must have said something. Delia More's thin, high-pitched voice came back to me, expressing all my unvoiced doubt.

"Tain't like," she said. "I never take no stock."

Then I looked at my dark little house in a kind of consternation lest it had heard me trying to give comfort. For within those walls often enough I had

spoken as this woman spoke. But even the drowned should throw immaterial ropes to those who struggle in dark waters.

It will not be necessary, I am willing to hope, to say that I followed Delia More that night from no faintest wish to know what might happen. For I, who have a weak desire for peace of mind, was fain to forget her story. I followed because the quiet highroad was so profoundly lonely, and the country silence is ambiguous, and I cannot bear to think of a woman abroad alone in the dark. I cannot bear to think of myself abroad alone in the dark, though I go quite without fear. But certain other women have fear, and this one was crying. I kept well behind her, and as soon as she reached the village I meant to lose sight of her and return, for a village is guardian enough. But when we had passed the bleak meadow of the slaughter-house and the wide, wet-smelling wood-yard and had reached the first cottage where the Plank Road narrows to be the main street of Friendship, I was startled to see her unlatch that cottage gate and enter that yard. And I was suddenly sadly apprehensive, for the cottage was the home of Calliope Marsh, who that morning had left the village and had asked me to say nothing about it. How if this poor creature had fled to Calliope for sanctuary, only to find locked doors? So I waited in the shadow of a warehouse like any bandit; and I raged within at the thought of having possibly to harbor this stranger among the books of my quiet home.

Then on a sudden I saw a light shining brightly in Calliope Marsh's cottage, and some one wearing a hat came swiftly and drew down a shade. On the instant the matter was clear to me, who have a genius for certain ways of the veriest busybody. Calliope must have known that the woman was coming; Calliope's warning to me to keep silence must have been a way of protection to this poor girl. And here to Calliope's cottage Delia More had come creeping, whom all Friendship would hold in righteous distaste. But I alone of all Friendship knew that she was here, "fair body-sick to see the place again."

I turned back to my quiet highroad pretending a great rage that I should be so keen over the doings of any, and that my walk should have been spoiled because of her. But there are times, it seems, when rage is difficult. And do what I would, there came some singing in my blood, and on a sudden like any busybody I found myself standing still in the road fashioning a plan.

It was as if Time and the Hour were my allies, for at once I was aware of a cutter driven smartly from the village, and I recognized the 'Topladys' sorrel. At my signal the cutter drew up beside me, and it held Timothy Toplady on his way home from the station. I asked him what o'clock it was, and when he had found a match to light his huge silver watch—

"Blisterin' Benson!" said he, ruefully, "it's ha' past six, an' me late with the chores again. I'm hauled an' sawed if it hain't *always* ha' past six. They don't seem to be no times in between."

"Mr. Toplady," said I, boldly, "let us get up a surprise party on Calliope Marsh—you and Mrs. Toplady and I."

I had learned that he was loth to oppose a suggestion and that he always preferred to agree, but I had not hoped for enthusiasm.

"That's the idea," said Timothy, heartily. "I do admire a surprise. But what I think is this," he added: "when'll we hev it?"

"To-night," said I, boldly.

"Whew!" Timothy whistled. "Sudden for General—eh? Suits me—suits me. Better drive out home with me an' break it to Amanda," he cried.

I smiled as I sat beside him, noting then that his enthusiasm was very like relief. For if any one was present, he well knew that his masterful Amanda would say nothing of his tardiness. And so it was, for as we entered the kitchen she entirely overlooked her husband in her amazement at seeing me.

"Forevermore!" that great Amanda said, turning from her stove of savory skillet; "ain't you the stranger! Timothy says only to-day, speakin' o' you, 'She ain't ben here for a week,' s'e. 'Week!' s' I, 'it's goin' on *two*.' I'm a

great hand to keep track. Throw off your things."

And at that I began to feel her influence. Mrs. Toplady is so huge and capable that her mere presence will modify my judgments; and instantly I fell wondering if I was not, after all, come on a fool's errand. She is like Athena. For I can think about Athena well enough, but if I were really to stand before her, I am certain that the project in which I implored her help would be sunk in my sudden sense of Olympus.

None the less, I made my somewhat remarkable proposal with some show of assurance, and I should have counted on Mrs. Toplady's sympathy, which ripens at less than a sigh. In Friendship you but mention a possible charity, visit, or new church carpet, and the enthusiasm will react on the possibility, and the thing be done. It is the spirit of the West, the pioneer blood in the veins of her children, expressing itself (since there are of late no forests to conquer) in terms of love of any initiative. We love a project as an older world would approve the civilizing reasons for that project. Mrs. Amanda plunged into the processes of the party much as she would have felled a tree. It warmed my heart to hear her.

"We ought to hev a hot supper—what victuals'll we take?" she said. "Land, yes, oysters, o' course, an' we'll all chip in an' take plenty-enough crackers. We might as well carry dishes from here, so to be sure an' hev what we want to use. At Mis' Ewing's surprise we run 'way short, an' Elder Woodruff finally went out in the hall an' drank his broth, an' hid his bowl in the entry. Mis' Ewing found it, an' knew it by the nick. That reminds me—who'll we ask?"

"Mrs. Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss," said I, promptly, "and Abigail Arnold."

"An' the Proudfts," Mrs. Toplady went on.

"Suppose," said I, with high courage, "that we do not ask the Proudfts at all?"

Mrs. Amanda threw up her giant hands.

"Not ask the Proudfts!" she said.

"Why, my land a' livin', the minister hardly has church in the church without the Proudfts get an invite."

"Calliope mends their fine lace for them," I reminded her, feeling guilty. "They wouldn't care to come, Mrs. Amanda, would they?"

But of course I was remembering Delia More's "*They* wouldn't never forgive me. They worship goodness like a little god." And that night I was not minded to have them about, for it might befall that it would be necessary to understand other things as well. So bold an innovation, however, moved Timothy Toplady to doubt.

"They might not come," he said, frowning and looking sidewise, "but what I think is this, Will they like bein' left out?"

His masterful Amanda instantly took the other side.

"Land, Timothy!" she said, "you be one!"

I have heard her say that to him again and again, and always in a tone so skillfully admiring that he looked almost gratified. And we mentioned the Proudfts no more.

So Calliope Marsh's surprise party was born, full-armed. When supper was over, the table was "left setting," while pickles and cookies and "conserve" were packed in baskets; and presently the Topladys and I were stealing about the village inviting to festivity. I love to remember how swiftly the one street took on an air of the untoward. Kitchens were left dark, unaccustomed lights flashed in upper chambers, some went scurrying for oysters before the home bakery should be closed, and some spread the news, eager to share in the holiday importance. I love to remember our certainty, so reasonably established, that they would all join us as infallibly as children will join in jollity. No one refused, no one hesitated; and when, at eight o'clock, the Topladys and I reached the rendezvous in the engine-house entry, every one was there before us—save only, of course, the Proudfts.

"Where's the Proudfts? Ain't we goin' to wait for the Proudfts?" asked more than one; and some one had seen the Proudft motor come flashing through

the town from the Plank Road, empty. At all of which I kept a guilty silence; and, to say truth, I had by then not a little guilt to bear, since I was becoming every moment more doubtful of my project. For at heart these people are the kindly of earth, and yet they are prone, as Delia More had said of the Proudfts, "to worship goodness like a little god," nor do they commonly broaden their allegiance without distinguished precedent. And this how were we to secure?

Every one was there—the little gray Dr. June, flitting about as quietly as a moth, and all those of whom Delia More had asked me: Mrs. Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss, wearing her cloak, wine broadcloth side out, to honor the occasion. Abigail Arnold with a huge basket of gingerbread and jumbles from the home bakery, which now she herself carried on. The Geckerjecks, who "kept the drug-store," and who scented the very streets of the town with musk and essences. ("Musk on one handkerchief and some kind o' flower scent on another," Mrs. Geckerjeck was wont to say; "then you can suit everybody, I say. I always carry two.") And the dear Liberty sisters (there was a third, but she rarely left their home because she was said to fancy that she was "not like other folks"). Photographer Jimmy Sturgis, with one eye shut, and Mrs. Sturgis in a faint aroma of caraway which she nibbled incessantly; and Abel Hallsey, who was to leave at midnight for a lonely cross-country ride into the hills, where a marriage was for him to solemnize next morning. I love to remember them all as they stood, gossiping and eager, the women bird-observant of one another's toilettes. And I own myself to have felt like an alien among them, remembering how I alone knew that Calliope Marsh was not even in the village.

Very softly we lifted the latch of Calliope's gate and trooped in her little dark yard.

"Blisterin' Benson!" Timothy Toplady whispered; "ef the house hain't pocket-dark, front *and* back. What ef she's went in the country?"

"Sh—h!" whispered his great Amanda, masterfully. "It's the shades



down. I'm nervous as a witch. My land! if the front door ain't open a foot!"

Though there are no locked doors in Friendship, I had feared that Calliope's cottage door would now be locked and barred, and that Delia More would answer no formal summons. At sight of the open door I had a sick fear that she had some way heard of our coming and fled away, leaving ajar the door in her haste. But when we had footed softly across the porch and peered in the dark passage, we saw at its farther end a crack of light.

"Might as well step ri' down to the dinin'-room—that's where she sets," Mrs. Amanda said, in her whisper, which is gigantic too.

The passage smelled of the oilcloth on the floor and of a rubber waterproof which I brushed. And on a sudden I shrank back beside the waterproof and let the others go on. For, after all, to that woman within I was a stranger, and these were her friends of old time. So it was Mrs. Amanda who opened the dining room door.

I could see that the room was cheery with a red-shaded hanging-lamp, and shelves of plants, and a glowing fire in the great range. A table was set with red cotton and spread with dishes. Also, there was the fragrance of toast, so that one wished to enter. And in a rocking-chair sat Delia More, that little figure which I remembered. She stared up in a kind of terror at the open door, and then turned shrinkingly to some one who sat beside her. But at that some one beside her I looked and looked again, for it was one whose rich fur cloak had fallen where she had let it fall; and there, sitting with Delia More's hand in hers, was that great Madame Proudfit of the Proudfit estate.

"For the land!" Mrs. Amanda said. "For the land . . ."

But she was looking at Madame Proudfit. And, hardly seeing her, as I could guess, she went forward in her great strides, holding out her arms.

"Delia More!" she cried, "Delia More!"

I saw Dr. June's pale, luminous face as he pushed by Timothy at the door and went to her; and I remember

Abigail Arnold and Mrs. Holcomb—that-was-Mame-Bliss, and how they ran in the room with little sharp cries which must have been a kind of music. And while the others blocked the passage or crowded into the room according to the nature that was in them, I saw some one come from the cellarway and pause, smiling, in the door. And it was Miss Clementina Proudfit, with eggs in her hands!

"Wait!" I heard Delia's sharp, piping voice then. "Wait!"

She rose, one thin little hand pressed tensely along her cheek. But the other hand Madame Proudfit held in both her own as she too rose and stood beside her.

"Oh, Mis' Toplady—an' Mame Bliss," said Delia, "nor you, Abigail—don't you, any of you, come in yet. I got somethin' to tell you."

At that, in a kind of awe, they waited. But before she could speak again Miss Clementina put down the eggs, and, with some little stir of silk, she took a step or two steps toward us.

"Ah," she said, "let us not take the time for that—when it has been so long since we met! Delia has just told mother and me all about these years—and you don't know how splendid we think she has been and how brave in great trouble. Come in, everybody, and let's make her welcome home!"

And Madame Proudfit said nothing, but she nodded and smiled at Delia More. And in the moment's hush the toast, propped on a fork before the coals in the range, suddenly blazed up in blue flame at the crust.

"Somebody save the toast!" cried Clementina, and smiled very brightly.

They needed no more. Timothy Toplady sprang at the toast, and already Dr. June and Abel Hallsey were shaking Delia's hand; and Mrs. Amanda, throwing her shawl back over her shoulders from its pin at her throat, enveloped Delia in her giant arms. And the others came pushing forward, on their faces the smiles which, however they had faltered in the passage seeking a precedent, I make bold to guess bodied forth the gentle, hesitant spirit that informed them.

As for me, I waited without, even after the others had all entered. And as I

lingered, the outer door was pushed open to admit some late comer who whisked down the passage and stood in the dining-room door. And it was Calliope Marsh herself, dear little woman in the tan ulster and straw hat of winter and summer, and her face was shining.

"Delia More!" she cried, "didn't I tell you how it'd be if you'd only let 'em know? An' Mis' Proudfit, you here! I been worried to death on account o' forgettin' to take home your cream lace waist I mended."

Madame Proudfit's voice lowered the high key of the others talking in chorus.

"We drove over to get it, Calliope," she said. "And here we found our Delia More."

At eleven o'clock that night Calliope Marsh rapped at my door, and she had a little basket.

"Here," she said, "I brought you this. It's some o' everything we hed. An'—

I'm obliged for my su'prise," she added, and squeezed my hand in the darkness.

"I surmised first thing, 'most," she said, "when Delia described you. No, land no!—Delia don't suspicion you got it up. But she said I should tell you something. 'You tell her,' she says to me, 'you tell her I say I guess I take stock now,' she says. 'Tell her that: I guess I take stock now.'"

And at that my heart leapt up so that I hardly know what I may have said in answer.

"Delia's out here now," Calliope called from the dark steps. "The Proudfits brought me. Delia's goin' home with 'em—to stay."

Thus I saw the eyes of the Proudfits' motor, with its threads of streaming light, about to go skimming from my gate. And in that kindly security was Delia More.

"Calliope," I cried after her because I could not help it, "tell Delia More I take stock too!"

## THE SECOND HAGUE CONFERENCE

BY A STAFF CORRESPONDENT

### V.

ONE always associates Belgium with Holland. They are "the Low Countries." It is natural that we should think of them together, for they themselves live in close intimacy. First, because they lie side by side. Second, because the Belgian Flemings are, in race and language, so like the Dutch that the newcomer notices no difference. Third, because Belgium and Holland were once under one government. Finally, because the commercial and political problems of both are largely the same.

As sometimes happens between next-door neighbors, a friendly rivalry may be detected here. The Belgians are somewhat jealous because the Russian Emperor chose The Hague instead of Brussels as the meeting-place for the Peace Conferences. This feeling is emphasized by the location at The Hague of the International Court of Arbitration, the main

result of the First Conference. And now, through Mr. Carnegie's munificence, the Court is to be definitely and palatially housed there. Small wonder if Belgium's nose is just a bit out of joint!

"It might have been otherwise," sighed a Fleming the other day, "if, in 1898, our King had been more active in influencing Nicholas II." Another Belgian chimed in: "But, in any event, the advantages of Brussels over The Hague should have appealed to the Emperor." A more categorical spokesman was M. Henri La Fontaine, a member of the Belgian Senate, Professor of International Law and Director of the International Bibliographical Institute at Brussels, the scope of which is nothing less than to furnish information concerning books and pamphlets on *any* subject—the Institute's material needs might well attract the attention of some

library Mæcenas. Speaking of the Emperor's choice, Senator La Fontaine exclaimed: "But The Hague is a village compared with Brussels. As one among a number of evidences, take that of passenger transportation to and from the two places. From how many distant cities can The Hague be reached by a through train? Yes, you have hard work to say. But think of the many with which Brussels has through communication. In the second place, in addition to a large number of influential international meetings, the famous War Conference of 1874 was held at Brussels. Like these at The Hague, it was also summoned by a Russian Emperor—Alexander II.—to consider the laws and customs of war, and was really the forerunner of the present Conference on Peace. Certainly its Declaration formed the basis of the Regulations adopted by The Hague Conference of 1899. That Conference and the present might thus have appropriately been held in our capital. These two reasons ought to have had weight with the Emperor."

Nevertheless, Nicholas II., as advised by his counselors of 1898 and 1906, had, among others, two reasons for choosing The Hague as a meeting-place for the International Peace Conference—so say the Dutch: first, that in this city are centered executive and legislative institutions having behind them centuries of heroic and honored history, those of Belgium being more recent; second, the very fact that The Hague is quieter and sener than Brussels is reason enough for its choice as the location for grave deliberative and judicial bodies of world importance.

I have heard no Belgian ill-naturedly criticise Holland's good fortune. On the contrary, the universal sentiment among them seems to be: "If we could not have the Conferences and the Court, we are glad that Holland has them. For, to begin with, we are close friends. Then there is the more selfish reason that the strangers now coming to The Hague will, of course, visit Belgium too, it being so close at hand. And the more they see of us the better they will like us, the longer they will stay, and the more money they will spend." Which is certainly

true. Those who visit Belgium because of her history and art will probably be equally attracted by what she is accomplishing educationally, economically, and commercially in her schools, museums, labor conditions, factories, and harbors. As to the last, Antwerp is now one of the first ports of the world, having regained its old-time importance, and Bruges is to be similarly transformed.

It is fitting, then, that Belgium should be represented at the second Hague Conference, as at the first, by one who has been called her greatest citizen, Auguste Beernaert. He heads the Belgian delegation now as in 1899. He presides, as then, over the Second Commission, that on Land Warfare. He is a solid, substantial, cheery-looking veteran, seventy-seven years old. When you meet him, you find that his manner matches his appearance. From the first his career has been distinguished. When he was only twenty he won the title of Doctor of Laws. During the following twenty years he was a prominent lawyer in Brussels. He was then elected to Parliament, and about the same time entered the Cabinet as Minister of Public Works. He held this position five years. After seven years out of office he was again called to the Cabinet, this time as its Premier and Minister of Finance, positions to which he added prestige for a decade. He has since been President of the Chamber of Deputies. His principal achievement has been the revision of the Belgian Constitution. He is a member of the Hague Permanent International Court of Arbitration, and is justly regarded as one of the most astute men in the present Conference, as he was in its predecessor. For, while M. Beernaert is a man of principle, he never sacrifices a whole loaf because he can get only half.

Take, as example, his compromise proposition on the dispute as to the inviolability of private property on the high seas in time of war. It has never been declared inviolable. Should it? "Yes," says America. "No," says England. The question has been discussed in the Fourth Commission, that on Maritime Law. The position of our American delegation, as described in Mr.

Choate's great speech, is that private property, except contraband of war, should be exempt on the sea from capture or seizure—this, however, not to imply the inviolability of ships attempting to enter a blockaded port, or the inviolability of the cargoes of such ships. "Good," says a principal naval Power, Germany, "if first we agree to your definition of contraband and blockade." "Good anyway," are saying the delegates from Germany's allies, Austria and Italy, the delegates from the Low Countries and the three Scandinavian states, from Switzerland, Greece, and the Balkans, from Turkey, Persia, and China, from Brazil and some other South American countries—an interesting jumble of maritime and non-maritime states. "Not good," objects England's ally, Japan, followed by France and Russia, Spain and Portugal, and, of the South American states, at least by Colombia and probably by Mexico. The other delegations are apparently on the fence. They are "studying the question," and some frankly admit, "We are waiting for instructions from home." Aside from England's insistence on the right of capture, first because her power lies on the ocean and her history and interests justify it, the main argument of the "stand-patters" seems to be that the right of capture really makes for peace, not war, and that America underrates the importance of harm to commerce as a deterrent of hostilities. "Anyway," Sir Edward Fry, the first English delegate, reminded me, "your own Captain Mahan, a delegate to the first Conference, takes our view." It was a satisfaction to reply that the present British Lord Chancellor, Lord Loreburn, takes ours.

If the English are firm, so is America. Sir Ernest Satow, the second British delegate, says that their instructions admit of no compromise. Certainly America does not feel like compromise. There is an apparent deadlock.

To break it and to insure a step in advance as better than no progress at all, three days ago in Commission the wise old ex-Premier of Belgium introduced this proposition: "Except fishing craft, hospital ships, and those of

scientific expeditions, all vessels may be seized, used, and kept *only* on condition of being restored on the declaration of peace. If, however, the ships and their cargoes have been destroyed, their value must be paid to their owners at the end of the war; if they have been sold, their price must be remitted." It may be that by this proposition M. Beernaert's name will be known to future students of international law. Behind every proposition stands a man, and his personality is apt to be interesting in proportion to the interest his proposition excites.

M. Beernaert is ably seconded by the two other Belgian delegates, M. van den Heuvel, ex-Minister of Justice, and Baron Guillaume, Minister at The Hague. M. van den Heuvel represents the law, pure and simple, without any admixture of diplomacy, as do Sir Edward Fry in the English delegation and Judge Rose in ours. Baron Guillaume is the efficient Reporter of the First Sub-commission under the First Commission, that on Arbitration. His stalwart figure brings to mind the Flemings whom Rubens painted. Appropriately, the Belgian Legation is housed in a large, square, massive structure in the Heerengracht. The interior offers a good example of Dutch decoration of a century or two ago. In view of Belgium's rivalry as to the location of the Conferences and the Court, it was a graceful act of Baron and Baroness Guillaume to be the first to entertain the delegates to the Conference.

Two greatly respected Dutch military veterans are General van de Poll, the Queen's Master of Ceremonies, and General den Beer Poortugael, ex-Minister of War. The latter has been a delegate to both Hague Conferences. His name, in its abounding sonority, and his soldierlike speeches conjure before one a tall, martial figure. Instead the General is a man not over middle height, with a notably gentle, kindly, refined manner. He is two years younger than M. Beernaert, and the two men are showing the juniors that to be seventy-five and seventy-seven years old is no bar to acute and incessant activity. For at least three decades General den Beer Poortugael has been recognized as an authority on the laws of war and on international maritime

law. He has written several works on these subjects. He is one of the oldest members of the Institute of International Law, and is the only General on its list. His articles on the relations of Great Britain to the Transvaal, published in *The Forum* some years ago, brought him particularly before Englishmen and Americans. In the history of this Conference his name will be particularly associated with the discussion and consequent conclusion of the question of the necessity of a declaration of war. Even though within the past two centuries the vast majority of wars have begun without any declaration, and soldiers are popularly supposed to sanction the prevailing rule, General den Beer Poortugaal is a stout defender of the duty of making a declaration of war. The other day he gave me the benefit of a personal explanation of his views on that subject, which was of peculiar interest. "Talk about disarmament!" he exclaimed. "Why not begin by a measure which will relieve the Powers, even by never so little, from being continually on the *qui vive*? If war breaks out without a declaration, the nations must be always on the *qui vive*, must they not? And their war budgets must be large, proportionate to this necessity. Secondly, in order to lighten the burden there should be not only a declaration of war, but a delay between it and the opening of hostilities. Now, in order to induce the nations to consent to *any* declaration of war, and hence to a slight delay, the latter must be reduced to a minimum. In my opinion, the delay should not be less than twenty-four hours. Thirdly, if there is a declaration and a delay, there should by all means be a notification to the neutral Powers by all the belligerent states, and, so far as they may be concerned, war should not begin until the notifications have been officially communicated and received by telegraph. I have introduced a proposition which embodies these features."

But the most eminent Dutch legal authority in the Conference is Dr. Tobias M. C. Asser, Minister of State. He continues his country's prestige in international law, established by Grotius and Bynkershoek. As the Dutch have always

been the greatest international lawyers, it is not inappropriate that a Permanent International Tribunal of Arbitration should be established at The Hague. Thin, spare, alert, Dr. Asser seems more an American than a Dutchman, an impression only emphasized by his sprightly conversation. He is sixty-nine years old. As showing his precocity, when he was twenty-four he became Professor of Law at the University of Amsterdam. He held this position with distinction for over thirty years. In 1893, at his suggestion, the Dutch Government summoned an international European Conference to consider various questions touching private international law, such as paternity, guardianship, succession, and legal procedure. The lack of international agreement concerning these matters had caused many difficulties in intercourse among the nations. In the Conference of 1893 almost all the states of Continental Europe participated, under Dr. Asser's presidency. He also presided over the similar Conferences of 1895, 1900, and 1904. The members of these Conferences succeeded in framing treaties, signed in 1896, 1902, and 1905 by the European states. These treaties, as Dr. Asser told me, now form the basis for a Code of Private International Law. In the latest Conference Japan was also represented. Some of the members of the Private International Law Conferences now appear as delegates in the present Conference on Public International Law, the Second Peace Conference at The Hague, viz.: Dr. Asser, Professors de Martens and Renault, Dr. Kriege, Herr de Hammarskjöld, Signor Fusinato, Señor de Villa-Urrutia, and Senhor de Sélir.

Dr. Asser's particular contribution to the First Peace Conference was in the shaping of the International Commissions of Inquiry clause. According to the original Russian proposition, the functions of these Commissions were limited to inquiry only, but in consequence of the Asser amendment they were extended to all questions of fact. Title III., art. 9: "In differences of an international nature involving neither honor nor vital national interests, and arising from a difference of

opinion *on points of fact*, the signatory Powers recommend that the parties, who have not been able to come to an agreement by means of diplomacy, should, as far as circumstances allow, institute an International Commission of Inquiry, to facilitate a solution of these differences *by elucidating the facts* by means of an impartial and conscientious examination." Without this extension the clause would not have been applicable to the North Sea incident of 1904 in the Russo-Japanese conflict, and, but for its instant application then, Russia and England would probably have gone to war! Dr. Asser occupies the same position in this Conference as in that of 1899, being President-Adjunct of the Second Commission, that on Land Warfare. He is also a member of the *Comité d'Examen*, the very important executive organization appointed by the General Commission on Arbitration, of which Dr. Scott is the American member.

In his capacity as judge, Dr. Asser has twice been called upon to adjudge cases in which the United States was a party. One was between ourselves and Russia; it concerned the capture of four American ships by Russian cruisers in Bering Sea. In it Dr. Asser was sole arbitrator. The other case, heard

before the Hague Permanent Court of Arbitration, of which Dr. Asser is a member, was between the United States and Mexico, concerning the "Pious Fund of the Californias." In both instances the award favored the United States as to the principles involved. The delegates in general look forward, as they have a right, to Dr. Asser's counsels as being full of fruitful result, especially in continuing the work of strengthening the International Commissions of Inquiry, with which his name is now historically associated. On the one hand, the claim is made that Article 9 has by no means been tested to the utmost; on the other, the claim that the phrase "neither honor nor vital national interests" stands in the way of progress; anyway, that the phrase "the signatory Powers recommend" ought to be replaced by such a phrase as the forceful "the signatory Powers agree to institute."

This subject is of far greater importance than those of a declaration of war or the inviolability of private property at sea. Those provisions merely ameliorate war's horrors. But Dr. Asser's Commissions would *prevent* war. They have prevented it. E. F. B.

The Hague, July 13, 1907.

## THE RUSSIAN DECEMBRISTS'

AS Homer and others witness, in the early ages tribal sagas and the recital of hero-deeds caught the attention of the mass and inspired to imitation. Afterwards came the formal writing of history. Finally came the science of history, or history as a science, seeking, coolly and uninfluenced, to determine how individual deeds really stand in relation to the story of a nation. But alongside the quiet stream of this passionless pursuit there runs another and a livelier, that of autobiography and biographical memoirs, the recital of one's own deeds or of the writer's close rela-

tions with some celebrated person, affording intimate glimpses into the latter's life. For the truth-seeker this stream is sometimes perturbed by egotism, vanity, moroseness, and, once in a great while, by the deliberate desire to deceive. Yet there remains much reliable, interesting material of highest value to the scientific student of history and of certain charm to the general reader. As Goethe said of Benvenuto Cellini's autobiography, a profitable store of information both for the learned and the unlearned: "I see his century much more distinctly through the eyes of that complicated person than in the portrayal of the clearest writer of history."

Aside from individual biographies and biographical studies, various series of

<sup>1</sup> Bibliothek werthvoller Memoiren. Herausgegeben von Dr. Ernst Schultze. Band I.: Marco Polo. Band II.: Deutsches Bürgertum und deutscher Adel im 16. Jahrhundert. Band III.: Aus der Dekabristenzeit. Band IV.: Die Eroberung von Mexiko. Im Gütersberg-Verlag, Hamburg. Imported by G. E. Stechert & Co., New York.

memoirs, dealing with English and French history, have been published. It is now a satisfaction to announce the beginning of the publication, at Hamburg, of a series dealing with the history of the world. The editor of the work, Dr. Ernst Schultze, says in his preface that the series will exclude all untrustworthy memoirs, as well as those not of general interest. Four volumes of the series have already appeared. They include "Marco Polo's Memoirs," "The Conquest of Mexico," "Sixteenth-Century Life in Germany," and "The Adventures of the First Russian Decembrists."

While all the volumes are of general and of particular interest, the last named is by far the most immediately important, because of the Decembrists' strategically powerful position in the Duma, the lower house of the recent Russian parliament. No longer a secret body of conspirators, yet with unchanged principles, they there appeared openly in parliament. Thus times, not principles, change.

The Decembrists take their name from the month in which their revolution broke out. Almost all the leaders were officers, who, having been in the French campaigns, returned in 1815 with new ideas of government. The social and political conditions of France and Germany had shown them the abyss separating western from eastern Europe. They longed to transform Russian conditions.

The only way seemed to be by changing the form of government. Their ideal was nothing less than a constitution for Russia. The ideal was not original with them, however. In 1801, when Alexander I. began to reign, an astounding and profoundly welcome epoch of liberalism began. The Emperor gave his advisers to understand that he wanted to free Russia from the burden of unlimited autocracy, and to grant some sort of a constitution. His choice of that liberal statesman, Speransky, as his chief minister, confirmed this almost incredible attitude of an Autocrat of All the Russias. But Alexander's liberal tendency bore little lasting fruit, and lasted only a decade. He then became a mystic and a reactionary. As we see in the present volume, Russia returned

to Oriental despotism and Oriental inefficiency.

This did not come about unresisted, however. In the highest social class, as well as in any other in Russia, there have always been idealists, with eye single for the welfare of all the people and not of the dominant class. In that class were not a few members of the "Société Occulte," a secret organization founded in 1816, whose members planned a more liberal government for Russia.

In 1825 Alexander suddenly died. The natural heir to the throne was his brother Constantine, a liberal. But, in order to marry a lady not of royal birth Constantine had renounced the right of succession. When the next oldest brother, Nicholas, a reactionary, mounted the throne, the officers who belonged to the "Société" spread the rumor that Constantine had never really renounced the right of succession and had been imprisoned. This aroused the troops. They willingly followed the disaffected officers, crying, "Long live Constantine." But, as often happens in Russian risings, there was no systematic plan or leadership of the insurrection. It was ended, as was Father Gapon's petitioning in 1905, with the Emperor's first gunshot. Nicholas imprisoned the Decembrist leaders, condemned them to death, but afterwards sent them to Siberia.

Three of them, Prince Wolkonsky, Prince Obolensky, and Ivan Jakuschkin, have left interesting and valuable memoirs, describing conditions in Russia and Siberia and their own connection therewith. The volume containing these memoirs is heartily commended to those who read German and who would enjoy that intimate glimpse into the Russia of the first part of the nineteenth century afforded for the second by such books, for instance, as Stepniak's "King Stork and King Log," "The Story of Father Gapon," and other works describing present conditions autobiographically, yet with the inevitable harking back to earlier days. Such a volume as the present, then, has both immediate and permanent value. It, and the other volumes of the "Bibliothek werthvoller Memoiren," deserve speedy translation into English.

# THE BASIS OF BELIEF IN GOD<sup>1</sup>

THE more deeply one studies the history of religion," says the author of this illuminating book, "the more one is struck with the fact that religion is always at a crisis." It cannot be otherwise, since "every advance in thought necessarily demands a corresponding advance in religious conceptions or religious imagery." Such crises are seen in Greece, when Anaxagoras was banished from Athens for teaching that the sun was not a god but a mass of matter as large as Peloponnesus, and Socrates was accused of atheism; again in India, when philosophy whispered that the popular deities were only shadows of one mysterious reality; again in Israel, when Amos supplanted the notion of Yahweh as a tribal deity with the conception of him as the God of all the earth. The same thing recurs to-day. Modern science and criticism have undermined the intellectual basis of the popular theology, and "when the old props are altogether knocked out from under the non-mystical portion of the community, what will be the result?" This is the problem of which this volume offers a solution.

It is in psychology that it finds ground for an adequate solution. Analysis of the elements of our psychic life distinguishes from the sensation and ideation which relate us to external things a mass of feeling which is inseparable from our vital functions. Of this but a part comes into the field of distinct consciousness, from which the remainder shades off into an obscure "fringe." Here our instinctive desires and impulses, likes and dislikes, root, and draw power from it as our "vital background"—a sort of sea ever "throwing up upon the shores of the clearer consciousness all manner of products." However much of this mass of feeling be rationalized in growth from infancy to maturity, much of it remains in its primitive amorphous state. Here lie beneath the clear surface of daily consciousness accumulated stores of experience, our own with that of our

ancestors and our race. Hence spring the motor impulses of human progress, the ideals of faith and hope. We are not only rational beings, capable of forming systematic ideas of our environment; we are also living organisms, fitted by nature to the universe in which we live. We must regard our organism, our nature as a whole, as essentially right, and it is in this vital background that our whole humanity resides. "The one thesis which I wish to defend," says Dr. Pratt, "... is that the whole man must be trusted as against any small portion of his nature, such as reason or perception. Those latter should, of course, be trusted, but they should have no monopoly of our confidence."

From this pointing of psychology the argument proceeds to a historical review of religious belief in its development from phase to phase out of primitive credulity into reasoned thought, and thence into deep-rooted feeling. "Everywhere the same three factors are at work. Everywhere we find the primitive basis of belief giving way before the advance of thought, bringing forth its twin off spring, theology and doubt, and turning at every crisis for strength and sure support to religious feeling, and the instinctive demands which the human organism makes of the Cosmos." Christendom experiences the same. We now "are faced with this dilemma: The arguments which the people can grasp are no longer tenable, while the arguments that are tenable—if such there be—the people cannot grasp." Perhaps this is too strongly stated; there are "arguments" and arguments; there are "people" and people. With a strong case, however, one can be generous to opponents.

Investigating the present status of religious belief, a review of its development in youth exhibits the same fact in spiritual as in physical nature—the history of the race is recapitulated in the individual. The same three types appear successively—the religion of authority and credulity, of reasoned belief, and of feeling. In mature life the fact which is quite as prominent as skepticism is the widespread and general belief in

<sup>1</sup> The Psychology of Religious Belief. By James Bissett Pratt, Ph D. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50.



God, and the real basis of this is a fundamental question in the psychology of religion.

To get light upon this the questionnaire method was employed, with a careful selection of "truly typical religious people" in the Eastern part of the country; not typical "church people" only, but "a somewhat motley collection of intellectual people." Their answers show the same three types of belief—acquiescent in authority, argumentative, emotional. Summed up, they point decidedly to an influence from the vital background of feeling greatly preponderant over that of argument or authority. It is *social* feeling which in these answers especially asserts itself, valuing God as a helpful companion, a sympathetic friend, the impulse to lean upon whom in prayer is stronger than hindering intellectual doubts. Vital feeling thus draws refreshment from the Great Life which religion addresses as God. So Tennyson said:

"A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And, like a man in wrath, the heart  
Stood up and answered, I have felt."

This inward certitude no external authority, no reasoned inference, can give.

Authority still has its proper sphere, moral and rational, not dictatorial. In-

tellect also is needed to prick fallacy and prevent stagnation. Philosophy, too, is helpful—to the few. Deeper than these all is the impregnable basis of religious belief—the feeling which utters the *demand* of the vital organism fitted to its universe. In this, says Dr. Pratt, "it is not so much the individual that thinks; the race thinks in him . . . feels and wills in him. . . It is an organic, a biological matter, and hence has a strength and certainty that puts its possessor quite out of the region of doubt." The non-possessor is either not a seeker or a seeker in a false direction. Objection to pathological specimens of religious feeling is futile. Sensation and thinking are open to the same objection. The normal type of it is calm and spontaneous. The religious concepts and symbols it forms must vary and change into others in the future as in the past. Its substance abides in the conviction of experience that our "little lives lead out into a larger life, not altogether identical with theirs, but essentially of the same nature . . . the one doctrine of the real religion of humanity, because it is founded on the very life of the race."

One can hardly ask for a clearer vindication than this volume presents of the absolute validity of the religious consciousness.

## Comment on Current Books

### Novels and Tales

Mr. Newbolt has prefaced his preface to "The Old Country"<sup>1</sup> with certain passages of the quaintly phrased mysticism of Sir Thomas Browne concerning the paradoxical nature of our measurement of time, and they strike well the keynote of the romance that follows, which, whatever else may be thought of it, is far enough from the commonplace. The reincarnation theory has often before been applied in romance, but we do not at the moment recall another tale in which it is, so to say, made to move backward, the English hero and heroine, here translated to the period of the Hundred Years' War, retaining unimpaired recollection of their twentieth-century—we must not say origin, but experience.

If this is all a bit nebulous, very clear indeed is the picture of rural mediæval England set before us in the unfolding of the tale, its atmosphere of calm charged with bloody battle and bitter theological revolt. Among other vivid bits of portraiture is the unlovely character of the prototype of Wyclif, greatest of all the "reformers before the Reformation;" and the very real "Black Prince," who appears in the conflict at Poitiers, which is described with a force in effect and detail that alone would make "The Old Country" a notable book.

Mr. Dixon's new story<sup>2</sup> deals with the dissolution of the Ku Klux Klan and the attempt of unscrupulous men after its dissolution to use its garb and methods for personal ends. The novel is the third of a

<sup>1</sup> The Old Country. By Henry Newbolt. Third Edition. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> The Traitor. By Thomas Dixon, Jr. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

"trilogy" of which "The Leopard's Spots" and "The Clansman" were the earlier volumes. Entirely apart from any question as to the views of the author about the race question or reconstruction, this tale, like its predecessors, seems to us ill written and almost hysterically high-keyed in expression. The fact that, as the publishers announce, over half a million of these books have been sold might make one despair of the critical literary taste of American readers of fiction, if one did not remember that there are several half-millions of novel-readers, and that there is a lower as well as a higher taste.

While not in the least resembling the "Plain Tales" in matter, being exclusively concerned with the representation of various New York types; nor in manner, save perhaps for a certain surface cynicism of outlook on life, Mr. Henry's stories in some way remind one of Kipling's early popular success. This is not to say that "The Trimmed Lamp" will be received as was the "Plain Tales," nor that its author will ever do anything so good as some of Mr. Kipling's work of, let us say, the middle period. But Mr. Henry knows New York as intimately as Kipling did the life in India, and he has a knack or genius for reproducing queer odds and ends of character in these little sketch-like tales, each of which has a novel point and twist of its own. Like his other collection, "The Four Millions," this book shows most extraordinary acquaintance with the people who live and work and drink and sport in lower New York—Mr. Henry says there are only two New Yorks, that above Forty-second Street and that below Fourteenth Street. The book may be less amusing than the author's "Cabbages and Kings," which was a burlesque picture of Yankees in South America, but it has more of human sympathy in it, and plenty of humor besides.

An unusually vivid piece of plot-work is found in "Tinman."<sup>1</sup> The author deals with villains of black hue, and one would welcome a little relief from the tenseness of the situations. A gleam or two of brightness would have vastly improved the story. But that the reader is held by the situations and that those situations are ingeniously thought out cannot be denied.

Authentic historical incidents, blent with the products of the romancer's imagination, have resulted here in a stirring tale of England in the last years of the Wars of the Roses.<sup>2</sup> The Richard, Duke of Gloucester

and afterward King, met with in these pages is less a monster of ambition than he is usually painted, and, as the true lover of his gentle and beautiful Duchess, almost challenges comparison with the ideal young knight, his retainer, Sir Aymer de Lacy, who, with intervals of fighting—always, of course, ending victoriously—wooës the fair and spirited Beatrix of Clare, from page 16 to the happy conclusion of their story on page 365.

Why are so many of our recent romantic stories so melancholy and depressing? Mr. Forman's new novel<sup>3</sup> opens with some truly charming and graceful pictures of youth and love. But the clouds gather early and the gloom deepens steadily until we reach the final scene, where the loving but not sufficiently beloved wife (as we understand the intimation) delays a serious operation that has been ordered for her, so that she may pass gently away and the husband may return to his first and only sweetheart. Original, but not really jolly!

Mr. Fernald some years ago published several highly amusing and acutely written stories of Chinese men, women, and children. His new book<sup>4</sup> has some interesting glimpses of Chinatown in San Francisco, but it is too involved in plot and too improbable in incident to be altogether satisfying.<sup>5</sup>

Laura E. Poullson has translated a simple and delightful story<sup>6</sup> about a child in Norway. Hans Aanrud is the writer, and, aided by quaint but pleasing pictures, he brings before us the farm life and the joys and sorrows of little Lisbeth with real sympathy, and with a pleasant bit of fun here and there.

#### *Tin-Enameled Pottery*

The series of primers undertaken by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art at Philadelphia should constitute a real addition to art education. If we may judge from the first volume,<sup>7</sup> they will furnish in a condensed form reliable information, based on the latest discoveries relating to various industrial arts. Each monograph is to be complete in itself, containing a historical sketch of the particular form of art to be described, a review of its processes, descriptions of characteristic examples of the best productions, and all available data to serve in facilitating the identification of specimens. In the Museum's review of the several branches of ceramics, for instance, we welcome the announcement

<sup>1</sup> *A Stumbling-Block*. By Justice Miles Forman. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> *John Kendry's Idea*. By Chester Bailey Fernald. The Outing Publishing Company, New York. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> *Lisbeth Longtrock*. By Hans Aanrud. Translated by Laura E. Poullson. Illustrated. Ginn & Co., Boston. 65c.

<sup>4</sup> *Tin Enameled Pottery*. Maiolica, Delft, and Other Stanniferous Faience. By Edwin Alice Barber, A.N., Ph.D. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 90c.

<sup>1</sup> *The Trimmed Lamp and Other Stories*. By O. Henry. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.

<sup>2</sup> *Tinman*. By Tom Gallon. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>3</sup> *Beatrix of Clare*. By John Reed Scott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.50.

of a departure from tradition. The geographical arrangement gives place to the natural or technical classification, thus permitting the grouping together of similar wares of all countries and times. Hence pottery, or opaque ware, is classified according to its most distinctive feature, namely, glaze, while porcelain, or translucent ware, is grouped according to body, or paste. Ordinary pottery, like kitchen-ware, is glazed, but true Majolica and Delft wares are enameled. Of enamels, the composition of glass—oxide of lead and oxide of tin—is generally known as tin enamel. It is of hoary origin, for the bricks of Babylon were coated with it. The Arabs introduced it into Spain, and in the fifteenth century the tin-enameled wares of Valencia and Malaga and the majolica of the Italian potters began to be produced in abundance. Dr. Barber's monograph on this kind of pottery is, as one might expect from the Curator of the Pennsylvania Museum, an authoritative work; indeed, so far as we know, it is the first complete work on the subject. It includes the majolica of Italy, Spain, and Mexico—the Mexican "Talavera" ware being here treated for the first time. Then follows a description of the Delft wares of Holland and England, and the tin-enameled faience of France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, and Hungary. This kind of faience has not yet been made in the United States except in an experimental way.

*The Arthur of the English Poets*

Mr. Maynadier's book,<sup>1</sup> grown from his course of lectures at Harvard University, is the most complete treatment of the origin, development, and history of the Arthurian legends in English poetry that we have. The author's aim is not to advance new theories, but to bring the results of Arthurian research before a larger audience. This he does in a style that will appeal to all who have an interest in the Round Table stories. Quotations and the retelling of many of the old legends make the book especially helpful to those who have not access to the originals. A chapter on the legend of Sir Gawain, the subject of a study by Miss Weston, would be a valuable addition; also some discussion of the mythical background of the legends. In the case of the Tristan legend, this is necessary for the interpretation of the hero's character—Tristan as sun-god explains the origin of the two Isolde (the light and the dark). The origin of the Swan-knight story

in the myth of Skéaf, reputed ancestor of the Anglo-Saxons, allies Lohengrin to English literature. Mr. Maynadier's method is historical, critical, and interpretative. He relates the various treatments of the legends to the epochs that produced them; his book thus makes a good companion to a history of English literature. Although he does not limit himself to those authors who have written in English, he does not discuss any "except those who have directly or indirectly influenced the poetry of the English race." With the exception of his review of Wagner's work, Mr. Maynadier's interpretations of the different renderings of the legends are appreciative and illuminating.

*Canadian Nationality*

The hazy views of Canada and Canadian people that one often obtains through our newspapers need clarifying, and this little book<sup>2</sup> serves that purpose. In it American readers will recognize that the spirit of the best people on either side of the boundary line is essentially the same, and their social problems the same. If any trace of prejudice appears in it against the "whittling Yankee," we have to set that down to the illiberal high-tariff policy by which we have discouraged friendship and fostered antagonism. The author is inspired by large love of nature and of man, and high ideals of citizenship. He would have our northern neighbor regard herself as a nation rather than a colony, and realize the aims of a fraternal democracy.

*Class-room Management*

The title of this excellent treatise<sup>3</sup> indicates that it is largely occupied with the details and technique of the teacher's art. It is so, and much more. It bases technical precepts on the psychological principles which justify them. It recognizes the open questions, the opposing theories, and gives them impartial discussion, *pro* and *con*, never overlooking the ethical interest, wherever involved. It reaches conclusions by the inductive method through expert observation of the work of the most successful teachers, judged in the light of accepted psychology. Written for all intending teachers, especially in elementary grades in the typical American class-room, it will commend itself to the aspiring. The high standpoint of the author is strikingly evident in his noble chapter on "The Ethics of Schoolcraft," whose seven pages, separately printed, are well worth

<sup>1</sup> *The Arthur of the English Poets*. By Howard Maynadier. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

<sup>2</sup> *Canadian Nationality, The Cry of Labor, and Other Essays*. By W. Frank Hatheway. William Briggs, Toronto. 75c.

<sup>3</sup> *Class-room Management: Its Principles and Technique*. By William Chandler Bagley. The Macmillan Company. New York. \$1.25, net.

wide distribution among teachers at public expense. A shrug of mild surprise is forced by finding in so high-toned a book the street phrase "win out" blemishing one page.

### *The Parables of Jesus*

The author<sup>1</sup> takes us over a familiar road, but one of inexhaustible suggestiveness.

Fresh thoughts in new points of view make this volume a helpful addition to the abundant literature of its subject. Mr. Hubbard recognizes the fact that the parables of Jesus were addressed to plain people, and carry on their face the lesson intended

"When truth embodied in a tale  
Shall enter in at lowly doors."

He abstains from dogmatizing and from critical exegesis, and gives a free homiletical exposition of what he sees as the central truth of the short story. Those who have read any number of works upon the Gospel parables find need to supplement or correct one author by another, and this volume, though excellent, occasions no exception to that experience.

### *Religion and Social Progress*

An interesting method of pursuing the comparative study of religion is represented by Mr. Edward Payson Tenney's "Contrasts in Social Progress."<sup>2</sup> It consists, briefly, in applying the principles of natural selection and the survival of the fittest to the great religions of the world, with a view to ascertaining which may justifiably claim pre-eminence on a basis of concrete services rendered to mankind. This necessarily presupposes acceptance of the doctrine that "progressive improvement in man's social condition chiefly depends upon the moral improvement that goes forward within each individual man"—a doctrine which we have no inclination to dispute, while recognizing with Mr. Tenney that the causes of progress are many and varied. Proceeding, then, on a basis of social betterment as the great test of a religion's value to the human race, he surveys in turn the conditions to be encountered to-day in the countries under the sway of the five great religions—Brahmanism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Mohammedanism, and Christianity—and, as is only to be expected, awards primacy to Christianity. In each case his examination comprises distinct sociological departments—as, the condition of women and children, the individual situation, philanthropic and charitable measures, educational facilities—and, more abstractly, it includes an exhaustive inquiry into the nature of the principles emphasized in the

different sacred writings. As developed, Mr. Tenney's book becomes in some important respects a mine of valuable information relating to present-day conditions in various countries; and although it is open to a certain degree of criticism on the score of imperfect appreciation of the Oriental point of view, there can be no question that he has satisfactorily made out his case. Needless to say, by thus emphasizing and substantiating the practical aspects of Christianity and the social results it has achieved, he provides a convincing argument against its detractors, and has written a book which the Christian reader will find unusually hopeful and inspiring.

### *Proportional Representation*

Chief interest in Professor John R. Commons's new edition<sup>1</sup> of his forceful little treatise on "Proportional Representation" attaches to what he has to say concerning the initiative and referendum, those twin measures designed to make popular government in very reality government by the people, through enabling the people on the one hand to propose and on the other to veto legislation. So far as regards proportional representation itself, he adheres to the plan he originally supported as a means of making legislative bodies more representative of all classes and interests of the community, and he further advocates it on the ground that "it is the only remedy that utterly disintegrates the power of the boss," and that in it will be found the surest weapon "to defend the masses against the monopolists." But in discussing the initiative and the referendum Professor Commons takes a different position from that assumed by him when his work was first published ten years ago. Then he was distrustful of both measures; now, while still feeling that the initiative has not as yet altogether vindicated itself, he is inclined to view it more favorably than before, and he strongly indorses the referendum as having proved a "certain means of expelling corrupt wealth from politics," and as being "the only complete and specific cure for bribery." Nevertheless, he is strongly of the opinion that when the principle of proportional representation is generally adopted, and "the legislature represents all the people instead of the bosses," the referendum, while still retained as a safeguard, will gradually fall into disuse. Besides the new chapters dealing with these measures of political reform as viewed in the experience of the past decade, the present edition contains additional material, all of it highly

<sup>1</sup> The Teachings of Jesus in Parables. By Rev. George Henry Hubbard. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. \$1.50, net.  
<sup>2</sup> Contrasts in Social Progress. By Edward Payson Tenney, A.M. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.50, net.

<sup>1</sup> Proportional Representation. By John R. Commons. (Second Edition.) The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25, net.

instructive, on the legalization of political parties, and the nature and requirements of municipal government. These are printed as supplementary to the main body of the work, which remains unchanged, although certain statistical information might advantageously have been brought closer to date. We observe, also, a few tabular errors that should have been corrected, as in the "transferable vote" table, on page 102, illustrating the Hare system of proportional representation.

**New Harmony** In 1815 the site of this Indiana town was occupied by a communist German colony headed by George Rapp and his son Frederick. After ten years of prosperity the "Rappites" migrated to Pennsylvania, and were succeeded by a similar but short-lived enterprise headed by Robert Owen, a successful manufacturer from Scotland. Through him and his distinguished son, Robert Dale Owen, New Harmony became a radiating point of ideas that have molded social development in some important lines. The present volume<sup>1</sup> relates the story both of the "Rappites" and the "Owenites," and points the lesson of the essential weakness and defect of communism as a form of social organization. What it fails to say may occur to one who reads of the swarm of ill-assorted people who, attracted by injudicious advertising, swamped the experiment in a couple of years. If Owen had begun on a smaller scale, his work might have grown to greatness under his genius for leadership. The most important chapter in this book is devoted to his educational experiment; justly so, for he is recognized to-day as "the father of infant education," and his idea of "free, equal, and universal schools for all" has rooted itself throughout the land. Dr. W. T. Harris, in his Introduction, commends the book to teachers, and "especially to the great storm-centers of social agitation." This suggests notice of the fallacy of confounding communism with socialism, which is apparent in the book.

**The Stoic Creed** The subject of this exposition<sup>2</sup> possesses unflagging interest. It inspires the poetry of Matthew Arnold. Renan turns to it for what he calls "the eternal gospel." Leslie Stephen finds the Stoic creed more congenial to modern thought than that of St. Paul. The fathers of the Stoic philosophy, who in the degenerating fourth century B.C. originated a religio-ethical revival—Zeno, Cleanthes,

and Chrysippus in Greece, with their successors, Seneca, Epictetus, and Marcus Aurelius, in the Rome of the first two Christian centuries—are enrolled among the immortals in the history of ethics, philosophy, and religion. Professor Davidson is careful to acknowledge their paternity of many a modern way of thinking, and to recognize the modern analogues of their ideas. In the "value-judgments" of Ritschlianism, at present the most vigorous school of theological thought, he finds Stoicism "very apparent." All this enhances the value of his exposition of it. Stoicism has often been treated unsympathetically by Christian critics; not so by Professor Davidson. He devotes a chapter to its ethical defects, but overbalances these by a sympathetic and appreciative criticism. Significant for to-day he finds its vivid realization of the universe as a whole of interrelated parts, its sympathetic insight into nature's processes, its intensely experimental or pragmatic character regardless of the reign of law, its insistence on high personal character as the supreme concern of man, its conception of human nature as partaking of the divine, its doctrine of the brotherhood of all men, its optimistic faith in a divine world-order planned by God. A pantheistic strain, indeed, is perceptible, but with a plain tendency, says Professor Davidson, to theism. A most important chapter in the history of thought on the great problems of the world is embodied in this discriminating and interesting volume.

**In the Days of the Stuarts** Mr. F. C. Montague's contribution to the Hunt-Poole serial history of England<sup>3</sup> brings that scholarly production to the perennially interesting period of the early Stuarts, the Civil War, and the Commonwealth. Mr. Montague, however, hardly rises to the opportunity afforded him for a vivid, dramatic, and powerful piece of historical writing. No doubt he has been handicapped to a considerable extent by the plan of the series, in which, as we have already had occasion to point out, readability is rigorously subordinated to informativeness. But this is not sufficient to account for the lack of enthusiasm shown in dealing with such stirring scenes as the last achievements and judicial murder of Raleigh, the fall of Bacon, the dropping of the curtain on Buckingham, the dissolution of Parliament by Charles, the impeachment and execution of Strafford, the battles of the Civil War, the flight, recapture, trial, and tragic end of the King, the Irish rebellion and its stern repres-

<sup>1</sup> The New Harmony Movement. By George B. Lockwood. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.50. Illustrated.  
<sup>2</sup> The Stoic Creed. By William L. Davidson, M.A., LL.D. (Religion in Literature and Life.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$1.75, net.

<sup>3</sup> The Political History of England. Volume VII. From the Accession of James to the Restoration. By F. C. Montague. M.A. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$2.00, net.

sion, the seizure of authority by Cromwell, the Dutch War, and the Restoration. Not even contemplation of the overwhelming personality of Cromwell, for whom Mr. Montague entertains an evident and well-warranted admiration, moves him from the even tenor of his way—which is that of a chronological, matter-of-fact recital of the movements, events, and developments of the period. On the other hand, the erudition, scholarship, and acumen displayed by him fairly entitle his work to comparison with that of the great authority for the Stuart era, S. R. Gardiner. Like Gardiner, he evidently has spared no pains to secure accuracy, sift evidence, and do justice to the historical personages of whom he writes. Nor, although necessarily following Gardiner on many essential points, does he hesitate to render an independent judgment when he believes the evidence so warrants—differing from Gardiner in, for example, his estimates of Bacon and Strafford. Perhaps the strongest feature of his work is the ability with which the evolution of Puritanism as a determining factor in English politics is delineated; and with this should also be mentioned his exposition of the several stages in the growing disagreement between Crown and Parliament which found such an impressive culmination. Here, however, a reservation must be made with reference to the initial differences manifest in the reign of James, Mr. Montague, in common with most writers, failing to develop clearly the rôles enacted by Sandys, Digges, Southampton, and their mates, as forerunners of the Revolution. Not a word is said, for instance, of Sandys's epoch-marking speech of May 21, 1614—"No successive king, but first elected!" It is regrettable, too, to find economic conditions practically unnoticed—and this although the economic situation was of prime importance in hastening the march to Edgehill.

#### *The Human Element in the Gospels*

The late Dr. George Salmon, Provost of Trinity College, Dublin—where, by the way, an English authority once said the purest English on earth was spoken—left a MS. commentary on the Synoptic Gospels, which is published in the present volume.<sup>1</sup> By "the human element" is meant, in distinction from divine revelations, "things that can be proved by ordinary historical testimony"—including, as Dr. Salmon assumes, the miraculous element in the Gospels. His work is essentially devoted to an investigation of the sources of the

Gospel story, conducted with a purposed independence of traditional opinions. It is carried through with a remarkable combination of critical freedom in the treatment of the text with theological conservatism. "Editorial blunders" are found in Matthew, and Luke is found to have "taken liberties with the earlier tradition" of the resurrection. The Greek text only of the Gospels, substantially that of Westcott and Hort, is given in parallel columns, beginning with the entrance of Jesus on his public career. The critical commentary upon it shows a cultured scholarship and freedom which prompt to agreement with the author's regret that he had not undertaken the study till late in life. The net result of it is his firm conviction that "these writings present us with the story as told in the very first assemblies of Christians by men who had been personal disciples of Jesus."

#### *Biblical Dogmatics*

The past twelvemonth has been remarkably prolific in its output of systematic theology from different quarters, progressive, conservative, reactionary. The present volume,<sup>1</sup> the work of an accomplished scholar of the Methodist Church, marks the advanced line of theology in a part of the Christian body somewhat less advanced than certain others. Its tone and spirit are admirable—non-controversial, open-minded, alive with warm religious feeling. Significant of the author's tendency is his pronounced adhesion to the reigning philosophy, so suspected by many religious men: "The Biblical doctrine of God involves the profoundest monism, and also the facts of divine immanence and transcendence. . . . His abiding immanence is but a necessary correlative of this primary concept of monism." Dr. Terry is no literalist. He reads the early chapters of Genesis as "a series of symbolical or idealistic pictures." He takes such a phrase as "the judgment-seat of Christ" to be "essentially a metaphor." He regards the doctrine of an inerrant Bible as mischievous: "sufficiency rather than infallibility" is the real fact to affirm of the Book. The "second" coming of Christ is held to be not spectacular and catastrophic, but spiritual, progressive, and continuous. "The day of judgment" is continuously going on; its hours are struck by great events. Resurrection also is a continual process, and occurs for all at death or soon after; an intermediate state and a final, simultaneous resurrection exist only in speculation. It seems rather strange to find in contrast with all this a respectful neutrality toward bio-

<sup>1</sup> *The Human Element in the Gospels: A Commentary on the Synoptic Narrative.* By George Salmon, D.D., F.R.S. Edited by Newport J. D. White, D.D., E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$4.50, net.

<sup>1</sup> *Biblical Dogmatics: An Exposition of the Principal Doctrines of the Holy Scriptures.* By Milton S. Terry, D.D., Eaton & Mains, New York. \$3.50, net.

logical evolution. Copious exegetical discussion is given to the Biblical materials of Christian doctrine, but dogmatizing is avoided, and some deep questions are left open with candid and cautious reserve.

**As: Old-time Southern Leader** There are two reasons why an exceptional degree of interest should attach to Mr. Pierce Butler's book on Judah P. Benjamin,<sup>1</sup> recently published in the Oberholtzer series of "American Crisis Biographies." It is the first volume in that series relating to a Southern leader in the great contest over slavery, and it is the first biography yet written of a man whose career unquestionably entitled him to the epithet distinguished. Some years ago the late Mr. Francis Lawley, of London, undertook the task, but, beyond amassing a valuable collection of material and writing a rough draft of the opening chapters, he did not proceed. It is satisfactory to find that his successor—and literary legatee, as it were, for the Lawley collection and manuscripts were available to him—has executed his commission in a way that does justice to the fame and achievements of one whose life was as varied as it was noteworthy, and will always remain an inspiring example of pluck and determination. The son of an unsuccessful Hebrew, Mr. Benjamin's career, to remind the reader briefly, began under most disadvantageous circumstances, yet within a few years after making his start in life as an unknown lawyer in New Orleans he was at the head of the Louisiana bar, and had also attained success as a sugar-planter. The outbreak of the Civil War found him in the United States Senate, where he had long pleaded eloquently the Southern cause; and from the Senate he entered the Confederate administration, first as Attorney-General, then as Secretary of War, and finally as Secretary of State, a position from which he fled to England after the surrender at Appomattox. His fortune swept away, he began life anew as a lawyer, and before his death, which occurred in 1884, had not only gained wealth again but recognition as one of the foremost members of the English bar. All this Mr. Butler sets forth in a detailed and thoroughly sympathetic manner, not ignoring the defects evident to Benjamin's contemporaries but apt to be overlooked by a eulogistic biographer. His is not a book of any marked literary merit (suffering especially from an undue tendency to quotation),

but it is careful, conscientious, and convincing. With few exceptions, too, it is free from rancor and partisanship, Mr. Butler studiously adhering to his determination not "to follow blindly the political teachings of apologists for a lost cause."

**Sabbath and Sunday** We have here<sup>2</sup> an account of the origin and development of the most ancient and widely diffused observance of mankind—the sacred seventh day. Three stages of it are distinctly marked. Among the Babylonians and other nations it was a day when certain things were *tabooed*—forbidden in fear of the anger of the gods. Among the Hebrews this idea of it gave place after the Babylonian captivity to the idea of a day of absolute rest from work—the modern Puritan idea of it. With the rise of Gentile Christianity this was superseded by the observance of Sunday as the day of the Lord's resurrection, while the Jewish Sabbath disappeared in the fading out of Jewish Christianity. The use of the Lord's Day as a day of worship thenceforward became its distinctive difference from the Saturday sabbath of rest. This evolutionary record corrects Sabbatarianism, but remains incomplete till worship is better understood as including divine service at the altars of human need. Some practical suggestions in this line conclude the volume. It is an instructive and wholesome book, despite some inaccuracies and some needlessly fine spun argument.

**The Eternal in Man** There is much in this book<sup>3</sup> that is both true and well expressed. Dr. Vance has a keen and vigorous way of putting things to the average reader. But there are others who will get some jolts in going through his pages. The line which divides modern from mediæval Christian teaching puts him with mediævalists, who regard redemption as a reconstructive rather than a constructive work. "Man is a god in ruins," says Dr. Vance. And what an account of the Incarnation is this! "God came down from his throne, laid aside His authority and power, shut Himself in a human body, took a human brain and senses and appetites, and lived where Satan could get at Him as easily as he got at Adam." Such regrettable extravagance, akin to the "mother of God" doctrine of the fourth century, is offset, but not atoned for, by many an excellent statement of moral and religious verities.

<sup>1</sup> *Scientific Basis of Sabbath and Sunday.* By Rev. Robert John Floody. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston.

<sup>2</sup> *The Eternal in Man.* By James I. Vance, D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. \$1, net.

<sup>3</sup> Judah P. Benjamin. By Pierce Butler. George W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia. \$1.25, net.

# Letters to The Outlook

## A CALIFORNIA COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

In The Outlook of July 13, in an editorial paragraph commending the effort to establish a women's college at Pasadena, the beautiful city of Southern California, I read with surprise: "There is not in the State, nor indeed is there in the entire country west of the Atlantic seaboard, a college for women of the first rank." The apparent justification for such a statement is to be found in the last three words, "the first rank." Even so, the statement would seem unfair to a number of colleges for women which within financial limitations are doing creditable college work.

But what entitles a college to be classed as of the first rank? A million dollars or more of endowment? If so, then Mills College, known and honored for more than a score of years as the women's college of the Pacific Coast, is not entitled to such classification, although the present effort to raise such an endowment is meeting with success, \$300,000 having been already paid in in the last three years. The exceedingly valuable and beautiful property upon which the eight college buildings are located, comprising 150 acres of choice land within thirty minutes by electric car of Oakland, is conservatively estimated at \$400,000.

Is it a fixed number of students, five hundred or more, that entitles a college to first rank? Then, again, Mills College is not entitled to such classification, although it would be difficult with present accommodations to care for a larger number of students than are now enrolled.

Surely no educator would determine the rank of an institution on such artificial and material grounds. If, then, we determine the standing of a school, not by the number of students or the amount of the endowment, but by the quality and quantity of work done and by the intellectual standards maintained, this historic school, whose graduates of the last twenty years are to be found in every land, is justly entitled to be counted among the women's colleges of the first rank.

The institution was established as a seminary in 1871 by Dr. and Mrs. Cyrus T. Mills, who brought to their task an educational experience of more than twenty years. Dr. Mills was a graduate of Williams College and Union Theological Seminary, and an intimate friend of President Mark Hopkins. Mrs. Mills was one of the earliest graduates of Holyoke in the days of Mary Lyon. She

is a woman of remarkable executive capacity, of lofty purposes, and of high educational ideals.

In 1885, because of the growth of the institution, its largely increased facilities, and its evident opportunity, a complete college course was added and application was made for a college charter. At that time the name of the institution was changed to Mills College and Seminary.

Her teachers, among whom are to be found Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, and Wellesley women, and graduates of Stanford and the University of California, are among the strongest teachers upon the Coast, the work done at Mills being given full credit in both of our great universities.

I write this, not to enter into any technical controversy concerning the standing of various schools, but to correct an injustice to an old and honored institution. I write after seven years of intimate knowledge of the school, gained as college pastor and trustee, and in the absence of the Rev. Charles R. Brown, the distinguished pastor of the First Congregational Church of Oakland, the President of the Board of Trustees.

(Rev.) RAYMOND C. BROOKS.

Pilgrim Congregational Church,  
Oakland, California.

## HOMES FOR CONVALESCENTS

The period of convalescence is hard to bear. The mind is eager to resume the duties of life, but the bodily strength has been sapped, and lost tissue cannot be hastily replaced. In hundreds of cases no opportunity is offered for change of food or scene, and even the free gift of sunlight is denied at this critical stage of returning health. Those able to do so go abroad to sit in "sun parlors," forgetting that the same sun shines here!

We hear of hospital patients being discharged too early from those havens of healing, that cases requiring immediate attention may take their places; but we are considering those who cannot go even to hospitals—those who live in tiny apartments where "hot water" is the sole magnum—whose financial limitations retard rapid progress toward renewed usefulness.

Permit me to cite but two cases in illustration: A woman, standing alone on a city street one bleak, raw day, attracted the attracted the attention of a passer-by, because she looked so fragile and pale that it seemed as if she was about to faint. An offer of



assistance elicited the information that she had just been discharged from a hospital, after several weeks' care, had no home, and was waiting for a surface car to take her uptown, where she hoped to find refuge with a friend.

A man seventy years of age has recovered from pneumonia. His daughter has bravely borne the day and night care of his several weeks' illness, and has temporarily forfeited her salary while caring for him, but has been assured that her place has been saved for her.

In both these instances what practical aid could be given by two or three weeks' sojourn in a home for convalescents! Think of the change of scene, nourishing food, ample cubic inches of air, sun parlors, and the watchful care needed during this recuperative phase of illness.

It is a large problem, but there was a time when a first hospital was started, and the time is ripe for a first home for convalescents. Admission might be arranged through the recommendation of the attending physician, or it might be wise to charge a nominal sum; but in any event the patient would be the gainer, and the family would have a respite from the cares and worries incident to sickness.

Those who can provide such a refuge (not as an adjunct to the hospital), with fresh air, fresh flowers, fruit, sunshine, and personal care, will themselves be refreshed in knowing that they have added one more link in the ever-enlarging chain of usefulness known as the "Brotherhood of Man."

SYDNEY H. CARNEY, JR.

New York City.

### GEORGE PEABODY'S GIFTS

I have just finished reading Dr. Daniel C. Gilman's article in your issue of July 27 on "Five Great Gifts." In it he suggests that the principles of the deeds of gift made by Mr. Peabody have been followed by all the others, and adds: "To the present writer it has always been a matter of curiosity to discover who was the author of the instruments by which Mr. Peabody completed his endowments."

I think I may be able to answer this question, or at least, by repeating a story told to me, I may enable Dr. Gilman to secure the exact information. I have not the data at hand, and a treacherous memory makes me uncertain of the name, which is unfortunate, because I believe the bearer of it was not only the draftsman of the deed of gift originally made by Mr. Peabody, but also the inspiration and cause of its making and so indirectly of the other magnificent gifts

described by Dr. Gilman. If this is true, he is deserving of a monument, at least of fame, and the loving appreciation of all those whom he has indirectly helped.

In 1896, while I was in London, Mr. B. F. Stevens, then United States Despatch Agent in London, asked me to dine with him at the White Friars Club—an invitation I was the more ready to accept because he added: "You don't have to wear evening dress, you don't have to make a speech, and, best of all, you don't have to listen to any." At that dinner he told the story of Mr. Peabody to which I have above referred.

He said that in his own early days in London he had shared an apartment with a young Baltimorean whose name, as I remember it, was Swan—and it is on this point that I fear my memory is treacherous. This young man had known Mr. Peabody at home and had renewed the acquaintance in London. Occasionally Mr. Peabody went to dinner in their apartment with these two young Americans, sometimes sending them in advance a brace of ducks or some oysters or some other delicacy from home, brought to him by one of his many ships. After dinner there was always a rubber of "dummy" whist, and evidently the three men became fast friends in their exile.

This young Baltimorean was constantly urging Mr. Peabody to do something for his fellow-man during his own lifetime, when he could have an eye on the administration of it and give to that administration the benefit of his large experience. Finally one night Mr. Peabody said to him: "Put on paper what you have in your mind and bring it to me at the bank. I will submit it to my solicitor, and we will see what he has to say to it."

Mr. Swan followed that suggestion, and shortly afterward Mr. Peabody again invited himself to dine with them, sending some canvasbacks as the basis of the dinner. In the midst of the usual game of whist following the dinner Mr. Stevens said Mr. Peabody pulled from his pocket the paper Mr. Swan had given him and handed it to Mr. Swan, saying as he did so: "There's your suggestion, and in it you'll find what my solicitor thinks of it; but put it in your pocket and come to the bank to see me about it. I don't come *here* to talk business."

Mr. Stevens said that Mr. Peabody stayed on to the usual hour, but that it seemed much later to Swan and himself, they were so curious to see what Mr. Peabody had done with the paper. As soon as the door closed upon him they rushed back to the light, and Swan took the paper from his pocket. He turned sheet after sheet of it,

and there was no alteration and no comment. At the end Mr. Peabody had added in his own chirography an appointment of Mr. Swan as secretary at a salary of a thousand pounds a year, and he had attached to the last sheet a check to the order of Mr. Swan as secretary for one hundred thousand pounds with which to begin the work. Thus was born the Peabody Homes Fund, and thus was its deed of gift prepared.

It should be added that Mr. Swan declined the salary, but served a number of years as secretary without compensation, being himself a man of independent means, and that Mr. Stevens is dead. Were he still with us, I should urge upon him the duty of answering Dr. Gilman's inquiry accurately and in detail.

F. S. BRIGHT.

### FOR WORKING-GIRLS

Through the columns of *The Outlook* the Working-Girls' Vacation Society desires to appeal again to the sympathies and generosity of the public for its work in general, but especially for the branch of its work now being carried on at Santa Clara, New York.

At most of the houses owned and governed by the Society, young working-girls are sent for two or more weeks during the summer for rest and recreation. At such homes a good matron and servants are all that is necessary to secure the comfort and pleasure of the guests; at Santa Clara it is different. Gradually that beautiful resort has become the haven of hope for girls threatened by or in the first stages of tuberculosis, and besides matron and house servants there must be a resident physician and assistants. The food, too, must be of a different quality and suited to the condition of the girls, who come worn and spent to struggle to regain what they have lost, which means all in life to them. The expenses at Santa Clara are heavy, and if this good work is to be carried on successfully, co-operation must be given.

Many of the girls that the Society desires to assist could not go to an ordinary sanitarium. Their disease may not be far enough advanced, or the necessary leisure and money are beyond their control; but a year of neglect may carry them beyond the saving line and the inevitable awaits them.

It is just this, taking the cases in time, that the Society seeks to do; and it is an expensive undertaking.

There are some peculiarities in the working principle at Santa Clara that have brought about great results, and the officers of the Society are reluctant to depart from

them; but they increase, rather than lessen, expense. For instance, the institutional and sanitarium aspect is absolutely eliminated. The spirit of the place is beautiful, free, and homelike. This of necessity enhances the chances of recovery. By proper instruction the girls are enabled to understand their danger, and while knowledge enlightens them, it also dissipates the blind fear and depression that many of them have.

Separate bedrooms are the rule at Santa Clara. There is no overcrowding, no red tape; but as far as inclination and strength can be trusted, the girls are as free as if they were spending happy weeks in a summer hotel.

This atmosphere is unique, but it is saving many cases of tuberculosis from the larger private, or State, hospitals, and the work should be supported by those who consider the public and private good.

The two houses at Santa Clara, known as Hillcrest and Uplands, accommodate about sixty girls, and are open from June until October. Of course, double the number should be sharing the privileges of these houses, and the houses should be open longer—all winter, if possible. For the Society to be limited in funds is to weaken its usefulness, and just now the need of money is urgent. The houses are full, the rate of living high, and, after the late severe winter, many cases of incipient disease are at a critical period. It is earnestly hoped by the officers of the Society that a generous and hearty response will meet this appeal.

All donations should be sent to the Treasurer,

MISS EDITH BRYCE,  
20 West Fifty-fourth Street,  
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### RAILWAYS AND TAXATION

The Outlook of July 20 has placed its readers under obligation by Mr. Whiting's article on The Railway Problem from a Commissioner's Point of View. Will you indulge an essay at making one more forward step in the general discussion, together with incidental rejoinder to your comment upon my recent letter on "Taxation the Cure" (Outlook of June 26)? I quote your comment for reader reference:

Taxation may serve to secure to the public its share of the wealth secured through a public franchise; but it has no effect whatever to secure either just or equal rates for passengers and shippers, none to prevent stock-watering and corporation-wrecking, and none to guard against accidents produced by underpaid or overworked employees or false economies.

Mr. Whiting concludes that of the three possible methods of solving our railway problem, the most expedient is that which he

characterizes as private ownership with public regulation. In my brief letter I had suggested that an initial step in the settlement of the problem might be taken at once along the path of gradually increasing franchise taxation. Your comment on the letter suggests that Mr. Whiting's general proposal and my own are regarded by *The Outlook* as alternative rather than as supplementary. Since this was not at all the idea in my own mind, I beg permission to explain more fully the purport of my earlier suggestion.

Let us suppose that taxation has been operative, say for a generation; that, in accordance with *The Outlook's* concession quoted above, it has gradually recovered the value of the franchise to the public by a process so tentative and even cautious as to make "grim financial disaster" impossible. Let us next assume that, as a result, the triple concurrent agencies, "private ownership," "public regulation," and "taxation of franchise," are now in mutual and harmonious control of the situation, from which speculation and exploitation will have been eliminated as superfluous.

The problem of government regulation will be to harmonize the interests of capital, management, and the public: a fair profit to capital; fair rewards for skill and enterprise in management; a fair return to the public for franchise privileges. But "fair" is a fairly indefinite word. I would suggest the following as a denotation of the term.

*Capital:* A fair rate of return to capital invested in railways is the market rate of interest upon investments of equal security, as fixed in competitive industries, and this is all that capital (minus speculation) demands. Speaking of improvements, Mr. Whiting says: "The public must, in the last analysis, stand the expense." In the same sense the public must stand the expense of the "fair profit" by virtually guaranteeing it.

Capital does not run the road, and hence it is not entitled to unusual profits due to the risks of an established business. Reduction of rates and taxation of franchise will have squeezed the water from the stock, and actual capital, as determined by the Commission, will be a preferred creditor to the extent of its "fair profit." The claim that a higher rate of dividend should be paid to capital on account of skill and enterprise in management is a vicious one, arising from the attribution to one factor of what clearly belongs to an entirely distinct one.

*Management:* The administration of the business of the public service corporation would be, as now, in the hands of agents,

superintendents, and managing directors, who would profit by salaries in proportion to their skill and brains, from \$1,000 to \$50,000 or \$100,000 a year. It is these men who run the road now, and it is their concern to deserve profit by so doing. Mr. Whiting well says: "Traffic men, as a whole, keen, adroit, and sensitive to every change in the industrial world, turn to with their magnificent forces and abilities and work with the Railway Commission instead of against them." Skill and enterprise, instead of selfishness and greed, would provide the initiative for legitimate extension and development.

*The Public:* Its concern is to reap from its own business, delegated to private hands, a fair return, whether it be by lower rates or higher taxation. The Commission, composed of men of good judgment and incorruptible honesty, its functions being supervisory rather than managerial, will fix upon a fair capitalization, and determine when and what reduction should be made in earnings through reduction of rates. By the municipalization of the franchise the main motive for "stock-watering and corporation-wrecking," or for "underpaid or overworked employees or false economies," will be destroyed. Whatever "rebates," "stock-watering," and "corporation-wrecking" survive the assumption of the franchise by taxation, the Commission will prevent under statute. The value of the franchise will be gradually absorbed through reduction of rates, leaving, however, a substantial margin as the best possible index and basis for taxation and regulation. This marginal surplus would serve the purpose of equalizing conditions from year to year, bridging over lean financial periods, and thus securing more fully the stability of the fair profit to capital invested.

To sum up, it is the contention of this letter that, with our railways privately owned, publicly managed, and taxed approximately to the value of their franchises, public audit will increasingly protect both public and stockholder; public inspection will keep up the standard of the service; capital will get its interest; managerial skill and enterprise will get its compensation; the public will get its low rates and taxes. It will, therefore, appear that franchise taxation is proposed, not as a sole solution of the railway problem, but as a flexible, practicable, speedy supplement to the necessarily more rigid policy of regulation.

C. B. FILLBROWN,  
President Massachusetts Single Tax League  
Boston, Massachusetts.

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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 17

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William H. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## Oil Prices and Standard Oil Profits

The American people have long suspected that they are compelled to pay too high a price for kerosene. It has been repeatedly asserted that the Standard Oil Company has used the practical monopoly which, by fair means or foul, it has established, to maintain the price of oil on an unnaturally and unreasonably high plane. The accusation has been as ardently denied by the Standard, with the claim that only a great combination like itself could have furnished oil at the prices that have prevailed. This aspect of the Standard's operations is the one which touches most closely the individual citizen. The leaders of the combination may indulge in "frenzied finance" to their hearts' content without directly affecting more than a comparatively small circle of other financiers and investors, frenzied or otherwise. They may destroy competition and ruin competitors, and only a small circle will suffer directly. But if the price of oil is raised, every user of oil feels the burden. For over two years the Bureau of Corporations of the Department of Commerce and Labor has been conducting an investigation of the affairs of the Standard Oil Company. Two reports, on the transportation of petroleum and the position of the Standard Oil Company in the petroleum industry, have already been made. Summaries of a third report, dealing with the question of prices and profits, have now been made public. The Commissioner, Mr. Herbert Knox Smith, reports that "the Standard has consistently used its power to raise the price of oil during the last ten years, not only absolutely, but also relatively to the cost of crude oil." He presents figures which show that the average margin between the price of Pennsylvania crude oil and the price of the illuminating oil sold by

the Standard throughout the country, after deducting freight costs, increased, in the eight years preceding 1905, 1.3 cents per gallon. A good profit on the business is given by Mr. Smith as ranging from seven-tenths of a cent to one cent per gallon. It thus appears that in eight years the Standard more than doubled its rate of profit on illuminating oil. In the case of the other products of crude petroleum, the most important of which are gasoline, lubricating oil, and paraffin wax, the increase of the rate of profit has been considerably greater. Applying the average increase of profits to the Standard's entire sales of all kinds of petroleum products in the United States in 1904, the profits for that year would be about \$21,000,000 more than they would have been on the basis of the prices and costs in 1898. The natural conclusion from these figures is that if the Standard in 1898 was making a fair profit on its products, six years later it was taking from the users of its products \$21,000,000 a year more than a fair profit. This increase in the rate of profit is reflected in the increased profit on the capitalization. From 1882 to 1894 the net earnings averaged about 15 per cent. on the capital stock; while from 1903 to 1905 the net earnings were about 68 per cent. yearly. Mr. Smith closes the letter of submittal of this part of his summary with the statement:

The following facts are proven: The Standard has not reduced margins during the period in which it has been responsible for the prices of oil. During the last eight years covered by this report (1898 to 1905) it has raised both prices and margins. Its domination has not been acquired or maintained by its superior efficiency, but rather by unfair competition and by methods economically and morally unjustifiable. The Standard has superior efficiency in running its own business; it has an equal efficiency in destroying the business of competitors. It keeps for itself the profits of the first and



adds to these the monopoly profits secured by the second. Its profits are far above the highest possible standard of a reasonable commercial return, and have been steadily increasing. Finally, the history of this great industry is a history of the persistent use of the worst industrial methods, the exaction of exorbitant prices from the consumer, and the securing of excessive profits for the small group of men who over a long series of years have thus dominated the business.



*Discrimination  
in Oil Prices*

The second half of Mr. Smith's report deals with price discriminations, between foreign and domestic trade, between different parts of the United States, and between different customers. He shows that in the two years from June, 1903, to August, 1905, the average price received by the Standard for oil sold in Europe was about two cents per gallon less than the average American price. This difference is about twenty per cent. of the American price. The difference in the margins of the respective prices above costs (as described in the preceding paragraph) was even greater. The American margins are from one and one-half to three times as high as the foreign margins. Mr. Smith takes up the explanations of these differences offered by apologists of the Standard, such as an oversupply of the product, and severe competition by Russian and other foreign oils. He shows that these arguments and excuses are based on false premises. In the United States there has been the widest inequality in price between different sections. In December, 1904, the average price of oil from a single group of refineries using the same crude oil, and having a substantial similarity of conditions of manufacture, varied from 7.7 cents per gallon in Delaware to 10 cents in New York, 11.4 cents in South Carolina, and 13 cents in Georgia—all the prices being computed with the cost of transportation deducted. In California the Standard carries oil, from its great refinery near San Francisco, several hundred miles by water and rail, and sells it in Southern California for several cents less than is charged for the same oil in San Francisco. Mr. Smith's comment on the many cases of this sort which he reports is that "the evidence is absolutely con-

clusive that it is the policy of the Standard Oil Company to take full advantage of all non-competitive conditions to impose the highest prices possible and to extend such non-competitive conditions by aggressive price-cutting calculated to drive out rivals. The enormous profits secured over most of the country enable the Standard to carry out this plan very effectively in those localities where price-cutting is demanded by this policy." In the sale of lubricating oils to railways discrimination is found, not between localities, but between customers. By the use of a peculiar form of contract widely different prices have been made to railway companies for the same oil. For instance, the Pennsylvania system paid, for a certain grade of oil, 23.5 cents per gallon, eight other roads averaged for the same grade 27.7 cents, twelve roads averaged 35.7 cents, fifteen roads 41 cents, seventeen roads 45.9 cents, and forty-one roads 48 cents. It was found that the price paid by the Pennsylvania was about the reasonable price for that grade of oil, and independent companies were glad to supply the oil at a similar or even lower rate. The only possible explanation which Mr. Smith could find for the excessive prices paid by nearly all railways was that the Standard "is powerful enough, either by reason of its enormous shipments of petroleum or by its influence in financial circles," to induce the railways to pay those prices.



*A Government Commission  
in Business*

The use of commissions in the administration of government has been rapidly growing of late years in the United States. There is, for instance, the Interstate Commerce Commission, which, with its increased functions, is the instrument of the enlarging powers of the Federal Government in controlling the railways. There are also many State railway commissions. And now there are two States in the Union—New York and Wisconsin—which have created commissions for the control of public utilities. In all these cases the commission exercises power of regulation and control. The new commission which the Province of

Ontario, Canada, has created, extends the idea one step further. The Hydro-Electric Power Commission is designed itself to harness the water-power of the Province in the service of all the people. This Commission will acquire, by authority of the Council of the Province, by purchase or lease, either with or without the consent of the owner, lands, water rights, or private power plants adapted for generating electric energy. The Commission can build and operate any works necessary to generate and transmit electrical power and deliver it to the towns and cities of the provinces. More than this, it can do everything necessary to develop and bring into use the water-power of the province. This means that Ontario is determined to make Niagara Falls of direct service to the people of the Province rather than a source of profit to industrial concerns. The Commission, moreover, will so administer its business as to co-operate and further the municipally owned enterprises of the cities. It does not contemplate supplying small consumers directly. Any city can contract with the Commission for electric current, but only after the plan is approved by the voters of the municipality. Under the act creating the Commission, the city then can raise what money it needs for erecting the distributing system. By this means every city and town in the Province is placed in a position to compete directly with the private companies now in the field. In its dealings with the cities the Commission does not intend to make a profit, but simply enough money to pay for the current, the cost of transmission, interest at four per cent. on the capital invested, and an annual sum sufficient to retire the securities issued within thirty years. Of course, how greatly rates may be reduced by the adoption of the policy embodied in this act is still a matter of estimate, not of experience. Already, however, the Commission has made tenders to the cities to supply them with current at rates varying from fourteen dollars to thirty dollars per horse-power annually. The city of Toronto, where the private companies are paying thirty-five dollars for Niagara power, can obtain it from the Commis-

sion at from fourteen dollars to seventeen dollars and seventy-five cents. It has been estimated that instead of paying to the present company eight to twelve cents the kilowatt hour for incandescent lighting, private consumers can get it from the city for from five to six cents, and for motor-power, instead of paying from two and a quarter to eight cents, they can get it from the city for from one to one and a half cents. It is even expected that as the system is developed the rates will be very greatly reduced, even to as low as two to four cents the kilowatt hour for private lighting, and to even lower prices for power.



#### *The History and Prospects of the Plan*

The proposal to investigate the possibilities of such a plan came two years ago from a young manufacturer of London, Ontario, the Hon. Adam Beck. Ontario has no coal fields of its own, and therefore depends upon Pennsylvania for its fuel. This has meant a serious handicap upon the industrial development of the Province. Right within its borders was a tremendous source of energy—the Falls of Niagara. This, the “white coal,” as it has been called, had already been tapped by private concerns. So far as this enormous fall of water should be dedicated to industry, the query was whether it could not be made to promote the comfort and convenience of the public. A commission of investigation, employing expert engineers, ascertained the cost of construction and transmission, and the probable demand. The results were submitted to the people of the cities of Ontario, with a plan that has been described in the preceding paragraph. The vote was affirmative by four to one. As a consequence, Parliament in April last created the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, consisting of three men appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council. Of this Commission, Adam Beck, the originator of the idea, was Chairman. The members hold office indefinitely, and have power to appoint such experts as they need. The men who are administering this plan are men of imagination. They are not inspired

by ambition for a cheap power for great industries alone, but for the development of resources for the use of all the country. They expect to see this electric power replacing coal in the water-works pumping station, and brilliantly lighting the streets of the city; they expect to see it cooking food, heating houses, and relieving the farmer of his most arduous labor. They intend to make the widest and most civilizing use of what promises to be the most gigantic public electrical enterprise in the world. We hope that they will carry on this enterprise under such restraint as to make perfectly sure the preservation of the scenic value of the falls.



*Investigating New York  
Rapid Transit*

The new Public Service Commission for New

York City has begun the use of the great powers intrusted to it by a public inquiry into the affairs of the Interborough-Metropolitan street railway system in Manhattan and the Bronx, and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. In Manhattan the Commission has been chiefly concerned with the question of facilities and service, in Brooklyn with the question of financial operations. The hearings have been held by Mr. W. R. Willcox, Chairman of the Commission, thus leaving the other members free to carry on some of the other manifold duties of the board. Mr. William M. Ivins has been appointed special counsel for this investigation. Among the witnesses who have testified as to the management of the Interborough-Metropolitan System are Mr. Theodore P. Shonts, President of the combination of companies comprising the Interborough-Metropolitan System, and Mr. Frank Hedley, the General Manager, and Mr. Edward P. Bryan, the President, of one of the constituent companies, the Interborough. Their testimony showed that the elevated roads are not being operated to their full capacity; that the company did not feel it necessary to run sufficient cars during the non rush hours to give every passenger a seat; that its officials had not given any consideration to the recommendations of the old Board of Rapid

Transit Commissioners for the better safeguarding of travelers in the subway: that many new cars of the present type had been ordered for the subway without any investigation having been made of the advantages and the successful use in the Boston subway and on the Illinois Central Railroad of other types of car with side entrances to facilitate the entrance and exit of passengers; that the elevated railways are violating a provision of their charter which requires every passenger to be provided with a seat or no fare to be charged him. It was revealed that the Belmont tunnel under the East River at Thirty-fourth Street is owned by the Interborough-Metropolitan, but that it was not intended to connect it physically with either the Manhattan or the Queens County lines, and that a fare of three cents would be charged for passage through it. The officers of the system have expressed themselves as willing and anxious to carry out any recommendations of the Commission for the improvement of their service. But the evidence which was elicited from them by the examinations of Mr. Ivins hardly showed that this attitude of mind had been of long duration with them. Considerable amusement was caused at one session by the statement of General Manager Hedley in reply to a question as to a provision of the subway charter requiring the supplying of drinking water at each station. Mr. Hedley naively replied that any passenger could obtain a drink of water by going to the ticket office and asking for it! Mr. Willcox is considering the facts brought out by the inquiry, and will recommend to the full Commission within a short time orders which in his opinion should be issued to the Interborough-Metropolitan officials for alterations and improvements in their service. The Commissioners have made it clear that they intend to act in a conservative and careful manner. They do not purpose to issue drastic or revolutionary orders until the need for them has been thoroughly shown; but they do mean that transit conditions in New York shall be improved, and promptly, in so far as the present lines of subway, elevated, and surface roads will permit.

### *The Strike of the Telegraphers*

The formal decision of the leaders of the telegraph unions to call all commercial telegraphers out on strike was announced by President Small at Chicago on Friday of last week. It had, however, very little practical effect on the situation, because the operators had already very generally left their keys. Here is one more resemblance between industrial war and militarism—that is, the actual beginning of hostilities before the formal declaration of war has been issued; while another resemblance to actual warfare is seen in the outward air of excessive confidence assumed by both parties to the struggle and in the exaggeration of reports as to the losses and strategic defeats of their opponents. So far as can be judged, with due allowance for such exaggeration of claims, the general business of the country has not been affected so severely as had been generally anticipated. On the other hand, the assertion of some of the Western Union and Postal Telegraph officers that the strike was practically over when it began, and that they are not interested in the return of the operators who have gone out, may be taken with reserve. Of significance was the remark made in Chicago by Mr. Samuel Gompers, who announced that his efforts and those of Mr. Neill, United States Labor Commissioner, to bring about peace between the contending parties had been altogether in vain for the reason that the strikers and the companies had not yet had their fill of fighting. This is at the base of all such industrial contests—the feeling of animosity instead of the spirit of business compromise. Later on it was announced that the officers of the telegraphers' unions would accept as arbitrators the General Board of Arbitration belonging to the American Federation of Labor. This would consist of Mr. John Mitchell, of the mine workers, Mr. D. J. Keefe, of the longshoremen, and Mr. Gompers. It could hardly be expected that the companies would accept this board; and on their part they have shown no disposition to initiate measures leading to arbitration. Several city boards of trade have sent petitions to President Roosevelt

asking him to interfere in this strike on the same ground that justified his action in the coal strike—namely, that public prosperity and a universal necessity required instant cessation of the trouble. It is only upon this general ground that the President would unofficially interfere, as he did before; but it is apparent that he does not think that such a crisis as yet exists. Accordingly, he has referred such requests to the Bureau of Labor, which is in existence largely for the very purpose of lending its influence to stop such senseless strikes—and we use the word "senseless" without intending to express any opinion whatever as to whether the claims of the striking operators are or are not just. No such statement has yet been made on their part as to make it possible for a judicially-minded outsider to have such an opinion. The strikers in specific localities, for instance, in New York and Los Angeles, ascribe local causes for their action; thus, in New York the operators still insist that five men and four women were suspended solely on account of union affiliation, and that the General Manager of the Western Union Company had falsely declared that these persons were discharged as drunkards; the Western Union Company in reply say that the nine persons were discharged for good cause, one man for drunkenness and one woman for absence from duty, while no further statement is made public about the remaining seven. But it is clear that the real cause of the strike is not such local disputes, but rather the desire of the operators, on the one hand, to extend and strengthen their organization, and the intention of the company, on the other hand, to insist upon open shop methods, and perhaps ultimately to force the unions out of existence altogether as regards this industry.



### *Are Strikes Worth While?*

In view of the interest in labor disputes aroused by the strike of telegraphers, it may be of interest to know the extent and success or non-success of strike movements the country over. The figures given by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor in a recent

bulletin cover the twenty-five-year period ending in 1905. In that time throughout the country there were 36,757 strikes and 1,546 lockouts. These together affected 199,954 establishments so as to cause interruption to work; while the enormous total of 7,444,270 employees either went out on strike or were locked out by their employers. It must be remembered, also, that, in addition to the employees immediately affected, many others in establishments connected with or dependent upon those closed down were deprived, in whole or in part, of work. The building trades have the bad pre-eminence of having more strikes and more lockouts than any other industry. Many people will be surprised to learn that not much more than two-thirds of the strikes ordered were directed by labor organizations. On the other hand, those strikes which were ordered by labor organizations were more generally successful than the others. The employees who went on strike in these twenty-five years, according to this report, succeeded, in whole or in part, more often than they failed; the percentage given for total failures on their part is 36.78; while the employers, when they took the initiative by locking out their employees, actually succeeded completely in their contention in more than half of the cases. The cause of a little over forty per cent. of all strikes was a demand for increase of wages, either alone or in combination with other demands, while the next largest cause was for recognition of the union and union rules; comparatively minor causes were actual reduction of existing wages and demands for a reduction of hours. Only 3.74 per cent. of the strikes were sympathetic. Far the most important cause of lockouts was the question of recognizing unions. It is worth while to compare with this record of economic waste, financial loss, and personal suffering, the description lately given by Mr. W. E. Curtis, in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, of a manufacturing town where the co-operative spirit rules, where mutual benefit is kept in mind by both employers and employees, and where there has not been a strike within the present generation. This is Manchester, in New

Hampshire, a city of about seventy-five thousand inhabitants, with more than twenty thousand mechanics and factory hands, who produce articles of commerce to the value of forty-seven million dollars a year, including one hundred and fifty thousand miles of cloth—"enough every day to reach from the Merrimac to New York City and return." The employees are not organized because they do not need to be. They have, according to Mr. Curtis, confidence that the mill-owners will raise wages when trade conditions justify it, because they have done so repeatedly; and when trade conditions are bad, the employees accept a reasonable reduction, knowing also from experience that former wages will be restored when possible. In short, they believe in the justice as well as the honesty of their employers, and instead of a continuous running fight between employer and employee to get the better one of the other, the two elements are working harmoniously together for the common good. If the facts are as Mr. Curtis states them—and *The Outlook* pretends to no first-hand knowledge on the subject—there is an example here of that industrial peace which sometime must displace industrial war.



#### *The Shortage of Labor*

A labor expert in the Government service calls attention to the fact that there is at present, and likely to be for some years, a shortage in the labor market of the world. This condition is due, he adds, to widespread prosperity and the unparalleled enterprise of the age, which has led to the undertaking of more large projects than can possibly be completed within a reasonable time. Chief, of course, of these vast enterprises which will constitute a drain upon the labor market of the world for many years to come is the Panama Canal, which can use a steady force of forty thousand men—a standing army of laborers engaged in a campaign whose duration no one as yet dares definitely to predict. In this army, especially, desertions are numerous, and are constantly taking place at the average rate of about seven hundred a week, thus

calling for that number of new recruits to keep the force up to its highest efficiency. These deserters, moreover, do not, as a rule, leave Panama to go elsewhere to join the ranks, but many of them, especially frugal Italians and Spaniards, go home to live upon their earnings, supplemented by less laborious labor in garden or field, to which they have been accustomed. Of the other great enterprises which will call for thousands of laborers at good wages for many years to come may be mentioned the Grand Trunk Pacific and Great Northern Railways, which are constructing lines aggregating six thousand miles or more. The former of these is pushing its work as rapidly as it can secure labor, and is now turning toward the project of securing Japanese coolies as perhaps the most available and desirable source of supply. The two great railway enterprises in the Northwest could probably utilize between them a labor army sixty thousand strong; but there is little probability that they will be able to secure anything near that number, even at the good wages they are offering. New York, in its various tunneling and subway work in progress, to say nothing of that proposed, has been and will be an eager bidder in the labor market; and the call for labor here, where conditions are more attractive than at Panama or in the Northwest, meets with a ready response. In fact, the large cities of the United States, where great works are constantly being carried on, have the pick of the labor market, though along with it they have a varied assortment of difficulties with unions and other agencies to counterbalance this advantage. How many laborers will be required for the great conduit begun near Peekskill June 20, which is to tap the Catskills and give New York a new water supply, at a cost of \$161,000,000, no one as yet is able to say. The great \$101,000,000 barge canal of this State will also call for an army of laborers at a good wage when once it is fairly under way. In addition, the railways of the United States within the next five years will build, including switches, terminals, sidings, etc., many thousand miles of new trackage,

thus affording employment to thousands more. In the Old World, also, there are great works in contemplation or in actual construction, which will call for labor at fair remuneration at least. Such are the Transvaal mines, where the loss of the Chinese coolies now being deported will have to be made good; the great Cape-to-Cairo Railway, and the rebuilding and double-tracking of the long Siberian Railway across the Asiatic continent; while the development of Korea and Manchuria under Japanese control will create a demand for Oriental labor at home. The general effect of this competition for labor is good, though not an unmixed blessing. Never before has the premium on muscle been so great as it is to-day in the labor marts of the world, with the result that labor has found that it can, to a great extent, dictate terms as to hours and remuneration. The Government expert referred to says that in some instances it is estimated that labor is now only about three-fourths as efficient as it was a few years ago. In fact, the increasing cost of unskilled labor and its decreasing effectiveness present the economic problem of the times. Many great enterprises and thousands of smaller ones, in cities and elsewhere, are held in abeyance largely on this account, their promoters waiting for a time when the cost of construction and the harassment in regard to hours and strikes, etc., may seem less prohibitive. As to labor on the farm, that, for obvious reasons, stands in a class by itself. Practically, it is impossible for farmers, especially in the West, to secure good labor at reasonable prices during the season when they need it most—that of harvest time.



*Postmaster  
for the Nation*

By the appointment of Edward M. Morgan as postmaster of New York the President has rewarded thirty-four years of able service in the New York Post-Office. Mr. Morgan began his service in 1873, when he was eighteen years old, as a letter-carrier. Then he became in succession clerk, chief clerk, superintendent of first one and then another

and then a third branch office, general superintendent of city delivery, assistant postmaster, and acting postmaster. The position which he is now about to occupy might well be considered from many points of view next in importance only to that of the Postmaster-General. The New York City Post-Office is not merely a post-office for the city of New York ; in many respects it is the post-office for the United States. To it come not only the mails for the dwellers of the city, but mails destined for all parts of the country and even of the world. It is indeed one of the world's distributing stations. Almost all of Canada's foreign mails, and almost all of the letters that pass between Europe and Australasia, go through the New York Post-Office. There are twenty-seven States which combined did, two years ago, less postal business, as reckoned in receipts, than the single Post-Office of New York City. The entire city of Milwaukee had a smaller postal business than either of two of the thirty-seven branches of the New York City Post-Office. The number of pieces of mail matter that annually pass through this huge post-office actually presents no image to the mind. To call it a billion and a half is of no particular use, though in fact that is, in round terms, the number. Each particular piece has to be sent on its way accurately and swiftly. The machine for accomplishing this has to be of enormous complexity and delicacy. Mr. Morgan knows that machine. He has the kind of mind that can know it. Stories have been recounted concerning his remarkable powers of memory and discernment. Whether true or not, they indicate the general reputation of Mr. Morgan among his associates. On the day of his promotion in 1889 a ladder of immortelles was placed on his desk as a greeting from his fellow-clerks. Each succeeding promotion found this ladder there again with a rung added. This time the additional rung, the ninth, bore the word "Postmaster"—and the bottom rung "Carrier." It is not surprising that a man with such a record should have received the indorsement of business concerns, of the press, and of public officials. The careful scrutiny which appointment to a position

of such responsibility demands has apparently confirmed this general testimonial. The appointment will, there is every reason to believe, have good effect, not only in providing the New York Post-Office with an efficient head, but also in establishing more firmly than ever the merit system in the civil service.



### *The Initiative on Trial*

The recent election in Portland, Oregon, gave to the referendum and the initiative a pretty thorough and, on the whole, a very satisfactory trial. The result was locally regarded as gratifying in that the voters took a deep interest in the matter and canvassed the subject most thoroughly. Twenty-one separate questions were submitted. Loans for \$3,000,000 and \$1,000,000 for water pipes and parks respectively were approved, but the proposed moderate increases in the compensation of the City Engineer, Attorney, Treasurer, and Judge, although now very small for so important a city, were defeated, as was the proposition to pay the Councilmen at the rate of \$100 a month. The vote on these was almost unanimously "No." A gas franchise for twenty-five years to a new company was approved, although strongly opposed on the ground that it was "a willful misuse of the initiative to compass selfish ends, and if adopted will go far to discredit the initiative in the eyes of all lovers of good government." It was, by municipal students and the Citizens' Committee, considered an ill-advised movement, but the voters in this respect seemed to proceed upon the theory that "if one old rat had a rat-hole into a man's cellar, a good way to combat it was to authorize another rat to dig another rat-hole." The charge for liquor licenses, both retail and wholesale, was substantially increased. Of the twenty-one propositions submitted, the electors voted "yes" on thirteen, and "no" on eight. A Citizens' Committee representing the business bodies, labor organizations, and taxpayers' league (of which body United States Senator-elect Mulkey was a representative) carefully studied the questions and issued a pamphlet giving advice as to the merits of the

several measures. Their suggestions were followed on thirteen out of the twenty-one questions submitted. At the same election a determined effort to restore the Republican machine was defeated. Mr. Thomas C. Devlin, a very capable man, was nominated by the Republicans, and strenuous efforts were made to whip Republican voters back into line (as Portland is normally a Republican town), but Dr. Lane, the present Mayor, who ran as a Democrat and Independent, was chosen by 700 votes, although all the rest of the Republican ticket was elected; and so Portland maintained her reputation for independence.



#### *False Weights and Measures*

Under a new law of Massachusetts, four State Inspectors of Weights and Measures have begun their work of visiting every city and town in that State to test the official weights and measures preparatory to a more vigilant protection of the public from gross frauds. These inspectors will also instruct the local authorities in their duties in order that they in their turn may determine most accurately the reliability of the weights and measures which are used by the dealers of their municipality in transactions with the people. Under the law the sphere of the new officials is of the same class as that of the State Board of Health toward local health authorities. It is supplementary and independent both. That is, the State officials can work in co-operation with the local officials, or they can come into their field, make inspections and cause arrests upon their own account without waiting for the action of the local officials. In that way a promptness of action is possible in emergencies which alone may be sufficient to secure arrests or prevent further crime. One feature of the new law gives it far more practical efficiency than any previous law: the officer in pursuit of crime is not required to show intent of crime on the part of the person he would arrest. The only question is one of fact—was there a misrepresentation of the quantity of the goods sold? If it is found that the weight or measure was not up to the standard, it is not

necessary to prove that the seller was trying to defraud; he can be arrested for the short sale. It is to be presumed that every city in the United States suffers as much as Boston from fraudulent weights and measures. Indeed, a New York paper says that in three months alone New York City inspectors have caught nearly eight hundred short-weight rascals and fined them more than \$2,000, while Albany is said to lose \$100,000 annually by prejudiced scales and measures. The new Commissioner under the Massachusetts law, Mr. Daniel C. V. Palmer, is authority for the statement that there will probably always be deceptive weights and measures in use, no matter how vigilant the officers, and that they have been exceedingly common. In his office are many practical illustrations of the frauds perpetrated upon the public.



*Ingenious Frauds* Measures of capacity are made smaller than the standard. Measures of weight are jockeyed with so as to perpetrate serious frauds upon the public. Measures which seem to be honest have a false bottom, so that a four-quart measure will really hold a pint less than that. The outer bottom is flush with the edge of the wood of which the measure is made, and a buyer would not be likely to think of the deception. Another way of doing the same thing is to cut off the top of the measure, leaving the true bottom all right, but cutting down the total capacity to not more than three quarts and a half. One device is for sales by quarts to be by liquid measure, when dry measure should be used. The difference is material, and the fraud is common. It is said that probably ninety per cent. of the liquor sold for pocket flasks is short in quantity. There is a pint flask which has blown in the glass, "Honest measure; full pint," when it is dishonest to the amount of an ounce and a half off from the sixteen ounces which the flask should contain. Fraud is common in spool thread. The quality is up to standard, because deterioration would be detected quickly by experts. But it is not easy to tell whether the length is correct. Spools



are made with a larger thickness of wood. The outer appearance cannot be detected as different from that of an honest spool, but there is a material difference. In case of very large spools of black thread, stamped to contain 12,000 yards, the quantity has been measured up to 10,500 to 11,500 in different cases, but always materially short of the advertised 12,000. Bacon has been found wrapped in six wrappers, and all of the six were weighed and sold to the customer as part of the pound. Sausages are wrapped in oil-paper in the same way. Weights are manipulated with equal fraud. One way in grocery stores, in order to escape detection, is to put a weight under the pan in which the groceries are weighed. It is balanced by keeping a poise in the pan on the other end of the beam, so that the scales shall never stand at an exact equilibrium and show that they are true balances. Suspicion is diverted in this way. One of the worst frauds is that perpetrated by the cheap spring balance. The weight pulls down the indicator against the graduated face of brass upon which pounds and fractions are marked. By slipping this graduated brass face upward, a larger weight is brought opposite the indicator, and the buyer is cheated. These scales are used much by peddlers. If the boot is on the other foot, that is, if they are buying instead of selling, say, getting the house-keeper's stock of rags, and want to get much for little, the brass face is slipped downward, and a less weight is brought opposite the indicator. It is the purpose of the introduction of new methods to keep a closer watch than ever for the criminals. Under the new pure food and drug law, the quality of goods must be so high that there is great risk in deception. Therefore, being shut off from safe fraud upon the public in one way, the probability is that unscrupulous dealers will all the more try to cheat otherwise, and the use of weights and measures which give short quantities is the obvious way of accomplishing their purpose. The subject is of large importance all over the country. Frauds frequently going as high as ten per cent. of the purchase, and occasionally run-

ning as high as twenty-five per cent., become a very serious throw upon the living of the mass of the people.

### *Strikes and Riots in Belfast*

When one reads that on account of the disturbances in Belfast during the early part of last week troops to the number of seven thousand were sent in from outside; that searchlights were used in the streets to discourage threatening demonstrations; that in a single session of a local court forty prisoners were tried for rioting; that twenty-eight injured persons were taken to the hospitals on one evening, while hundreds were left severely injured; that the mob stretched ropes and chains across some streets to impede the cavalry; and that great heaps of stones and other missiles were piled up to use in attacks—an idea may be had of the magnitude and seriousness of the situation. Prompt action by the authorities reduced the town to something like its usual condition of quiet, and at the end of the week it was announced that the disorder had ended. The strike itself was in some respects so singular as to be perhaps unique. At the outset it was a strike of dockmen and carters, but it soon extended to other industries, and finally the constabulary, who should have been employed in keeping the peace, took the opportunity to join in the strike and to press for the immediate granting of demands previously made. These demands were not in themselves (so far as one can judge at this distance) unreasonable, but it is unendurable that those who should preserve the public peace should desert their posts at a critical moment. Added to all the other trouble was an outbreak of sectarian hatred. While Belfast has a large majority of Protestant residents, the Roman Catholics are numerous enough to make the traditional and fanatical enmity between the two factions active, as it has been, in point of fact, in Belfast and throughout Ulster for centuries. The constabulary of Belfast is under the control of the Irish Government, not of the city authorities; and in many districts of the city Protestants object to Roman Catholic

members of the force, while in other districts the case is reversed. In times of trouble like the present, accordingly, sectarian feeling runs high. The grievances of the twelve or thirteen hundred constables were concisely expressed by their leader, Barrett, who said, "We have the title of being the finest body of police in the world, and we are the worst paid." Their demand was for an increase of only twenty-five cents a day, with three-fourths of pay as a pension after twenty-five years' service. Two vice-regal commissions have recommended that this demand be granted, and it is the failure of the Irish Government to carry out this recommendation that has made bad feeling. Of course the outbreak will be used as political ammunition by the opponents of Mr. Birrell, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, but he seems now to have the situation in hand.



*Joachim* For years Joseph Joachim, who died at the age of seventy-six on Thursday of last week, was known as the greatest living violinist. He was, however, more than that; he was an immeasurable influence for wholesomeness and artistic sincerity in music. His early years were spent in the midst of the romantic movement in the art. As a boy, he was a protégé of Mendelssohn. He very early was drawn to the music of Schumann, and his own compositions, which are seldom heard in concerts, show Schumann's influence. He was, therefore, far from being a pedant. Thoroughly trained as he was in the traditions and the forms of the classical composers, he learned how to value structure in music—what might be called the beauty of musical architecture. At the same time he brought to his study of music a sensitiveness to its emotional qualities. Against the attempt, however, of some later composers to remove all restraint and repose from music, which has resulted in making music a medium of eroticism, and to force music to set forth concrete pictures and speak a concrete language, Joachim revolted. Therefore, although Liszt greatly admired Joachim's talent, and made him a leader of an orchestra at Weimar, Liszt's musical in-

fluence over Joachim was nil. On the other hand, Brahms, who was a personal friend of Joachim, had great influence over him; and in turn Joachim did a great deal to interpret Brahms to the public. Just because Brahms does not abandon himself to his emotions, he is often called dry. Joachim was just the one to bring out of the music of Brahms both its structural and its sensuous beauty. As the founder and leader of the Joachim Quartet (of strings) he appeared in public many years after he had practically retired as a soloist. He was a conductor of ability and note, and a teacher of some of the best violinists of our day. Like Manuel Garcia, the great singing teacher and inventor of the laryngoscope, who died last year at over a hundred years of age, and Verdi, the great Italian opera composer, who died in 1901, Joachim formed a link with what now seems an early stage in the development of music; and, like these two other aged musicians, he helped to preserve through a period of great change the best influences of an earlier and in many respects a saner day.



## *The Slavery of the Cities*

The Republican State Committee of Ohio, in opposition to the wishes of Senator Foraker, lately adopted resolutions favoring the candidacy of Mr. Taft for President. After the action was taken Senator Foraker gave out a statement saying that the Committee resolutions had no binding value; that the real decision of the question as to what candidate should receive Ohio's indorsement for the Presidency rested with the State Convention to meet next year. "In the meanwhile," he added, and evidently he intended the words to carry deep significance, "we shall have our municipal elections and the benefit of occurring events, in the light of which we shall no doubt be able to act intelligently and satisfactorily."

To Senator Foraker politics is a game, the natural and legitimate prizes of which are the spoils of office. He expects all elections—local, State, and National—

to dovetail together, each being regarded as merely one of many plays in the larger game which is primarily a contest for control among conflicting groups of self-seeking politicians. In accordance with that view, there is nothing incongruous in treating the municipal elections in Ohio this fall merely as a preliminary skirmish between opposing factions that are to meet in larger combat next year.

But what does the adoption of this view of the matter signify to the cities of Ohio, and especially to Cincinnati, the home city of both Senator Foraker and Secretary Taft?

For years Cincinnati has been very badly governed. The hold upon the city of the Republican machine dominated by George B. Cox was like the grip of Tammany upon New York. Senator Foraker himself in the past has co-operated with that machine and its franchise-grabbing allies. He helped to override public opinion in order to secure fifty-year franchises for the street railway companies. Two years ago the voters of Cincinnati rose in revolt against the Cox machine and drove it from power. It is worthy of note in this connection that Mr. Taft, then as now the holder of a Cabinet position under a Republican administration in Washington, courageously advised the defeat of the local Republican ticket in his home city. Cox, the discredited "boss," has now come out as a supporter of Mr. Taft for President. At the same time he is laying plans to regain control of Cincinnati. The issue of good municipal government thus presented to the people of Cincinnati may be quite as vital to them as their interest in the outcome of the Presidential campaign. It is the right of the people of Cincinnati to have their municipal contest decided on the basis of its own merits and not upon the wholly extraneous issues of National politics.

In Cleveland years of agitation and conflict are to culminate in the municipal election of this fall. Mayor Johnson has been engaged for half a dozen years now in a contest with the principal traction interests of Cleveland. The coming election is expected to be decisive of the issue involved, which is one of great

concern to the city and of deep interest to the entire country. If Mayor Johnson is re-elected, the interests in opposition can scarcely hope to block the Mayor's traction policy further. If Mayor Johnson is unsuccessful at the polls, the policy for which he has fought will naturally be abandoned. Without taking sides, in this editorial, on the issue that divides the people of Cleveland, *The Outlook* insists that it is of the greatest importance that this issue be settled on its merits as a municipal question, free from the distractions of National politics. When the outcome of Cleveland's municipal election is announced, the returns should indicate whether Mayor Johnson's policy has been approved or rejected. That outcome should have no significance whatever as to Ohio's choice next year for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

Adherence to Senator Foraker's view of the significance of municipal elections would tend to make the cities the slaves of the National party organizations. American cities can have good government only on the condition that good municipal government be kept continuously before the electorate as the chief and in fact the only end of municipal elections. The separation of municipal from State and National elections was designed to enable the voters of cities to give their attention to local questions in local elections, free from the distractions of State and National campaigns. This purpose would be defeated if the voters could be induced to cast their ballots at municipal elections on the theory that the fate of this or that issue or personality of National politics was dependent on the outcome.

The cities, in order to work out their proper destiny, must have freedom from the domination of outside issues. They can secure and retain that freedom only by asserting it, and by refusing to be misled by the false contention that extraneous National issues have any proper place in a municipal election. If the voters of Cincinnati, Cleveland, and other Ohio cities in casting their ballots at the municipal elections keep in mind only the welfare and good government of their respective cities, politicians like

Senator Foraker, with whom the wish may be father to the thought, will soon cease to maintain that the municipal elections have any significance for National partisan purposes.

## *A Policy of Attitude*

Hitherto there has been a choice between but two policies concerning violators of the law—one the policy of letting them alone, the other the policy of prosecuting and punishing them. In the case of the common criminal, who with chisel and dynamite breaks open a safe, or, cocked pistol in hand, holds up the traveler on the highway, it has not been reputable to advocate any other policy than that of prosecution and punishment. The only question which it has been regarded as decent to ask is simply, Is there sufficient evidence to warrant indictment?

In the case, however, of the criminal corporation and its criminal officials, it has become a common thing for reputable people and for very specially reputable journals to cry out in alarm against any such policy. These criminals, say they, move in our circle of society; they deal with us in the stock exchange; they are pillars in the fabric of our prosperity; they determine the value of our property; to proceed against them is to give way to hysteria. Resentment against powerful lawbreakers and determination to put them under restraint is called "hostility to large business interests." In this wise do such individuals and newspapers criticise the President for enforcing the laws, and urge a policy of inaction. Even those journals which would limit the Government to the rôle of big policeman would have it be a very benevolent policeman indeed. They would have it so benevolent as not even to undertake to collect evidence concerning the criminal operations of a corporation. Investigation for the purpose of obtaining such evidence is, from their point of view, meddlesome interference with matters that no public official can by any possibility understand. The Standard Oil Company is convicted and fined; stocks

fall in value; and the shout goes up, See what you have done! Even when a financier is called upon the witness-stand to answer questions concerning stock and bond transactions, voices, in cultivated tones, ask, When is this persecution to cease?

Ignoring this criticism, the Attorney-General of the United States ventured to remark a few days ago that the purpose of the Administration to prosecute those trusts which were violating the law was unchanged. He furthermore explained that if sufficient evidence were obtainable to convince a jury, the Government was ready to bring criminal suits against individuals as well as corporations. Like Professor Osler, however, he relied too much upon his hearers' sense of humor; he is reported to have likened the lawless classes to a covey of game, of which any individual might fall at the next shot.

Shocked by this evidence of humor in a public official, an oracle has spoken. Designed "to diffuse among the people correct information on all interesting subjects," and "to inculcate just principles in religion, morals, and politics," it cannot withhold the truth. Of course it cannot countenance inaction, and of course it cannot commend the Administration. The New York Evening Post has therefore received of necessity, the mother of discovery, a new theory. On the one hand, it declares, "All this reckless playing with danger is, to be sure, of a piece with the sense of impunity which President Roosevelt has steadily displayed. . . . He has snapped his fingers at warnings." On the other hand, it stoutly affirms, "Nobody is asking that the Government recede or recant. In the enforcement of the law, let it be as rigorous as justice, as impartial as fate."

Here is where the discovery is announced: "But in all these things the manner counts immensely."

The cure, then, for all our evils appears to lie in the adoption by the Government of the grand air. In holding up criminals you must not do your work too suddenly or too roughly. If they are rich, and you speak to them as you would to other criminals, you greatly

err. There must be no indignation expressed against their enormities, no word of exhilaration as you join in the pursuit, and no clinching of the teeth as you hold them fast. What the Administration should do, apparently, is not to catch the thief, but to strike an attitude.

The Evening Post concludes that the "general lesson of the day" is "that the country's business, in all its ramifications, is like a vast but complicated and delicate machine, into which not even a President born under a lucky star can thrust a stick without causing a smash-up." What, then, should be done? We remember: "The manner counts immensely." Let the President, "as rigorous as justice, as impartial as fate," take his stick in hand, bow, salute, and point it at the machine. All then would be well.

## Great Riches and Sanity

The New York Sun is of opinion that Dr. Felix Adler's statement that some of the very rich are insane will be taken as a compliment by people who have been in the habit of late years of being described as criminals; for insanity involves moral irresponsibility, and a man who is out of his head can commit any indiscretion in the way of taking other people's property, invading other people's rights, or making a brutal display of his possessions, without being suspected of being bad either in ethics or taste. Dr. Adler was really casting a light on a very obscure and perplexing matter; for Americans of to-day are not unaccustomed to see a man who has secured the most striking financial success turn to the most incredible folly when he locks his door on his business and tries to be a man among men and not merely a specific business force. Nor is this unnatural; with great possessions of any kind, especially if they are suddenly acquired, come equally great perils.

The men are few who could become enormously rich on short notice and

not lose their heads, for a time at least. Not many years ago a quiet, plodding minister in the neighborhood of New York, who had been brought up in the utmost frugality by a niggardly father, and who was living in the quietest way and doing obscure work in a humble spirit, suddenly found himself, on the death of his father, a very rich man. It turned out that the father, instead of being in reduced circumstances, was a miser who had heaped up a large fortune. The sudden change was too much for the equilibrium of the son. In a few weeks he was in possession of a handsome house on the West Side; and it was reported at one time that three yachts awaited his command in the river below. This insanity lasted about two years; and then, as the story runs, the victim of the obsession was back again where he started. He had never been in an asylum, because his aberration of mind had taken the form of enriching other people and impoverishing himself; and such lunatics are always in great demand.

Observant Americans have watched with amazement and indignation the eccentricities of the insane millionaire abroad. They have seen him throw his money into the gutter with the child-like belief that he was getting something for it, or with the fatuous idea that he was making an impression on those about him. Europeans have been long enough in this world to know the difference between real wealth and sham wealth; between the man who has a pedigree behind him and the man who pretends that he has one; and they look upon the lavish expenditures of the insane American with well-bred amazement, quite content to hold the platter out in various ways while the shower falls. An intelligent American, who knows his Europe well, was summoned to the relief of an insane millionaire in a hotel in the Riviera not long ago. The millionaire had stayed over night, and it seemed to him, when he remembered the fact that he had arrived after dinner on the previous evening and was going away immediately after breakfast, that twelve hundred francs was an even more generous compensation than he

would have volunteered himself. The experienced American went over the itemized bill and speedily reduced it to the very comfortable proportion of about sixty francs.

There is no reason why the insane millionaire ought not to be left at liberty, provided it is understood that he is insane, and that foreigners, in making up their estimate of national character and taste, are not to attach any more importance to him than they would attach to the inmates of the various asylums for those bereft of their senses. This kind of insanity is amenable to treatment, but the treatment ought to be preventive. There ought to be in every community one or two wise women who would give the newly rich advice as to how to spend their money. This kind of service is rendered to people much oftener than society suspects; for the newly rich sometimes have a glimmer of the fact that they are not wholly sane, and seek the guidance and restraint of those whose minds are not ill. More than one case of insanity has been arrested by this kind of concealed restraint.

Not many years ago, in one of our great cities, a man and wife who had recently come, through mining operations, into the possession of a great fortune, but who were densely ignorant, discovered their condition at an early date and had sense enough to avoid humiliation by invoking the guidance of experts. They secured a teacher who taught them how to speak; another who told them what books to read and how to read them. They went to Europe under educational escort, and, being open-minded and with a good deal of natural quickness, they rapidly acquired the habit of being rich. When they returned home, still acting under the best advice, they secured the services of a competent architect, who built them a tasteful house, very unlike the imitation log cabin in stone which disfigures a certain New York street. They also secured competent persons to furnish the house and to buy pictures for them; and under this wise tutelage, instead of becoming victims of chronic insanity, they became rational members of society. There is room here, evidently, for

a new profession. Competent young men and women, thoroughly educated in the amenities, humanities, and decencies of life, could not do better for themselves, or render a greater service to society, than to take the millionaires who are on the point of becoming insane, and by skillful treatment keep them within the ranks of the rational.

De Quincey's well-known analysis of the insanity of the later Caesars throws light on this problem. No man can stand at the apex of the world, with the consciousness that all things are possible to him, that there is no restraining power, that he can do anything he chooses with himself or with others, and not become insane, unless he is an exceptionally strong person. This is what befalls a great many very rich men. They have found themselves practically without restraint; they were able to do whatever they chose with their neighbors; they discovered that they could have their way with the Government; to their surprise, even the Ten Commandments seemed to be abrogated for them; they effaced the distinction between right and wrong. Under such circumstances insanity was almost inevitable. The Government, the States, communities, and an increasing number of individuals have now made it their business to put the insane of this class under restraint; and there is good hope that within a few years their number will be greatly diminished. To be very rich with honor is already becoming a distinction; to have both great wealth and sanity may not be in the future quite so uncommon as to day.



## *The Spectator*

The Spectator confesses to the weakness—as some may consider it—of finding enjoyment in the various advertising schemes offered to the great American public. He enjoys the versatility of those people who are able to “cut the garment to the cloth,” no matter what the cloth may be, and say the thing which expresses in a nutshell the merits of the article all people “need and *must* have.” The Spectator is told that the

writing of advertisements is a paying business and is really classed as a profession, so great is the originality required in bringing out "catchy" phrases and verses to allure the eye of the reader, and otherwise to bring buyer and seller face to face quickly and effectively. But if this be true in regard to ordinary advertisements, such as fill so large a part of the magazines and the daily papers, the Spectator wonders if the artist who covers the bill-boards of our large cities—and, alas! spoils the scenery as one rides on the railway—with pictorial advertisements is not in certain directions in even greater demand than the class who appeal to the public by word-pictures only? The artistic work done on bill-boards is surely of the "impressionist" order, inasmuch as it succeeds in making an impression on the passer-by, who, attracted by the bright colors of a picture setting forth the merits of some article, cannot refrain from turning his eyes in exactly the direction that the advertiser intends him to look.



Nuisance and disfigurement as the bill-board is, it certainly has its amusing phases. The Spectator might find it less entertaining should a monstrosity be erected in the vacant lot adjoining his home, thereby cutting off light and outlook from his daily heritage; but until that awful thing happens he proposes to find amusement in the pictures that seem to blossom forth in a day or a night on such bill-boards as are at a safe distance from his own domicile. So, again, as on many other occasions, the Spectator agrees with the man who said, "All things are relative and everything depends on the point of view."



In what more effective way, for instance, could an insurance company advertise than in a series of panoramic pictures setting forth the advantages to be derived from insurance under four separate conditions—sickness, accident, old age, and death? Each scene is realistic and impressive. The sick-bed of the hospital, with attendant nurse bestowing comfort and benefit on the invalid,

arouses in the Spectator's mind the question as to the fever the patient may be suffering from; for that it is a fever the heightened color of the invalid clearly denotes. But another thought quickly follows, and this is exactly what the insurance company intends to bring home to the observing public—the comfortable sense of security that any sick man may enjoy who is receiving a benefit of \$20 or \$25 a week. The picture of the accident is opportune, and one calculated to attract the attention of a street audience—the too common collision between automobile and electric car. And here the lesson which the Spectator reads is that an insurance policy in the right company is just as effective for the common, every-day passenger on the street-car as for the rich capitalist in his automobile. The picture of old age depicts the feebleness of man after his days of toil are over. The Spectator turns from this with a sinking heart. Yet here the idea of an annuity is suggested, and he finds himself considering how many years are ahead of him in which he may be independent; or, in other words, what date his annuity would better begin. The death scene reminds the Spectator of the old picture of John Rogers being burned at the stake, with the weeping widow and bereft children by her side, except that in this case the modern graveyard monument takes the place of the stake, while the departed husband and father is sleeping the sleep of the just because he has left his family such a comfortable life insurance. Could written words give more convincing arguments, or the loquacious insurance agent, in person, do more effective work?



This advertisement of a clothier ought to make every one who sees it think over the ins and outs of his wardrobe, and be the means of sending a long procession of customers to this particular dealer. A small boy is discovered bathing in what seem to be forbidden waters; a policeman on the edge of the pond has succeeded in getting the shamefaced bather within hearing distance, and with severe expression and uplifted finger he exclaims, "How about your clothes?"

And a certain soap, unknown to the Spectator, evidently does effective work for hosiery. As portrayed on the billboard, a line of stockings of various styles and sizes attract the eye of every one who uses soap, and the words "Watch us sparkle" convince the Spectator that of all soaps offered the dwellers in this great city, this particular soap must be the best.

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A photographer offers to finish films in a short space of time: "Here at one, at five it's done," so the bill-board announces, but the amusing thing to the Spectator is the pictured face of the photographer, in whose open mouth are the figures 1 to 5. It seems to suggest that the relative number of teeth on upper and lower jaw are as 1 to 5, and the element of *time* which the picture wishes to convey is wholly lost sight of. The Spectator wonders if the sign will not some day be utilized by a dentist, the "5" standing for his own handiwork, while the "1" signifies all that is left of nature's original bequest. A most gorgeous and transcendent picture is that of a mermaid brushing the teeth of a fish, said fish resting on his oars, so to speak, and, in a passive and apparently happy frame of mind, submitting to this additional feature of his daily toilet, while other fish are gathered around patiently awaiting their turn. The Spectator is sure that when he finds himself again

at a drug counter his mind will revert to that picture and he will involuntarily ask for the kind of tooth powder that mermaids use, which restores all the "pearly qualities" so desirable in the teeth of fish or human beings.

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And these are only a few of the many bill-board attractions offered to the Spectator in a flourishing city. His eye has been so well trained by daily attendance on these pictures that nothing in the advertising line escapes his attention. Perhaps because of his interest in advertising schemes in general he was quick to notice the cow, with its tinkling bell, harnessed into the wagon of a large creamery company, traveling at a good pace through a crowded thoroughfare; also to notice in the window of a seed store a small terra-cotta head, the top of which was putting forth a crop of tender grass in place of hair, the grass-seed having been sprinkled on the roughened surface of the terra-cotta. Who could help admiring the ingenuity of that dealer who took this novel means to call attention to his particular line of business? But the advertisement which struck the Spectator as pathetic rather than humorous was the man—no picture this, but a live man—carrying on his back the placard, "For Hire." He passed by and on into the crowd, but the Spectator will always feel that a sad story went with him.

## PROBLEMS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE' THE TRUE MAN AND SECT'S

BY LAIRD WINGATE SNELL

**I** WAS speaking to a mechanic about the possibility of a real working-man's church, a church springing from their own ranks, meeting their needs, being in truth their social home. His reply throws a significant light upon the church that is, and the measure of its success in interpreting Jesus Christ.

<sup>1</sup> Under this general head are included seven brief articles by Mr. Snell, dealing with practical and personal religious problems. The present is the third article of the series.—THE EDITORS.

Said he, "Yes, I should think that might come about if only you looked out for this: in that church there mustn't be any religion—that is, I mean—you know—any . . . *denomination*."

Do you notice? "religion" and "denomination" used as synonyms. It is the common conception with these men—and mechanics are thinking men, their thinking is practical, they see things in their working relations.



Do you note, too, what the conception means—that by the practice of the Church religion has come to seem a sort of commodity divided up into bundles and tagged—something outside life, not moral, not spiritual, as it were various brands of “passes” into heaven—Methodist, Baptist, Presbyterian—from which you can choose accordingly as their several claims appeal to you?

If only the Church knew what a travesty of Christianity she presents, by reason of her manifold and unhappy divisions, to the man who thinks practically, how her walls of separation would go tumbling down! The walls, to be sure, are already honeycombed with decay, but the man outside does not know that. They still stand, that he does know, and by it judges “religion” and Christianity.

The Church is most strangely blind in her hope of unity. She can never be one in formulated dogma nor in ritual of worship. The one would seek to crowd infinite truth into the compass of words, the other to shape the endless variety and wealth of God’s self-expression in man to one mold. The Church *can* be one in the loving, active service of men and the world. She can be practically one here and now, and practical unity will prove to be real unity, complete unity, and the spiritual power to make conquest of the world.

Whatever separates Church from Church is declared non-essential by the very fact that it separates. The spirit of Christ is the spirit that binds human beings together, the spirit in its essence one. Its name is LOVE. The Church can show forth this spirit by union in doing good, by practical fellowship in service. Nothing save this, her master’s spirit through her expressed, is essential or abiding in the Church of Christ.

“Now the Lord is the Spirit; and where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.” The spirit of love in service, with absolute liberty for every one who manifests that spirit, this is the essential Church, for it is the essential Christ. That spirit possessing the Church must make her life sound to the heart and inform her whole expression, constantly

shaping doctrine to the larger truth, liturgy to the necessity of worship, experience to the norm of God made flesh, and organization to the divine economy.

If the Church but saw, shame would make her hide her differences, and at least put on the outward expression of the Christian spirit—unity in liberty. And practice of the expression quickly brings the spirit. The two come together, the inner and the outer—the spirit and the deed of love. To feel good will towards a man, do him a good turn; be mean to one you care for, and see love sour overnight and grow the germs of hate. Should the Church, ashamed of her spirit of schism—the only real heresy—agree for a time merely to *act as one*, love would fill her full; it would be another and a better Pentecost. For the spirit of love expressed is the baptism of the Holy Ghost; and without the expression of love the spirit of love is not.

To be one in spirit means, then, that the Church be one in action; to be one in action means to *work together*; to work together means united organization; and united organization means that the Methodist give over his unbrotherly methods of church extension, the Baptist honor the full obedience of the unimmersed believer, the Presbyterian recognize the soundness of every honest man’s honest “confession of faith,” the Episcopalian concede the ecclesiastical validity of the conscientious acts of every body of men seeking to follow Jesus Christ, and the Congregationalist yield up his proud independence to the requirements of unified, economical administration.

This broadest possible basis is the only possible basis for a united Church—loving co-operation in the service of humanity, with absolute freedom to each and all to believe in or to do anything save to disbelieve in or to violate love, which is the spirit of Christ.

A broad basis, but the strait and narrow way; for of all ways love is the straitest—and surest. It is the one strait and narrow and sure way by which the Church can come to her own,

# The Haywood Trial: A Review

BY LUKE GRANT

Special Correspondent for The Outlook at the Boise Trial

**I**N the picturesque and beautiful city of Boise ended recently the first act in one of the most stirring dramas of modern times. The curtain was rung down when an Idaho jury pronounced William D. Haywood, Secretary of the Western Federation of Miners, not guilty of the murder of ex-Governor Frank Steunenberg. The second act is set for October 1, when George A. Pettibone, the alleged co-conspirator of Haywood, will be placed on trial for his life.

No wonder the eyes and ears of the country were turned toward the little city in the Boise valley. It was an absorbing tragedy in real life that was being enacted. As plot and counterplot were revealed, they showed a disregard for human life on one hand and a disregard for human rights and liberties on the other that seemed almost beyond belief.

When the curtain rose, Prosecutor Hawley announced that the State would show a criminal conspiracy based on murder and assassination that would shock civilization. The leaders of this conspiracy, he charged, were officers of the Western Federation of Miners, who had left in their footsteps a trail of human blood all over the inter-mountain country. "We will show you," said Hawley, "that the killing of Frank Steunenberg was but an incident in this criminal conspiracy, and that a score of men have met violent deaths at the hands of hired assassins. We will show you that a regular scale of prices for murder was set by the leaders of this conspiracy, and that Harry Orchard and Steve Adams were two of the paid assassins."

From the blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill in the Cœur d'Alene district in 1899 and the killing of two men by an armed mob of union miners, the conspiracy was traced step by step until it ended in front of Steunen-

berg's gate, December 30, 1905. That gate, wrecked by a bomb explosion and bespattered with the blood of the former Governor of Idaho, was held up to the mental vision of the twelve men in the jury-box, the critics who were to pass judgment on the tragedy. In the six years through which this criminal conspiracy was said to have run, it was shown that twenty-one persons had been killed by shot and bomb. It was shown that others were spied upon, hounded and tracked by assassins with murder in their hearts, and that their lives were spared only through lucky circumstances. That, in brief, was the picture drawn by the prosecuting counsel and exposed to the view of the jury and the audience, which comprised all the people of America.

Before attempting to show whether or not this picture was overdrawn, it may be well to throw another on the canvas—that drawn by Attorney Darrow for the defense. This picture showed honest workingmen, stripped to their waists, working twelve hours a day in the mills and smelters to increase the dividends of the wealthy mine-owners. As the sickening and deadly fumes of arsenic arose from the melting ore, they paralyzed the arms and legs of the workers. The teeth in their jaws loosened and fell out. Five years is the average length of life of workers under such conditions. Then the Western Federation of Miners was formed, and it spread out its protecting wings to the helpless and almost hopeless workers. It built and maintained stores, libraries, hospitals, and union halls for the comfort and education of its members. It supported the sick, buried the dead, and cared for the widows and orphans. To render less effective the work of the union, secret spies in the employ of the mine-owners gained admission and planned and plotted to betray their associates. The

goal of the union was an eight-hour work-day for the men in the mills and smelters. An agitation for an eight-hour law was started, and it was passed by the Legislature. It was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court of Colorado. The union redoubled its efforts, and a constitutional amendment was submitted to the voters of the State. It was carried by a majority of 46,000 votes in a total vote of 97,000. Then the mine-owners, more interested in dividends than in the safety of human life, were pictured as having shamelessly corrupted the Legislature to prevent the carrying out of the mandates of the people. The eight-hour law was not passed. The miners relied on their organization securing for them the relief that a corrupted Legislature denied them. They went on strike. Then Mr. Darrow skillfully rolled back the covering and exposed more of the picture to view. It revealed the State militia, officered and commanded by mine-owners, despoiling the homes, the stores, halls, and libraries of the union miners, and driving them at the bayonet's point from the district where many of them owned homes. Appeals to the civil courts were unavailing, for the soldiery defied the civil courts. Mr. Darrow ironically remarked: "Flags were hung at half-mast as a fitting tribute to the death of law and the triumph of order."

Strange that such a picture should move a jury of farmers who had no experience with industrial strife! It was a plea of justification rather than a defense. Haywood was on trial, charged directly with the murder of Steunenberg. On this charge Colorado's labor wars had no bearing, yet they consumed more time than any other phase of the trial. The attorneys for the prosecution opened the way by charging a general conspiracy, of which the killing of Steunenberg was an incident, and the attorneys for the defense, by inference, said, "If we're bad, you're worse;" and they attempted to show a counter-conspiracy to disrupt the Western Federation of Miners.

Throughout the whole trial Mr. Darrow insidiously implied justification. He talked continuously of a class war and the oppression of the poor by the rich.

The jury decided that the State failed to connect Haywood with the conspiracy charged, and the Court ruled that the defense had not shown a counter-conspiracy; but while the plots were being unfolded new light was thrown on the methods resorted to both by mine-owners and miners in prosecuting industrial war in the Rocky Mountains.

Here it may be said that there was a difference of opinion among counsel in the prosecution about the scope the trial should take. Senator Borah, the brilliant young attorney who assisted in the prosecution, was opposed to going outside the Steunenberg murder. He wanted to place Orchard on trial for that crime and not use him for a witness. He contended that if the officers of the Western Federation of Miners were guilty of the crimes laid on their shoulders by Orchard, the State of Colorado should prosecute them. He was overruled by Governor Gooding, who, listening to Detective McParland, believed that he was destined to be the public official who would bring to justice the men responsible for a long series of revolting crimes. That a number of mysterious murders had been committed in the mining camps was a matter of common knowledge. The perpetrators had gone unwhipped of justice, and Orchard's confession seemed to furnish the explanation. So Governor Gooding declared that he would be unworthy to fill the office of chief executive of a great State if he did not try to unearth the whole conspiracy and bring to justice the guilty parties.

Detective McParland was given complete charge of working up the evidence for the prosecution after he obtained Orchard's confession. It did not require great ingenuity to obtain that confession, for, confined in a cell for the first time in his life, Orchard's early religious training came back to his mind. The enormity of his crimes rose before his eyes, and he was ready to confess to the first person who appeared sympathetic enough to listen. Probably he believed that he would save his own neck by incriminating others, but there was no evidence produced during the trial to show that he was promised immunity. It should be said in justice to McPar-

land that he did not manufacture any of the evidence, in spite of the many claims to the contrary. At least there was nothing in the trial to prove that he did. The verdict of the jury, however, proved that such evidence, whether manufactured or not, is regarded with as much suspicion in an agricultural community in the West as in an industrial center in the East.

On Orchard's testimony the whole case of the prosecution was based. In many of the details that testimony was corroborated by outside witnesses, but with Orchard eliminated the tragedy at Boise would have been like the play of Hamlet with the gentle Dane left out. One side tried to prove that Orchard told the truth, the other side that he lied.

It was a revolting story of crime that Orchard told on the witness-stand, but, shocking though it was in many details, it was of absorbing interest. From his participation in the blowing up of the Bunker Hill and Sullivan mill in 1899, this monumental criminal told of one murder after another that he had committed with a nonchalance that was amazing. He neither spoke in a boastful way of his crimes nor did he apparently show any contrition. He displayed no feeling, except on one occasion when he was taunted by Attorney Richardson on cross-examination. Then the tears rose in his eyes, and he said he had been such an unnatural monster that he had almost despaired of divine forgiveness, and was now telling his story as a duty that he felt he owed to himself, to society, and to God. Not once did he hesitate to answer questions of a personal nature, although the answers showed himself in an unfavorable light; neither did he seek to conceal anything that appeared favorable to the defendant. There was no malice apparent in his manner. He told how Haywood stopped his plans to blow up a boarding-house in Globeville, where one hundred and fifty non-union men were housed, as freely as he told how the same Haywood complimented him on blowing up the Independence depot and the killing of fourteen men.

Readers of *The Outlook* are familiar with the crimes which Orchard confessed he committed; but it is necessary to refer

to them again to show how far the testimony of the assassin was corroborated, or how much it was discredited by witnesses for the defense. Following the blowing up of the Bunker Hill mill, in which Orchard participated only as one of a mob, although he said he lighted one of the fuses, his next crime was committed in Cripple Creek in November, 1903. He told of planting a bomb in the shaft of the Vindicator mine, which at the time was operated with non-union men. It was so arranged that the raising of a safety bar would discharge a revolver into a box of giant caps, and thus explode fifty pounds of dynamite. Through a mistake the bomb was placed on the sixth level, which was not being worked at the time. About a week later Superintendent McCormick and Foreman Beck entered the sixth level and were blown to pieces. Fragments of a revolver, twisted into shapeless scrap-iron, were produced in court to corroborate the story. For this crime Orchard said he was complimented by Moyer and Haywood, the former giving him \$20 and the latter \$280 at the time. Both Moyer and Haywood on the witness-stand denied having paid the money or of having any knowledge of the crime, and there was no corroboration of Orchard's word on that point. The defense tried to show that the explosion might have been the result of an accident. Thomas Wood, a witness who impressed all who heard him with the apparent truthfulness of his testimony, swore that he had seen a box of powder on the eighth level of the mine on the morning of the explosion. McCormick and Beck, he said, went from the eighth to the sixth level, and the box of powder disappeared about the same time. Beck carried a revolver in his hip-pocket. The inference was that the superintendent and foreman carried with them the box of powder to the sixth level; that the revolver dropped out of Beck's pocket and caused the explosion, and that the men were thus accidentally killed. Wood had worked in the mine but a day and a half before the explosion occurred. After this alleged crime, Attorney Hawley said that Orchard was placed "on the chosen list of murderers" by Haywood.

The next crime to which Orchard confessed was the shooting of Detective Lyte Gregory, in Denver. In cold blood, and while in a drunken condition, this man was shot to death on a public street. Orchard said he was accompanied by Steve Adams at the time, and that Pettibone pointed the victim out to the assassins and furnished them with the shot-guns to kill him. Gregory had been active in a number of labor troubles against the Western Federation of Miners, and also against the United Mine Workers, and the explanation of the defense was that he was probably killed by some personal enemy. Neither Adams nor Pettibone was placed on the stand to contradict Orchard, although he implicated both in the crime.

Shortly after committing this murder, Orchard swore, he was delegated by Haywood to go up to the Cripple Creek district and "pull something off," as the annual Convention of the Western Federation of Miners was in session at the time, and a split was threatened because of differences among the delegates regarding the conduct of the strike. No specific instructions were given to him except that Haywood remarked, "You can't go too fierce to suit me." The "something" that was "pulled off" was the blowing up of the Independence depot, which killed fourteen non-union men and maimed a score of others. In this awful crime Orchard said he was assisted by Steve Adams. It was shown that Adams left the district next day and assumed the alias of Steve Dickson. Orchard went in another direction, and changed his name to Thomas Hogan. The defense did not deny that Orchard committed this outrage, but implied by the testimony of several witnesses that he was acting as the agent of the Mine-Owners' Association at the time. It was argued that the commission of such a crime could only react against the men on strike, and subsequent events proved that this was true; for it was the following day that the deportations of union men began. Here, again, Adams might have contradicted Orchard's story were it untrue, for Adams was never accused of being an agent of the mine-owners. He was always an enthusiast on the

union side. Yet Orchard's statement implicating Adams was left unchallenged.

From Independence Orchard returned to Denver, where he said he was furnished with money by Pettibone, and started on a fishing and hunting trip through Wyoming. He lost his money gambling, and returned to Denver, and, as the authorities were looking for him, he said he was sent to San Francisco to be out of the way and incidentally to kill Fred Bradley. Bradley was the superintendent of the Bunker Hill mine during the troubles in 1899, and was the man who called on Steunenberg for troops. It was one of the inconsistencies of the defense to try to show that Orchard had a personal motive in seeking the death of Steunenberg, and that he had no hand in the explosion which took place at the door of the Bradley residence in San Francisco. It would appear reasonable to assume that if Orchard was embittered against Steunenberg for sending troops to the Cœur d'Alene, he would be equally bitter against the man who was responsible for having them sent.

When Orchard reached San Francisco, he found that Bradley was absent in Alaska. For two months he waited for the return of his victim. During this time it was shown by records in the post-office and in a telegraph office that he was supplied by Pettibone with money. The defense claimed that it was Orchard's own money, which he left in Pettibone's safe to be sent as he required it. If that claim is true, the prosecution pointed out, it was singular that Pettibone in sending the money should on one occasion sign his name on the application blank at the telegraph office as "J. Wolf" and on another occasion as "Pat Bowen." The money was telegraphed to Orchard under the name of "H. Green," and identification was waived. It was proved beyond doubt that the waiver of identification was in Pettibone's handwriting. Certainly there was an air of suspicion about such transactions, and Pettibone was not placed on the witness-stand to explain them.

While awaiting Bradley's return Orchard became acquainted with the grocer

who supplied the Bradley family with groceries. Through this grocer he got introduced to the servant-girls, and in this way gained access to the house. He rented a room overlooking the Bradley flat, where he could watch the windows. Shortly after Bradley's return the family milk was poisoned. Bradley discovered that the milk tasted bitter, and it was left unused. A chemical analysis showed the presence of strychnine in large quantities. Orchard said he put strychnine in the milk, and if he did not, no explanation was offered for its being there. The explosion took place early in the morning. The night previous Orchard paid his room rent and gave notice that he was going to leave. He did leave a few minutes before the explosion occurred. After he had vacated his room the landlady testified that she found shavings of wood and of lead that were left behind. Orchard said he fastened the bomb to the Bradley door and covered it with a door-mat. When the door opened, the explosion took place; it wrecked the front of the building and threw Bradley out into the street. Portions of the door-mat were removed from Bradley's hands and face by a surgeon. In Bradley's deposition, which was read in court, he said he was smoking a cigar when he opened the door and that a flame shot out from the end of the cigar. He was thrown violently to the floor and then he felt a lifting sensation and found himself between the car tracks in the middle of the street. He smelled the fumes of gas and did not smell dynamite, although he said he was familiar with the odor of blasting powder. The owner of the building sued the gas company and was awarded heavy damages. It was shown that gas was escaping in the building some time previous to the explosion. One of the servant-girls swore that she opened the door about half an hour before the explosion to take in the morning paper, and she did not smell gas. Orchard left San Francisco shortly after disguised as a soldier, and D. C. Copley, a member of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners, assisted him in perfecting the disguise. Copley admitted that he got the impression from

Orchard's talk that the latter might have had something to do with the Bradley explosion. All this was shown by independent witnesses, and in summing it up Senator Borah said: "And yet you twelve intelligent men are asked to believe that Orchard went to San Francisco to gamble with soldiers, and that he hung around the Bradley residence for two months waiting for a gas explosion to take place." The jury was evenly divided between the story of the bomb and the theory of a gas explosion.

Still lusting for blood, Orchard testified that on his return to Denver he spent the next few months seeking an opportunity to assassinate Governor Peabody, Justice Gabbert, Justice Goddard, Sherman Bell, and others who had been antagonistic to the Western Federation of Miners. He was shown to have been associating with Haywood and Pettibone at the time, living in the house of the latter for several weeks, but outside of his word there was nothing to show that either of them had any knowledge of his nefarious schemes. A bomb was planted in a vacant lot for Justice Gabbert; but the intended victim avoided the trap, and a mining engineer named Walley was killed by it. Walley's death remained a mystery up to the time of Orchard's confession. Soon after the death of Walley, Orchard said, he planted a bomb under the sod at the gate of Justice Goddard's residence. This bomb was dug up seven months later and was exhibited in court. The defense pointed out the improbability of a bomb remaining hidden under the sod on a well-kept lawn for seven months without being discovered, and inferred that it had been planted by detectives for the purpose of being "discovered" to corroborate Orchard's story.

The last act of Orchard's criminal career was the killing of Steunenberg, and it was this crime which the jury had to consider in reaching a verdict. In his closing argument Senator Borah told the jury that Haywood must be convicted on the Steunenberg murder if he was convicted at all. Orchard swore that Moyer, Haywood, and Pettibone were all present when he was sent to Idaho to murder Steunenberg. Hay-

wood furnished him money and Pettibone helped him pack a bomb weighing forty pounds in his trunk, and then accompanied him to the railway station. Both Moyer and Haywood flatly denied this story. The facts showed that Orchard went to Nampa, situated a few miles from Caldwell, the home of Steunenberg, and that he registered at a hotel as "Thomas Hogan." He trailed Steunenberg for a time, "learning his habits," he said, and went to Wardner to meet Jack Simpkins, a member of the Executive Board of the Western Federation of Miners. The two returned to Caldwell, Simpkins registering at the hotel as "J. Simmons." They roomed together for a few days, during which time the first unsuccessful attempt on the life of Steunenberg was made. That was about November 16, 1905, and two days later Haywood, in Denver, wrote Mrs. Orchard stating that the last he heard of Orchard he was in Alaska. Simpkins left Orchard in Caldwell, and went to Denver to attend a meeting of the Executive Board. Steunenberg was killed December 30, and two days later Orchard, under the name of Thomas Hogan, was arrested as a suspect. On December 3 Orchard, in the Caldwell jail, received a telegram from Attorney Fred Miller, of Spokane, stating that Miller would start for Caldwell in the morning to look after his defense. Orchard had made no request for counsel to defend him. Attorney Miller got as far as Walla Walla and turned back, and the following day, December 4, Simpkins sent a cipher telegram to Haywood, in Denver, which read: "Cannot get a lawyer to defend Hogan. Answer." Next day Attorney Sullivan, of Denver, called on Hogan in jail. It was shown that during the next few days Haywood sent a number of telegrams and letters to the secretary of the local union at Silver City instructing him to employ Attorney John F. Nugent to look after the interests of the organization in connection with the arrest in Caldwell. Nugent replied that he could not see where the interests of the Federation were involved. It should be understood that all the steps described to defend the Caldwell suspect were taken by the

officers of the Western Federation of Miners before it appeared in the newspapers that Hogan was a member of the organization, or before his identity as Orchard was discovered. The only thing which tended to show that he might be a member of the organization was a souvenir postal card addressed to Charles H. Moyer which was found in his trunk.

The day after his arrest Orchard received an unsigned letter which he afterward swore was in the handwriting of Pettibone. He said it was in answer to a request for \$100. The letter was postmarked at Denver and dated December 30. It read in part: "Friend Tom: Your letter received. That was sent to Jack December 21 for you. He should have sent it so you would have it by this time." A draft for \$100 sent by Haywood to Jack Simpkins under date of December 21 was produced in court in explanation of the veiled language contained in the unsigned letter. The defense explained the draft by saying it was part of the salary and expenses due Simpkins as a member of the Executive Board, which he requested Haywood to mail direct to his home before the Christmas holidays.

Before Orchard made his confession—about January 27, 1906—it was shown that Attorney Fred Miller went to Denver and was paid by Haywood a retainer fee of \$1,500 to defend Orchard at the preliminary hearing at Caldwell.

These were the circumstances, outside of Orchard's testimony, upon which the prosecution hoped to fasten guilt on Haywood, and the jury agreed that they were not strong enough to warrant conviction.

The trial was fair and impartial. The instructions of the Court to the jury were decidedly favorable to the defendant, or at least they were so understood by the jury. For more than twelve months demagogues throughout the country have been trying to make it appear that the whole trial was a plot between mine-owners and State officials to hang innocent men. To some of these demagogues the verdict was a disappointment, as, by a peculiar method of reasoning understood only by themselves, they believed that Socialism would be ad-

vanced if Haywood died a martyr to the cause.

The verdict was a surprise to many of the people of Boise who watched the trial closely. A disagreement was all that most of the friends of the defendant expected, because of the many complications and issues involved in the trial. The jury followed the instructions of the Court, and gave the defendant the benefit of the "reasonable doubt" to which the law provides that he was entitled. It is reasonable to assume, in view of the verdict, that the State did not present a convincing case, for certainly the defense was neither strong nor consistent. When Orchard finished his direct testimony, a majority of those who heard him believed that he lied. When Attorney Richardson finished his direct cross-examination of Orchard, a majority believed that he was telling the truth. It seemed incredible that a witness could withstand such a cross-examination without contradicting himself, unless he was telling the truth. In his closing argument Attorney Richardson took a day to explain why Orchard had a personal motive in seeking Steunenberg's death, and then he closed by asserting that at the time of the murder the assassin was a Pinkerton detective. Such inconsistency was apparent all through the cross-examination of Orchard. One moment Mr. Richardson would endeavor to show that Orchard was a detective, and in the next breath he proved that on one occasion he stole a sheep in order to get food to live upon. Attorney Darrow tried to make it appear that the future of organized labor depended on the outcome of the trial, but he did not ask any one to believe that the murder of Steunenberg was the result of a plot between mine-owners and detectives. That appeared too preposterous even to Mr. Darrow. He was willing to admit that Orchard committed the murder, and that he was probably assisted by Simpkins, but argued that both had personal motives. The State discredited the personal motive theory greatly by producing deeds and records proving that Orchard sold his interest in the Hercules mine more than twelve months before he had to leave the Cœur d'Alene district on ac-

count of labor troubles. The evidence produced to support the allegation of Haywood's lawyers that Orchard was a detective in the employ of the mine-owners was far from convincing. He himself readily admitted that he got money from D. C. Scott, a detective for the Florence and Cripple Creek Railroad. He informed Scott of a proposed attempt to wreck a train carrying non-union miners. That, however, was a few days before the Vindicator explosion, where his criminal career really started. Scott paid him in all about \$45 and furnished him with a railway ticket to Denver to get acquainted with the officers of the Western Federation of Miners. That fact was proved; but, aside from six or seven meetings with Scott at that time, there was no evidence that Orchard had any further connection with detectives. Several witnesses testified to subsequent meetings between Orchard and detectives, and other witnesses swore that such meetings could not have taken place. It was a question of veracity, and not convincing either way. Had Orchard been a detective hired by the mine-owners to get evidence against the labor officials, he certainly would have preserved letters and telegrams which it was shown he received. Instead of doing so he destroyed every scrap of such evidence. Senator Borah probably hit the truth when he said, "If Orchard had not turned State's evidence, he would now be on trial, and the eminent counsel from Chicago would be defending him with all the eloquence he possesses instead of denouncing him as the most despicable monster on earth." While much of the defense of Haywood consisted of denunciation of detectives, it is a fact that Darrow had for months a number of detectives working for him.

From the mass of testimony, with its many inconsistencies and contradictions, one fact stands out prominently. From August 10, 1903, when Orchard went on strike in Cripple Creek, until December 30, 1905, when he killed Steunenberg, he did no work in the mines or elsewhere. During that period he was shown to have traveled throughout the States of Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Washington,



and California, and he always had money. He said he got it from the officers of the Western Federation of Miners and they denied the statement, but no other source of his income was shown.

At the beginning of the trial the prosecution hoped to corroborate Orchard's testimony through Steve Adams. The latter was brought from a jail in Wallace, where he is being held awaiting a second trial for murder, in the hope that the defense would put him on the witness-stand. The lawyers for the defense were too shrewd. While in jail with Orchard in the spring of 1906, Adams made a confession said to be more revolting in its details than the one made by Orchard. It not only corroborated Orchard's story, but revealed a number of shocking murders of which Orchard had no knowledge. Adams went with the officers of the law to Colorado and pointed out the spots where some of his victims were buried. He threw light on murders committed in 1901 and 1902 which up to that time had remained mysteries. Adams afterward repudiated the confession, saying that it was untrue and was obtained by means of threats. By various methods the prosecution tried to get that confession before the jury. Mr. Hawley taunted the defense with not putting Adams on the witness-stand. Mr. Richardson frankly stated that the one side was afraid to and the other side dared not.

In spite of Mr. Darrow's eloquent plea on behalf of organized labor, the labor movement was not on trial at Boise. The Western Federation of Miners was not on trial, though many seemed to think it was. Mr. Hawley in his opening statement said that the Western Federation of Miners under its present

leadership was a criminal organization and should be wiped out. He exonerated the rank and file, however, from any criminal intent. Such exoneration was not necessary. Not once during the trial was it shown that a local union had advocated violence. All the reports of the secret spies introduced by the defense failed to show a single instance where a local union had counseled lawlessness. It was clearly demonstrated that the Western Federation of Miners is not a criminal organization, though some individual members may be criminals.

Naturally, organized labor throughout the country rejoiced at the verdict. That was not because organized labor was on trial and was vindicated, but because organized labor was loth to believe that one of its representatives could be guilty of the crimes with which Haywood was charged. It rejoiced when he was found not guilty after a fair trial.

The result of the trial will doubtless have a stimulating influence on the future of the Western Federation of Miners, although that future was not dependent on the issue. The best proof of that is that the membership increased by 15,000 during the past year, while the Secretary was languishing in an Idaho prison. The trial will have a purifying effect on the organization. While Haywood will remain true to the principles which he believes and advocates, his experience during the past eighteen months has sobered him. It is safe to say that he will heed the advice given him an hour after his acquittal by his counselor and friend, Mr. John Murphy, who said: "Bill, in your hour of triumph be humble."





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GOVERNOR CHARLES E. HUGHES

## *A GREAT EXPERIMENT*

**I**MAGINE, for a moment, all railways, express companies, car companies, trolley lines, suddenly abolished; imagine electricity unexpectedly exhausted, and gas no longer available for human use. To fancy this is to picture desolation. Nearly if not quite every household in the land would be facing starvation;

4

every man, woman, and child would be confronted with death. We hardly realize how dependent we are upon the concerns that furnish us with transportation for ourselves and our possessions, with power to run our machinery, with heat and with light. How shall we justly and adequately control these concerns?

863



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MEMBERS OF THE FIRST DISTRICT PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION OF NEW YORK

From left to right, Milo R. Maltbie, William McCarroll, Travis H. Whitney (Secretary), Chairman W. R. Wilcox, John E. Eastis, Edward M. Bassett

That is not a question of interest chiefly to people who study political economy and engage in what we call politics ; it is a question that intimately affects the daily life of every one of us.

That is why an experiment recently undertaken by the State of New York is of such vast importance to every inhabitant of the State. To create Public Service Commissions, and put them in charge of the business of furnishing transportation, power, heat, and light to the people, as the State of New York has done, is to lay hands upon individuals and families, upon villages and cities. The traveler who goes from one town to another will depend to no small degree for the safety of life and limb upon the success of these Commissions; the dweller in the city who goes back and forth between the heart of the town and his work will likewise depend upon these Commissions for his comfort and security. From the humble workingman who goes from his home in the tenement to his labor in the shop and back again, to the banker who steps aboard the limited train to transact business in a city hundreds of miles away, from the house-keeper who has to practice economy with her bills for lighting and heating the house, to the hotel-keeper whose profits depend upon the economies that he can practice in providing for his patrons, from the villager who has to reimburse the country storekeeper for the cost of the freight on the supplies that he purchases, to the big shipper whose very business depends upon his getting the same kind of treatment for the transportation of his products as his competitor receives, every person in the State has an interest, direct or indirect, in the success with which these Commissions perform their task.

And their task is an enormous one. It involves not only the adoption of a wise policy based upon well-considered principles, but also the settling of a multitude of minor but practically very important difficulties. The Commissions thus not only have to determine upon what general principle they will act in fixing rates, whether they will undertake a physical valuation of all public utilities, what rule they shall observe in deciding

to approve or disapprove the transfer of stock, how they shall select the proper appliances that will insure safety, and the like ; but they will also have to pass immediately upon the complaints that are streaming in to them, settle vexed questions that have balked other officials, satisfy the demands of citizens who are impatient for immediate results, organize a system where there has hitherto been disorder, continue, without too great disturbance, the work that other bodies which they have supplanted had begun. What all this detailed work involves no one outside of the offices of the two Commissions can easily understand.

As *The Outlook* has heretofore explained, one Commission, for the sake of convenience, has charge of the public utilities in New York City, the other of those in the rest of the State. The City Commission received during the first month of its existence between two and three hundred complaints. Each of these complaints demanded inquiry. The Up-State Commission, which is in control of practically all the railways of the State, is charged with seeing that rate schedules are properly filed. It is estimated that some fifty thousand of these schedules will be filed during the first year. The City Commission, which is in control, among other matters of the enormous subway system, has, in finishing construction now under contract and in carrying out the plans formulated for extension, a greater amount of work than that involved in the subway as already built. Both Commissions have, for example, to pass upon gas meters. Here is a plan for a monorail line in Brooklyn; here is a proposition to construct a moving platform under Broadway; here is the question of the validity of the Steinway tunnel franchise; here are complaints, which have been accumulating for years, that certain street-cars are unheated, unventilated, a menace to health; here is the question of the safety of a new tunnel under construction beneath the East River. All these matters have to be passed upon. In the meantime, stenographers, statisticians, clerks, have had to be engaged, the requirements of the State Civil Service Commission have had to be satisfied,

the decision of the municipal authorities as to the powers of the Commission has had to be awaited before requisitions for money are honored. All the detailed work of the former Railroad Commission, the former Rapid Transit Commis-

State of New York has created these Commissions not only to undertake a future task but also to meet a present emergency. It would be comparatively simple if these Commissions could begin at the beginning and carve out a



PHOTOGRAPH BY L. MOORE

MEMBERS OF THE NEW YORK SECOND DISTRICT PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

From left to right, seated, Frank W. Stevens, Charles H. Keep; standing, James E. Sague, Martin S. Decker. A portrait and sketch of the fifth member, Mr. Thomas M. Osborne, who was in Europe when this photograph was taken, appeared in *The Outlook* for March 23 last.

sion, the former Commission of Gas and Electricity, the former Inspector of Gas Meters, has had to be taken up where these bodies dropped it, and has to be despatched more efficiently than they despatched it.

In the good old Anglo-Saxon way, the

sound theoretical policy; but they have had to begin in the middle and deal with some very confused practical troubles. They are, so to speak, housekeepers who have been put in charge, not of a nice, new, well-planned, well-equipped mansion, but of an old, solid, picturesque,

untidy, mediæval estate, which has thrived and suffered under quarreling stewards. It will be some time yet before they can restore the crumbling walls, prune the trees, fence in the animals, replant the garden, open up the dungeons to the sunlight, and establish discipline among the servants.

The task of these Commissioners is thus a double one; it is a task, on the one hand, of social housekeeping, of organizing to a great degree the social and industrial life of the State. Their decisions will affect the growth, the size, even the shape of cities, the development of natural resources, the prosperity of citizens. They are facing this aspect of their task with high public spirit. In the process they will arouse enmity, they will encounter impatience, they will meet with misunderstanding. But, as one of them has put it, they cannot consider themselves, or the personal fortunes of any individual; they can think only of the city, and of the State, which will outlast all individuals. On the other hand, their task is one of establishing a new method of government. Administrative commissions are not unknown; but administrative commissions with such powers as they possess are unprecedented. They have power not only to give commands to the public utility companies, but even to conduct hearings and

take testimony "as to the advisability of any proposed change of law relating to any common carrier," etc., on the request of the Legislature or the Governor, and recommend and draft measures for enactment.

Only men capable of a high sense of obligation to society would accept such a task as theirs. Mr. Willcox, Chairman of the Commission for the First District (New York City), is a man who finds the magnitude of the task not a discouragement but a stimulus. When he was offered the position of Postmaster of New York City, he at first hesitated. Then some of his friends began to dissuade him. "The New York Post-Office is a sink," they said—"the enormous labor will swallow you up." That decided him. He accepted. Then came to him this vaster labor. The difficulties finally enticed him. The Chairman of the other Commission, Mr. Stevens, is a lawyer of high standing in his city, Jamestown—a man whom one might expect to find in any company of progressive and public-spirited people. The Chairmen of these two Commissions and their colleagues have undertaken to devote their whole time and all their energies to their new task. If they fail—but they will not fail, if their faith holds and the people of the State are reasonable in their expectation.





DRILLING ROCK TO LEVEL THE RIGHT OF WAY



# THE NEW NORTHWEST AND THE RAILWAYS

BY JOHN FOSTER CARR



CONSTRUCTION TRAIN GOING OVER GREAT STORMY COGLEY BRIDGE

UNTIL to-day the history of our new Northwest has been the history of its railways; and still the pioneer of the day coach, and no other, is building up the six great States, driving furrows across the prairies, planting towns and cities in the converted wilderness. The railway has led the way, and it is the railway that has studied and planned with thrifty paternalism the establishment of that vast empire of farmers. Whisking strenuous armies of settlers over the journey on its magic carpet of Tangu, it has made the Northwest a new Yankee land—the home of our progressive native born. But its work of pioneering is almost at an end. Within three years the greater schemes of construction will all be achieved. The land will be meshed and netted in steel, and straightway there will be no more outdoor romance in the West than there is in Massachusetts or Germany.

Two months I had lived among Western railway men. I was with them in shops, stations, and offices, in construction camps and on trains of the twelve classifications. In their stove-side reminiscences the swift growth of the railways,

the rapid transformation of the land, was always the thing to marvel at: a hundred towns sprawling over the prairie, the crop of a season—a dozen counties settled and raised to a flourishing industrial and political estate within five years. And from them I had a vivid personal story of the coming of the railway in the Northwest, with three or four dates to point the wonder of the tale: the Northern Pacific carried through its Yellowstone Division in '83, and over the Cascades in '86; the Great Northern starting West with a rush from the Red River Valley in '86, hurried through the desolation of Montana Indian lands on a deceptive southern spur in '87, and finally driven straight over the Rockies and through the Cascades to Puget Sound in '93.

Everything trumpets to you the newness of the country and the speed of its development, yet the fact of it you never can realize. I was sitting behind the engineer on a great freight locomotive that was bounding along the rails down Prickly Pear Cañon with the ungainly gallop of a Percheron truck horse. We had just passed Bird Tail Divide when





EZRA MEEKER STARTING BACK FROM DALLES, OREGON,  
FOR INDIANAPOLIS IN AN OLD-TIME PRAIRIE SCHOONER

the engineer, with a nod to the right, yelled to me over his shoulder, "Old Fort Benton Trail!" I thought of Lewis and Clark's struggle through Montana. I thought of the mule trains of the mid-century. To the thunderous clanking of the engine I shouted back in his ear: "Any of the old drivers left who can tie a load on a mule's back with the diamond hitch?" His hand dropped from the brake with surprise, and he turned and faced me: "Sure, there is! I was packing mules through here myself in the eighties for Colonel Broadwater." He was but forty-three, yet his early manhood belonged to a world of romantic toil and adventure that has entirely vanished. He still drives freight over the old Fort Benton Trail, but his grimy jumper and overalls are not picturesque, and his eyes are penciled like an actor's with the soot and the oiled air of the cab.

It is twelve or fourteen years since the last mule train slowly picked its way over the mountains and disappeared. The prairie schooner, too, never to be mistaken for the luxurious camp wagon of our decadence, has all but gone.

870

When Ezra Meeker this last winter, with a schooner of the old model drawn by oxen, retraced the famous Oregon Trail that he tramped as a pioneer in '52, he seemed like a ghost of the Argonauts. Nor do the thousand changes that have come over the land affect externals alone. Some of the pioneers of the Northwest that Charles Dudley Warner met in the flesh in '87 are as different from our settlers of 1907 as if they were contemporaries of Daniel Boone. In retrospect our new day seems to have come as quickly as the thunder birth of a cyclone.

The railway, the wonder-worker, achieved the miracle with the minimum number of miles of track; for James J. Hill, the Northwest's greatest railway-builder, never casts his bread upon the waters until he has cannily charted its currents and calculated the returning tide. And so for many years construction balanced the needs of the swelling population. But suddenly the Northwest has sprung into tremendous growth, and the desperate energies of the railway-builders were set to a failing race. Yet they have accomplished prodigies. Our

National expansion has given us some twenty thousand more miles of railway track than all Europe with her three hundred and eighty millions of people; and while the tractive power and freight-carrying capacity of our three hundred and thirteen railways have just doubled within ten years, those of the Great Northern and of the Northern Pacific have nearly doubled within five years. Wherever you go over the heavy steels that a groaning, incessant traffic keeps polished to a gleaming silver, you see gangs of workmen laying sidings and switches and extra tracks, while the vast square yards broaden interminably. Every freight-car and engine factory is choked with work for months ahead. In the glare of a headlight I heard again the old repeated complaint: "We've one hundred and eighty-five locomotives on order, but we can't get 'em." And round-house philosophy added: "You've got to wait your turn same as in a barber shop."

Railway-building with us is at the end of its great era. There will be renewed stress of construction, for by the tens of thousands of miles we must still have double tracks, spurs, and strategic lines; and we must have multiplied terminals. But the heaviest tasks are about over, and the great feats will soon be things of legend. Now, as always, an army-like spirit and organization drive forward the work; an intricate but easy-running system, intense staff loyalty in killing toil, breakneck obedience. Its routine is almost automatic; its methods inviolable. Once the lure of through traffic, the challenge of competition, or the tempting natural wealth of a district decrees the building, the trusted locating engineer runs his tentative line. This is studied in detail with enormous calculation of elevations, cuttings, fillings, curves, and tangents. Over and over again the problem is worked out, modified, checked for errors. At the earliest possible moment after the route has been exactly mapped, the right of way is bought with skillful secrecy, for five-dollar-an-acre land jumps instantly to a trebled value at the simple announcement that the railway is coming. There are preliminaries beyond preliminaries,

and it takes weeks and months of pushing work before the bridges are built and the grading contractors with their hundreds of clattering, swarming teams are out of the way and all is ready for the construction train.

We make no such speed nowadays in laying ties and rails as they did when the Great Northern was being rushed from Minot in North Dakota to Helena, Montana, and made the world's record of eight miles eighteen hundred and sixty feet in a single day. Ten miles of complete equipment in material were then constantly rolling forward to the builders. The supply train was unloaded in a drilled confusion of mad haste near the end of the track. Ties and rails were seized on as soon as they touched the ground and were hurled to the front by galloping horses; and the system was so elaborately studied that each spiker's five hundred and seventy blows an hour were an exacted standard of performance.

The scarce and costly labor of our day has forced the abandonment of this old flying hand work of the eighties, and necessity has invented a cumbrous, economical, but misnamed track-laying machine, that does well indeed if it shows for a season's average two miles of completed track each day. As you come at it head on over the roll of the prairie, an old illusion returns mightily, and for the thousandth time you seem on the ocean. A scaffolded bridge and a signal flag, some spars of framework and a swinging crane, with the smoke hanging low in the background, banked and ragged, give the image of an English tramp on the tumbled swell of the high seas. It is a train of a dozen cars, with the engine sandwiched at its middle, moving steadily forward over the very track it is building at the rate of a thirty-foot jolt—a rail's length—every two minutes or less. First of all comes the "pioneer car," which a stubborn superstition of the track-layers' insists must always be kept at the front on pain of disaster to the entire work. As it crawls forward over the new, uneven track, there is such a thronging and jumping of men, such hurling and thudding of ties and slamming of rails on wood, and



CARRYING THIRTY TONS OF POWDER INTO  
THE HEART OF A HILL FOR A GIANT BLAST

The men who handle the powder within the tunnel have sacking wound around their shies to avoid the danger of striking a chance spark

it comes towards you with such deceiving spurts, that, with the riot and vague danger of it, you can make nothing of what is going on until you climb upon the prow of the car and the work lies clear before you.

On either edge of the low, flat car there are stout wooden sluiceways lined with rollers, and down these come rumbling, on the right, the rough-hewn ties; on the left, the eighty-five-pounds-to-the-yard rails, ringing and crashing until you are deafened. There must always be two men ready to catch each tie as it falls; there must always be the twelve men in line to grasp the rail as it booms forward; and, a perilous task, the man who bolts the rails together must always complete the last clanking turn of his wrench and step clear before the train lurches forward another thirty feet. You go aft—nautical terms are inevitable on the prairie—over low-piled cars of rails

which are being flipped into their runways. Behind these are cars of stacked ties which are being tumbled upon their rollers and then poled forward. You jump off, and, with your ears full of the blasting hiss and purr of the standing engine, passing four or five more cars of supplies, you come upon men with huge wrenches completing the bolting; there are gangs crowding in extra ties; heavy fellows in couples, with great hammers driving home the spikes; and beyond them others again, half a mile in the rear, "lining up" the track and tamping the ties. And when all this, and more, is done as perfectly as possible, and the ground has been gone over for the two hundred and fiftieth time—a foreman's feverish estimate—by engineers and inspectors of every kind,

carrying their rolls of blue-printed profile drawings that they handle as dexterously as a rabbi does a Torah, the road is still unfinished. It must be well settled in gravel, and used and tamped and re-tamped for months before it will give perfect riding.

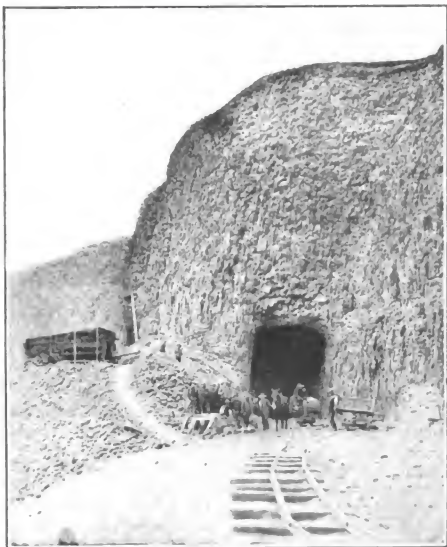
Few skilled laborers are needed for any of this work, and within two or three days raw recruits become efficient members of the guild of rough and ready railway-builders. A large number of the men in Western construction camps are roving ne'er-do-weels with a hatred for long jobs, whose sole anxiety is to save a "grub stake" of thirty dollars or so, and then to be on the move again, at once and no matter whither, if only in the end they can "hit the main steel trail." Their evenings, as they huddled around the fire in their sleeping-cars, were given to meditative chewing and smoking, and were enlivened by tales of

tramp travel in every corner of this great land of ours. They had their own trade patter. The commissary is the "wahne-gin"—an Indian word, they say, stolen from the old *voyageurs*; the assistant foreman is the "straw-boss;" the waiters in the boarding-cars, "flunkies." Many of the men were named after the State in which they claimed nativity. The "bull cook"—tender of fires—was the torpid "Indiana." They were good fellows all, as long as the foreman's rough threats kept away the sneaking "boot-legger" peddler of whisky.

This work, driving, relentless, exhausting—work that never rests for a minute until darkness comes and it has the last ounce of a man's strength—is all for the end of supplying profitably the primitive needs of transport that have been ever since the day when the first load was slung over a shoulder. But the giant machine that it creates has become endowed with powers far beyond the simple hauling of passengers and freight, and a varying industrial control. Unsuspected, this every-day business monopoly of ours has exercised many of the functions of an autocratic and paternal government. With authority deciding a thousand details important to the whole Nation, it has opened and peopled the Northwest; and it has had a great part in organizing the new life and directing in their ways the destinies of coming generations.

In its thrifty pioneering the railway carefully marks the richest lands for its lines. It catalogues the capabilities of the soil and advertises its new venture by attractive folders and maps, by illustrated letters of satisfaction from settled farmers, and by the crowded and eager home-seekers' trips. In

the spring and fall the resulting rush of population to the vacant lands and to the new towns is so great that I have counted thirty-five loaded Northern Pacific coaches leaving St. Paul of a single night. They contained twelve hundred home-seekers and settlers. The free lands that are fertile and accessible have now been seized to almost the last acre, and the new "feeders" bring settlers who are more prosperous and revenue-producing than the original homesteaders—experienced men who have an average cash capital of perhaps one thousand dollars, and a car-load of effects. Once settled, so enormously important is the farmer's prosperity to the railway, elaborate local reports of crops are prepared for every part of its territory with the clerkly minuteness of government tabulation. And the railway not only watches. It assists progress by the traveling lectures of the institutes, by farmers' excursions, the distribution of "literature," a growing system of experiment stations, and the



BORING THROUGH A TUNNEL IN A HILL OF BASALT



TRACK-LAYING ON RAILWAY AT MIDWAY, BRITISH COLUMBIA

This shows the laying of ties, but not the steel gang at work

diligent personal work of its Industrial Department. The center of its great activities is the town.

And the town is a thing of sudden creation. Time and again a branch line has been planned in April to carry wheat already growing. Once planned, lands along the projected extension are widely boomed by every megaphonic device of modern advertising; and the location of the needed towns, with the inevitable questions of water supply, healthfulness, and a dozen and one vital matters, is again for the decision of the railway. Then the sites are named by its engineering department—a bankrupt office invention may commit such hasty outrages of labeling as “Pekin” or “Tokio”—and the work of development becomes the

chief business of a Town Site Company, which may be the railway’s agent, or an independent corporation of which it has duly washed its legal hands. But the railway still helps powerfully in promoting the growth of the infant burgh, and its responsibility remains paternal and active. It may not be concerned with the placarded sale of corner lots at \$500 each, but, directly or indirectly, it promptly sees to it that the new town is supplied with elevators, a lumber-yard, a bank, and a blacksmith’s shop—that sure magnet for stores.

The birth and magical first growth of such a town show human processes as elemental as the formation of the world’s first village. But it is all complex with the instincts and mechanism of our twen-

tieth-century American civilization, and a thousand years of the world's progress are crowded into one day's building. For an example of this wonderful civic organization that is going on all over the Northwest, take the case of Warwick, in North Dakota, on the Aneta Extension of the Great Northern. Its history began on a forgotten day last July when a French Canadian, with a deed to a lot, appeared with his wife on the site of the paper town, erected a tent, put up a stove, threw together a rough board table, and prepared to supply meals to the coming store-builders. Early next morning came a young man with a load of lumber to start work on a general store. Within a couple of days, though the railway was still forty miles away, a dozen others straggled in. For a while people slept in wagons and under wagons. Twice the tent of the "Warwick Restaurant" was blown away by a Dakota gale, and the tin plates went kiting over the prairie. Within a fortnight Warwick, like a half-dozen other towns up and down the line, could boast thirty-five or forty inhabitants—every one of them recruited by the railway's Industrial Agent and by railway and town site advertising. It had in embryo two lumber-yards; a bank which obligingly acted as post-office; a blacksmith, a second general store, a hardware store, and a livery stable. Nine or ten buildings were going up on Main Street with a prodigious uproar of saw, hammer, and plane—their owners all turned carpenters and working from sunrise until long after sunset. The only idling spectators were two Sioux chiefs—both to become traditions of terror to successive generations of young Warwickites: White Dog, for his seven scalps of palefaces; Blue Shield, for his desperate losing battle with the liveryman, when by the ancient stealth of his tribe he tried to recover a horse that he had sold long days before.

Next came an editor and a printing-press, attracted by a direct offer of a \$350 lot at half price; and early in August appeared the first issue of the Warwick Weekly Sentinel. The beginnings of political life were immediate. The editor became a Justice of the Peace; an ambitious storekeeper with influential

friends was appointed Deputy Sheriff; and it was rumored about that an Italian was intriguing for the position of Postmaster. A Norse farmer with three children began to agitate the question of schools, earnestly telling his neighbors that Warwick was entitled to \$350 from the State apportionment, and that the district could raise another \$150. By the first of November the population had doubled. The Town Site Company's bank had \$22,000 on deposit, mostly the proceeds of the first crop raised on the land immediately about the town. There was another livery, a butcher's, a confectionery and pool-room, a second restaurant, and a barber. With the spring a rival bank has come, a harness shop, a doctor, a drug-store, and a milliner's. The five elevators, that were planned before a lot was sold, are being built, and "fifty" residences. By fall there will be a school-house.

In matter of municipal morals Warwick stands midway between Tolna—disgraced even in its infancy by the Dakota variety of illicit saloon called a "blind pig"—and Macville, peopled by sober and worthy Scots, whose Presbyterian minister, when I passed by, was zealously hauling stone for a church foundation. Warwick may now have, for a conservative guess, a population of one hundred. It has a Commercial Club; an orchestra, which welcomed the arrival of the construction train with joyful and emphatic music; a baseball team; two secret societies; and some \$200 laid by for the building of a Lutheran church. The Town Site Company's banker—always a leading citizen—is proposing telephone service for the farmers. There is talk of a six-story hotel and a boulevard around Shilbone Lake. The town motto is, "Warwick First, Last, and All the Time," and the only social outcast is the man who does not patronize the local merchant, but buys his supplies from a Chicago mail order house.

There are here none of the great wonders of a boom town. Warwick, for all its heroic enterprise and enthusiasm, does not yet definitely hope to become "the great metropolis of the Northwest." But the story of its beginnings is important because, as a clear type, it unfolds





GRADERS AT WORK ON THE RIGHT OF WAY OF

the method by which the railways have quietly thrown open and settled the new lands. The rearing of the town is a vital part of that system which within twenty-five years has turned a vast barren of prairie larger than Turkey in Europe into the prosperity of North Dakota—one of the first of our agricultural States. Marvel as you may, it is just such towns as Warwick, and its hundreds of small swaddling brothers, that created the first great wealth of the Northwestern railways; and it is upon precisely similar foundations that their growing prosperity is based. The Great Northern has sixty-nine of these railway-created towns in

North Dakota that produce an average annual revenue from traffic of over \$121,000 each—a gross earning power of \$8,412,000.

This labor of peaceful development in a monopolized territory was the railway's great constructive work of yesterday, and it will be the great work of to-morrow. But for to-day, in a twinkling it has dwindled to the smaller part of railway extension in the Northwest. The fury of competitive building in the Puget Sound country, as well as the anti-railway campaign, has been as effective as a crop failure in putting an almost complete stop to construction that merely



A CONSTRUCTION TRAIN LAYING RAIL

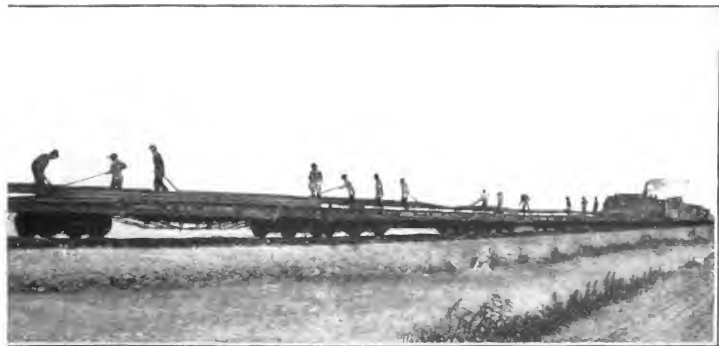


THE PRAIRIE NEAR DEVIL'S LAKE, NORTH DAKOTA

aims to exploit new districts. Where it seems to continue, as in the probable completion of the Aneta Extension, it may only be the laying of the hypothenuse of another of Mr. Hill's long, narrow triangles, creating new territory, it is true, but at the same time shortening, as always, the distance between St. Paul and the coast, and shrewdly providing a practicable double track in his worst congested district.

Agitation may threaten government regulation or ownership, to the terror of Wall Street, but this is still by far the Northwest's greatest year of railway-building. In enterprise certainly Canada leads. Its

Government has boldly pledged its credit to vast schemes of national development by new railways; and in projects of all kinds, public and private, six thousand miles of track are already under construction, chiefly in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, Alberta, and British Columbia. The Canadian Northern, Government aided, is at last carrying its tracks north-east from the grain lands to Fort Churchill, on Hudson Bay, to meet the new steamship line on the short route to England. North of Edmonton it is grading its way through the wilderness that we have always called "arctic;" and west it is hurrying toward the



FOR THE TRACK OVER THE PRAIRIE



Great Divide, and an unnamed terminal on the Strait of Georgia. Its great rival, and the pride of all Canada, the Grand Trunk Pacific, starting in New Brunswick and running farther north through Quebec and Ontario than any other road through inhabited land, is pushing its lines east and west of Winnipeg, and will soon be racing the Canadian Northern across the Rockies, as it makes for its chosen Pacific Coast terminal, Prince Rupert, the nearest feasible American port to Asia. One of its branches will run to Dawson, one to Vancouver, one to Fort Churchill. In the end it will have eight thousand miles of track, and will be the greatest railway in the world. The Canadian Pacific is driving forward the work on fifteen hundred miles of new contracted roads and double tracks in an attempt to prevent a repetition of last year's paralyzing congestion. And there are a multitude of other chartered projects that involve thousands of miles of construction. Some are surveyed and partly financed; four make Fort Churchill the chief objective. Many of them may fail, and the minute cross-hatching in steel of the four great provinces still be assured.

Nor is this all. For Mr. Hill has already set about creating a railway system in Canada that will rival his Great Northern. It will stretch its lines to nearly every one of the thriving towns of western Canada. It will traverse in extensions—so they say—the cold land of the Peace River country, and strike several hundred miles farther into the north than any other dreamed-of road. By the end of the summer the difficult mountain work, winding through the wonderful forests and coal lands of British Columbia, will be complete, save for a fourteen-mile gap, from the coast almost to the summit of the Rockies. From the crest of the Rockies to Winnipeg will be a two years' task. Brandon, Portage, La Prairie, and Winnipeg—each with very large and cheaply bought terminals—have been linked with the Great Northern. But the completion of the main line that will connect them must wait for an easier money market.

Greatest in aggression, Mr. Hill, who is thus always a portent to his old competitor the Canadian Pacific, is the cen-

tral figure in the contest for railway supremacy that is being fought everywhere in our Northwest between the head of the Great Lakes and the Pacific Ocean. In the east of that vast territory, where he is still lord paramount of transportation, the opposing lines are massing their forces, making new combinations of connecting cities, enlarging terminals, double-tracking, using the minor strategy possible in land that is parceled out beyond the hope of profit for a new competitor. And there is no serious joining of battle in construction until you get well past the western boundary of North Dakota.

For six years Mr. Hill's allied lines, belting North Dakota, Montana, and Washington, have had a safe monopoly of transportation in the Northwest. But an unsought challenger, the Chicago, Milwaukee, and St. Paul, has just appeared, building with great speed straight through from the cities of the Middle West to Tacoma and the Coast. Inviting the great enterprise were the timber of Washington, the certainties of coming trade with the Orient, the promised traffic of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Another bait, and one which fixed its paralleled route, was the enormous earnings of the Northern Pacific, which have nearly doubled within the last five years. These are the prizes to be fought for; and just because the "Milwaukee's" profits must largely come from the lading that it can win away from its well-intrenched competitor, and not from the successful development of new country, the counter-attack of the Northern Pacific is of the genuine tactics of the warfare of roads. Hardly had the "Milwaukee" let its Montana contracts for construction, boasting of its shorter line and a scheduled entry into Butte on January 1, 1908, than the Northern Pacific announced the building of a new cut-off, saving one hundred and forty miles, giving a double track to its crowding traffic, and releasing for the heavy rolling east-bound freight trains the old route with its down-hill grade throughout the entire valley of the Yellowstone. While the "Milwaukee" is revising its plans, seeking new economies that will give it a clear superiority of lower rates, the

Northern Pacific is busy in the mountains west of Helena, lessening grades, straightening curves, filling in bridged crevasses, straining invention to reduce distances and the cost of hauling freight. Such are the unvarying incidents of these struggles that are forever repeating themselves in small-orbited cycles.

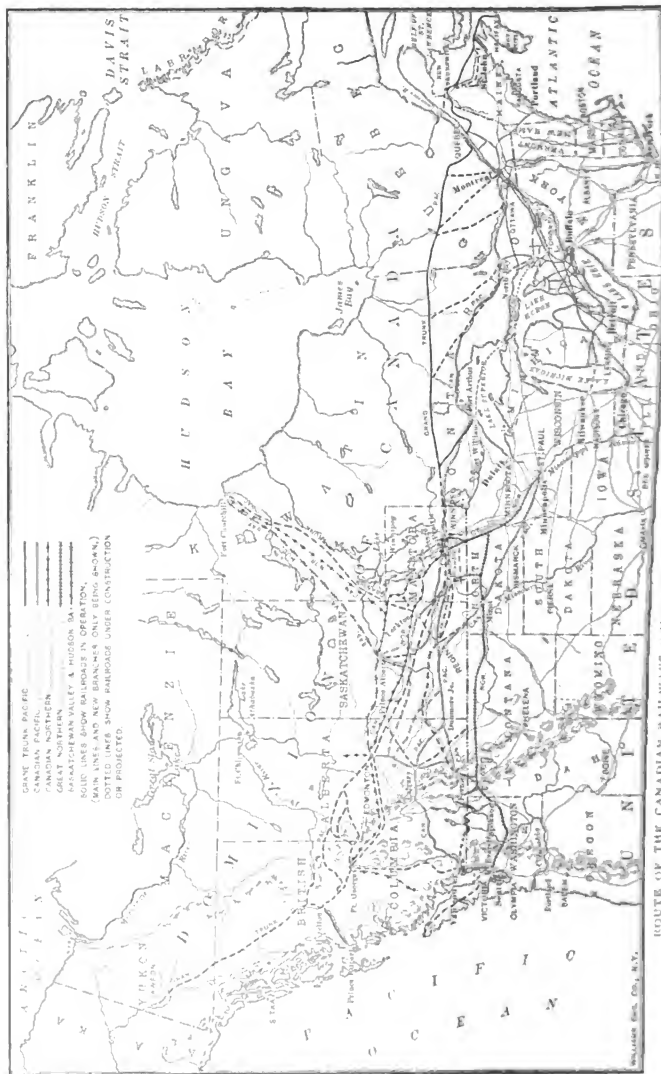
The common ownership of the Great Northern, the Northern Pacific, and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, besides permitting building of joint advantage, allows concentration of forces and husbanding of the munitions of war. And so the growth of the "Burlington" is suddenly halted this year, when there are desperate battles to be fought in the farther North and West, where Washington is the main field and Mr. Harriman the enemy. With the two greater contestants, Harriman and Hill, it is warfare on a wider scale, but the prizes of victory are again the same. There is Asia's trade, which would limit the campaign to a fight for possession of certain definite strategic positions, harbors, and their approaches—a narrowly restricted

battlefield, when it is remembered that it can only be from Puget Sound and the lower Columbia that our commerce for the East is to flow forever. But of greater immediate importance, and widening the scope of operations, is Washington's immense natural wealth, which is being so swiftly turned into dollars that its Eastern shipments increased forty-six per cent. last year, to the utter paralysis of the railways.

Hence it is that Washington now leads all the other States in new railway construction; that it has one thousand miles of track building and two thousand more projected; that Mr. Hill, secure with unrivaled facilities in Seattle and Tacoma, is still multiplying ports and terminals at Vancouver, Portland, Everett, and, as rumor has it, at Gray's Harbor and Port Townsend; that he is secretly locating his Port St. James, and rapidly pushing to completion eight different Washington projects, on a single one of which three thousand men are to be employed all summer. And Mr. Harriman, besides planning a line that



FILLING IN THE RIGHT OF WAY



ROUTE OF THE CANADIAN RAILWAYS AND EXTENSIONS THROUGH THE NEW LANDS OF THE NORTHWEST

WILLIAMSON, GEO. CO., N.Y.



will worm its way east through the mountains of Idaho, and elaborating a railway scheme for Oregon that will send tangents of track, straight as a flying arrow, through its central deserts, is prosperously pushing the war into Mr. Hill's own country, and has bought broad terminals in Seattle for a northern extension, which is already in progress. And he, too, in turn, has been worsted in invasion. For Mr. Hill, soon to enter Portland—Mr. Harriman's stronghold—has won a brilliant victory in the seizure of a right of way along the northern bank of the Columbia, which is the only break in the Coast Range with a water level for a railway between Canada and Mexico. After lawsuits innumerable and burlesque fisticuffs and stone-throwing by the laborers of the rival companies, this new road of Mr. Hill's, tunneling through cliffs, crawling along dizzy shelves of rock, with fewer curves and lower grades than his competitor's on the other side of the river, is about to be opened and put into service nearly two years before any of the other projected new lines. In reprisal has come Mr. Harriman's traffic alliance with the Canadian Pacific. And guesses fill the air. Every surveying party is Harriman's; and Harriman is the backer of the mysterious North Coast Railroad that is slowly creeping across the richest fruit lands of the State. The Canadian Pacific is making ready for a descent upon Puget Sound. The Gould lines are about to start northwest from Ogden. And is not the Chicago and Northwestern two-thirds of its way across Wyoming? So goes the unending battle of the railway gods.

In all these things I seem to have told nothing of the enormous creative forces that the railways have marshaled in those Northwestern lands. And again the detail of the work comes up before me: the dozens of towns in the clatter of building—all in the raw yellow of fresh-cut pine; the new elevators, like spireless minsters, rising in file over the plains; the new State buildings, new colleges, new mills, the new housing for a hundred industries being hurried to completion; the orchards of tiny trees in planting; the reclamation dams and

ditches swarming with laborers; the piling of sod huts; the quick sawing and hammering together of flimsy shacks; the plunging of a plow into the unbroken prairie for the first time since creation. And then, as you travel along the Yellowstone, significant of it all, the master marvel and creator of it all, there is a new railway in the building. There are the little knots of surveyors and rodmen in the mountains, and following them, working slowly up the great slope, armies of graders and bridge-builders, then the construction train, and here, last of all and far in the rear, the finished railway. The crowding detail of such work, the ever-présent rush and clamor and bewilderment of it, daze the mind. You ride in the cab of an engine with the folded map of the country gripped against your knee, and such sights are multiplied a hundred-fold as you rumble over twenty horizons in a day. Clanking and swaying on the rails, you crawl over the naked shoulders of the Great Divide and then go sliding smoothly down the savage heights on a one and eight tenths grade, until again you come upon an endless succession of men bustling over the same new tasks. Again you say it is titanic, and perhaps you think to get only the memory of a measureless confusion.

And so it was with me. But there came a day, as we were droning over a great hill, when I saw a new town rising on an empty plain below us, and suddenly the fireman's window of a locomotive seemed to give the view of the world that you get from a mountain top. Things began to group themselves into unities. These tremendous human works began to appear in perspective, and I realized that what I had been seeing was a new earth in the making.

The first of the pioneers who made for this Western wilderness had much in common with those who are transforming it into the rarest of gardens to-day. Then, as now, they were filled with our restless and unconquerable spirit of the North. They blazed their paths through the desert, and the adventure and the journey were often their only reward. The gypsy in their blood led them on, but their successors, no longer content to

tramp in the dust and mud, have taken to the steel trail.

More than any other material agency the railways have created our Greater America—welding a continent into a nation—a highly organized and interdependent whole. Habits of life and work they have nearly brought to a national uniformity. They have diffused mutual knowledge, and because of their quick, perpetual interchange of men the people of the West have become all of a

kind, and the mutual helpfulness and human kindness of the frontier, that are strange to our East, have permanently survived even in the largest cities of the Coast. Bitterly the companies fight each other; selfishly they build. Yet their dividend-seeking labors of to-day in the Northwest are to be the sure basis of our coming dominance of the Pacific. It is as if a vast spirit, national, inerrant, were leading these men on and on in work.

## THE FIGHT OF PEACE

BY JAMES OPPENHEIM

Her face is Lincoln's, white with pain and burdened with the world—  
Like Lincoln's? No. O world-forlorn, forlorn lost spirit furl'd  
Like an unborn child within the skull! No Hell that Dante dreamed  
Holds this dumb face of ruined hopes, with world-woe seared and seamed.

Not that no sweets have thrilled her lips, no kiss of joy her soul,  
Not that her flesh is fanged with Pain, not that the smoke of coal  
Cloaks her eternal toil with night through which no faith can see—  
But that the flesh born of her flesh must taste her agony!

She sees her fruit withered in the bud, she sees those souls that dawned  
Like five suns in her sunless skies, that, even while she mourned,  
Answered the Silence of her life with smile, with love, with word—  
Half-fed, half-clothed, half-lit with brain—and Man and God unstirred!

Unstirred! And I—am I unstirred? O Justice, Mercy, Love!  
O Faith! O words our glad lips shed! O Peace with innocent Dove  
Brooding afar on an innocent World!—Cease! shut the lips, and see  
The vast lost millions of mankind, millions in misery!

Am I more human than this Soul? Then why should I waste joy  
In loud excess of wealth and power, in pleasures sweet that cloy,  
In life's gilt Superfluities, while this poor woman bleeds  
In a wild mad hunt for mere existence, this beast with godlike needs?

O, before God, I nail my heart to the agony of the poor,  
I shun excess, I seek the Real; so long as these endure  
In Hell, I suffer with the millions, not waste joy with the few—  
Planting a grain of Love in Earth, that World-Love come anew.

Henceforth I seek Realities; henceforth I live at Home  
With wife and child in quiet joy; far-nooked from lips afoam  
With lust; henceforth I live by Faith, get God into my days,  
Henceforth plain fare and thoughts divine, and simple, honest ways!

And lo! now I enlist, with oath, in the great Fight of Peace!  
O Vision of Earth, where all two billions, sharing the Earth's increase,  
Labor, and live out simple lives, in God, with spirits pure—  
In silent four-walled battles for God! O Republic of the Poor!

# CREATIVE AMERICANS

## AN AMERICAN MANDARIN

BY ALBERT PORTER

ON a certain day in October in the last year of the nineteenth century at a New-York railway station might have been seen a tall, helmeted figure, bronzed and grizzled, with rifle slung across his chest, in conversation with a small boy who was carrying some of his belongings. Asks the boy: "Been huntin'?" "Yes," is the reply. "What?" "Tigers." But the tigers were human, ones of the yellow race, and the tall, stalwart traveler was the Rev. Dr. William Alexander Parsons Martin, missionary, mandarin, and military gatekeeper, just arrived from Peking, where at the age of seventy-three he had acted in the last-named quality at the siege of the legations.

If the question were asked, "Who are the most remarkable two foreigners in China to-day?" there could be but one response—it would be: "Sir Robert Hart and Dr. Martin." In several respects the two careers have been parallel. Both have been resident in China for more than half a century; both have mastered Chinese, which has been wittily described as "not a language, but an occlage;" both have practically made themselves necessary to the Chinese Government, the former in the administration of the maritime customs, the latter as adviser on questions of international law; both have survived the heartbreaking experiences of the siege in Peking; and both have received exceptional honors at the hands of the Chinese Emperor.

Here the parallel ceases. Within five years of his arrival in China, Sir Robert resigned his post in the British Consulate and entered the Imperial service, and with that service his long and honorable career is identified. Dr. Martin went to China as a missionary of the Gospel, and a missionary he remains to-day; honors

and Imperial appointments having been conferred upon him as results of his self-sacrificing labors and striking ability in his chosen vocation. No other American is held in such high esteem by the Chinese people, and certainly none has given such unique testimony of his belief in the regeneration of the Empire. After fifty years of arduous work among them, and when past the allotted "threescore and ten," he, thinking to rest from his labors, visited his native country. But the possibilities of development evidenced by those whom he had so long striven to elevate so fascinated him that he once more turned his steps eastward, resolving to spend his last days among those for whom he had so long and earnestly labored.

At the age of eighty this venerable author has added to his long list of books another remarkable volume, which he has entitled "The Awakening of China" (published by Doubleday, Page & Co.), and in which he says: "Had the people continued to be as inert as they appeared to be half a century ago, I might have been tempted to despair of their future. But when I see them, as they are to-day, united in a firm resolve to break with the past, and to seek a new life by adopting the essentials of Western civilization, I feel that my hopes are more than half realized, and I rejoice to help their cause with voice and pen. . . . The fires of the old altars are well-nigh extinguished; and among those who have come forward to advocate the adoption of Christianity as the only faith that meets the want of an enlightened people, one of the most prominent is a priest of Buddha. May we not look forward to a time when China shall be found in the brotherhood of nations?"

Familiar as Dr. Martin's public career is to his fellow-countrymen, compara-

tively little is known to them of his early years and of the environments in which were developed that sincere piety, courage, humor, and sound common sense so continuously exhibited by him in later life. For the members of his family Dr. Martin, when last in America, jotted down some of his recollections, and from these reminiscences the present writer has been permitted to cull the following data, many of which, now for the first time published, will doubtless prove equally interesting to the general reader as to those for whom they were recorded in their original form.

Though the poet's dictum, "The child is father of the man," can scarcely be applied to the subject of this article, he may in a sense be said to have been reared in a missionary atmosphere. His father, the Rev. William Wilson Martin, had as a young man been fond of society and much sought after, owing to his proficiency on the violin. Being brought under religious conviction, he resolved to break away from what he now considered wasteful pleasures, and, as a first step, threw his violin into the fire. The elder Martin married a Miss Depew, a Virginian brought up in Kentucky, part of whose dowry consisted of negro slaves, and after entering the ministry he crossed the Ohio to the free soil of Indiana for the express purpose of withdrawing his family from the contaminating influence



FROM "THE SIEGE IN PERKIN," COPYRIGHT, 1900, FLEMING M. REVELL CO.

#### DR. MARTIN IN SIEGE COSTUME

As he arrived in New York City, October 23, 1900

of an immoral system. He then acted as a pioneer in the planting of churches, removing his family from place to place. One of these was Livonia, a village on the great road leading from the Ohio to the Wabash, and through which as many as twenty-eight "prairie schooners" would sometimes pass in a single day. Here, on the 10th of April, 1827, the future mandarin was born, the eighth of ten children, of whom three were boys, the names of two missionaries being given to him—William Alexander and Levi Parsons. Mr. Martin opened a school, and William picked up scraps of Latin

before he could read—at four.

According to his own account, William was, even at a tender age, what school-boys term "a holy terror" in class; and so full of mischief was he that the masters of four schools which he attended concluded that they could get along better with his room than with his company. At twelve he was thrashed so often that the rod ceased to have any terrors for him, and he relates that it was not until he saw tears in the eyes of the teacher who was castigating him that his nature became softened and he resolved never to need punishment again. He now commenced to study in earnest. His environment, at this time, served to develop that fearlessness which has ever since been one of his prominent charac-



teristics. His father had a farm near Livonia set in a primeval forest and encircled by wooded hills where roamed bears, panthers, and wolves. In the prairies rattlesnakes swarmed, the children beating the grass to drive them away when picking wild strawberries. One morning the teacher was seized in his own school-house by a catamount whose claws, even after he had killed it with his penknife, retained their hold in his side. In such a district it was a simple necessity to "teach the young idea how to shoot," but little did young Martin dream that he would one day mount guard at a legation in the capital of China and should a rifle to keep off human tigers.

In 1841, with a view to completing the education of his children, Mr. Martin took charge of a church at Bloomington, Indiana, the seat of the State University, which institution William and his elder brothers in due course entered. So well had they been trained by their father in the classics that when the leader of the Freshman class was asked how he liked the two Martins, he replied: "The big one very well; the little one not at all—he is too blamed good in Greek!"

An interesting glimpse of the conditions of life in Indiana at this time is afforded by some data recorded by Dr. Martin. The annual stipend promised to his father was five hundred dollars, but a split in the church occasioned by the new theology reduced this to three hundred dollars. Board cost a dollar to a dollar and a half a week; and some students boarded themselves at thirty-seven cents. Pork cost a dollar and a half a hundredweight; beef was three dollars a hundredweight; eggs were four cents a dozen; flour was two dollars a barrel. On the other hand, the rate for letters was ten cents, and as there were no stamps they were paid for not by the sender but by the receiver.

Religion was at a decidedly low ebb at the University. There was no Young Men's Christian Association or Society of Christian Endeavor to keep spiritual interests alive, and chapel prayers and chapel teaching were alike soporific. In the college society of which he was a member, Dr. Martin writes, there was not a single communicant of any church.

At the close of his junior year he left the University for a time and taught in a school at Leavenworth on the Ohio, and it was here that he decided to offer himself as a missionary to China. In this resolve he was doubtless influenced by the fact that his uncle, the Rev. W. Alexander, had gone to the Sandwich Islanders, and his sister, Mrs. Venables, to the Zulus. He proceeded from the University to the Theological Seminary at New Albany (now the McCormick Seminary, Chicago). When, in May, 1849, Dr. Martin took his degree, the subject of his oration was "The Uses of Physical Science as an Equipment for a Missionary."

He then went to New York to ratify his engagement with the Mission Board; but in those days the absence of a direct railway made the journey a strange contrast with what it is in 1907, the rambling route being as follows: From Louisville to Cincinnati by boat on the Ohio; thence by rail to Sandusky on Lake Erie; to Niagara by boat; to Albany by rail, and thence by boat again to New York. Soon afterward he paid a visit to some friends at Abington near Philadelphia, and there met a Miss Julia Vasant, to whom he was married in the following November. On the 23d of that month they set sail in the new ship *Lantao* for the land which was to be their new home.

The voyage to China, which can now be made via California and Japan in less than four weeks, was a very different affair a half-century ago. Sailing round the Cape of Good Hope and through the Straits of Sunda and beating up against a northern monsoon, it occupied four and a half months; so that it was not until the 10th of April, 1850—the twenty-third birthday of the bridegroom—that the *Lantao* anchored in Hongkong harbor. A few days later the young couple paid a visit to Canton, and on stepping ashore were greeted with shouts of "*Fanqui, fanqui! Shato, shato!*" (Foreign devils! Cut off their heads!) Such was the reception accorded him when for the first time the young missionary set foot on the soil of China proper.

Assigned to Ningpo, on his arrival there he found himself in a district the

dialect of which was as yet unwritten and which could not be expressed in Chinese characters. The missionary did not know Chinese and the Ningpo cook did not know English, so that all communications had to be made by signs; and it is to be remarked that one of the first words which that cook taught his new employers was *fauping*—"dollar." In a very short time Dr. Martin had formed a society for writing the dialect with Roman letters—a plan which has since been successfully adopted at Shanghai. This was the beginning of that long series of successes which he has achieved in the philological field. To appreciate what these successes mean, it must be remembered that there are about six thousand words in common use, each of which is represented by a particular symbol. Thus the character *kia*, meaning "family," is represented by what is supposed to be a pig under a sort of shelter, implying life under settled conditions; *ji*, for the sun, is a sort of square with a dot in the center; *lin*, for "forest," is represented by two trees close together; and so on. So complete was the mastery he obtained over this fearful and wonderful language that Dr. Martin was able in after years to give to the Chinese in their own tongue their first course in natural philosophy. Other works are his translations of Wheaton's "International Law," and Bluntschli's treatise on the same subject; while one of Dr. Martin's earliest productions, "Evidences of Christianity," has not only gone through thirty or forty editions in Chinese, but has been translated into Japanese also. The same facility with which as a student in Indiana he was able to acquire Greek and Latin enabled him to secure such a command of Chinese that, when offered to him, he was pre-eminently qualified to accept the chair of International Law in the Imperial College at Tungwen, which he occupied for thirty years, and in succession the presidency of that institution and of the new Imperial University of China. But this is anticipating matters.

Dr. Martin spent ten years in Ningpo, one at Shanghai, three at Wuchang on the banks of the Yangtsekiang—an excellent vantage point for the study of

central China—while he has resided at Peking, the capital, for more than forty years. In round figures, the area of the eighteen provinces is a million and a half square miles; and some idea of the extent of Dr. Martin's activity may be gathered from the fact that in his new book he says that he has personally visited ten out of the eighteen. It is difficult for those of us who "live at home in ease" to realize what this simple statement means. There were no Empire State Expresses, not even a "puffing Billy," at the disposal of the would-be traveler; but the journeys were often made "alone, unfriended, solitary, slow," shifting from horse to cart, and sometimes compelled by the narrowness of a path to descend to the plebeian wheelbarrow.

As interpreter to United States Minister Reed, Dr. Martin was present at the capture of Taku, and he accompanied Reed's successor, the Hon. John E. Ward, on his memorable journey to Peking in 1859. Ward was invited to an interview with the Emperor, but when he found that it depended on his observing the customary ceremony of *koto*, or prostration, he remarked, "I kneel only to God and woman;" which, being reported to the Emperor, so incensed him that the Minister and his interpreter were ordered to leave Peking the next day.

In 1860 Dr. Martin removed to the northern capital, with the special object of establishing a school for preachers and physicians. Through the help of Sir Robert Hart, his translation of Wheaton's "International Law" was printed at the public expense for the use of the Government, and of his text-book on Natural Philosophy ten special copies bound in yellow satin were prepared for the Emperor's sole use. Nine years later he was appointed president of the imperial Tungwen Kwan, or "School of Combined Learning," a post which he continued to hold for twenty-five years, in spite of harassing opposition from the heads of the native seats of learning. On the occasion of a severe drought the college was denounced as the cause of the calamity. General Grant visited the college in 1878, and, for a wonder,

made a speech on being presented with a fan as a souvenir.

In 1898 the young Emperor, profiting by China's defeat at the hands of the Japanese, resolved on a complete reform in the national system of education. A university was created, and Dr. Martin, on the nomination of Li-Hung-Chang, was made its President, by an imperial decree which conferred upon him the red button—the highest but one of the nine grades of the mandarin. In August of the same year came the *coup d'état* of the Empress Dowager, followed by the Boxer agitation and culminating in the siege of the Legations in Peking. Dr. Martin has told the story of the last-named unique attack in his volume, "The Siege in Peking" (Revell & Co., New York); but he modestly underrated his own services. In his new book he gives a vivid account of those eight weeks of awful suspense. The horses and mules had all been eaten, provisions had reached the vanishing point, many of the incarcerated had no change of raiment and one of them had gone stark mad when help arrived—just in time to prevent a massacre such as the world has never seen. As stated in the opening paragraph of this sketch, Dr. Martin undertook the dangerous post of gatekeeper during the siege, earning the thanks and gratitude of his unfortunate companions. In a personal letter one writes: "We all remember with gratitude how Dr. Martin used to take great pains to bring to our hungry minds the bits of news that he would gather at his post of honor. No one more faithfully and untiringly performed his duties, early and late, than did Dr. Martin. He made the gate a place of honor, because he honored it."

In the Boxer cyclone the new university went down. Two of the teaching staff and one student lost their lives, and Dr. Martin, like Othello, found his occupation gone. The cause of educational reform arose, phoenix-like, a few years later; and, largely as the result of Dr. Martin's labors, in 1905 an Imperial decree was issued ordering that "hereafter exclusive attention shall be given to the establishment of modern learning throughout the Empire." Not in educa-

tion alone is China manifesting her determination to break with the past. Dr. Martin is convinced that the influence of the Japanese successes in the late war with Russia has produced an impression on the Chinese far more powerful than is generally believed. Army and navy have been reconstructed; thousands of young men are being sent to Japan for instruction, and even to Western universities. One of the most entertaining chapters in "The Awakening of China" is that in the appendix entitled "Unmentioned Reforms," in which Dr. Martin urges the necessity of reform in regard to (1) the national costume of the Chinese, (2) polygamy, and (3) domestic slavery. Under the last heading he cites the fact that a mistress is permitted to beat to death her slave girl for eating a piece of watermelon!

Perhaps the most striking testimony to the sincerity of the Chinese in regard to reform is to be found in the fact that the Empress Dowager has actually supported, in a hortatory edict, a movement for the suppression of the practice of foot-binding among the women—a practice that has hitherto made them the laughing-stock of the world; and, above all, in the issue of an Imperial decree (September 20, 1906) ordering that within ten years opium-smoking and poppy-growing shall be prohibited; or, in the words of the decree itself, that "this harmful muck shall be fully and entirely wiped away."

To have contributed so largely to this desire for reform on the part of the Celestials must be an unspeakable pleasure to our veteran American mandarin.

It was not likely that Dr. Martin's talents and experience would be allowed to rust. Viceroy Chang induced him to accept for three years the presidency of a new university at Wuchang, and to instruct his junior officials in international law. Having completed this engagement, Dr. Martin paid a short visit to New York, and then went back to Peking, where, he says, "new openings for usefulness in connection with a union mission college are beckoning me forward. While I can do such work I am too young to quit the field." Brave words, these, from a man of eighty!



DR. STEPHEN S. WISE

## THE RABBI OF THE FREE SYNAGOGUE

**D**R. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Free Synagogue this year established in New York, brings from Portland, Oregon, marks of high esteem in that city and State as a citizen of eminent usefulness, which entitle him to an appreciative welcome here. At a farewell banquet given in his honor by prominent citizens of Portland, the Governor, the Mayor, State Senators, and other men of note regretted his removal as a loss to Oregon as well as to Portland. The toast-master voiced the sentiment of the company in saying, "All Oregon hopes you will come back to us."

This token of regard is noteworthy as given to one who had come to Oregon simply as a religious leader in the interest of Reformed Judaism, the characteristics of which were described in *The Outlook* of June 1. Most ministers of religion with a propaganda at heart would interest themselves in little more

than the building up of their church or denomination. This part of Dr. Wise's activity resulted in more than doubling his congregation, and making it conspicuous by its generous contributions to every Jewish cause. Throughout Oregon and the adjacent parts of Washington and Idaho he pursued his calling as a religious teacher, till exhausted by the hardships of touring.

The typical home missionary does not sink the citizen in the preacher; he knows that he serves the church best who best serves the community around it. To this work of social service Dr. Wise devoted commanding qualities of culture and eloquence. He early discovered the lack in Oregon of any law against child labor. With the aid of Eastern friends he drafted a law which placed Oregon alongside of the leading States in that line of social reform, and held the office of State Commissioner till his departure. He was also one of the

founders of the State Board of Charities and Correction, and its first Vice-President.

What the New England town-meeting is, as an arena for threshing out questions of public concern, the "People's Forum" became in Portland. Of this Dr. Wise was the founder and president. At its weekly meetings all matters of civic interest were brought to a free platform for discussion, and this repeatedly proved effective in throttling sinister schemes. In recognition of Dr. Wise's efficient service of civic interests, he was invited, shortly before his removal from the city, to become one of its Executive Board of Nine, in whom, under the Mayor, the municipal government is vested.

Governor Chamberlain, at the civic banquet, reviewed Dr. Wise's record as a citizen, and recognized his leadership in the improvement of social conditions, and the procuring of beneficent legislation, not only against child labor, but for the Juvenile Court, the indeterminate sentence, and the paroling of first offenders. Of such matters Dr. S. J. Barrows, an expert authority, recently said: "At one step Oregon has gone to the front in penal legislation." For the enforcement as well as the enactment of

such laws the Governor testified that Dr. Wise had been active.

In our Eastern cities are many such men as Dr. Wise, but many more such are needed. The Outlook reproduces this record from the Far West, many of whose best things are but little known in the East, as welcome information to many who desire the accession of just such a co-worker to their neighborhood in this part of the country. To New York, after but six years' absence, Dr. Wise is no stranger. Here he received his education. Columbia gave him the post-graduate Ph.D. Here also, as rabbi of the Madison Avenue Synagogue, from 1893 to 1900, he served his novitiate. In 1905 he declined the pulpit of the wealthy Temple Emanu-El on Fifth Avenue, on the ground that his utterances would be "subject to a board of trustees." In the Free Synagogue—equally free to the poor and the rich, to the Jew and the non-Jew—his ideals of freedom to apply the ancient Scriptures to modern conditions are those of such heroic figures as Amos and Hosea, Isaiah and Micah. The record of his six years at Portland is auspicious of a work radiating from the Free Synagogue of which the whole community shall be glad.



## LOST BALTIMORE

BY EDWARD LUCAS WHITE

It seems so strange. The structures of old Rome,  
 Athens, or Egypt I might seek and find  
 Just as they are imprinted on my mind  
 From photographs of column, wall, and dome.  
 But these solidities that were my home,  
 Still sharply on my visual sense outlined,  
 Have passed beyond the reach of humankind,  
 Dissolving like an ocean breaker's foam.

I may stand in Saint Peter's or, Saint Paul's,  
 Or from remembered bridges view the Seine,  
 Or find at Carcassonne the self-same walls;  
 Walls better known to me as man and boy  
 I may no more behold or feel again  
 Than touch the towers of Carthage, Tyre, or Troy.



FROM A PORTRAIT IN GROVE'S DICTIONARY, BY PERMISSION OF THE MACMILLAN CO.

GUSTAV MAHLER

## *AN AUTOCRAT IN MUSIC*

*BY DANIEL GREGORY MASON*

**G**USTAV MAHLER, who is to come to New York this autumn as one of the conductors at the Metropolitan Opera-House, has for a long time held a high place among the orchestral conductors of Europe, and has of late received much attention as a composer. Born July 7, 1860, at Kalischt in Bohemia, he was educated at Iglau, Prague, and Vienna, entering the famous Vienna Conservatorium in 1877. Since 1880 he has been active as a conductor, succeeding Anton Seidl as capellmeister at Prague in 1885, and in 1897 becoming director of the Imperial Opera in Vienna. He has also directed the Philharmonic concerts in the same city.

Mahler has the reputation of being "an autocratic and iron-handed conductor;" his will is final law both for orchestra and singers; spoilt prima donnas and egotistic tenors are amazed at finding themselves treated by him as simple elements in the musical ensemble, not more privileged than the humblest kettle-drummer. Thanks to this firmness of leadership, he has been able to do wonders with the performances at the Imperial Opera, and though he has of course made some personal enemies, he has won the respect of the artistic public. His independence was well shown at the time he produced Hugo Wolf's opera "Corregidor" at Vienna. He found it

891

necessary to make certain alterations and rearrangements in the score, a proceeding at which the critics held up their hands in Pharisaic horror. Mahler made no response to their philippics except to play the work in its original form, when they quickly realized the superiority of his version, and themselves requested its reinstatement.

As a composer Mahler first attracted attention by his two early symphonies in D-Major and C-minor respectively, produced in 1891 and 1895. His still earlier operas, "Die Argonauten" and "Rubezahl," are comparatively unimportant. The symphonies were at first unfavorably received; they were hissed in Hamburg and elsewhere, and their composer was called a "lunatic" and a "crank." The sonorous and elaborate scoring and the excessive proportions of his later works appear already here.

His first pronounced success was won by the third symphony, in F, written in 1896. This Broddingnagian work, which is divided into two parts, containing altogether six movements, requires two hours for its performance. It is scored for the largest modern orchestra, an alto solo voice, a women's chorus, and a boys' chorus. The percussion instruments, for which Mahler seems to have a special fondness, comprise, besides the usual drums, a bass drum, tambourine, triangle, tantam, two glockenspiels, and various bells. The first movement, immensely pretentious and elaborate, makes up the whole of the first part. It begins with a solo for eight horns *unison*. Its themes, however, are not of great intrinsic interest, and seem to depend for their effect chiefly on their boisterous grandiloquence.

The second movement, strikingly different, shows a more attractive side of the German temperament, its fondness for simple tunefulness of the folk-song kind. It is a minuet, charmingly scored, possibly a little prolix. The third movement, a scherzo, reminds one of the idiom of Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." The last three movements are enchained to form a single finale. Two texts are appended, one from Nietzsche and one from "Das Knaben Wunderhorn." The symphony closes with a broad, Beethovenish adagio.

The fourth symphony, in G-major (1901), is perhaps of all Mahler's works the most naïve. It aims to translate into music a childlike mediæval poem describing the delights of heaven, and contains many melodies of a folk-song like or Mozartish character. Nevertheless it is scored with Mahler's customary elaborateness. (In this fondness for simple, almost primitive music, dressed in the richest costumes of the modern orchestra and worked out with intricate contrapuntal devices, Mahler reminds one of Humperdinck and his "Hänsel und Gretel.") This symphony was the first of the series to be heard in America.

Of the last two symphonies, the fifth (1904), called the "Reisen Symphonie," and the sixth (1906), in which use is made of celesta bells, cow-bells, wooden clappers, and a hammer, it is unnecessary to speak in detail. They are like the others in their curiously German admixture of the blatantly sonorous with the childish naïve.

Mr. Felix Weingartner, in his excellent little book on "The Symphony since Beethoven," says of Mahler's work as a whole:

"We find in him deep, strong feeling, which has its own mode of expression, and which says what it has to say quite unconcerned about the possibilities of performance and success. His most striking characteristic is the remarkable breadth of his themes, as well as their thoroughly musical nature. . . . There may be bizarre passages . . . ; we may notice a certain prolixity, and, perhaps, a want of severe self-criticism in the selection of his themes; but everything that he writes bears the stamp of a rich imagination, and a vivid, almost a fanatic enthusiasm, which has always awakened my sympathy."

Personally, Mahler is singularly quiet and retiring for a man who can make so much noise with an orchestra. His attitude toward his own work is modest and non-committal.

Besides his six symphonies he has written several other large works, among which should be especially mentioned a set of humoresques for orchestra and a cantata, "Das klagende Lied."

# THE SOVEREIGN

BY SHEPHERD KNAPP

Hear ye the fable of Jotham, of trees that would choose them a king,  
Writ for an ancient people, barbed with a modern sting.

Once when the trees of the forest to choose them a ruler were stirred,  
(Theirs was the right of the choosing: the voice of each tree shall be heard.)  
"Come," said they all to the olive, "take thou the scepter and reign."  
"Nay," said the olive, "the orchard assures me of goodlier gain.  
Why should I leave my fatness, wherewith I all men please,  
'To take, at the voice of your calling, promotion over the trees?"

Then to the vine in its vineyard spake they the selfsame word,—  
(Theirs was the right of the choosing: the voice of each tree shall be heard.)  
"Leave me to work for the winepress; grapes are my care," said the vine.  
So spake the fig-tree, when summoned: "Growing of figs is mine.  
Why should I leave my sweetness, wherewith I all men please,  
'To take, at the voice of your calling, promotion over the trees?"

Wearily counseled together the trees, thus balked in their choice;  
Wearily viewed they this choosing that waited the sound of their voice;  
Wearily bore they the burden of ruling themselves the while;  
Longed for a king in the forest, in birth be he noble or vile;  
Longed for a king who would rule them, and let them their leisure regain.  
Then said they all to the bramble, "Take thou the scepter and reign."

"Yea," said the bramble, "right gladly. The crown have ye wisely conferred,—  
(Yours is the right of the choosing: the voice of each tree shall be heard.)  
Ye take me for richer, for poorer; ye take me for better, for worse;  
Ye give me the butt of the whip, and ye give me the strings of the purse.  
Sleep while ye will in the forest: the bramble shall rule as your king."  
This the old fable of Jotham, barbed with a modern sting.

Add we another chapter:—the end of the world is not yet;  
Haply the trees of the forest, by wrong and oppression beset,  
Torn by the thorns of the bramble, stung by the lash of the whip,  
Robbed by the hand that they trusted to hold the stewardship,  
Bring to remembrance their charter, that long-neglected word,  
"Ours is the right of the choosing: the voice of each tree shall be heard."

"Come," cry they all to the wheat-stalk, the plodding provider of bread,  
"Thine be the throne in the forest, thou our commander and head."  
"Aye," saith the wheat-stalk gravely, "sorely ye need a hand,  
Pledged to good faith and plain dealing, to marshal the laws of the land.  
Therefore I leave my wheat-field, nor count it a path to ease,  
'To take, at the voice of your calling, promotion over the trees.

"Hearken, ye trees, moreover"—this the wheat-stalk's word—  
"Yours is the right of the ruler, yours is the voice to be heard;  
Yours is the power of the forest; yours is the strength in my hand;  
Yours is the task of maintaining, through me, the peace of the land.  
I am the king of your choosing; the best that I can I will do;  
But ye are the sovereign people: the State stands or falls with you."





PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. M. MOORE

NEAR THE BOYLSTON STREET ENTRANCE

## *BOSTON'S FENWAY AS AN EDUCATIONAL CENTER*

*BY STILLMASTER BAXTER*

**I**N some ideal June weather last year thousands of visitors who had come to the New England metropolis upon a special occasion were delightfully surprised to find their daily rendezvous in a spot of extraordinary beauty. The scene was a magnificent quadrangle. On three sides rose the marble walls of a stately group of buildings. There were five of these. The central edifice at the head of the court had a façade of a gracious classic design with a porch of tall Ionic columns. All the buildings fronted upon wide terraces, faced and balustraded with marble, and extending about the court—the terrace in the center higher than the rest and approached by wide steps. Here on the terraces, about scores of little tables, were daily to be seen happy companies of ladies and gentlemen enjoying tea and other refresh-

ments served by many charming girls who had volunteered for the occasion, listening the while to the music from a band-stand, also of classic design, in the center of the velvety lawn. It all seemed like a fragment, though complete in itself, of the memorable White City at Chicago, reproduced in permanent materials and built to endure through the centuries.

It was the new home of the Medical School of Harvard University, appropriately assigned for the entertainment and central meeting-place for the annual Convention of the American Medical Association. It was a scene that can never be forgotten by the participants.

This noble monumental group of the medical school is but a fraction of the total that is making Boston's Fenway quarter not only one of the most notable aggregations of architecture on the con-

tinent, but one of the greatest educational centers of the United States. Indeed, we have here practically an entire quarter of a great city mainly given over to educational purposes. Here more than five thousand students of various degrees gather daily for instruction, and largely inhabit the same district—a New England Latin Quarter of unique distinction. In this total is not included the great student body of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, centered not far away, but considerably beyond the limits of the Fenway district. This great student population is fast increasing each year, and promises to be added to by the establishment of other important institutions in the neighborhood.

Nearly a generation has passed since the court end of Boston, the handsome Back Bay section, was saved from the ruin threatened by hundreds of acres of noisome and sewage-soaked tidal flats that lay to the windward. It was saved by the genius of the late Frederick Law Olmsted, who here created a unique combination of a sanitary drainage-basin with park-like features—a charming development, appropriate to the site, of characteristic marshland scenery associated with the drives and walks of a great parkway. This section of the parkway was named "The Fens," and the main drive of it was accordingly called "The Fenway." It was supposed that the character of the neighboring district would be that of a high-class residential section. Land values appreciated accordingly. But something yet better than that occurred. The great frontages upon a spacious and picturesque parkway invited monumental developments with buildings of a public character. By a series of fortunate happenings, this is just what took place. The greater part of the frontages upon the Fenway, from its beginning at Boylston entrance, have been taken up for institutions either purely educational or closely related thereto. This development was a natural sequence of a change in the direction of Boston's growth that began about a quarter of a century ago. At that time the current turned from the southward to the westward, making Boylston Street and Hun-

tington Avenue the chief arteries for communication with the newer residential sections. Then the bridging of the Charles at Harvard Bridge and the creation of a great cross-town thoroughfare in Massachusetts Avenue, extending on both sides of the river, not only changed Cambridge from a suburban to a more distinctively metropolitan quarter, but joined its great educational center more directly with the Boston side. This connection with Cambridge has had an important influence in the development of a complementary educational quarter on the south of the Charles. In the first place, it was the determining factor in the location of Symphony Hall at the corner of Massachusetts and Huntington Avenues, the pioneer step in the development of the great district now known very generally as "The Fenway." In this district there are now located, or in course of construction, twenty-two institutions of an educational nature, or in some way related to educational activities. Nine of these institutions have a collegiate character, and several others are schools.

Thousands who remember the beautiful "Lagoon" and its "Wooded Island" of the Columbian World's Fair will have an idea of the landscape character of the Fens. And the magnificent architecture of the White City, its stately renaissance in charming contrast with the picturesque wildness of the landscape at its feet, gives something of an idea of the environment that is gradually taking permanent shape here. With frequent gaps, various abrupt breaks, and long vacant intervals, the environment of the Fens is still undeveloped and somewhat raw of aspect. But the nascent beauty, steadily realizing itself year by year, in certain aspects is already of surpassing quality.

The first erection on that part of the Fenway—the famous Fenway Court, the seat of the Isabella Stewart Museum in the Fenway—had a somewhat harsh and awkward air, lifting in conspicuous solitude a tall bulk of uncommon plainness out of the wide levels. But now, supported by the wide and tranquil façade of Simmons College as its next neighbor to the westward, Fenway Court is less



SIMMONS COLLEGE, FROM THE FENS

austere of countenance; it is more suggestive of the sunny Italy of its derivation, and it will gain equally from the immediate neighborhood of the fine architectural group of four public school edifices approaching completion on the neighboring premises to the south. This group consists of the Boston Normal School, the Girls' Latin School, a building common to both, and one for model schools in connection with the former—the whole composition a felicitous ensemble produced by three firms of architects developing and supervising in common the scheme as a whole. This group of schools faces the Tremont entrance of the Fens, a park-like annex or "L" of the great parkway. Fenway Court is on the corner of this entrance and the Fenway; a little beyond, a near neighbor will be the new Boston Museum of Fine Arts, which eventually will have an imposing group of buildings on its extensive grounds.

One of the most beautiful effects in the Fenway neighborhood is that of the Harvard Medical School group, as indicated at the beginning of this article. This group is not on the Fenway itself, but stands a considerable distance back, on Longwood Avenue. The neighborhood had been one of the forlornly straggling outskirts of a great city where an expected potency of better things long ago proved abortive. There followed a chronic state of real estate dejection. This made the land so cheap, however, that the University secured a large tract at a good bargain. The noble group of beautifully proportioned marble masses makes a memorable spectacle.

It seemed a great mistake that, with the Fenway frontage available, a group so monumental should have been located on a back street of the neighborhood. But this mistake has practically been remedied by an action made possible by a public-spirited alumnus of the University to whose credit stand various other of its important benefactions. To the generosity of Major F. H. Higginson, who gave the land for the purpose, is due the laying out by the city of a magnificent approach from the Fens, a tree-lined avenue 100 feet wide on the axis of the quadrangle, the noble portico

of the Administration Building closing the vista. This avenue has been given the name of the "Avenue Louis Pasteur," both in commemoration of one of the noblest personalities in medical science and in grateful recognition of the invaluable aid rendered by France in the struggle for American independence that began at Boston. With its setback of twenty feet for the buildings, the Avenue Louis Pasteur will have a total width of 140 feet from wall to wall. It is expected that this grand thoroughfare will be largely occupied by houses for the faculty of the school; perhaps dormitories for the students, also. With these designed in harmony with the school architecture, the Avenue Louis Pasteur will be one of the finest streets in America.

The cost of this Medical School group was three million dollars, the larger part from great individual benefactions. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan erected the Administration Building and the two adjacent structures as a memorial to his father, the late Junius Spencer Morgan. The two other buildings were the gifts of Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Mrs. C. P. Huntington, Mr. James Stillman, Mr. David Sears, and others. The Administration Building contains the famous Warren Museum of Anatomy. The entire equipment of this group is ideal in its conditions for medical research and study. One of the four buildings on the sides of the quadrangle is devoted to the department of Anatomy and Histology, a second to Physiological Chemistry and Physiology, a third to Bacteriology and Pathology, and the fourth to Pharmacology and Hygiene. Each building has extensive laboratory facilities and its own amphitheater. An endowment of two million dollars makes the total investment here one of five million dollars. The entire world will inevitably profit by the work done here.

Practically a portion of the school equipment will be the adjacent hospitals. These were enabled to secure portions of the school's land on most favorable terms, in consideration of the reciprocal advantages secured by their neighborhood, giving the students invaluable opportunities for clinical work. These



FENWAY COURT (MRS. GARDNER'S RESIDENCE)  
Simmons College in the background

institutions are the Hospital of the Good Samaritan, the Children's, the Infants', and probably the great Brigham Hospital to be established under the magnificent bequest of a Boston citizen. The Good Samaritan Hospital is already located here. Altogether the University has reserved here fifteen acres for hospital purposes, besides the site soon to be occupied by the Harvard Dental School, adjacent to the Medical School Buildings. It should be said that these hospitals have direct educational functions, since each has its own training-school for nurses.

A view in an opposite direction, complementing that towards the Medical School in its beauty, is that northward from Simmons College, where the superb dome of the new Christian Science temple looms above the mass of buildings across the Fens in that direction. With its benignant and protective air, its gracious sentiment of infinite peace, it is one of the great landmarks of Boston, one of the finest and most distinctive things in the city, its effect recalling that of St. Peter's in Rome. Another

notable glimpse from this point is that of the low domes of the great new marble synagogue on Commonwealth Avenue. From the same outlook we may fancy the greatest of the new architectural elements in the scene, the long, low mass of light-hued masonry, beautifully expressing its thoughtfully planned organism, that will make up the initial units of the new Museum of Fine Arts, soon to take shape and practically complete the structural border of the Fens on that side. Perhaps two generations or more may pass before the entire architectural scheme for the Museum will be carried out. The primary section, however, is designed to look complete in itself. While the entrance will be on Huntington Avenue, as the popular-transit approach, the side towards the Fens will have an attractive façade, and by no means be a "back view." A like consideration governed the design of the Medical School group, where the Administration Building, on the side opposite the court, was developed with equal elaboration, with a view to effect from a future quadrangle.

Besides the educational aspects of the Museum of Fine Arts, that institution has a directly educational function by reason of its School of Drawing and Painting. This school transcends the limitations of its name by including in its scope courses of instruction in modeling and in decorative design. The quality of its instruction and of its results in training numerous American artists who have achieved the highest rank give it strong claim to consideration as the foremost school of art in the country. It received the Grand Prize at the St. Louis exhibition. In the new location of the Museum the school will be housed in a separate building of its own. Two other institutions fronting upon the Fenway that have a relation to educational activity by reason of their important libraries are the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Massachusetts Medical Society, occupying handsome adjoining buildings.

The first educational institution to establish itself in the Fenway district was the New England Conservatory of Music, whose stately building on Huntington Avenue was the logical conse-

quence of the erection of Symphony Hall near by. On Huntington Avenue, some what farther out, is the substantial brick structure that houses the Medical School and the Dental School of Tufts College. On the corner of Huntington and Massachusetts Avenues stands Horticultural Hall, an ornate example, in red brick, of Georgian architecture. The Massachusetts Horticultural Society, here domiciled, has the enviable repute of being the richest horticultural society in the world. This organization, which has been of unspeakable service in its promotion of horticultural knowledge by its exhibitions, premiums, its great library, and its encouragement to activity by others, likewise has a more strictly educational character by virtue of the peculiar provision of its charter establishing the professorship of horticulture which it has always maintained.

Next to Horticultural Hall is the elegant Renaissance structure of Chickering Hall, a home of chamber-music and the habitation of the Emerson College of Oratory. Farther down the avenue is located the Normal School of Gymnastics, founded by that sagacious and



BOSTON SYMPHONY HALL

great-hearted philanthropist, the late Mrs. Mary Hemenway, for the scientific training of teachers of physical culture. At the corner of Massachusetts Avenue and Boylston Street is the Eric Pape School of Art, the excellence of whose instruction is indicated by the reputation of the talented painter and illustrator whose name it bears. This practically completes our list, unless the form of physical training imparted entitles two large riding-schools on the borders of the Fens to be included in the educational category.

The Massachusetts Normal Art School, like the Institute of Technology, lies somewhat too far without the district to be taken into account. A considerable number of the students of each, however, are residents of the Fenway quarter. Until very lately the higher educational institutions of Boston proper have lacked the dormitory character that in general gives a distinctive quality to American, as to English, student life. Like students of German universities and of Continental faculties in general, located in the midst of cities, they have largely been left to shift for themselves in lodgings and boarding-houses as best they might. A great institution like the "Tech" has realized that this was a defect, and has recently taken measures to supply the want by acquiring a considerable suburban tract on the line of the parkway a couple of miles or so beyond the Fens, with the intention of erecting there a group of dormitories with club-houses and athletic facilities. In this way the need of a greater solidarity in the student body, emphasized strongly by President Pritchett, would to no little extent be met.

Meanwhile the New England Conservatory of Music and Simmons College have both made a feature of dormitory life for their students. The Conservatory, with its more than two thousand students, is one of the great music schools of the world. While nothing has yet been done to meet the wants of its young men students, three dormitories on the eastern side of the Fens afford numerous young women homelike abodes of an ideal character, supplied with every desirable comfort in the way of rooms and board. Each house is in charge of

a preceptress who takes a maternal interest in the welfare of the girls, looking after their health, their enjoyment, and all their goings and comings in a great city as a mother should. Since every student finds it necessary to practice music in her room, all the walls were made sound-proof. Simmons College has acquired a considerable tract near the westerly side of the Fens within convenient distance of its main building. Here a large dormitory and dining hall have been erected, and three adjacent dwellings are temporarily utilized for dormitory purposes. The attractiveness of residence in the dormitories both of the Conservatory and of Simmons College is enhanced by the beautiful parkway at their doors, with opportunities for daily strolls in the pleasant paths of the Fens, the Riverway, and other public pleasure grounds beyond.

The new Museum of Fine Arts will be the supreme attraction of all this region. In preparing for the erection of the new building the problems involved have been studied with extraordinary care. Exhaustive experiments in the lighting of galleries have been made, and all the leading institutions of the fine arts in Europe have been visited and minutely examined in every particular by the advisory and consulting architects and by experts in museum management with a view to profiting by universal experience. With the advantage of all this scientific preparation the new Museum promises to be the finest building of the sort in the world. The large section now in hand will be complete in itself. But all the ultimate extensions have been so thoughtfully studied out that when they are demanded they can easily be connected with the primary structure and the various departments adapted to the enlarged quarters without violent transition. Indeed, it will be much like the growth of a natural organism. Each department of the Museum will have a section to itself: Egyptian art, classic art, Oriental art, and modern art—the latter including painting, sculpture, drawing, prints, etc. Each department will have two distinct divisions, corresponding lines of cleavage thus running through the entire Museum. The first



division will be for exhibition purposes, the second for the curator's, or study, collections. The former will occupy the main floor of the Museum, the latter the basement or ground floor. It is a recognized fact that the eye and the brain can take in only so much with enjoyment; anything beyond that limit means satiety and induces simply fatigue. In each department, therefore, only the choicest objects will be placed on exhibition. In a strictly limited number these

can devise. In this way the exhibition portion of the Museum will on a large scale be organized upon a plan similar to that which has made Mrs. Gardner's collections in Fenway Court so delightful to behold.

The great mass of the Museum's treasures will be kept in the "study collections" on the basement floor. These will be as accessible, and as favorably exhibited, as the regular collections are in the average museum to-day. They

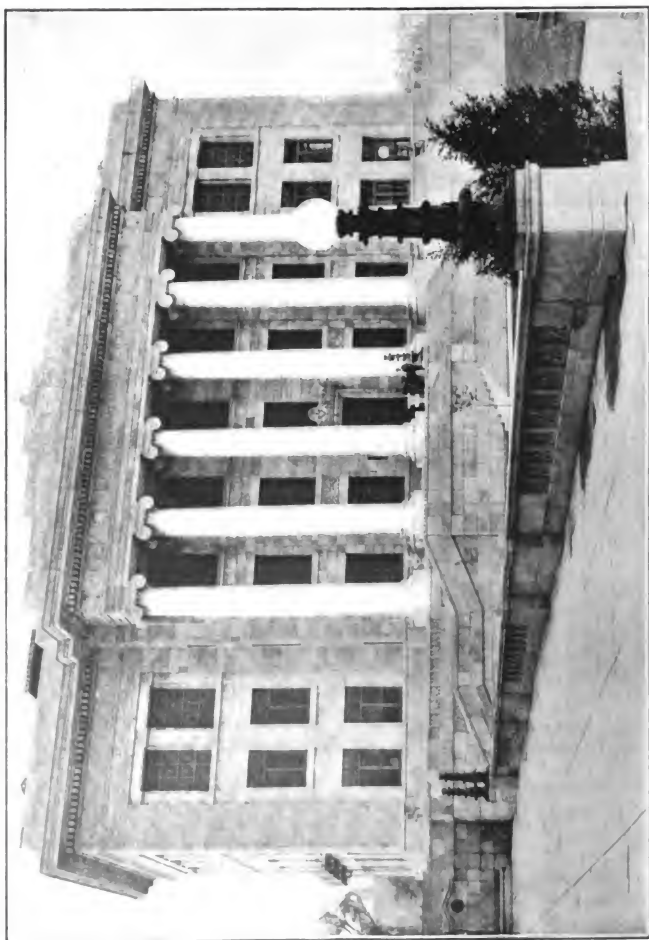


THE NORMAL SCHOOL AND THE GIRLS' LATIN SCHOOL

will be arranged, in a way and in an environment attractively adapted to their character, so as to produce the most edifying impression. The scheme of the galleries is so ingeniously planned that the visitor will pass through them in historical and artistic sequence, receiving a succession of agreeable impressions. Moreover, he will never retrace his steps through a part already seen between entering and leaving the building. He will thus review the history of the fine arts as depicted by the most beautiful and attractive objects displayed under the most illuminating conditions that taste and a competent knowledge

will be as free of approach, without the least restriction, as the exhibition collections above. The general public, however, having all it can conveniently enjoy in the former, will not care particularly to visit the latter. The study section, however, with its thoroughness of classification, will be all the more appreciated by special students and investigators. The exhibition collections will be diversified from time to time by choice examples selected from the study sections. In this way regular visitors will always find continual interest and no little novelty in the galleries. Besides the departments enumerated in the beginning will be the





ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, HARVARD MEDICAL SCHOOL

library of the institution and its great collection of casts—the latter eventually to be housed in a separate building.

The co-operation which is growing up between Simmons College and the Museum of Fine Arts is significant of the co-operative activities and affiliations which are developing among the various educational institutions in this district. The Simmons Female College, as it is called, was established to carry out the terms of the will of the late John Simmons, a wealthy Boston merchant. It has a purpose similar to that of the Drexel Institute in Philadelphia—that of giving instruction in such branches of art, science, and industry as would best enable women to earn an independent livelihood. The courses are therefore arranged with reference to the particular occupations for which the students may be preparing. To this end the College includes six different schools. Since the careers of the great majority of young women are likely at any time to take a matrimonial turn, the first of these schools has a very general appeal. It is the School of Household Economics. If its courses should result for the individual in nothing more than proficiency in the administration of a home, it would amply justify itself, for this means a more intelligent and capable generation of housewives and mothers. But it is

also designed for women who intend to teach cooking or kindred household arts, to direct work in domestic science in public or private schools, to administer an institution, or to prepare for individual research in various problems of household economics. Included in this department is the institution lately known as the Boston Cooking School, the property and management of which have been transferred to Simmons College. Next comes a Secretarial School, preparing students to become private secretaries, registrars, office assistants, or teachers of commercial subjects. It is also of value in preparing women to enter the civil service. The Library School trains students for library administration. In the School for Social Workers, Harvard University and Simmons College act co-operatively. To this extent, therefore, the College forms an element of the University, just as Radcliffe does in a larger degree. Unlike the other schools of Simmons, both men and women are numbered among its students. It is designed for the study of charity, correction, neighborhood uplift, and various other forms of social service, whether under private management or public administration.

The School of Science is intended especially for students who desire to teach science in secondary schools, to



MASSACHUSETTS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

assist in scientific departments of colleges, or to engage in other scientific pursuits. Of exceptional utility in developing for women an occupation of great practical importance and of most interesting possibilities will be the School of Horticulture, not yet organized. It is intended to aid those who propose to undertake the cultivation of flowers, fruits, and vegetables for commercial or other purposes; also to serve as a practical basis for landscape architecture—a profession which the late Frederick Law Olmsted held should offer a good field for women. The first two years are to be spent at the College in Boston; the third, or third and fourth, years at

Amherst in study at the Massachusetts Agricultural College, an arrangement having been made for special classes in horticulture from Simmons. Three years will complete the programme for commercial horticulture, and a fourth may be devoted to scientific investigations.

A valuable feature of the School for Household Economics is contained in the programmes in preparation for the training-schools for nurses established in connection with hospitals. We have seen that there will be several of these institutions close at hand, grouped about the Harvard Medical School. In this way Simmons College co-operates most practically with these training-schools,



BOSTON MEDICAL LIBRARY

and indirectly with its two neighbors, the Harvard and the Tufts Medical Schools.

Simmons College has performed a fine service by its organization of classes at the Museum of Fine Arts for the study of various branches of art in their theoretical bearings. These lectures are intended particularly to assist teachers and students of teaching, both men and women, but are open to the public at large. In this connection the work of the Committee on the Utilization of Museums of Art by Schools and Colleges deserves mention. Both Harvard and Simmons share in this work through the participation of Presidents Eliot and Lefavour as chairman and vice-chairman, respectively. The Committee aims to extend the educational usefulness of museums of art in various ways. Several plans that have been considered will probably meet the approval of the trustees of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, resulting in a work of "museum extension" of the most practical kind. Visits to the Museum by teachers and pupils of the public schools are already encouraged to the greatest practicable extent. It is proposed to supplement this work in various ways. One is to organize traveling collections from the Museum, consisting of representative articles from the various departments. These would be sent to such public schools, not only in Boston but throughout Massachusetts, as make suitable provisions for their safe exhibition and intelligent study. From time to time these would be replaced by other collections. Interest would thus be kept up by continued novelty. Similar collections might be shown in the galleries of public libraries and of town halls. Expert authorities from the Museum staff would be sent to the schools to lecture on subjects connected with these collections—Egyptian art, for instance—and when scholars from these schools visited the Museum they would be encouraged to ask for the lecturer they had heard and thereby enlarge their acquaintance with the subjects treated of. Another feature suggested is that of a "docent" system in connection with the Museum—young men, or perhaps also young women, in daily

attendance in the galleries, and thoroughly informed concerning the collections. They would be ever ready to inform visitors intelligibly and interestingly concerning what they saw.

The great music school, the New England Conservatory of Music, has for its primary aim the education of pupils who desire to study music seriously with a view to a professional career in some branch of the art. To this end its affiliation with two collegiate institutions becomes of great importance. Under arrangements with Harvard University lately made each institution profits. Students in the department of music at Harvard—the University was the first institution of learning in this country to establish a musical professorship and teach the art in its higher aspects of composition, counterpoint, etc.—may now take a part of their work at the Conservatory, and this will count towards their B.A. and M.A. degrees. Members of the composition class may also have the privilege of having meritorious original works performed by the excellent Conservatory orchestra and chorus. On the other hand, students of the Conservatory may take courses at Harvard in English, French, and German literature, fine arts, acoustics, and public speaking. The Conservatory makes a point of aiming at liberal culture for its students. It recognizes that the best musician is the man or woman of ideas, the person whose sensuous organization is complemented by a strong intellectual development. A great composer, like a great painter or a great sculptor, customarily takes a wide interest in things outside of his own profession. The broader his mind the higher his art.

Correspondingly valuable is the affiliation of the Conservatory with its neighbor, the Emerson College of Oratory. The prime purpose of the latter institution is not to teach young persons how to "speak pieces." It includes many elements of a liberal education in its curriculum, and teaches expression and the proper handling of the voice. Its work thus goes far towards counteracting and amending the nasal, high-pitched, and otherwise disagreeable intonations that unfortunately are altogether too

common an attribute of our American speech. The College also gives special attention to dramatic art. These qualities make particular appeal to the Conservatory students, as, on the other hand, the Conservatory's School of Opera and its wide opportunities for vocal study appeal to those of Emerson College. Therefore the concerts, recitals, and general lectures of both the Conservatory and the College are free to the pupils of each institution. The Conservatory originally had a department of literary interpretation, with work in expression, oratory, and literature. This work is now conducted, for mutual benefit, by Emerson College. The two institutions, therefore, have the advantage of three fine auditoriums shared in common—Chickering Hall and the two halls of the Conservatory. Jordan Hall, belonging to the latter, has the name of being the best auditorium for acoustic properties in existence. It was no chance that made it so, for the problems were carefully studied out by experts of the Institute of Technology faculty. It should be said that students of the two institutions share the reference libraries and the dormitory facilities upon a common footing. All this is co-operation of the most practical sort, saving a duplication of resources and a corresponding waste of energy by having two institutions do the same things where the work of one would suffice them both. Mention should be made of the services rendered the general public by the Conservatory in its encouragement of the movement for popular singing classes. These are organized upon a plan similar to that which has been so successful in New York. In Boston the Choral Union is the result. It meets every Sunday in Jordan Hall, the members paying a fee of ten cents each time. This, together with the receipts from associate members, five dollars a year, with the privilege of three seats at a concert, sustains the organization. Mr. Samuel W. Cole, musical director for the Brookline public schools, has conducted the work from the start. Oratorios and other works of the best masters are produced in excellent style. This may be called a form of university extension in the field of music.

Two other important educational institutions of the Fenway district are the Tufts College Medical and Dental Schools, located in a large and convenient building on Huntington Avenue. Tufts College, once a small denominational affair on a Medford hilltop, has grown into an important place among the educational institutions of Greater Boston. With theological, engineering, medical, and dental faculties, besides its academic department, it has achieved a university character of its own. The Medical School was founded in 1893, and admits women upon the same terms as men. The high character of its faculty has given it an extraordinary popularity. The original investigations and practical achievements of some of its professors, as in medical chemistry, have gained international celebrity.

The reader must have noted how extensive the affiliations among this great group of educational institutions in the Fenway have become. There is already an elaborate interweaving of interests among them: Medical schools with hospitals and medical library; Simmons College with Harvard University, the Museum of Fine Arts, the hospital training-schools for nurses, and the College of Agriculture; the Conservatory of Music with Harvard University and Emerson College. Other affiliations will naturally follow. The unique museum of Fenway Court, possessing some of the world's superbest treasures of art, was incorporated with a view to public usefulness. Mrs. Gardner has been generous in giving earnest students of art opportunities to enjoy its collections, and doubtless in due time some definite scheme for wider uses will be formulated. Harvard University has been affiliated with the Museum of Fine Arts from the start, being represented, together with the Institute of Technology, in the board of trustees. It has been suggested that the connection might well be strengthened by an arrangement for the depictive arts similar to that for music made with the New England Conservatory. Just as in New York the schools of the National Academy of Design have been connected with Columbia University, so Harvard might greatly improve its department of

Fine Arts by including what has long been lacking, modern opportunities for practical studies. With the Museum's school established in a fine building of its own, as it soon will be, its facilities will be greatly increased. An alliance with Harvard should then prove mutually advantageous.

It has been remarked that in this great educational group we have to all intents and purposes a university. The suggestion has been made that it might be known as "the University of the Fenway." The co-operative activities here noted are what make a university. It needs only some definite organization with a view to more effective co-ordinations to give formal sanction to what in so large a measure is already a fact. At all events, the affiliating tendency will manifestly continue. Harvard University has long been more than a Cambridge institution. Such important departments as its Medical and Dental Schools, the Bussey Institute, and the Arnold Arboretum are on the Boston side of the Charles. So is the scene of

its athletic contests, Soldiers' Field with its Stadium, although within a rifle-shot of the College Yard. It has been suggested that the proportion on that side might well be enlarged; that the Lawrence Scientific School, with its magnificent endowment from the McKay millions to be applied to technical education of the highest character, might profitably find a location in the outer Fenway region where land is still available; and that perhaps the new museums might also be established there. Such a move would be likely to lead to a renewal of the effort to realize an effective alliance between Harvard and the Institute of Technology. The late movement to that end was frustrated, not because of any lack of will on the part of either institution, but because legal obstacles forbade the Institute to part with its present site in the business heart of Boston except at a complete sacrifice of its value. If this difficulty could in some way be surmounted, it would prevent the great economic waste threatened by a duplication of educational plants in the same field.



BRIDGE IN THE FENS

# SIR OLIVER LODGE: SCIENTIST AND LAYMAN

BY E. DOUGLAS SHEILDS

"The region of religion and the region of a complete science are one."—SIR OLIVER LODGE.

IT is by no means an overstatement to say that there is at the present time in the British Isles, if not among English-speaking peoples everywhere, no man whose views and whose books are attracting more attention from people in all ranks of society interested in the problems of life and of thought than are those of Sir Oliver Lodge, the well-known scientist. Important as is his scientific work, the solid base on which his reputation rests, revolutionary as are his discoveries with regard to the atom, these alone would never have gained for him his present wide as well as deep influence. The ordinary man and woman hear that matter is energy, and nothing but energy, without turning a hair. Let, however, a man with a name synonymous with courage and with solid and patiently gained information, begin to speak of spiritual things, and of the relations of men, not merely to that which is outside them, but to that which they know to be in them—above all, if he make the appeal of Mark Antony and speak as one of themselves, the whole atmosphere changes to one of close and grateful attention.

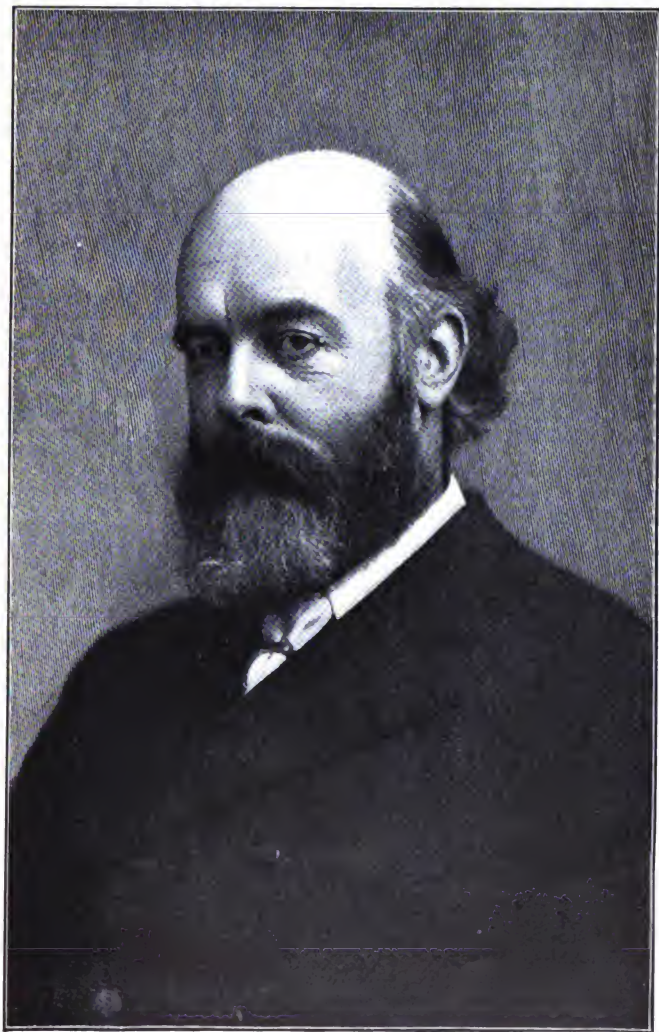
Two great currents which had their apparent rise in the middle of the nineteenth century have now spread and permeated society. They both go to prove the truth of the statement which heads this article, for both had their origin in what we may still continue to call material improvements—in the one case scientific instruments, in the other cheaper printing and paper. Startling scientific discoveries in different directions necessitated a modification of views on the part of schools of theology and religious people generally; and the widespread knowledge and leveling up of education brought about the coming of age of the layman. Already one sees

striking results of the latter in France and Spain in the attitude of the nations to the Church of Rome, in England in the peaceful creation of a body of laymen to assist in the government of the State Church, and in the large and rapidly increasing number of books by laymen on religion. There are still, of course, many individuals who would relegate the layman to the nursery, as one who should be "seen and not heard;" but in every department of life he is now generally accorded a respectful hearing, and his peculiar value recognized.

There is a third movement, or undercurrent, which can be mentioned only with reverence and due restraint. Flowing freely through all classes throughout the world, an unseen Power seems to be in operation, convincing man of his spiritual nature, of the truth and saving power of the essential teachings of religion, and enabling him to have more patience than he otherwise would with the defects, human accretions, which must gather round all religions. Those who think there is no evidence of such a Power would be wise to adopt a scientific attitude of mind and ask themselves if they have placed themselves in the way of obtaining proofs on the subject.

In Sir Oliver Lodge we have the climax of these movements—a leading scientist speaking with no uncertain voice to his fellow-scientists, to theologians, and to the general public; no isolated spirit, born out of due season, but the expression of his age. It is a happy augury for the future in the making, that time when the unity of science and religion will once more be made clear, that Sir Oliver Lodge is to be found at one time delivering a Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian Theater, Oxford University, on "Modern Views of Matter," at another time lecturing before the London Institution of Electrical Engineers, of which he is Vice-President, on "Elec-





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SIR OLIVER LODGE



trons," and again giving an address, in a large hall in London devoted to religious and philanthropic meetings, on "The First Principles of Faith." On this last occasion, which occurred recently, leading ministers of the various Free Churches were on the platform. One of these, perhaps the most eminent preacher in England, described him as "not only an eminent scientist, but a personal force of the highest value to Christian theology, and in the best sense a theological teacher." What he has said of himself, in one of his rare personal references, is: "My sole life ambition, as far as I know, is the harmless one of hoping to be useful to Higher Powers by expressing in act and word such thoughts of the age as have fallen to my lot."

Perhaps the best that can be said about the childhood of any one is that there is little to be said about it, that it was a harmonious and uneventful period of healthy growth, amid surroundings suited to the requirements of the child and his future career. In these words, happily, can the childhood and youth of Sir Oliver Lodge be summed up. He was born on the 12th of June, 1851, the eldest son of his parents, in Staffordshire, the home and center of the English pottery. His father was engaged in its manufacture, and Oliver Lodge thus grew up in an atmosphere of applied science and art. Of more importance was it, however, that he had parents with the wisdom and ability to let him choose his own path in life. After leaving the grammar school of Newport, he went to work, at the age of seventeen, in the potteries. One day, however, he came across a copy of the "English Mechanic," found himself transported to a new world of fascination and of wonder, and knew it to be his world. From that time he has lived for science, but a science that has been widened and deepened out of all recognition of the science of his predecessors. He at once gave himself up to concentrated study, spending all his pocket money on books, "penny encyclopedias," etc., and giving his spare time to experiments in chemistry and physics. His father saw the possibilities

in his son, and agreed to his leaving the potteries and coming to London, where, living with an aunt of strong Calvinistic faith, he attended the London University College. He matriculated at the age of twenty, and took his degree of Doctor of Science at Oxford at twenty-six. It was during his student days that he made the acquaintance of Frederic Myers, whose book on "Human Personality" seemed to contain new ideas, yet found a large public waiting to accept them. This friendship no doubt had a great influence on the young scientist, deepening his natural bent and enabling him to realize clearly whither it led him. When thirty years of age, Oliver Lodge became Professor of Physics in the University of Liverpool, where he remained till 1900, and where he raised his name into the front rank of scientists. In appearance he is tall, powerful, and commanding, six feet four inches in height, with a high, thoughtful brow and head tending to baldness, and an expression in his face of strength and gentleness. Although preoccupation may sometimes give him the air of a man of moods, he is a general favorite in Birmingham, and indeed wherever he is known, personally, socially, and as a lecturer. His absolute sincerity and simplicity of manner give him great influence, especially with his audiences of workmen, and in confirmed acquaintance with him evoke reverence and affection from all. He is very thoughtful with regard to his personal actions, does not conform to orthodoxy merely because it is orthodox, and although he has not allied himself with any special religious body, those who know him best would call him not only a deeply religious man, but one who carries the mind to the *Uralten Zeiten* when scientist and saint and seer were one. He gives support to all that works for the elevation of mankind, and takes considerable interest in the religious functions of the city. There is probably only one subject on which it would be correct to describe Sir Oliver Lodge as "orthodox" in a whole-hearted manner, and that is golf. In his latest book, "The Substance of Faith," Sir Oliver Lodge unconsciously helps us to describe

himself. He is speaking about Frederic Myers's theory that there exists a larger consciousness, a subliminal self, which is the real man that sends down, or into incarnation, a portion of himself to gather fresh experience, added powers, which are all garnered up at the death of the physical body, when the incarnated portion returns to its spiritual subliminal self or father. This view is shared by Lodge. In "Life and Matter" he illustrates it in the simple and helpful way for which he has a special talent. We are asked to regard a village as an entity, for such it is in some quite evident respects. A man goes out from it to be a soldier, and when he comes back the village receives into it his added experience, his knowledge and increased powers. It can never be again as narrow as it was; the added richness becomes a permanent part of itself. Lodge considers that this consciousness is evolving even as the physical body has evolved and is still evolving.

In this view the portion of larger self incarnated in an infant or a feeble-minded person is but small; in normal cases more appears as the body is fitted to receive it. In some cases much appears, thus constituting a great man; while in others again a link of occasional communication is left open between the part and the whole—producing what we call "genius." Second childishness is the gradual abandonment of the material as it gets worn out or damaged. But "during the episode of this life man is never a complete self, his roots are in another order of beings, he is moving about in worlds not realized, he is as if walking in a vain shadow and disquieting himself in vain." Now, it is perhaps only when we come into touch with the home life of a great man that we realize fully that he is a great man. There only is the whole nature visible, the full extent of its unselfishness, simplicity, restraint, nobility. It is also to the honor of humanity that, in order to be great, a man must be thoroughly normal. There is a completeness, a rounding off of character, a saneness of outlook on life, that one finds only in the great, or in those exceedingly rare cases where

the genius and the great man are combined. Such men and women live life fully, touch it at all points, and leave it everywhere the better for their living. In his home Sir Oliver Lodge is the friend of his children, entering with a quiet but whole-souled sympathy and pleasure into their interests, their joys, and their fun. They constitute a large family of six sons and several daughters, and Lady Lodge takes her full share in making the home the center of wide interests as well as of tranquil happiness. In 1900 Sir Oliver Lodge became Principal of the new Birmingham University. It is magnificently equipped with laboratories and electrical and mechanical appliances for study and experiment.

We have seen that while the early life of Sir Oliver Lodge brought him into contact with varied aspects of thought and activity, his nature inclined him to plumb them fully. In his student days he came into touch with Theosophy, and there is no doubt that he was influenced by some of the teachings included in that word, some of which have now ceased to belong to any single body, but are accepted by all. One of the salient characteristics of the man is what one can only call a predetermination to take a wide view of life, not in a shallow sense, but in the sense of including in his horizon as much of truth as possible. He is therefore bound to give offense to people of more restricted range of vision. He annoys both the scientists and theologians by his calm statement of facts which they cannot controvert, and by his attitude towards telepathy, premonition, prevision, inspiration—subjects which science refuses to contemplate and orthodox religion looks askance at. Of these Sir Oliver Lodge says:

Men of religion can hold aloof as they please; probably they had better hold aloof until the scientific basis of these things has been rendered more secure. At present they are beyond the pale of science, but there are some of them within the universe of fact—all of them, as I now begin to believe—and their meaning must be extracted. So long as this region is ignored dogmatic science should be silent. It has a right to its own adopted region, it has no right to be heard outside it. It cannot see guidance, it cannot recognize the meaning of the whole

trend of things, the constant leadings, the control, the help, the revelations, the beckonings, beyond our normal bodily and mental powers. No, for it will not look. . . . Does theology seek enlightenment any more energetically? No, it is satisfied with its present information, which some people mistake for divine knowledge on these subjects. Divine knowledge is perhaps not obtained so easily. . . .

Now I say that the doctrine of ultimate intelligibility should be pressed into other departments also. . . . At present we hang back from whole regions and say they are not for us. A few we are beginning to grapple with: . . . the nature of disease, . . . the mental aberrations and abnormalities of hypnotism, duplex personality, and allied phenomena are now at last being taken under the wing of science after long ridicule and contempt. . . . The phenomena of crime, the scientific meaning and justification of altruism, and other matters relating to life and conduct are beginning or barely beginning to show a vulnerable front over which the forces of science may pour. . . .

The possibilities of the universe are as infinite as its physical extent; why should we grope with our eyes always downward and deny the possibility of everything out of our accustomed beat? If there is a puzzle about free will, let it be attacked; puzzles mean a half-knowledge; by the time we can grasp something more approximating the totality of things, the paradoxicality of paradoxes drops away and becomes unrecognizable. I seem to myself to catch glimpses of clues to many of these old questions, and I urge that we should trust consciousness, which has led us thus far, and not shrink from the problem when the time seems ripe for an attack upon it, and should not hesitate to press investigation and seek to ascertain the laws of even the most recondite problems of life and mind. What we know is as nothing to what remains to be known. This is sometimes said as a truism; sometimes it is half doubted. To me it seems the most literal truth.

Notwithstanding the fact that Sir Oliver Lodge's long-continued connection with the Society for Psychical Research has been a stumbling-block in the minds of British scientists and theologians alike, he and Sir William Crookes, both occupying the positions at different times of President and Vice-President, have risen to the front rank not only as scientists but also as citizens—a sign of their outstanding and commanding ability, but also a sign that other influences have been at work molding public opinion on such subjects. In the domain of "orthodox" science the name of Lodge is known all the world over, and his

achievements, which can only be outlined here, form the solid and brilliant basis on which his reputation rests.

Lodge's chief domain has been in the theory and practice of electricity. He has made many contributions to the perfecting of methods of electric measurements, of too technical a nature to be gone into here. In 1886 he published (British Association Report) very interesting researches about the velocity of ions in electrolytes. The behavior of the positive and negative ions had been previously observed and studied by many experimenters, but Lodge first succeeded in demonstrating by direct experiment these movements of the ions in electrolytes and in measuring the exact velocity of their movements. It was found to be, under usual circumstances, several millionths of an inch per second. About that time Lodge began to concentrate his attention on the subject of electric vibrations and electric waves, which had been actually discovered by Hertz, but which had been foreseen many years before by Maxwell in his mathematical developments of his theory of electricity. He published the well-known book, "Modern Views of Electricity," giving in intelligible form the outline of Maxwell's theory of electricity, and of the recent advances made in this subject. Besides this, he did a great deal of original research work in that department. He designed a new form of electric vibrator; he was the first to have the idea of leading the electric vibrations along two parallel wires, which has been found a very convenient method of investigating these vibrations. He showed experimentally that electric waves can be concentrated by lenses just like ordinary light. He demonstrated conclusively the relation of electric resonators to electric vibrations, a phenomenon quite analogous to acoustic resonance. He designed an ingenious way of showing the existence of electric vibrations by choosing vibrators of such a long period of vibration as to make them audible by the sonorous vibrations they set up.

But most important have been his researches and discoveries which gave rise to the construction of the "coherer," as he called the instrument serving as an

exceedingly sensitive detector of electric waves. It consists in the sudden diminishing of electric resistance between two pieces of metallic conductors which are in loose contact, when an electric wave strikes them. There are different sorts of these coherers, which are the most sensitive detectors of electric waves hitherto devised; they have made possible the enormous achievements known as wireless telegraphy. Lodge shares the honor of this invention with the French physicist Branly, who got the same results in an independent way. Lodge was also among the first to try to extend to greater distances these experiments, up till then confined to laboratories. But Marconi was the first to get results of practical importance. Lodge has designed recently, in company with Dr. Muirhead, some ingenious instruments and a method which succeed in preventing the "tapping" of messages by other coherers.

Latterly Sir Oliver Lodge has been active in developing and making known the new electron theory, a theory so powerfully supported by the experimental researches of Professors J. J. Thomson and Zeeman, and by the discoveries in radiocivity as well as by the mathematical developments of Professor Lorentz, that it has been almost universally accepted in the course of a few years, although it means a fundamental revolution in all traditional conceptions about electricity and matter. According to it, electricity consists of minute particles, electrons, of positive and negative kinds; and all matter is built up of these same electrons. Sir Oliver Lodge describes this in his writings in a way that is brilliant in its simplicity and enlivened by humor. If an electron be represented by a sphere an inch in diameter, the diameter of an atom on the same scale would be a mile and a half. The former atom of the scientist is revealed to us as a lecture hall inside of which a few thousand specks like printers' full stops, whirling rapidly, produce light or radiant heat and form a kind of solar system by reason of their strong mutual forces, and occupy the otherwise empty region of space which we call the atom—occupy

it in the same sense that a few scattered but armed soldiers occupy a territory by forceful activity if not by bodily bulk. The electron has now taken the place of the former "atom," with this significant difference, that whereas the atom was uniform, electrons are distinguished by their positive or negative qualities, a negatively electrified body being one which contains a surplus of negative electrons, an unelectrified one which contains negative and positive in equilibrium; a positive contains a deficiency of negative electrons. Lodge has been among the first to advance the idea that all that we call matter really consists of these electrons, and that inertia of matter can be explained by electric forces; in short, that matter is an electric phenomenon—a view which is coming to be more and more generally accepted.

Sir Oliver Lodge distinguishes clearly between electric force and life, which he holds to be a basal form of existence such as matter or energy; and he illustrates his idea by a delightful and suggestive analogy between life and magnetism. He says emphatically, "Life is not the energy of the scientist; it is a guiding force exerted and directed by living beings." He holds that mind can exist apart from terrestrial brains, just as life can apart from terrestrial forms, and that all phenomena of life and consciousness are due to something material being used as an instrument or organ by a consciousness of spirit. One of the most important passages in Sir Oliver Lodge's writings, both from the point of view of the scientist and the theologian, is that in "Life and Matter" on Will and Guidance. In it he criticises the attitude, adopted by certain physicists and by Professor James Ward in his Gifford Lectures, which raises an antagonism between the fundamental laws of mechanics and the possibility of any intervention, whether human or divine—an attitude which he finds quite right and proper in text-books on dynamics and treatises on natural philosophy, "but," he adds, "when we come to philosophize and to deal with the universe as a whole, we must abandon the ingrained habit of abstraction and must remember that for complete treat-

ment nothing must be left out." He says further: "A systematic expression of facts in terms of one of their aspects does not exclude expression in terms of other and totally different aspects also. Denial of all sides but one is a poor kind of unification. Denial of this sort is the weakness and delusion of people who call themselves 'Christian Scientists:' they have hold of one side of the truth—and that should be granted them—but they hold it in so narrow and insecure a fashion that in self-defense they think it safest to deny the existence of all other sides. In this futile enterprise they are imitating the attitude of the philosophic materialists on the other side of the conflict."

One of the many useful works of Sir Oliver Lodge is the writing of a book entitled "Easy Mathematics of All Kinds." He says in the preface: "The mathematical ignorance of the average educated person has always been complete and shameless, and recently I have become so impressed with the unedifying character of much of the arithmetical teaching to which ordinary children are liable to be exposed that I have ceased to wonder at the widespread ignorance, and have felt compelled to try and take some steps towards supplying a remedy." The book is a mine of wealth to the teacher, full as it is of interesting methods and delightful illustrations culled from the wide resources and knowledge of the writer. Sir Oliver Lodge's whole attitude towards the public is that of one who knows the value of the layman and who would fain see in the public a body as interested and fitted to form an intelligent opinion on science as theologians now possess—somewhat to their dismay.

One cannot be long in the presence of Sir Oliver Lodge or turn many pages of his writings without having proof of his deep and almost child-like humility and reverence. And it is in this spirit, with the eyes of the scientist and the mind of the mystic and the seer, that he pushes the frontiers of his vision ever further and further still into the infinitude of the past as well as the future, the great as well as the small. He hints at the idea that, just as what was formerly regarded by science as the

atom is now seen to be composed of infinitesimally small bodies floating in proportionately huge oceans of ether, so are our beings perhaps atoms of a larger Being, our consciousness of a higher Consciousness. The Universe, the worlds that form it, the matter of which they, and our physical bodies as parts of it, are formed, is "the living garment of God," the substance, the outward and visible manifestation of the great One, the immanent and transcending Deity of our universe, whose spiritual nature we also share. He even suggests that in a region far beyond our highest vision, and in a manner inconceivable to us, this Being may also be working out an evolution on an upward path. He speaks of "a purification of the material universe by the recognized permeance of an immanent energizing God, of whom we too are fragmentary, struggling, helpful portions." "We are the artisans of creation, at least in this outlying planetary district, and a magnificent co-operation is our highest privilege. (John v. 17.)"

Among Sir Oliver Lodge's writings, besides those mentioned elsewhere in this article, we find "A Differential Calculus for Beginners," "Elementary Mechanics," "Lightning Conductors and Lightning Guards," "Pioneers of Science," "Mrs. Piper and the Society of Psychical Research," "The Works of Herz and Some of His Successors," "Signaling Across Space without Wires, Being an Account of the Works of Herz and his Successors." All his writings are characterized by freshness, by a felicitous directness, and by a complete absence of references to his own achievements as such. In fact, Sir Oliver Lodge shares with Professor James a dislike to be regarded as an authority. In an address to students he described a university as being "not a building, but a society, an assemblage of students," adding, "For we are all students, some senior, some junior."

In his opinion, examinations should take place after three months' vacation spent in private study, revision, quiet thought, assimilation. "Facts in the mind," he says, "are not dead things in a portmanteau, they are live things in a pond." "Stupid children," he says in

his life of Copernicus, "will, like stupid persons in general, believe anything they are told—and much good may the belief do them." He urges, accordingly, the importance of strenuous and independent thought; and while he upholds the great value of the study of science, he would also send every one to a thorough study of the Bible and the lives of the saints.

The following is an example of the way in which in his hands science and what we may, borrowing his own expression, call a "completer" theology become two ways of looking at the same truth: "At present, in the cosmic scheme, we draw strangely the line at man. We know every grade of life from the *amœba* upwards, with some slight missing link here and there—and these led up to by plants and perhaps, though doubtfully, by crystals—but the series terminates with man. From man the scale of existence is supposed to step to God. Is it not somewhat sudden? The step in the other direction from man to the *amœba* is as nothing to it, yet that is a wide gap—wide, but not infinite. Why this sudden jump from the altitude of man into infinity? Are there no intermediate stages of existence?" He places, as intermediate higher intelligences, angels, helpers, who under different names figure in all religions, and all of them agents of the Supreme. "Surely among such agents we must recognize ourselves! We are the highest organisms on this material planet. . . . If there are other beings, they do not trespass. It is our sphere as far as physics are concerned."

This sphere also tends to widen its horizon under his gaze and also his personal experiment. Convinced of the fact of telepathy, he suggests that, besides being open to the influence of human beings by non-corporeal methods, "we may also be influenced, aided, inspired, by a cloud of witnesses, agents, helpers like ourselves of the Immanent God. . . . It must always be to the Lord that we pray, the highest that we know or can conceive. But the answer shall come in ways we know not."

His views on prayer form a quaint mixture, but yet a curiously harmonious

one, one that it would be interesting to lay before a Calvinistic uncle or aunt, for instance. He strongly deprecates the decline in the belief in prayer as a powerful organ of achievement. He holds that the mental and physical are so closely interlocked "that it is not really absurd to suggest that prayer and no drugs may be as absurd as drugs and no prayer. The crudities of faith-healing may have as much truth as can be claimed by those who condemn them, each side only half-educated, adopting only half measures." Even prayer for rain "involves no greater interference with the laws of nature than an order to a gardener to water the garden," the objection of scientists and others that it is unscientific being founded solely on their disbelief in the existence of any Power that can and will attend and act. "Let us go back to our groping inquiry," he will say after some such discussion as this. "What of miracle, if we like to call it miracle?"—and there follows a plea for including all phenomena whether in the domain of organic or inorganic, of life or of mind, "within the kingdom, within the region, of law," and he quotes:

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,  
Whose body nature is, and God the soul."

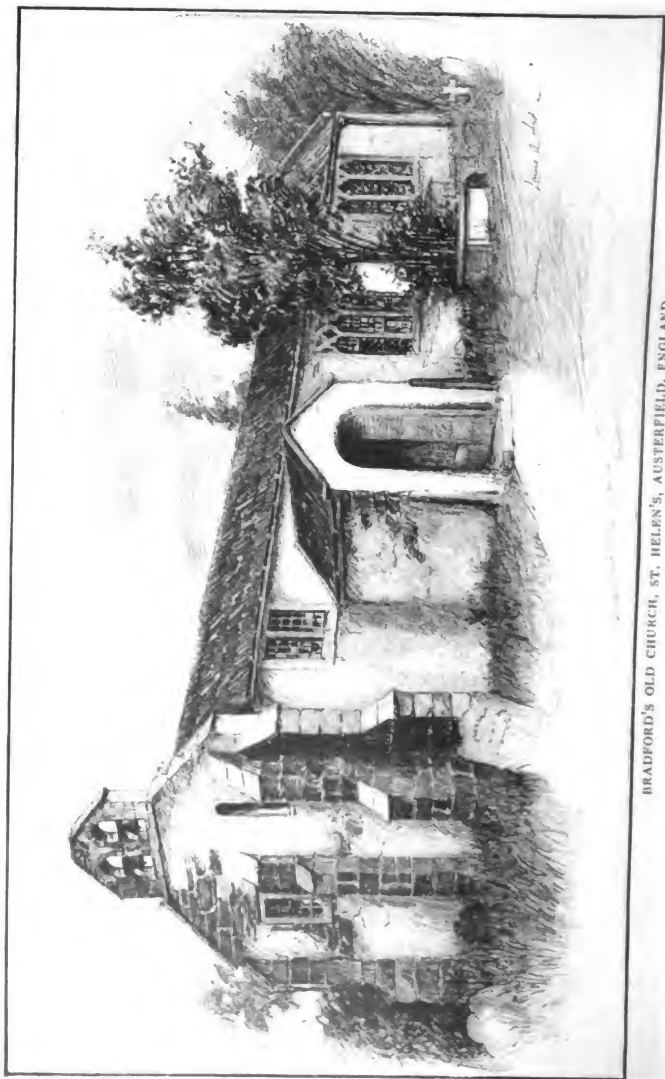
Sir Oliver carries on the argument as follows:

That is the lesson science has to teach theology—to look for the action of the Deity, if at all, then always. If his action is not visible now, it never will be and never has been visible. Shall we look for it in toy eruptions? As well look for it in the fall of a child's box of bricks! Shall we hope to see the Deity some day step out of himself and display his might or his love, or some other attribute? We can see him now if we look; if we cannot, it is only that our eyes are shut.

"Closer is He than breathing,  
Nearer than hands and feet."

Poetry, yes, but also science; the real trend and meaning of science, whether of orthodox science or not.

Since the old days when he was a student in London he has received the degree of LL.D. from the Universities of Glasgow and St. Andrews. In 1898 he was Rumford medalist of the Royal Society, and in 1902 he received knighthood—a small token, however, of the honor in which he is held by the nation.



BRADFORD'S OLD CHURCH, ST. HELEN'S, AUSTERFIELD, ENGLAND

# GOVERNOR BRADFORD'S OLD CHURCH

BY LOUIS A. HOLMAN

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR



ONE OF THE CHURCH'S TEN WINDOWS, NO TWO OF WHICH ARE ALIKE

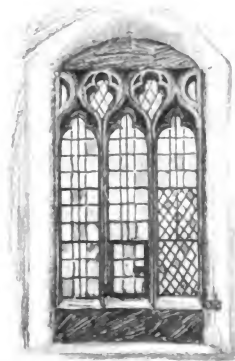
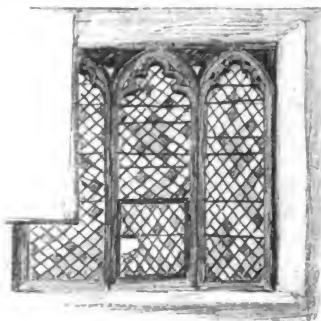
I WAS sitting with my back against the high stone wall of the churchyard, sketching. No lover of the picturesque could have passed the little Yorkshire church unmoved. But to me, as to many Americans who now journey thither, a greater attraction lay in the fact that St. Helen's, Austerfield, is associated with the early life of William Bradford, for over thirty years Governor of Plymouth Colony. Here, to the church of his fathers, his parents brought him for christening; and here the serious-minded boy, from his twelfth year, deeply impressed by religious things, worshiped until well into his teens. I had walked about the little building—already more than three centuries old when America was discovered—had admired its rough walls, in

places over three feet thick, wondered at the strength of its great buttresses, and noted with pleasure the two small bells hanging side by side in the bell gable. At last, seating myself where I had a good view of the open Norman porch, I fell to working as rapidly as possible, for the tenth shower of the day was already overdue.

After a time I knew that somebody was looking over my shoulder. Expecting to see a child on the wall, I glanced up and met the frank smile of a Yorkshire matron. She apologized for interrupting, but when I got tired drawing, or a "dazzle" came on, she "would fain" have me come to her house and have a cup of tea. She pointed out her house close by, and disappeared as suddenly as she had come.

The completion of my sketch, or perhaps it was the cup of tea, led me to accept the offered hospitality not many minutes later. The room was comfortable, even attractive, and the little table drawn up before the ingle was appetizing. My hostess poured tea, "made bread-and-butter," and talked of Bradford and the old church. The oldest house in the "toon," I learned, was the one in which they say William Bradford was born. He came of people who owned many books; indeed, his two grandfathers were the only persons in the neighborhood who were well-to-do. They tell about here that once, after his "fayther" died, and the young chap had been doing some thinking on his own account, and perhaps some foolish talking, the officers of the law got after him, and he "scuttled" off to hide. The men searched his home from top to bottom without success. Afterward the lad crawled out of a great copper kettle in the cellar, which no one had thought of looking into, because a hen was calmly roosting on the lid. I could see the kettle on my way back to Scrooby, by calling at the house and telling Mrs. K—that Mrs. S—sent me. She was glad that Bradford had escaped, although, to be sure, later he was caught and kept in prison for some months. Oh, no, indeed, she was no churchwoman. Yes, she kept the keys of the old church, but she





THE WINDOWS ARE OF ALL SIZES AND SHAPES

and all her family were "Primitives." (This announcement was made with a fine dignity that was good to see.) In Austerfield there were "a good few carryings on nowadays," and it would be even "shamefuller, Ah'll be bun," if it were not for the little Methodist society that was doing so much good in spite of continual snubs. The old churchyard was overcrowded; a new grave couldn't be made without disturbing some poor body. But it was to be enlarged. She "mun flit" to another house, for this one was to be pulled down to add to the inclosure about the church. Yes, she

had heard for a fact that the font in which Bradford was christened had been used by a farmer as a water-trough for pigs and fowls. But (this with a smile) when Americans began coming here with their questions, it was washed out and brought back, and put there in the church. As I drank her good tea and ate the delicious bread and butter, she told me, with a mother's pride, of her stalwart sons, all good men and able to earn their living. Gradually I led her back to the church. Yes, indeed, I could have the keys and look about inside all I wanted to. I would find much "aslew" there. The loft, which is not very old, was part of an attempt, before her day, to make more room in the church, although

those who attend the services now were "ez scarce ez guineas."

I turned the key in the ancient lock, and the heavy, nail-studded door swung open. Before me was a diminutive church,<sup>1</sup> curious in many particulars, but

<sup>1</sup> Recently the church has been restored, and, to the disappointment of many Americans who contributed for the work, a change involving the removal of the whole north wall, familiar to Bradford, was carried out. In this wall five Norman pillars were discovered, supporting arches. The masonry between has been removed and the pillars now form the division between the nave and an aisle which has been built on the north side. The church is undoubtedly better architecturally, but I question whether the change was wise. Since Bradford is the one great man associated with the building, it would have seemed better to have repaired it, but preserved it as nearly as possible as it was in his time.

disappointing after the promise of its picturesque exterior. One would have a long search for a better, all-inclusive descriptive word for the interior of St. Helen's, Austerfield, than my hostess's "aslew." I looked in vain for one perpendicular line, for two lines that were parallel, for two windows that were alike in size or shape. The arch which divides the chancel from the nave—if such a bit of a church be allowed these ecclesiastical portions—was evidently built out of true; even the thickness of the main

yards or more short of the outside measurement, and was not much over sixty feet; the width was just about one quarter the length, and the height perhaps thirteen feet. I walked up the seven steps which led to the miniature loft, and here I had a good general view of the church, but unless I sat down there was an uncomfortable sense of nearness of the ceiling. From this point the narrowness and shortness of the pews were plain. Before the enlarging of the seating capacity—which, I learned



BRADFORD'S HOUSE AT AUSTERFIELD, ENGLAND

"The oldest house in the 'toon'"

walls varied perceptibly. The low, flat ceiling, which one feels should never have been put here to hide the beams of the roof, was covered with what years ago may have been whitewash, and this same dirty wash came down over the walls to meet the woodwork of the high pews. The most striking architectural feature, the heavy arch, is unquestionably Norman work. It is utterly destitute of ornament, constructed with a view to strength alone. Like the window-tracery, the arch was covered with a brown wash.

By a rough calculation I found that the whole length of the interior fell two

from a great blackboard, the chief ornament of one wall, was accomplished in 1835—the pews were undoubtedly of the square, high-backed variety, likened by Swift to four-poster beds, good places to slumber in. Even with this "enlargement" I could not count quite two dozen in all.

Another conspicuous wall ornament I noticed was the British coat of arms, and in the chancel was a second blackboard having upon it the Apostles' Creed and the Lord's Prayer, so placed that no one could see it, and so large that it lapped ten inches over a window. But the

thing which struck me as the strangest of all—incongruous as many things seemed in the little place—was a row of hat-hooks which began at the entrance and, except for the occasional interruption of a window, ran entirely around the church, the chancel included.

I found that I had to be almost directly in front of most of the windows in order to see out, so small were the apertures, so thick the walls. From the loft I could see the greater part of the larger chancel window, but no others unless I turned about and faced the loopholes in the gallery. A careful examination of the windows brought out the fact that they contained all sizes and shapes of plain glass, apparently put in with no idea of arrangement or regard for uniformity. In the ten windows I found only two or three tiny bits of stained glass, relics perhaps of brighter days, each no more than two inches in area. Nothing about the place seemed more pathetic than these windows, set as the church is in the heart of a land where

masterpieces of stained glass, marvelously beautiful, abound on all sides.

One other attempt to have something bordering on the decorative I found on the chancel rail, which was rudely carved in oak many hundreds of years ago. Here one's thoughts turn once more to the Pilgrim Governor, for it was close by this very rail that he was christened, in this rude stone font, but lately restored to its place of honor.

The services he attended here as a lad must always have been simple, for there was no vestry, or organ, or choir. This may have made the transition to the yet simpler service of the Nonconformists easier for Bradford. He was not yet sixteen when, chiefly through the influence of Richard Clyfton, a clergyman of the Established Church at Babworth, and in spite of the wishes of his family and the scorn of his companions, he took the little path which led through Bawtrey to the Scrooby Manor house, seven miles away, where the Separatist meetings were held. Doggedly he followed his chosen



"THE DOORWAY, WHICH DATES BACK TO NORMAN TIMES"

path, though it led him often into danger and at least once into prison.

As I closed the old church door behind me, I lingered for a moment on the ancient stone bench in the porch, as undoubtedly Bradford frequently did in his early days. The doorway, which dates back to Norman times, is the most elaborate piece of sculptured work about the building. It has a compound arch, with zigzag and beak ornaments, and in the tympanum is a very crude representation of a dragon carved in the stone.

Austerfield was once thought to have

been the scene of a Roman battle, but now it is known that this distinction is not hers. That her quaint little church was built by the Normans is undisputed, but these same builders erected many other churches, and most of them which have been preserved to us are more attractive than St. Helen's. Obscure and unimportant as Austerfield's place has always been among the towns of England, she yet has the high distinction of having produced a great man, albeit his greatness came through renouncing both the land and the church of hisy outh

## MINIVER CHEEVY

BY EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

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Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn,  
Grew lean while he assailed the seasons;  
He wept that he was ever born,  
And he had reasons.

Miniver loved the days of old  
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;  
The vision of a warrior bold  
Would set him dancing.

Miniver sighed for what was not,  
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;  
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot,  
And Priam's neighbors.

Miniver mourned the ripe renown  
That made so many a name so fragrant;  
He mourned Romance, now on the town,  
And Art, a vagrant.

Miniver loved the Medici,  
Albeit he had never seen one;  
He would have sinned incessantly  
Could he have been one.

Miniver cursed the commonplace,  
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;  
He missed the mediæval grace  
Of iron clothing.

Miniver scorned the gold he sought,  
But sore annoyed was he without it;  
Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,  
And thought about it.

Miniver Cheevy, born too late,  
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;  
Miniver coughed, and called it fate,  
And kept on drinking.



DRAWN BY KATE ROGERS NOWELL

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

# QUITE SO'

BY THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

**D**URING the last twenty years many letters of dramatic or emotional interest have come to light, and more than one bitter discussion has grown like a upas-tree out of a correspondence indiscreetly torn out of privacy and cast upon the mercy of a world which loves gossip and smiles complacently over the weaknesses of the great. It is doubtful, however, if any published letters have caused such surprise as those which passed between Mr. Edward Delaney and Mr. John Fleming concerning Miss Marjorie Daw. That beguiling young woman laid hold on the imaginations of a host of readers, who were as prompt to fall in love with her as was Mr. Fleming, nursing his broken leg, barricaded behind twenty-seven volumes of Balzac against the approaches of his valet; and it was a tragic moment when they read the fatal words: "There isn't any colonial mansion on the other side of the road, there isn't any piazza, there isn't any hammock—there isn't any Marjorie Daw!"

The story was a little masterpiece of its kind, and Mr. Aldrich's delicate and deft craftsmanship gave it a substance which turned to iridescent fancy at the precise moment when reality threatened its gay mockery with the challenge of a real emotion. A hand less sure would have compromised Marjorie with her devoted admirers, and given new point to the dull cynicisms concerning the instability of woman and the illogical uncertainty of her moods; as the story stands, Marjorie breaks no hearts and leaves behind her only a gay, midsummer memory faintly touched with regret.

The skill with which Mr. Aldrich works up the most scanty material and gives it not only form but the illusion of solidity is seen in "Mademoiselle Olympe Zabriski," "Two Bites at a Cherry," "Goliath," "His Dying Words." The substance is often so slight that, to the mind of the artisan, it seems like mere waste material, fit only for a chance paragraph in a newspaper. The artist, on the other hand, needs only a bit of clay, a ribbon dropped by the way, a mask pulled aside for a moment, to suggest the outline of his little comedy or tragedy. Give him a place to put his foot and he will easily climb to the summit and leave the road clear for common folk.

In many of these short stories the matter would be negligible if it were not for the manner; but the manner happens to be everything. It has the strength of thorough construction, the vigor of a perfectly definite idea of what can be done with the material, the grace of lucidity, the charm of delicate feeling; and it is often brushed by the wing of tragedy. One finds in these stories continually the confirmation of Schiller's declaration that the artist is known quite as much by what he rejects as by what he accepts. It seems sometimes as if the secret of Mr. Aldrich's art lay in his persistent and courageous cutting of the stone down to the intimate edge, so to speak, of the figure he sees imprisoned there. Modern to the heart as he was, sensitive as the most fastidious French writer to the color in words,

<sup>1</sup> Reprinted in *The Outlook* by permission of, and special arrangement with, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of Mr. Aldrich's writings.

Mr. Aldrich had a Greek's hatred of the superfluous and a Greek's love of the clear line, the frank and complete expression of structure. He was frugal in the use of material, with an artist's dislike of prodigality and waste, and his best effects were secured by an apparently effortless simplicity which is the ultimate grace of art. Every particle of dust was blown away when the work was finished, and no hint of toil survived to break the spell of play which story or poem threw over the reader. It was well said of him that he always gave the full weight of his thought without any weight of expression. Many of his short poems are of such buoyancy that they seem winged for a long flight.

The lightness of Mr. Aldrich's touch and the deftness of his handling of his themes give his wit charming spontaneity and his pathos singular purity and sincerity. So naturally does he make the transition from the sadness of life to its quaint or whimsical humor that, like the clouds and sunshine of a summer day, they succeed one another as inevitably as light and shadow—the contrasts which bring out the delicate shadings, the infinite gradations, the elusive charm of a life in which joy and sorrow are inseparable companions, never long parted, dividing the riches of the spirit between them. In his firm, quiet handling of these diverse experiences, which are one at their source, Mr. Aldrich reveals the rare qualities of his art: its sensitiveness to the fine things of character, its sincere feeling, its delicate reserves, its purity of tone. In his field he was the most perfect artist who has appeared among American writers, and he stands secure on an achievement of rare and sustained excellence.

H. W. M.

I.  
**O**F course that was not his name. Even in the State of Maine, where it is still a custom to maim a child for life by christening him Arioch or Shadrach or Ephraim, nobody would dream of calling a boy "Quite So." It was merely a nickname which we gave him in camp; but it stuck to him with such burr-like tenacity, and is so inseparable from my memory of him, that I do not think I could write definitely of John Bladburn if I were to call him anything but "Quite So."

It was one night shortly after the first battle of Bull Run. The Army of the Potomac, shattered, stunned, and forlorn, was back in its old quarters behind the earthworks. The melancholy line of ambulances bearing our wounded to Washington was not done creeping over Long Bridge; the blue smocks and the gray still lay in windrows on the field of Manassas; and the gloom that weighed down our hearts was like the fog that stretched along the bosom of the Potomac and enfolded the valley of the Shenandoah. A drizzling rain had set in at twilight, and, growing bolder with the

darkness, was beating a dismal tattoo on the tent—the tent of Mess 6 Company A,—th Regiment, N. Y. Volunteers. Our mess, consisting originally of eight men, was reduced to four. Little Billy, as one of the boys grimly remarked, had concluded to remain at Manassas; Corporal Steele we had to leave at Fairfax Court-House, shot through the hip; Hunter and Suydam we had said good-by to that afternoon. "Tell Johnny Reb," says Hunter, lifting up the leather side-piece of the ambulance, "that I'll be back again as soon as I get a new leg." But Suydam said nothing; he only unclosed his eyes languidly and smiled farewell to us.

The four of us who were left alive and unhurt that shameful July day sat gloomily smoking our brierwood pipes, thinking our thoughts, and listening to the rain pattering against the canvas. That, and the occasional whine of a hungry cur, foraging on the outskirts of the camp for a stray bone, alone broke the silence, save when a vicious drop of rain detached itself meditatively from the ridge-pole of the tent and fell upon the wick of our tallow candle, making it "cuss," as Ned

Strong described it. The candle was in the midst of one of its most profane fits when Blakely, knocking the ashes from his pipe and addressing no one in particular, but giving breath, unconsciously as it were, to the result of his cogitations, observed that "it was considerable of a fizzle."

"The 'on to Richmond' business?"

"Yes."

"I wonder what they'll do about it over yonder," said Curtis, pointing over his right shoulder. By "over yonder" he meant the North in general and Massachusetts especially. Curtis was a Boston boy, and his sense of locality was so strong that, during all his wanderings in Virginia, I do not believe there was a moment, day or night, when he could not have made a bee-line for Faneuil Hall.

"Do about it?" cried Strong. "They'll make about two hundred thousand blue flannel trousers and send them along, each pair with a man in it—all the short men in the long trousers and all the tall men in the short ones," he added, ruefully contemplating his own leg-gear, which scarcely reached to his ankles.

"That's so," said Blakely. "Just now, when I was tackling the commissary for an extra candle, I saw a crowd of new fellows drawing blankets."

"I say there, drop that!" cried Strong. "All right, sir, didn't know it was you," he added hastily, seeing it was Lieutenant Haines who had thrown back the flap of the tent and let in a gust of wind and rain that threatened the most serious bronchial consequences to our discontented tallow dip.

"You're to bunk in here," said the lieutenant, speaking to some one outside. The some one stepped in, and Haines vanished in the darkness.

When Strong had succeeded in restoring the candle to consciousness, the light fell upon a tall, shy-looking man of about thirty-five, with long, hay-colored beard and mustache, upon which the rain-drops stood in clusters, like the night-dew on patches of cobweb in a meadow. It was an honest face, with unworldly sort of blue eyes, that looked out from under the broad visor of the infantry cap. With a deferential glance towards us, the newcomer unstrapped his knapsack, spread

his blanket over it, and sat down unobtrusively.

"Rather damp night out," remarked Blakely, whose strong hand was supposed to be conversation.

"Quite so," replied the stranger, not curtly, but pleasantly, and with an air as if he had said all there was to be said about it.

"Come from the North recently?" inquired Blakely, after a pause.

"Yes."

"From any place in particular?"

"Maine."

"People considerably stirred up down there?" continued Blakely, determined not to give up.

"Quite so."

Blakely threw a puzzled look over the tent, and, seeing Ned Strong on the broad grin, frowned severely. Strong instantly assumed an abstracted air, and began humming softly,

"I wish I was in Dixie."

"The State of Maine," observed Blakely, with a certain defiance of manner not at all necessary in discussing a geographical question, "is a pleasant State."

"In summer," suggested the stranger.

"In summer I mean," returned Blakely with animation, thinking he had broken the ice. "Cold as blazes in winter, though— isn't it?"

The new recruit merely nodded.

Blakely eyed the man homicidally for a moment, and then, smiling one of those smiles of simulated gayety which the novelists inform us are more tragic than tears, turned upon him with withering irony.

"Trust you left the old folks pretty comfortable?"

"Dead."

"The old folks dead!"

"Quite so."

Blakely made a sudden dive for his blanket, tucked it around him with painful precision, and was heard no more.

Just then the bugle sounded "lights out"—bugle answering bugle in far-off camps. When our not elaborate night toilets were complete, Strong threw somebody else's old boot at the candle with infallible aim, and darkness took



possession of the tent. Ned, who lay on my left, presently reached over to me and whispered, "I say, our friend 'quite so' is a garrulous old boy! He'll talk himself to death some of these odd times. if he isn't careful. How he *did* run on!"

The next morning, when I opened my eyes, the new member of Mess 6 was sitting on his knapsack, combing his blond beard with a horn comb. He nodded pleasantly to me, and to each of the boys as they woke up, one by one. Blakely did not appear disposed to renew the animated conversation of the previous night; but while he was gone to make a requisition for what was in pure sarcasm called coffee, Curtis ventured to ask the man his name.

"Bladburn, John," was the reply.

"That's rather an unwieldy name for every-day use," put in Strong. "If it wouldn't hurt your feelings, I'd like to call you Quite So—for short. Don't say no, if you don't like it. Is it agreeable?"

Bladburn gave a little laugh, all to himself, seemingly, and was about to say, "Quite so," when he caught at the words, blushed like a girl, and nodded a sunny assent to Strong. From that day until the end, the sobriquet clung to him.

The disaster at Bull Run was followed, as the reader knows, by a long period of masterly inactivity, so far as the Army of the Potomac was concerned. McDowell, a good soldier, but unlucky, retired to Arlington Heights, and McClellan, who had distinguished himself in Western Virginia, took command of the forces in front of Washington, and bent his energies to reorganizing the demoralized troops. It was a dreary time to the people of the North, who looked fatuously from week to week for "the fall of Richmond;" and it was a dreary time to the denizens of that vast city of tents and forts which stretched in a semicircle before the beleaguered Capitol—so tedious and soul-wearing a time that the hardships of forced marches and the horrors of battle became desirable things to them.

Roll-call morning and evening, guard duty, dress parades, an occasional reconnaissance, dominoes, wrestling matches, and such rude games as could be carried

on in camp made up the sum of our lives. The arrival of the mail with letters and papers from home was the event of the day. We noticed that Bladburn neither wrote nor received any letters. When the rest of the boys were scribbling away for dear life, with drum-heads and knapsacks and cracker-boxes for writing-desks, he would sit serenely smoking his pipe, but looking out on us through rings of smoke with a face expressive of the tenderest interest.

"Look here, Quite So," Strong would say, "the mail-bag closes in half an hour. Ain't you going to write?"

"I believe not to-day," Bladburn would reply, as if he had written yesterday, or would write to-morrow: but he never wrote.

He had become a great favorite with us, and with all the officers of the regiment. He talked less than any man I ever knew, but there was nothing sinister or sullen in his reticence. It was sunshine—warmth and brightness, but no voice. Unassuming and modest to the verge of shyness, he impressed every one as a man of singular pluck and nerve.

"Do you know," said Curtis to me one day, "that that fellow Quite So is clear grit, and when we come to close quarters with our Palmetto brethren over yonder, he'll do something devilish?"

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, nothing quite explainable; the exasperating coolness of the man, as much as anything. This morning the boys were teasing Muffin Fan [a small mulatto girl who used to bring muffins into camp three times a week—at the peril of her life!], and Jemmy Blunt of Company K—you know him—was rather rough on the girl, when Quite So, who had been reading under a tree, shut one finger in his book, walked over to where the boys were skylarking, and with the smile of a juvenile angel on his face lifted Jemmy out of that and set him down gently in front of his own tent. There Blunt sat speechless, staring at Quite So, who was back again under the tree, pegging away at his little Latin grammar."

That Latin grammar! He always had it about him, reading it or turning over its dog-eared pages at odd intervals

and in out-of-the-way places. Half a dozen times a day he would draw it out from the bosom of his blouse, which had taken the shape of the book just over the left breast, look at it as if to assure himself it was all right, and then put the thing back. At night the volume lay beneath his pillow. The first thing in the morning, before he was well awake, his hand would go groping instinctively under his knapsack in search of it.

A devastating curiosity seized upon us boys concerning that Latin grammar, for we had discovered the nature of the book. Strong wanted to steal it one night, but concluded not to. "In the first place," reflected Strong, "I haven't the heart to do it, and in the next place I haven't the moral courage. Quite So would placidly break every bone in my body." And I believe Strong was not far out of the way.

Sometimes I was vexed with myself for allowing this tall, simple-hearted country fellow to puzzle me so much. And yet, was he a simple-hearted country fellow? City bred he certainly was not; but his manner, in spite of his awkwardness, had an indescribable air of refinement. Now and then, too, he dropped a word or a phrase that showed his familiarity with unexpected lines of reading. "The other day," said Curtis, with the slightest elevation of eyebrow, "he had the cheek to correct my Latin for me." In short, Quite So was a daily problem to the members of Mess 6. Whenever he was absent, and Blakely and Curtis and Strong and I got together in the tent, we discussed him, evolving various theories to explain why he never wrote to anybody and why nobody ever wrote to him. Had the man committed some terrible crime, and fled to the army to hide his guilt? Blakely suggested that he must have murdered "the old folks." What did he mean by eternally conning that tattered Latin grammar? And was his name Bladburn, anyhow? Even his imperturbable amiability became suspicious. And then his frightful reticence! If he was the victim of any deep grief or crushing calamity, why didn't he seem unhappy? What business had he to be cheerful?

"It's my opinion," said Strong, "that

he's a rival Wandering Jew; the original Jacobs, you know, was a dark fellow."

Blakely inferred from something Bladburn had said, or something he had not said—which was more likely—that he had been a schoolmaster at some period of his life.

"Schoolmaster be hanged!" was Strong's comment. "Can you fancy a schoolmaster going about conjugating baby verbs out of a dratted little spelling-book? No, Quite So has evidently been a—a— Blest if I can imagine *what* he's been!"

Whatever John Bladburn had been, he was a lonely man. Whenever I want a type of perfect human isolation, I shall think of him, as he was in those days, moving remote, self-contained, and alone in the midst of two hundred thousand men.

## II.

The Indian summer, with its infinite beauty and tenderness, came like a reproach that year to Virginia. The foliage, touched here and there with prismatic tints, drooped motionless in the golden haze. The delicate Virginia creeper was almost minded to put forth its scarlet buds again. No wonder the lovely phantom—this dusky Southern sister of the pale Northern June—lingered not long with us, but, filling the once peaceful glens and valleys with her pathos, stole away rebukefully before the savage engineering of man.

The preparations that had been going on for months in arsenals and foundries at the North were nearly completed. For weeks past the air had been filled with rumors of an advance; but the rumor of to-day refuted the rumor of yesterday, and the Grand Army did not move. Heintzelman's corps was constantly folding its tents, like the Arabs, and as silently stealing away; but somehow it was always in the same place the next morning. One day, at last, orders came down for our brigade to move.

"We're going to Richmond, boys!" shouted Strong, thrusting his head in at the tent; and we all cheered and waved our caps like mad. You see, Big Bethel and Bull Run and Ball's Bluff (the bloody B's, as we used to call them) hadn't taught us any better sense.

Rising abruptly from the plateau, to the left of our encampment, was a tall hill covered with a stunted growth of red-oak, persimmon, and chestnut. The night before we struck tents I climbed up to the crest to take a parting look at a spectacle which custom had not been able to rob of its enchantment. There, at my feet, and extending miles and miles away, lay the camps of the Grand Army, with its camp-fires reflected luridly against the sky. Thousands of lights were twinkling in every direction, some nestling in the valley, some like fireflies beating their wings and palpitating among the trees, and others stretching in parallel lines and curves, like the street lamps of a city. Somewhere, far off, a band was playing, at intervals it seemed; and now and then, nearer to, a silvery strain from a bugle shot sharply up through the night, and seemed to lose itself like a rocket among the stars—the patient, untroubled stars. Suddenly a hand was laid upon my arm.

"I'd like to say a word to you," said Bladburn.

With a little start of surprise, I made room for him on the fallen tree where I was seated.

"I mayn't get another chance," he said. "You and the boys have been very kind to me, kinder than I deserve; but sometimes I've fancied that my not saying anything about myself had given you the idea that all was not right in my past. I want to say that I came down to Virginia with a clean record."

"We never really doubted it, Bladburn."

"If I didn't write home," he continued, "it was because I hadn't any home, neither kith nor kin. When I said the old folks were dead, I said it. Am I boring you? If I thought I was—"

"No, Bladburn. I have often wanted you to talk to me about yourself, not from idle curiosity, I trust, but because I liked you that rainy night when you came to camp, and have gone on liking you ever since. This isn't too much to say, when Heaven only knows how soon I may be past saying it or you listening to it."

"That's it," said Bladburn, hurriedly; "that's why I want to talk with you.

I've a fancy that I sha'n't come out of our first battle."

The words gave me a queer start, for I had been trying several days to throw off a similar presentiment concerning him—a foolish presentiment that grew out of a dream.

"In case anything of that kind turns up," he continued, "I'd like you to have my Latin grammar here—you've seen me reading it. You might stick it away in a bookcase, for the sake of old times. It goes against me to think of it falling into rough hands or being kicked about camp and trampled under foot."

He was drumming softly with his fingers on the volume in the bosom of his blouse.

"I didn't intend to speak of this to a living soul," he went on, motioning me not to answer him; "but something took hold of me to-night and made me follow you up here. Perhaps if I told you all, you would be the more willing to look after the little book in case it goes ill with me. When the war broke out, I was teaching school down in Maine, in the same village where my father was schoolmaster before me. The old man when he died left me quite alone. I lived pretty much by myself, having no interests outside of the district school, which seemed in a manner my personal property. Eight years ago last spring a new pupil was brought to the school, a slight slip of a girl, with a sad kind of face and quiet ways. Perhaps it was because she wasn't very strong, and perhaps because she wasn't used over well by those who had charge of her, or perhaps it was because my life was lonely, that my heart warmed to the child. It all seems like a dream now, since that April morning when little Mary stood in front of my desk with her pretty eyes looking down bashfully and her soft hair falling over her face. One day I look up, and six years have gone by—as they go by in dreams—and among the scholars is a tall girl of sixteen, with serious, womanly eyes which I cannot trust myself to look upon. The old life has come to an end. The child has become a woman and can teach the master now. So help me Heaven, I didn't know that I loved her until that day!

"Long after the children had gone home I sat in the school-room with my face resting on my hands. There was her desk, the afternoon shadows falling across it. It never looked empty and cheerless before. I went and stood by the low chair, as I had stood hundreds of times. On the desk was a pile of books, ready to be taken away, and among the rest a small Latin grammar which we had studied together. What little despairs and triumphs and happy hours were associated with it! I took it up curiously, as if it were some gentle dead thing, and turned over the pages, and could hardly see them. Turning the pages, idly so, I came to a leaf on which something was written with ink, in the familiar girlish hand. It was only the words 'Dear John,' through which she had drawn two hasty pencil lines—I wish she hadn't drawn those lines!" added Bladburn, under his breath.

He was silent for a minute or two, looking off towards the camps, where the lights were fading out one by one.

"I had no right to go and love Mary. I was twice her age, an awkward, unsocial man, that would have blighted her youth. I was as wrong as wrong can be. But I never meant to tell her. I locked the grammar in my desk and the secret in my heart for a year. I couldn't bear to meet her in the village, and kept away from every place where she was likely to be. Then she came to me, and sat down at my feet penitently, just as she used to do when she was a child, and asked what she had done to anger me; and then, Heaven forgive me! I told her all, and asked her if she could say with her lips the words she had written, and she nestled in my arms all a-trembling like a bird, and said them over and over again.

"When Mary's family heard of our engagement, there was trouble. They looked higher for Mary than a middle-aged schoolmaster. No blame to them. They forbade me the house, her uncles; but we met in the village and at the neighbors' houses, and I was happy, knowing she loved me. Matters were in this state when the war came on. I had a strong call to look after the old flag, and I hung my head that day when

the company raised in our village marched by the school-house to the railroad station; but I couldn't tear myself away. About this time the minister's son, who had been away to college, came to the village. He met Mary here and there, and they became great friends. He was a likely fellow, near her own age, and it was natural they should like one another. Sometimes I winced at seeing him made free of the home from which I was shut out; then I would open the grammar at the leaf where 'Dear John' was written up in the corner, and my trouble was gone. Mary was sorrowful and pale these days, and I think her people were worrying her.

"It was one evening two or three days before we got the news of Bull Run. I had gone down to the burying-ground to trim the spruce hedge set round the old man's lot, and was just stepping into the enclosure, when I heard voices from the opposite side. One was Mary's, and the other I knew to be young Marston's, the minister's son. I didn't mean to listen, but what Mary was saying struck me dumb. *We must never meet again,* she was saying in a wild way. *We must say good-by here forever—good-by, good-by!* And I could hear her sobbing. Then, presently, she said, hurriedly, *No, no; my hand, not my lips!* Then it seemed he kissed her hands, and the two parted, one going towards the parsonage, and the other out by the gate near where I stood.

"I don't know how long I stood there, but the night-dews had wet me to the bone when I stole out of the graveyard and across the road to the school-house. I unlocked the door, and took the Latin grammar from the desk and hid it in my bosom. There was not a sound or a light anywhere as I walked out of the village. And now," said Bladburn, rising suddenly from the tree-trunk, "if the little book ever falls in your way, won't you see that it comes to no harm, for my sake, and for the sake of the little woman who was true to me and didn't love me? Wherever she is to-night, God bless her!"

As we descended to camp with our arms resting on each other's shoulder,

the watch-fires were burning low in the valleys and along the hillsides, and as far as the eye could reach the silent tents lay bleaching in the moonlight.

### III.

We imagined that the throwing forward of our brigade was the initial movement of a general advance of the army; but that, as the reader will remember, did not take place until the following March. The Confederates had fallen back to Centreville without firing a shot, and the National troops were in possession of Lewinsville, Vienna, and Fairfax Court-House. Our new position was nearly identical with that which we had occupied on the night previous to the battle of Bull Run—on the old turnpike road to Manassas, where the enemy was supposed to be in great force.

Their pickets soon became a nuisance to us. Hardly a night passed but they fired upon our outposts, so far with no harmful result; but after a while it grew to be a serious matter. The Rebels would crawl out on all-fours from the wood into a field covered with underbrush, and lie there in the dark for hours, waiting for a shot. Then our men took to the rifle-pits—pits ten or twelve feet long by four or five deep, with the loose earth banked up a few inches high on the exposed sides. All the pits bore names, more or less felicitous, by which they were known to their transient tenants. One was called "The Pepper-Box," another "Uncle Sam's Well," another "The Reb-Trap," and another, I am constrained to say, was named after a not-to-be-mentioned tropical locality. Though this rude sort of nomenclature predominated, there was no lack of softer titles, such as "Fortress Matilda" and "Castle Mary," and one had, though unintentionally, a literary flavor to it, "Blair's Grave," which was not particularly considered as reflecting unpleasantly on Nat Blair, who had assisted in making the excavation.

Some of the regiment had discovered a field of late corn in the neighborhood, and used to boil a few ears every day, while it lasted, for the boys detailed on the night-picket. The corn-cobs were always scrupulously preserved and

mounted on the parapets of the pits. Whenever a Rebel shot carried away one of these *barbette* guns, there was swearing in that particular trench. Strong, who was very sensitive to this kind of disaster, was complaining bitterly one morning because he had lost three "pieces" the night before.

"There's Quite So, now," said Strong. "when a Minie-ball comes *ping!* and knocks one of his guns to flinders, he merely smiles, and doesn't at all see the degradation of the thing."

Poor Bladburn! As I watched him day by day going about his duties, in his shy, cheery way, with a smile for every one and not an extra word for anybody, it was hard to believe he was the same man who, that night before we broke camp by the Potomac, had poured out to me the story of his love and sorrow in words that burned in my memory.

While Strong was speaking, Blakely lifted aside the flap of the tent and looked in on us.

"Boys, Quite So was hurt last night," he said, with a white tremor to his lip.

"What!"

"Shot on picket."

"Why, he was in the pit next to mine," cried Strong.

"Badly hurt?"

"Badly hurt."

I knew he was; I need not have asked the question. He never meant to go back to New England!

Bladburn was lying on the stretcher in the hospital tent. The surgeon had knelt down by him, and was carefully cutting away the bosom of his blouse. The Latin grammar, stained and torn, slipped, and fell to the floor. Bladburn gave me a quick glance. I picked up the book, and as I placed it in his hand, the icy fingers closed softly over mine. He was sinking fast. In a few minutes the surgeon finished his examination.

"My poor lad," he blurted out, "it's no use. If you've anything to say, say it now, for you've nearly done with this world."

Then Bladburn lifted his eyes slowly to the surgeon, and the old smile flitted over his face as he murmured,

"Quite so."

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# The Outlook



*Saturday, August 31, 1907*

## State Prohibition in Georgia

By A. J. McKelway

## San Francisco's Ferment

By Kew

## France and America at The Hague

By Elbert F. Baldwin

## The Spirit of the Woods

By W. R. Peabody

## The American Colonies

A Review of Recent Books





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# The Outlook

NEW YORK, AUGUST 31, 1907

Vol. 86  
No. 18

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Ave., New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.  
Lawrence F. Abbott, President. William H. Howland, Treasurer. Karl V. S. Howland, Secretary.  
Lyman Abbott, Editor-in-Chief. H. W. Mabie, Associate Editor. R. D. Townsend, Managing Editor.

\$3 a year  
10c. a copy

## *Remembering the Puritans*

Two hundred and eighty-seven years ago a company of English Puritans, on their pilgrimage to the New World, sailed into Cape Cod Bay on board the little Mayflower and landed at the spot where the town of Plymouth now stands. It was an event momentous to the little band of Pilgrims, to the country which they helped to found, and to the civilized world. It is appropriate that Provincetown, the outermost community of Massachusetts on the Atlantic shore, lying at the extremity of the gigantic bended arm of land which forms Cape Cod and incloses within its grasp the waters of Cape Cod Bay, should honor the arrival of the Mayflower in those waters by the erection of a monument, the corner-stone of which was laid with distinguished ceremonies on Tuesday of last week. The monument, which it will take about two years to complete, will be two hundred and fifty feet in height, and will be built of stones contributed by a number of towns in Massachusetts and a number of towns in England which are connected by historical associations and by ties of ancestry. The most notable feature of the occasion was the personal attendance at the corner-stone ceremonies of President Roosevelt, who sailed to Provincetown from Oyster Bay on the official yacht Mayflower, which was greeted by a squadron of naval ships and a large fleet of Provincetown and Gloucester fishing vessels. The corner-stone was laid in accordance with the ritual of the Masonic Order, of which President Roosevelt is a member. Addresses were made by Mr. Bryce, the British Ambassador, and by United States Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Congressman William C. Lovering, and Governor Curtis Guild, of Massachusetts. The chief event of the day was,

of course, President Roosevelt's address, which had been waited for by the country at large with interest and expectation for some weeks, because it was believed that in it he would make some important statements concerning the policy of his administration with regard to American industry and finance. A brief résumé of the President's speech will be found in the following paragraph. It is characteristic of the President that after his formal address, which was delivered out of doors, had been completed, he went to a small hall, where he was introduced to more than two hundred Provincetown and Gloucester fishermen, to whom he spoke in an informal but thoroughly interested and hearty fashion. Both his long address and his short speech to the fishermen were received with every mark of approval and satisfaction. There was no indication at Provincetown of the waning of the President's popularity with the American people at large that has been somewhat eagerly prophesied by those newspapers which, either sincerely or from interested motives, are opposed to the political and social policy for which he stands.



## *President Roosevelt Restates His Policy*

The President, in his Provincetown address, sets forth views and makes recommendations with which, undoubtedly, many Americans disagree, but no sincere and intelligent American can assert that the address outlines an intellectual attitude or an executive programme with which the President has not constantly and frankly tried to make the people of this country familiar. He pays a prefatory tribute to the Puritans, whose character and institutions shaped the character and institutions not only of New England but of all the Northern States. "There is

no use in our coming here to pay homage to the men who founded this Nation unless we first of all come in a spirit of trying to do our work to-day as they did their work in the yesterdays that have vanished. . . . The Puritan cast aside nothing old merely for the sake of innovation, yet he did not hesitate to adopt anything new that would serve his purpose. . . . The spirit of the Puritan was a spirit which never shrank from regulation of conduct if such regulation was necessary for the public weal; and this is the spirit which we must show to-day whenever it is necessary." The President believes that the great corporations are legitimate outgrowths of modern life unknown to our fathers, and, therefore, needing a regulation and control not provided by our fathers. He approves Federal incorporation of all corporations engaged in inter-State business, and recommends—as he has done many times before—that such corporations should be supervised by the Federal Government in the same manner in which it supervises the National banks. He believes in combinations, mergers, and trusts, provided they are rigorously controlled by the sovereign power of the National Government. He intimates that the time may come when the Sherman Anti-Trust Law may wisely be repealed, but believes that first the power of the National Government to regulate trusts and combinations must be asserted and extended. He defends the practice of the Department of Justice in bringing civil suits against criminal corporation officials where it sees the impossibility of obtaining verdicts in criminal proceedings. He claims that his administration has clearly shown "that there is no individual and no corporation so powerful that he or it stands above the possibility of punishment under the law." He refers to the present depression in the price of stocks and other securities, asserting that it is a depression felt not merely in this country but throughout the world, and intimating that some manipulators of the market have endeavored to create anxiety and lack of confidence among general investors, with the hope of bringing about a change in the policy of the Administration. The

President distinctly and solemnly asserts, in reply to the expression of this false hope, that "for the eighteen months of my administration that remain there will be no change in the policy we have steadily pursued, no let-up in the effort to secure the honest observance of the law." The President urges additional laws for the protection of the health and safety of wage-workers; urges justice to all men, whether rich or poor; but denounces those great fortunes which are amassed "by special privilege, chicanery, and wrong-doing." He concludes by urging his fellow-citizens to remember that "legislation can never be more than a part, and often no more than a small part, in the general scheme of moral progress; and crude or vindictive legislation may at any time bring such progress to a halt." The real betterment of the country depends upon "the slow, steady growth of the spirit which metes a generous but not a sentimental justice to each man on his merits as a man, and which recognizes the fact that the highest and deepest happiness for the individual lies not in selfishness, but in service." Further comment upon the President's political philosophy and acts, as portrayed in this address, will be found on another page.



*Mr. Taft's  
Platform*

On the day preceding Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Provincetown, Mr. Taft addressed a Republican Club at Columbus, Ohio. Mr. Roosevelt's speech was the restatement of principles which he has expressed already both in words and in the acts of his administration; Mr. Taft's speech, on the other hand, was the confession of faith of a man who has not had directly to deal with the problems he discussed, but who at the present moment stands most conspicuously before the country as likely to be Mr. Roosevelt's successor in the place of leadership. With the general policy, followed by the President, of perfecting the control of the Federal Government over the railways and the great corporations the Secretary of War is in hearty agreement. His speech in the main was a careful comparison between what may be termed the Roosevelt and

the Bryan policies regarding the chief economic and social problems of the present—the regulation of railways, the control of great corporations, the restraint of swollen fortunes, the issue of Socialism, the maintenance of popular government, the revision of the tariff. Without making the comparison in detail, Mr. Taft so stated the problems, and so contrasted the two policies, that the intelligent hearer or reader of this speech could hardly fail to note the difference in temper, as well as in method, between the leaders of the two great parties in relation to each of these specific problems. The most important of these problems Mr. Taft considered under the two categories of the regulation of railways and the control of corporations. The fact that the people of the country are facing with quickened conscience the questions propounded by a period of prosperity and even luxury is, in Mr. Taft's view, a sign of National soundness. The problems presented by the rapid development of the railways, Mr. Taft pointed out, had been dealt with in certain constructive legislation: the Elkins Act to make more effective the prosecution of offenses against the Inter-State Commerce Law, the Rate Bill to increase the powers of control of the Inter-State Commerce Commission over the railways, and the laws passed to secure safety for both passengers and employees on the railways. Mr. Taft in his speech made of the criminal prosecution of offending railways what it is in fact, an incidental matter. He likened this power over the railways to the power of the Comptroller over the National banks. He reviewed with some detail the movement which culminated in the passage of the Rate Bill; he gave his reasons for believing that that bill not only would prove effective but had already secured beneficial results. Even in its punitive features he showed that it had supplemented and strengthened the provisions of the Elkins Act. But, still more important, it had discouraged "attempts to renew the old abuses" and it had stimulated the railways to modify their rates. Likewise Mr. Taft indorsed the legislation which had secured the adoption of safety devices on inter-State railways, and which,

by abolishing the rule freeing a railway company from responsibility for injury to an employee through the negligence of a fellow-servant, "furnishes a strong motive to the railroad companies for the exercise of greater care in the selection, supervision, and control of all of their employees, which tends not only to the safety of their employees, but also to the safety of their passengers."

⊙

#### A Constructive Policy

In a similar manner Mr. Taft treated constructively the trust problem. Great corporations he regards as of themselves beneficial. The nub of the problem he put in these words:

The combination of capital in large plants to manufacture goods with the greatest economy is just as necessary as the assembling of the parts of a machine to the economical and more rapid manufacture of what in old times was made by hand. The Government should not interfere with the one any more than the other. In the proper operation of competition the public will soon share with the manufacturer the advantage in lowered prices. When, however, such combinations not only lower the cost to themselves, but are able to control the market and maintain or raise the old prices, the public derives no benefit, and is helpless in the hands of a monopoly.

The chief abuses he classed under two heads, coercion of consumers to buy or of competitors to go out of business, and secret rebates or other unlawful advantage in transportation. Like President Roosevelt in his speech, he explained why it is difficult to convict individuals of such abuses. Prosecutions and injunctions, however, he believes, "have had a marked effect on business methods." He is not persuaded of the efficacy of the plan to require every corporation engaged in inter-State commerce to take out a Federal license. Any statute embodying this plan would have to make provision for those applicants for license who were violating the Anti-Trust Law, "and thus involve the same litigation we now have." New legislation which is now needed, in Mr. Taft's judgment, includes: a provision for the classification of merchandise to prevent the evasion of rates fixed by the Commission; a provision that railways should issue stocks or bonds only on certificate

of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, to prevent overcapitalization; a provision to prevent one line from owning stock in a competing line and prohibiting lines in competition from having common directors; a provision permitting railways to make rate agreements under the approval of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Mr. Taft does not regard as important the plan to make a physical valuation of the railways. For purposes of revenue he would favor an inheritance and, if possible, an income tax. The perils of individual fortunes he would, however, leave chiefly to legislation by the States. As to the tariff, Mr. Taft personally favors its speedy revision. As a protectionist he regards some of the schedules as excessive. He would have Congress investigate the tariff situation, and would have the Republican party "pledge itself to a revision of the tariff as soon after the next Presidential election as possible."

#### *The Bryan Programme*

In all this Mr. Taft expresses not only his concurrence in President Roosevelt's policies, but also his equally hearty and emphatic dissent from the programme of Mr. Bryan. In opposition to Mr. Bryan's proposal of Government ownership of the railways, which Mr. Taft believes would result in inefficient railway management, extravagant cost, and danger to popular institutions through the possession of enormous power on the part of the executive, he places Mr. Roosevelt's policy of railway regulation. In opposition to Mr. Bryan's proposal to "extirpate trusts, root and branch," he places Mr. Roosevelt's policy of encouraging combinations of capital as of labor, but at the same time of so controlling them that their power will be wielded for the public good. In opposition to Mr. Bryan's distrust of the courts, and therefore his suggestion to restrict their activity and to lessen their powers, he places Mr. Roosevelt's belief in making courts strong enough to restrain and protect rich and poor alike. In contrast to Mr. Bryan's argument for a weak and a restricted government, he places Mr. Roosevelt's faith in a strong and efficient govern-

ment. In opposition to Mr. Bryan's lack of confidence in representative government, which leads him to favor a National referendum in order that the people may legislate directly, he places Mr. Roosevelt's purpose to preserve and perfect representative government. As Mr. Taft believes that the policies followed by Mr. Roosevelt are the best answer to the measures proposed by Mr. Bryan, so he believes that they are also the best answer to the arguments of Socialism. There is "nothing either radical or severe," he says, in the reforms which Mr. Roosevelt proposes, nothing Socialistic. He inquires:

What is there in the tenet of private property that prevents close government regulation of the exercise of a public franchise like that of inter-State railways, or the enactment of criminal laws or civil procedure to restrain the evils which result from the improper use of the right of property in combinations of capital to suppress competition and to monopolize trade, or the adjustment of tax laws or laws of descent in such a way as to reduce the motive for accumulating fortunes so great that the power they give their individual owners is politically dangerous?

If the people are to be convinced that they need not abandon the principle of private profit and take refuge from the evils of the unscrupulous use of wealth under a system of private property by resorting to Socialism, they can be convinced only by the success of the policy of strong and efficient regulation. President Roosevelt's course "in insisting on adopting measures entirely consistent with the principle of private property in order to stamp out the evils which have attended its abuse" is therefore, Mr. Taft holds, "the most conservative course."

#### *The Report on the Pennsylvania Capitol Investigation*

The Capitol Investigation Committee in Pennsylvania has presented its final report to Governor Stuart. The Committee was appointed by the Legislature in January to investigate charges made by State Treasurer Berry that the State had been grossly overcharged if not deliberately swindled in the construction and furnishing of its new Capitol. Public sessions were begun in March and continued for three months and a half.

During that time 159 witnesses were examined, 3,500 typewritten pages of testimony were taken, and a vast amount of documentary evidence was collected. Only a small part of the Committee's report has been made public, including the general conclusions at which the Committee arrived and their recommendations for action. The rest will be kept secret for the present in order that the State officials may not be hampered by the premature disclosure of the evidence in the criminal and civil suits which they will institute. It will be remembered that the opportunity for extravagance and possible fraud arose from the fact that two separate Commissions had to do with the construction and completion of the Capitol. One, the Capitol Building Commission, was organized for the express purpose of constructing the building, and was given an appropriation of \$4,000,000 with which to do it. The other, the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, was a standing body endowed by the Legislature with almost unlimited powers of expenditure for repairs, improvements, furnishing and refurnishing of the public buildings of the State. The General Appropriations Act of 1905, however, provided that this Board should spend none of its appropriation for the purpose of completing the new Capitol. The Building Commission constructed the Capitol within its appropriation, including a certain amount of decoration. The other Commission undertook to furnish the Capitol, and in addition to provide it with an elaborate and ornate scheme of decoration. The work of the two Commissions was carried on separately, with this exception, that the same architect was employed by both. The conclusions of the Committee are: First, that the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings was not authorized by law to furnish the new Capitol building or to make alterations or additions to it while it was in the process of construction and still in the hands of the contractor; that the Board, in authorizing and ordering construction work upon the Capitol to the amount of over three millions of dollars, clearly evaded and defied the provisions of the law; and that "under

all the circumstances and in view of the limitations upon its power of expenditure, it was its duty to apply to the Legislature for the necessary authority to proceed with this work." Second, that false certificates and fraudulent invoices were made by Joseph M. Huston, the architect; John H. Sanderson, the principal contractor for the decoration and furnishing of the building; James M. Shumaker, Superintendent of Public Grounds and Buildings; and H. Burd Cassel and Charles G. Wetter, two other contractors. Third, that the contracts awarded to the Pennsylvania Construction Company, John H. Sanderson, and George F. Payne & Co. by the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings, in connection with the furnishing of the building, were illegal and unauthorized by law; and, fourth, that the Capitol Building Commission is to be held blameworthy for permitting the other Board to interfere with its contract and duties and to add to the construction work of the Capitol, because, having the power, it could have prevented such interference, and in failing to exercise its power it opened the way for the fraud perpetrated on the State. The Committee recommends, first, that the Attorney-General be instructed to institute criminal and civil proceedings for the punishment of all persons concerned in the fraudulent transactions set forth in the report and for the recovery of the money unlawfully taken from the State; second, that the membership of the Board of Public Grounds and Buildings should be changed by excluding from it the Governor, the State Treasurer, and the Auditor-General; third, that these officials should be eliminated from all boards concerned in the awarding of contracts; and, fourth, that a system of accounting and auditing should be adopted. In accepting the report Governor Stuart gave his assurance that the recommendation of the Committee with regard to both criminal and civil proceedings will be vigorously carried out, and announced the appointment of additional counsel to assist the Attorney-General in the prosecution of these cases. The public in Pennsylvania and elsewhere will follow the action resulting from this report with close interest.

### *A Standard Oil Defense*

The directors of the Standard Oil Company have issued to its employees and stockholders a pamphlet containing a statement of the Company's side of the recent Chicago and Alton Railroad case. In it the Company offers to "the half-million of people directly interested in its welfare the assurance of the Company's absolute innocence of wrongdoing in any of the prosecutions lately instituted against it in the Federal courts." In reference to the Alton case it declares "that the verdict was obtained by the Government upon the most hairsplitting technicality, aided by the rigorous exclusion of evidence that would have removed all presumption of guilt." Attention is called to the fact that, if the judgment be allowed to stand, the Company will be forced to pay twenty thousand dollars, or fifty times the value of the oil, for every car-load of oil carried over the Alton road during two years. The facts in the case as they are understood by the Standard Oil Company are given as follows: The Standard Oil Company of Indiana was convicted of receiving what the Government claimed was a concession from the Chicago and Alton in the shipment of oil from its refinery at Whiting, Indiana, to East St. Louis, Illinois. In the opinion of the Company, there is no question of rebate or discrimination in the case; merely a question of the legality of a freight rate. The Government contended that the lawful rate was eighteen cents per hundred pounds between these two points. The Standard claims: first, that the lawful rate was six cents, and, secondly, that if six cents was not the lawful rate, it was the rate issued to the Standard by the Alton as the lawful rate, and the Standard was justified in believing, upon its own investigation and from the information received from the railway company, that it was the lawful rate. The eighteen-cent rate was a "class" and not a "commodity" rate, and the chairman of the Traffic Association which issued the rate testified that it was never applied, and was never intended to be applied, to oil. The rate on oil between Chicago and East St. Louis over the Alton had been for fourteen years six cents per hundred

pounds. This was an open, published rate known to every one concerned in the shipment of oil, and generally known in all railway circles in Chicago. For over thirty years it has been the custom to give to the little industrial towns grouped about Chicago—which are in reality an essential part of Chicago—the same freight rates as the large city, and in accordance with this custom the rate from Whiting—one of these small industrial towns—had been made the same as the Chicago rate. Since both Chicago and East St. Louis are in Illinois, the railway company was under no obligation to file the rate between these two points with the Inter-State Commerce Commission. Whiting, however, being in Indiana, shipments from that point to East St. Louis were inter-State commerce. The Alton, therefore, filed with the Inter-State Commerce Commission what is known as an application sheet, applying to Whiting the Chicago rate, and the railway deemed the filing of the application sheet all that was necessary under the law. At the trial the Standard offered to show by witnesses who were on the stand that not only during the two years covered by the indictment, but continuously from 1895, the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad had a lawful published and filed rate between Whiting and East St. Louis of six cents per hundred pounds on oil, and that the Standard shipped at that rate over the Eastern Illinois more than two thousand cars of oil each year during that period. The Standard, therefore, could have had no motive in using the Alton and accepting the six-cent rate from that road in violation of the law. This evidence, however, the Court declined to receive. The Standard also offered to prove that packing-house products were carried during the same period of time, between the same points, under a "commodity" rate, for ten cents, that bricks were carried for five cents, starch for eight cents, linseed oil for eight cents, and other products at similar prices. This evidence was also excluded by the Court. It was shown on the witness-stand, uncontradicted by the prosecution, that the Standard was advised by the rate clerk of the Chicago and Alton that the six-cent rate was filed with the

Inter-State Commerce Commission. It is the contention of the Standard, therefore, that, since it knew that the rate over the Eastern Illinois was but six cents, and had no reason for preferring to ship over the Alton and could have shipped all its oil over the Eastern Illinois, the facts, many of which the Court did not permit to be shown, "not only demonstrate innocence but inherently prohibit the idea of guilt."



*A Counter-Attack on  
the Administration*

Aside from the Alton case itself, the Standard directors assert that "persistent and adroit" warfare has been waged "with all the overpowering authority of the Federal Administration against the Standard Oil Company." As a result, "it has been manifestly difficult to get a fair hearing before the public or in a large portion of the press, the latter, to its great harm, swayed alike by socialistic outcry from below and political pressure from above." They go on to say:

As proof of the latter it may be noted that in the President's message of May 4, 1906, attack was made on the Standard Oil Company for the purpose of forcing the passage of the bill remitting the duty on denatured alcohol—a measure in which the Company was not interested. On May 17, 1906, the issue of Commissioner Garfield's report on Petroleum Transportation, a tissue of old misrepresentations, was timed to influence the Hepburn Rate Bill then before Congress. On May 20, 1907, while Judge Landis had still under consideration the judgment in the Chicago and Alton case, Commissioner Smith's illogical and partisan report on Pipe Lines was made public. The Commissioner's second report on Petroleum Prices and Profits—a wholly false deduction from incomplete facts—was sent in advance to the press for publication on August 5 in the knowledge that Judge Landis would pronounce judgment on August 3. Here surely is evidence of a combination influencing all sources of public opinion, disturbing the orderly dispensation of justice, sanctioning in advance, and supporting when made, the most sensational opinions and judgments hostile to the Company.

In denying the justice of such attacks, the Company asserts to friends and foes alike that it "is carrying on a widespread business of great moment to the prosperity of the American people in absolute obedience to the soundest principles

of business and to the spirit and letter of the law. Attacks upon it of the kind described are aimed at the nation's industrial and mercantile life." Appended to the Company's own statement are a number of extracts from periodicals in all parts of the country upholding the Standard side of the question and criticising the Alton verdict, the Smith reports, and the Administration's methods. The arguments in respect to the Alton case presented by the Standard in this pamphlet will be the subject of further judicial consideration and determination when the case comes before the higher court. Meanwhile it is only fair that that portion of the public which wishes to know both sides of the case should have the opportunity which this pamphlet presents to hear those arguments. In dismissing the various reports of the Bureau of Corporations as "a tissue of old misrepresentations," "illogical and partisan," and "a wholly false deduction from incomplete facts," the Standard's statement is, in the opinion of The Outlook, far from convincing. Accusations based upon such long and painstaking investigations and supported by such masses of categorical evidence as are contained in the reports of Commissioners Garfield and Smith cannot be effectually disposed of by offhand sweeping denials and counter-accusations of prejudice and incompetence. In charging the Administration with waging war upon the Standard its directors seem to fail to realize that, given the evidence of inequitable and illegal acts which the best efforts of the Government's officials have revealed in the case of the Standard, no other course is open to an honest Administration than warfare. And the Standard should realize better than any one else that the warfare must be "persistent and adroit" if it is to be successful.



*The Strength of the  
American Navy*

In the recent flurry of war talk over the report that a large part of the effective fighting force of the United States navy was to be transferred to the Pacific Coast, there were many comparisons made in the daily press to show the rank of the American navy



as compared with that of other great Powers, and especially as compared with Japan. It is now authoritatively announced that sixteen of our battle-ships will start for the Pacific Coast in December; but the so-called war talk has entirely subsided, and the right of the United States to send its ships where it likes in its own waters without question is universally admitted. The comparisons, however, remain interesting. Most of them, favorable as they were to American complacency, seem to have fallen short of the facts in the case. In the strife for supremacy in naval and military armaments America has not usually been regarded as entering, at least not to the same extent as France and Germany and England; but it now appears, on English authority of high order, that the American navy in effective fighting strength is not, in some important respects, second even to that of Great Britain. In the tenth annual issue of F. T. Jane's "Fighting Ships of 1907," just published in London, the author says that "both in ships with high-power guns or impervious to vital injury at long range the United States fleet is superior to any other navy in the world." Even as regards 40-caliber 12-inch types, no longer employed in new ships, this high English authority says the United States navy "is an extremely good second." This statement, of course, does not take into account the two American Dreadnoughts authorized and contracted for, but attributes the American superiority in effective fighting force largely to its new great battle-ships of the South Carolina and Delaware classes. Since the battle of Tsushima, which showed that victory at sea rests with the Power having the biggest battle-ships, the strife among the great nations of the world as to naval armament has gone on apace—Japan, England, America—the story is the same—each building big and still bigger battle-ships. Yet all, with perhaps the exception of America, as Jane's report shows, seem to have paid more attention to mere bigness than effectiveness. It must also be remembered that Japan conquered at sea and on land not only because she had big battalions and big battle-ships and skilled gunners, but also

because she was able to arm them with shimose, the greatest explosive hitherto available in war. In other words, Japan's effectiveness in naval warfare was due not only to her big ships, her trained gunners, and her admirable *esprit du corps*, but also to her having an agent which rendered these still more formidable as compared with Rojesvinsky's fleet. As to shimose, however, the secret of its preparation is now known to all the great Powers, and hence it can no longer be the great factor it was in the war between Russia and Japan. Just at this time, however, comes word from the Sandy Hook trial grounds of another new explosive, greater than shimose and with potentialities that may change the weight as to battalions and navies should a trial come in war. The new explosive is said to have such force that heavy armor-plate was shattered into thousands of fragments by its terrific impact. This new bolt from Vulcan's armories is known as dunnite, so called from its inventor, Major Dunn, of the Ordnance Corps, United States Army. Of course the secret of this new agent of destruction is the exclusive property of the United States Government, and will be jealously guarded. Granted that dunnite will do in actual warfare all that the trial tests indicate, a small matter of a few Dreadnoughts, greater or smaller, armed with a less effective explosive, would not be material. So long as invention and statesmanship seem to run more readily to building armaments than to removing the possibility of war, the possession of an asset such as dunnite may at least do something to deter nations from a rash resort to what is still unhappily the supreme tribunal of international disputes.



#### Academic Education for the Blind

There is being held in Boston this week a convention of workers for the welfare and education of the blind. It is indicative of a general movement to co-ordinate the various institutions and societies in the United States that are dealing with the life problems peculiar to non-seeing persons. Such fundamental topics as "The Prevention and Reduction of Blindness,"

"Organized Work for the Blind," "Libraries for the Blind," and "Self-supporting Occupations for the Blind," are being discussed by both sightless and seeing experts from various parts of the country and Canada. As Mr. Charles F. F. Campbell, Superintendent of the Industrial Department of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, very wisely says, "more than half the battle of enabling the blind to live among the seeing is to educate the seeing to realize that the blind are not of necessity helpless." For this reason the Boston convention deserves the attention of every one who is directly or indirectly connected by family or social ties with a blind person. The Outlook has in the past laid considerable stress upon the importance of practical industrial education of the blind, and there are very hopeful indications that this phase of their training is being taken up in this country scientifically, systematically, and effectively. But the academic or university education of sightless students ought not to be neglected. Largely through the efforts of a distinguished blind scientist of the State of New York, a bill, known as the Brough bill, has been passed by the Legislature and signed by Governor Hughes, providing that the State Treasury may pay the sum of three hundred dollars a year to any blind student who is a citizen of the State, attending a college, university, technical or professional school located in the State and authorized by law to grant degrees. This annual payment of three hundred dollars is to be made after certain specified examinations have been passed and academic conditions have been fulfilled, and is to be devoted to the purpose of employing seeing persons to read to the blind student from the textbooks and other written and printed matter prescribed in his academic course. Newel Perry, Ph.B., Ph.D., the sponsor of this New York State legislation, is a blind graduate of both a well-known American and a well-known German university. His branch of science is mathematics, and he was formerly, although sightless, an instructor in mathematics at the University of California. He has a natural genius for this science

and a special aptitude for teaching its various branches, and he has demonstrated in his own life and work that if the blind man has the means to hire a pair of eyes, as a cripple may hire a pair of horses, he need not be cut off from the highest type of intellectual life. In an admirable and able letter addressed to Governor Hughes, a letter which evidently produced a favorable impression, Dr. Perry argued that the bill was constitutional; that it stood for good economy on the part of the State; that it was just; and that it was the only solution of the problem of the higher education of the blind. Dr. Perry points out that, in accordance with United States census statistics, not more than ten blind students would ever attend a college in the State of New York at the same time, thus making three thousand dollars the maximum possible annual expenditure to the State. Dr. Perry also believes this plan for the higher education of the blind is preferable to segregation in a single National university for the blind because it offers the blind a healthy companionship of normal students. It is to be hoped that the Boston convention will consider the advisability of urging the passage in other States of bills similar to the Brough bill.



#### *Child Labor in Alabama*

With the passage of a new child labor law by the Alabama Legislature a point has been reached which invites a survey of recent achievements on behalf of working children, which we hope to make in an early issue. To consider the most recent case here, the Alabama measure is a distinct victory for the forces of justice and mercy. The law heretofore purported to establish a twelve year age limit, but permitted children of ten years to be employed on condition that their wages were needed to support a widow or disabled parent. Of course such a provision laid a burden on little children which rightly belongs to society, and probably disabled a good many parents. Alabama thus had practically the lowest age limit in the United States. Mr. Edgar Gardner Murphy early in July issued a letter to the State Legislature,

It is a model of persuasive argumentation. He asked the Legislature if the great mill industry of the State was really dependent on inhuman conditions. He declared that if the railways were not to be allowed to write the railway legislation, neither should the factories be allowed to write the factory legislation. He indeed appealed to the manufacturers directly by showing how, instead of holding fast to abuses, they could "annex this industry to the moral enthusiasm of the South." In closing he said to the members of the Legislature:

If you, gentlemen, remain indifferent and inactive, four years, it may be, will intervene ere another opportunity for legislation may be found. That will be the day of *other* children; the opportunity to help *these* children is here to-day; it cannot return; it will pass with them and with you. They have no votes; but you, gentlemen, are *their* legislature, too. You are the only legislature to which they can ever look. Should you wrong them by your neglect, I do not say, I would not dare to say, that they will accuse you; but I think I may say that in that event, at your heart of hearts, the chief boon you will ever ask of them is that they will forget you. And when a strong man must ask that gift at the hands of a child, it means that he himself is likely always to remember.

The answer to the plea of the children which this letter voiced was not a perfect law, but a measure greatly in advance of the former law. It abolished the provision which allowed children ten years old to carry the disabilities of older people; it raised the age limit for night work from thirteen to sixteen years; it limited night work for children under eighteen years to eight hours; it reduced the hours of labor for children under fourteen from sixty-six to sixty hours a week. These gains are obviously considerable. We do not think that the members of the Alabama Legislature which has just adjourned need fear to face the children of their State.



#### Central American Quarrels

The report of last week that Nicaragua was on the point of invading San Salvador surprised no one who has followed the recent unhappy complications between the six little republics of Central America. The

center of disturbance has been President Zelaya, of Nicaragua, an able but politically unscrupulous man, who is very generally believed to aspire to the dictatorship of all Central America. Now, a federation of the six states, or of a majority of them, has long been regarded by the better classes of their citizens as desirable, and has been advocated in particular by merchants, both native and foreign, since they have suffered terribly from exactions and oppressive taxes at the hands of revolutionists and because of petty wars. The United States and Mexico have also favored such a union. But all honest men and all enemies to strife agree that a federation to be endurable and beneficial must be based on friendly agreement, and that the rights and liberties of all the republics must be guarded. Imagine, then, the disgust of Mexican and American diplomats when Zelaya had the effrontery in his proclamations to put forward their desire for peace and harmony as an excuse for a policy of conquest and oppression. He, too, wished for a union of Central America, but he proposed to be its tyrant. A quarrel with Honduras was fought out to the latter's discomfiture and the flight of its President, Don Manuel Bonilla. Zelaya's methods are described by a newspaper correspondent as follows. "He signs a treaty and then obliterates it, he accepts arbitration and resorts to the rifle, and always war follows upon his words of peace." The defeat of Honduras was followed by a general treaty of peace, but hardly was it signed when a Nicaraguan gunboat (perhaps we should say *the* Nicaraguan gunboat), contemptuously termed by a Salvadorean "the sea-bug of the Pacific," sailed northward from Corinto. Its secret mission turned out to be a treacherous attack on the port of Acajutla in San Salvador. Those of its garrison who did not flee were killed or captured; the banks and custom-house were robbed, and the filibusters carried off large booty; it is said that on both sides over three hundred men lost their lives in this foray, the story of which reads like those of the ancient buccaneers. No wonder that the San Salvadorean correspondent

above quoted calls Zelaya "the man of Managua, the evil spirit, the nightmare of Central America." Since this aggression the republics have been in a ferment; alliances have been made, abandoned, and remade. Secretary Root is soon to visit Mexico, and it may be that the affairs of Central America may then be discussed with the result of encouraging peace and final political union.



## *The President and American Prosperity*

In his Provincetown speech President Roosevelt again restates the fundamental policy of his administration; it is to promote in the affairs of the Nation, in both governmental and social relations, justice, common honesty, and equal rights for all men under the law. Whether this is proper paternalism or not may be debatable; but that it is the animating and absorbing purpose and motive of the President as a statesman appears to us to be unquestionable. A careful, systematic, and impartial examination of his state papers, public speeches, and executive acts during the seven years of his presidency will reveal to the most skeptical his singularly consistent and persistent advocacy of the theory that it is the function of government, not merely to protect life and property, but to foster the social development of the citizens by maintaining and promoting justice, honesty, and equal rights. His administration has not been a jumbled collection of spasmodic and unco-ordinated acts and pronouncements, and we have little patience with those who criticise it on this ground. Criticism of President Roosevelt's general policy or specific acts may logically be made on other grounds, but only in ignorance or animosity on the ground that he lacks a definite political philosophy and plan of action.

What is this political philosophy? It is a belief that, under the Constitution and in accordance with the principles laid down by the founders of this Nation, there should fully and freely exist in this

country democracy in political rights, democracy in education, democracy in religion, and democracy in industry. The first three forms of democracy have been definitely established and flourish in a greater state of development in the United States than in any other country in the world: the fourth form, industrial democracy, is not yet achieved, and by many citizens is not even recognized as an essential element of our social and political system.

Democracy in political action was established by the Revolution and the Civil War; democracy in religion by the permanent separation of Church and State; democracy in education by the assertion and maintenance of the right to tax all the citizens for the education of all the citizens; but in industry tremendous and often despotic power has been left in the hands of the few who are energetic or skillful or unscrupulous enough to grasp it. This autocracy in industry and finance must be replaced by genuine democracy—that is, equal rights and opportunities for all men under the law—through some just and effective plan of action.

What is this plan of action? It is to regulate, by a law or laws of universal application, the natural and artificial monopolies from which the few have gained their power over the many in industry. The machines through which this power is exercised by the few are the great corporations. Created by the individual States, efficient and successful as producers and distributors of wealth and prosperity, they have grown far beyond the control of the State governments that made them. The Federal Government alone has power enough and jurisdiction sufficiently extensive to exercise control over the great inter-State corporations. The President's plan of action has been, then, to stimulate the people to demand this Federal control, to encourage and aid the Congress to enact laws providing for this control, and to exercise such control under the laws through the executive departments of the Government.

This appears to us to be a brief but sufficiently comprehensive statement of the fundamental and characteristic pur-

pose and tendency of Mr. Roosevelt's administration of his Presidential office. We believe in his political philosophy as we have interpreted it; we approve his plan of action as we understand it; and for these reasons we are confident that in the future his administration of domestic affairs, to say nothing of his influence upon our foreign relations, will be recognized as one of the most important and formative in our National history because it has dealt boldly and effectively with one of the basic problems of our National life.

Such a man dealing with such questions makes some bitter enemies, whose criticisms and antagonism must be frankly attributed to personal spite and prejudice. But in addition to these enemies, who are really comparatively few in number, there are a considerable number of fair-minded men who are fearful of the effect on general prosperity of the movement to curb, control, and regulate the railways and other great industrial corporations. They point to the general and pronounced depression in the price of investment securities and the failure of the railways to sell new capital stock or large issues of notes for necessary extensions and improvements. They assert that the general investors in corporate securities throughout the country are alarmed, and not only are refusing to buy bonds and stocks, but have withdrawn from the investment market and are putting their savings into real estate or are actually hoarding it in the form of cash, thus reducing the amount of circulating capital and bringing the country to the verge of disaster.

It is undoubtedly true that the railways and other great corporate enterprises do not to-day find it easy to obtain legitimately needed additional capital, and that the general investor is not buying securities freely and confidently. But this depression of the investment market is not in any large degree due, in our judgment, to the movement towards National regulation of inter-State corporations. There is, in fact, an unsettled condition of financial markets throughout the civilized world. Capital, as one of the great Rothschild bankers has remarked, is at present dear

as a commodity everywhere. In Russia a domestic revolution, in England manifest and radical social changes, and in France a threatening conflict between Church and State have exerted a cautioning and restraining influence on investors. In the United States three prime causes have led investors to pause.

In the first place, the railways have been forced by the rapid growth of business to make enormously extensive and costly additions to their equipment and terminals; the Pennsylvania, the New York Central, and the New Haven railways alone in the vicinity of New York are spending millions on permanent improvements, the great future value of which is certain, but about the immediate profits of which the small investor is not quite convinced. In the second place, the people of the country have been shocked and filled with distrust, not by any proposed punishment or restraint of corporations, but by the iniquities and faithlessness of many great financiers whose acts have brought about a general demand for reform and restraint. It was not the insurance investigation that frightened policy-holders, but the scandals and crimes that required investigation. It is not the Hepburn Law and the Inter-State Commerce Commission, but the rebates given to the Standard Oil Company, the wrecking of the Chicago and Alton, the fatal history of the Erie Railroad, the collapse of the Chicago street railways, the avaricious and secretive methods of the Consolidated Gas Company, the dissensions and inflations in the Interborough-Metropolitan transit systems, and tens of other similar instances, which have made buyers of stocks and bonds justifiably shy. Confusing bookkeeping, incomplete and juggled reports, and complicated series of security issues, one underlying another and all interchangeable at the will of a few directors, have allowed minority stockholders very little chance of protecting their interests. And, in the third place, the individual States have, for the most part unintelligently and futilely, attempted to remedy these injustices and financial defects by hasty and prejudiced legislation.

The upshot of the matter is, then, that,

first, the railways and other inter-State corporations need the protection of Federal control to insure the permanence and stability of their business in relation to legislation, for one sovereign is less despotic than forty-six conflicting sovereigns; second, the shippers, travelers, and consumers need it to insure justice and equal rights in rates and prices; and, third, the investor needs it to insure publicity and a uniform standard of reports and accountings. When these three desired ends are attained, the ends for which the present National Administration is successfully striving, the country will, in our judgment, see such uniform prosperity in its industry and finance as it has never before known. There will, it is true, be no such opportunity as there has been in the past for the amassing of a few great individual fortunes by speculation and manipulation of stocks. But it is not these fortunes that make general prosperity and provide business for the general banker and dealer in investment securities. It is the well-earned and safely invested savings of the average thrifty citizen that constitute the basis of a nation's healthy and permanent wealth.

These are the grounds on which *The Outlook* asserts that President Roosevelt is a promoter of prosperity, and on which it hopes that the country will choose as his successor a man who is in general sympathy with his views of property, industry, and finance.



## *The South and Liquor-Selling*

Quietly but effectively many of the Southern States have been driving the saloon into restricted territory. Of all these States South Carolina has heretofore been perhaps the most conspicuous in dealing with the liquor traffic. In its State dispensary system it tried a radical experiment. Now, though it has abandoned that system, it holds to the dispensary, changing it to a county institution, and keeping it even then only as an alternative to no sale of liquor, under a system of county option. Other

Southern States, however, have been making the liquor-seller more and more of an outlaw, under local option, with quite as marked result. North Carolina has by statute eliminated the saloon from rural districts (that is, from all parts of the State except incorporated towns that maintain at least two policemen), has established municipal local option between saloons, dispensaries, and no sale, and has ordained for certain towns, either by statute or charter, prohibition or dispensaries. As a consequence, according to an interesting article by Mr. J. W. Bailey on the North Carolina method which appeared in the *South Atlantic Quarterly* for last April, there are in the entire State only 162 saloons and 31 dispensaries; and less than ten per cent of the population of two millions live in towns that have either saloons or dispensaries. In Tennessee, out of 1,848 cities, towns, and villages, all but thirteen are under laws which prohibit the liquor traffic. In Arkansas two-thirds of the population and more than nine-tenths of the territory, including a majority of the counties, are under no-license. More than three-fourths of Kentucky is said to be "no-license." Texas and Missouri have increased the rigor of their laws and of the enforcement of those laws against saloons. Florida, Mississippi, and Virginia have given evidence of growing sentiment against the saloons.

This movement in vigorous and practical opposition to the liquor traffic in the South, like its counterpart in the West, has arisen from a well-defined, intelligent, and businesslike opposition to the saloon as an institution. It is more than a pledge-signing crusade, more than an agitation for laws that will satisfy alike those who believe in total abstinence and those who are willing to get their liquor illegally. It is an expression of public opinion against the evils of the organized liquor business in public affairs. For years the liquor interests have dictated conventions and platforms, until they assumed a superiority to law. This arrogance has worked their undoing. Public feeling has risen against their insolent influence. Moreover, this movement in the South, as Mr. McKelway

points out in his article on Georgia printed elsewhere in this issue, is a response to the growing conviction that the presence of a large colored population, untrained in self-control, demands measures of special rigor in dealing with a sinister power that appeals especially to the ignorant and the inexperienced.

To this movement, which has made its greatest progress under various forms of local option, Georgia has given a dramatic turn by adopting State prohibition. And now it is possible that South Carolina, Mississippi, and other Southern States may follow this example. There are many people in the South who deplore this latest liquor legislation. They regard it as a tactical mistake, as indeed an abandonment of a plan of campaign which has been characterized by an extraordinary succession of victories and the adoption of a plan of campaign which has been characterized by an equally extraordinary succession of defeats. When it is remembered that of the twenty-three States of the Union which have tried prohibition only three have retained it, it can be seen what a risk Georgia is running. It is the greater risk because Georgia is one of the States which has found the method of local option most effective.

Nevertheless, those who are eager to see the liquor traffic driven out of politics, and the American saloon brought to extinction, will watch the experiment in Georgia with open mind. The Outlook has always opposed State prohibition because it has believed that State prohibition not only does not foster temperance but actually hinders it. Temperance is self-control, moderation. Heretofore State prohibition has proved not to be a measure of self-restraint, but of constraint. In place of popular self-government, it has substituted government of one section by another. In other words, it has placed upon people who do not believe in a law the onus of enforcing it. In spite of what Mrs. Stevens says in her letter which appears in another column, it still remains true, in our judgment, that State prohibition in Maine has fostered there neither temperance nor respect for law. If State prohibition should succeed in Georgia,

it will be because conditions are radically different from those which exist in those States which now employ it.

In the meantime we commend to our readers the spirit in which Mr. McKelway explains this new undertaking in his State. The spirit that leads the strong to yield up a measure of personal liberty for the sake of those to whom such liberty is full of irresistible peril is very different from the spirit of those who would make their own conscience the rule for others' conduct. It is this spirit of service that is the surest guide in the movement on behalf of temperance, as in the movement on behalf of any social reform.



## *The Spectator*

In his ubiquity, the Spectator has of course been a dweller in the suburbs; and he has not thought it too curious to reflect that but for the invention of gunpowder he might have missed the experience of observing mankind in their state of suburbanites. "Villainous salt-peter" it was that made city walls romantic survivals of antiquity instead of being safeguards against aggression.



The Spectator has learned to concentrate his vision at times, to observe microscopically rather than periscopically—to use a word from the vocabulary of the lens-makers. At such moments he reflects upon what most concerns himself and his own comfort, beginning, it may be, with the very ground under his feet. As he walks abroad in his suburban holiday outings, his eyes must for very safety of progress rest often upon the surface of country roads. The mind, following the eye's prompting, has often traveled in these trodden ways, and even made short excursions into less frequented paths. And the Spectator thanks gunpowder that drove him from the monotony of gray paving-stones to the ever-varied roadways.



Of course there were roads before Agamemnon; and even as late as the

days of old, "in teacup times of hood and hoop," under Good Queen Anne, the Cockney gallants labored over roadways no better than our worst. But then traveling *was* traveling. He who would go twenty or forty miles was equipped for adventures. His trusty, high-heeled, long-legged, and truly seven-leagued boots were adapted to his needs; and when he was at his journey's end, he shifted to silk hose and buckled shoon before leaving his inn. The pageant of the highway was then a sight the Spectator loves to call before his mind's eye—and he is ashamed to confess how welcome to the imagination is the figure of the masked "gentleman of the road," planted unavoidably before the coach, or most courteously assisting to secure a more equitable distribution of wealth. Whosoever went abroad was guilty of contributory negligence. The Spectator has not often pictured himself surrendering purse, watch, seals, and snuff-box, or he might see the less pleasing side of the Dick Turpin exploit. The Spectator believes that he would have found enough to see even had he stayed within the city walls. But, for reasons satisfactory to himself, the Spectator joined the ranks of those who sought suburban life, and so came to know that work of man and plaything of nature—the country road. He has seen it through the changing year.



It is at its best in summer. Then the result of hurrying to catch your train is nothing worse than dust. It is wholesome dust, the Spectator prefers to think, and it is "ground exceeding fine." It can penetrate anything more porous than india-rubber. He who traverses a dusty road every day ceases to smile at the countryman for wearing high boots. Unwieldy as the elephant appears in a circus beside the Arabian charger, he can make his way through his native jungle with a celerity that would leave that light-heeled aristocrat hopelessly distanced. So with the countryman's boots, which to the Spectator's eye have acquired new title to respect. The thin and dainty shoe of the city man makes the dust smile; and its wearer hears

with a skeptical sneer of "The Ethics of the Dust." He knows that dust has no ethics. One *does* wash, but it is the labor of Sisyphus.



When the road is deep in powdery softness, the novice will be seen to "take to the woods" by leaving the traveled way and keeping a parallel course. But the Spectator does not so. Too well he knows that every blade of grass bears its burden of impalpable powder ready to deposit it gleefully upon the shoes and trousers of the passers-by. So he keeps to the main road, treading as softly as may be, but nevertheless sending up clouds which seem to settle only upon his shoes and clothing. Nothing could be worse, he thinks. But a wagon passes, and he is convinced that something could be—and is! The Spectator glances skyward and longs for rain. And, behold, a cloud sails into view, the forerunner of many. By evening the road is well soaked, and as he descends from the station platform he steps gracefully over one puddle and into its unobserved neighbor—for even the Spectator cannot see everything. The road is not really muddy, yet. There is only moisture enough to saturate a pair of waterproof shoes, and to convert all the dust of morning into the pasty dirt of evening, so that it cannot be readily brushed off.



But the morning succeeds; and the rain having continued, the Spectator looks forward to another experience. It is a foretaste of what the autumn is to be, and a reminder of the infinitely worse torment of early spring, when "the frost comes up out of the ground." Forewarned is—shod with rubber; not real protective boots such as our downright forbears would have donned for the occasion, but a sneaky subterfuge that just covers one's shoe and leaves the leg and ankle to the fury of the storm. The drops spatter down, and then spatter up. By nice observation the Spectator perceives that the rain slants at just the angle necessary to strike between the skirt of the coat and the top of the rubber. The mud oozes under the foot and



clings, as Poe says, "mounting higher, higher, higher," with a passionate desire to make the commuter miss his train and lose his temper.



These two varieties are the summer alternatives. Winter has ways of its own. Winter has a deeper, thicker, deadlier mud; and when the Spectator's morning foot has laboriously modeled it into a representation of the Alps, the Frost King arrives to petrify the lovely bit of modeling. Irregularity itself would appear monotonous beside a country road frozen after being muddy. Each step is guesswork, and if the Spectator chose to seem literary, he could imitate Voltaire's definition of medicine by saying: "One balances upon a foothold of which he knows little, to reach toward a spot of which he knows less, and brings up on another of which he knows nothing."



With those forms of the road-fiend the patient Spectator can cope. They are material and to reckoned with. But when the creature wraps himself in the white mantle of the snow, he becomes ghostly. Then the clinging of the mud is remembered no more, as one tries to make time through the soundless and unsounded drifts, or crunches through the crust which is "wax to receive, marble to retain." Being in slush is being in mud, with the chance of catching cold—to adopt another formula from Dr. Johnson's definition of going to sea; but the Frost King has an additional weapon, more terrible than that of the Gorgon's gaze. He is an enameler; and the Spectator's courage fails when the winter monarch has coated everything with glare ice. This beautiful glittering armor not only prevents speed and encourages caution, but instills a wholesome dread of falls. If the winter magician wishes to gild refined gold, a light powdering of

snow conceals his art and makes bootless all forethought.



Such, lightly suggested, are the wiles of one enemy the Spectator met when seeking the suburban pure air and a low rent. They are light in the balance when compared with Mother Nature's lavish offering of wholesome sights and sounds, and are not considered by Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, or Dr. Merryman; but the Spectator found them real, and worse because we moderns persist in living as if such trifles as climate and surroundings did not exist. Let us acknowledge that it is hot in summer, here in free America, and take a few hints from our Mohammedan friends; let us not deny that it is cold in winter, and perhaps we may find that even the Eskimo has solved certain problems in living. If roads are to continue muddy, let us inquire why leggings were brought forth from the storehouse of man's ingenuity. Snow-shoes have their uses, and rubber boots are not a badge of servitude. The Spectator likes to see manners and customs that make life pleasant. If etiquette were to demand evening dress during explorations of Africa, etiquette would cease to command our allegiance. What is the objection to a suitable uniform for those whom either choice or necessity condemns to travel daily to and fro over country roads? We do not lack inventiveness; we lack only courage.



The Spectator says God-speed to him who would leave the city streets for the country roads. Yet he has walked some of the less-frequented ways with open eyes and observant mind, and, like other travelers, would fain report the hazards and adventures of the route, that others may prepare for and avoid them. But when the Spectator's eyes are lifted from the ground, they tell another story—a story that makes the first forgotten.

# STATE PROHIBITION IN GEORGIA AND THE SOUTH<sup>1</sup>

BY A. J. McKELWAY

ON the night of September 22, 1906, a murderous mob filled the streets of Atlanta, chasing, beating, and sometimes killing defenseless negroes. The provocation had been terrible, but vengeance was cruel and indiscriminate. One of the incidents of the riot was the staining of the base of the statue of Henry Grady with the blood of innocent black men.

On the night of July 30, 1907, another kind of mob surrounded the Grady monument. Somebody started the Long Meter Doxology, and the crowd sang it with a will. The Georgia House of Representatives had just passed a State Prohibition Bill, which had already passed the Senate, and the Governor had promised to sign it. The crowd met at Grady's statue, because he was recognized as one of the earliest advocates of the cause that had won.

But no thoughtful man in Georgia could have failed to connect the two scenes, less than a year apart—the Atlanta riots and the passage of the Prohibition Bill. The enactment of the new law was not due to Puritan fanaticism. It was the deliberate determination of the stronger race to forego its own personal liberty on this, as on other lines of conduct, for the protection of the weaker race from the crimes that are caused by drunkenness, and of both races from the demoralization that follows upon racial crime.

Both the crimes that led to the riots and the riots that followed the crimes in Atlanta were traceable to the saloons. It was recognized that the lustful appetites of the negroes had been stimulated in the low dives that they frequented. It was equally well known that the element of the mob that wrought the mischief was the scum that was emptied from the saloons at the closing hour, ten o'clock at night. The first editorial in the

Atlanta Journal, for example, following the riots, called upon the Council to "Close up the Dives." The mass-meeting of citizens adopted resolutions beginning, "Whereas, the present deplorable condition of affairs in this city is largely, if not entirely, traceable to the dens of vice existing on Decatur Street—"

The Atlanta Journal of September 26 contained an editorial on the iniquity of selling liquor to negroes. The same issue of the paper contained a ringing letter from the Hon. W. A. Covington (who introduced the Prohibition Bill in this Legislature), which was entitled "Put stripes on white men who sell liquor to blacks." The press of the State seemed to be unanimous in the conviction that something must be done to keep liquor from the negroes. During the period when the saloons were closed in Atlanta by order of the Council, crime was reduced to a minimum. But it was soon recognized that the Fourteenth Amendment would interfere with any law forbidding the sale of liquor to the weaker race. It was suggested that city Councils, by making all licenses revocable at discretion, could revoke the license of any saloon-keeper who sold liquor to negroes. But city Councils elected through the saloon vote soon proved themselves incapable of carrying out this suggestion. Then the demand became unanimous throughout the State that the sale of liquor and its manufacture should be as absolutely prohibited by law as could be done.

Georgia, like other Southern States, had been adding every year to prohibition territory under the local option plan. There were 126 "dry" counties and only 20 "wet" counties, these last containing all the larger cities. In the Legislature of 1906 the saloon interests overreached themselves by defeating a bill to make the State license \$1,000 and to prohibit the shipment of liquor from

<sup>1</sup> See editorial comment on another page.—THE EDITORS.

within the State to the "dry" counties—the anti-jug bill, as it was called. The twenty "wet" counties were not content with furnishing a supply for their own people, but largely nullified the prohibition laws in the "dry" counties by shipping liquor into them. From the prohibition point of view they became public nuisances.

When the Legislature convened, the issue was raised first in the election of the President of the Senate. Judge John Akin, a lifelong prohibitionist, was overwhelmingly elected.

The first bill introduced in the Senate was the State Prohibition Bill, its counterpart being among the first offered in the House. The Senate Committee and the House Committee on Temperance consumed several days in hearing from delegations that appeared for and against the bill. From some of the cities there were petitions in favor of the bill, claiming to have enrolled a majority of the voters. The Senate Committee unanimously reported the bill favorably. A filibuster was attempted in the Senate, but, after a day's delay, it was given up as fruitless. The Senate passed the bill by a vote of 34 to 11. The bill went to the House, where it received still more drastic amendments, restricting the prescription of liquor by physicians. The same filibustering tactics were resorted to in the House, and these ended with a dramatic climax. All day long the galleries and halls of the Capitol had been filled by an eager throng waiting the action of the House. Speaker Slaton had warned the galleries against any applause, but they grew impatient as the motions for adjournment, for the roll-call, and other dilatory motions were made, with irrelevant debate. Finally, the Hon. Seaborn Wright, Chairman of the House Committee, made an impassioned appeal to the Speaker to terminate the dilatory tactics, and the packed galleries burst through all restraint and cheered him to the echo. The Speaker ordered the galleries cleared, and pandemonium broke loose. When order was finally restored, the House adjourned, but the next morning it fixed a day for a vote on the question. As disorderly as the galleries were in their behavior, that mighty

cheering was nevertheless the voice of the people, and was recognized as such by the opposition.

The bill was passed in the House on the day appointed by a vote of 139 to 39.

It would have surprised any one not acquainted with the situation to have noticed how often, from the representatives of rural counties, came the appeal for this measure of protection from the negro demoralized by drink. It was the burden of the argument for the bill before the committees. One negro from Atlanta, the Rev. H. H. Proctor, spoke for the bill before the committees, in behalf of his people. His congregation passed resolutions asking Representative Rogers, the only negro member of the House, to vote for the bill. He had voted with the filibusters, but when the bill came up for passage he voted for the bill. The bill is drastic, but it has to be drastic with the negro population in view. It was agreed by its friends that it was too drastic in the matter of medical prescriptions, but that, as the law goes into effect in January, 1908, and this same Legislature convenes again in June following, there would be no great hardship involved in the meantime by that provision of the bill, and that the needed amendment could then be made.

But the peculiar conditions that confront us in the South lead me to take issue with the remarks in *The Outlook* to the effect that the law will work no better than it does in Maine. We have a white population that is tremendously on the side of the law and bent on enforcing it. Its violations will be mainly by the negroes, and they have no voice in the government and no influence in politics, as have the foreign-born population of Maine. The bill was not passed by reason of the activity of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, though of course the good women who compose that organization helped in the agitation. The Anti-Saloon League of the State had very little to do with the result. Nor is the issue confounded with the personal right of any man to take a drink. It was not a total abstinence movement with the ordinary tirades against the demon rum and the descriptions of the

alcoholic stomach. It was a popular uprising against a known cause of bestial crime. It would surprise any one, again, to know how strongly for the bill was a large part of the conservative business element of Atlanta. And the determination of the people of this city to enforce the law was shown immediately after the passage of the bill, when, in the municipal primary, wherever a contest was made, the candidate indorsed by the prohibition element was elected by a large majority.

In a group of a dozen gentlemen of the city who are accustomed to take lunch together, business men, professional men, none of whom would hesitate to order a glass of beer or wine when he wanted it, all were in favor of the bill except one, a New Yorker, who felt, as *The Outlook* feels, that State prohibition will not prohibit. I beg leave to predict that it will in Georgia.

And Georgia's example will be speedily followed by other Southern States. In Mississippi only a dozen places now sell liquor. Meridian, with a population of 25,000, boasts an empty jail. Jackson, the capital, has long had prohibition. In Tennessee only Chattanooga, Memphis, and Nashville remain as cities that license the sale of liquor. The Alabama House of Representatives, stimulated by Georgia's example, passed a State prohibition bill by an overwhelming vote, though there was not left time enough in the short session to enact it into law. South Carolina forbids the saloon in its Constitution, and only a few local dispensaries now remain. North Carolina is practically certain to adopt State prohibition at the next session of the Legislature, and Governor Glenn has already made that the issue in his campaign for the United States Senate. Even Texas and Kentucky have a large majority of their counties "dry" under local option ;

and under our peculiar circumstances, with the presence of the negro population, local option will lead inevitably to State prohibition.

The United States Government has protected that other weaker race, the Indian, from the operations of the liquor traffic. The United States and Great Britain have combined to protect the Pacific Islanders. It will hardly be disputed that the negro needs the same protection. And the white people of the South have resolved to protect him. It is a process that is going on in other lines in the South. The Fourteenth Amendment, the "real American Revolution," forbids the State to make any discriminations by law among its citizens on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude. The Anglo-Saxon has an inheritance of liberty under law which his ancestors wrought out through toil and moil and blood. The African has no such inheritance. But both must be governed now by the same laws, and by the Anglo-Saxon system of law and not the African idea of lawlessness. Therefore the Anglo-Saxon must surrender his liberty that the liberty bestowed upon the African may not degenerate into license.

This is the heart of the movement in Georgia and throughout the South for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. And if Congress is wise, it will aid the South by forbidding the shipping of liquor into prohibition territory and forbidding the issuing of United States licenses to sell liquor in prohibited territory. The new spirit of nationalism in the South will receive a severe check if the National Government shall continue to nullify, through its permission, State laws for the protection of the negro from the chief source of his crime and the protection of both races from the reign of the mob.

# SAN FRANCISCO'S FERMENT

BY KEW

This article and others with the same signature which may follow it are from the pen of a writer who has already contributed with great acceptance to our pages. Her graphic and lively comments on men, women, and affairs are based on rather exceptional knowledge of the subjects treated. As many readers know, events of importance have occurred in San Francisco since this article was written. A new Mayor, and one approved of by the great majority of honest citizens, has been chosen, although by a strange method. First, a confessedly corrupt Supervisor was chosen by the Board of Supervisors as Mayor; then the man the reformers desired as Mayor was elected to the Board of Supervisors to take the vacant place; then the acting Mayor resigned; and finally the man chosen by the reformers, Dr. Edward R. Taylor, was made Mayor. Later on the corrupt Supervisors resigned—all their recent actions have been made under threats of trial and imprisonment—and the new men appointed by the Mayor to take their places are regarded as honest and satisfactory. All this has been in the interest of reform; but, on the other hand, the prosecutors have been disappointed by the failure of the jury to convict Glass, who was charged with having offered bribes to the Supervisors on behalf of a telephone company. A new election takes place in November, and both Republicans and Democrats will advocate thorough dealing with the graft evil; while the labor union party at this writing appears to hesitate between two factions, one of which urges it to denounce graft, the other to ignore graft and fight solely on the issues of unionism.—THE EDITORS.

IT is not surprising that San Francisco is wondering how she looks from the outside, for what with labor unions, earthquakes, fires, grafters, mayors, and things she is a bit "queered." Often one boodling Mayor can make it lively for a municipality, but at the moment I write the experiment of three Mayors of a kind is going on—a convicted Mayor who has carried off the city seal as a souvenir of happier days, a self-confessed criminal who is trying to carry on the duties of acting Mayor, and another self-confessed criminal appointed Mayor, who betweenwhiles steps into Judge Lawlor's court to attend his own trial, where he naively testified that "he was only to hold his position until some honest man could be found and appointed." For a time all public documents had to have the signatures of these three—Schmitz, Gallagher, and Buxton—before they received any attention. All things being considered, San Francisco presents as many varieties in life and conditions as she does in climates.

The evening at the end of the first trial of Eugene Schmitz, when we were waiting for the verdict to be brought in, I felt as if the whole United States must be in the same breathless condition of excitement that we were; but it is doubt-

ful, perhaps, if the giant fight that is going on here to-day and will go on for many to-morrows is as well understood in the East as it should be. In January the talk that an old-time Vigilance Committee would be the only authority that could straighten out the complicated criminalities of civic misgovernment seemed too absurd and grotesquely exaggerated for serious consideration, but now, in the light of confessions and testimony and a more complete knowledge of the ramifications of corruption, a Vigilance Committee would seem a mild power to cope with existing evils. In most cities criminal acts are more or less confined to a certain group or class which does not affect society at large, but here graft has become an integral part of all institutions, public or private. From the small buyer or seller of house paints and merchandise up to the labor bosses, railway and Standard Oil magnates, there is a network of unlawful bribe-giving and bribe-taking. Public lands, forests, waterways, and railways are inextricably mixed in with grafting schemes, and officials work together hand and glove in amiable collusion. Graft evidently began before ever Abe Ruef saw the light of day, and has grown into a great facilitating lubricant which makes the wheels of life go round with such slippery

ease that dishonesty has become the best policy. The individual or corporation that does not bribe goes to the wall; to bribe is the preservation of existence. If you are not selling, bribe some one to buy; if your goods sent on by freight do not come, bribe an official; and if you wish to go into criminal pursuits, bribe the powers to protect you and then share the proceeds with them. Graft is in the air and in every scrap of talk you overhear, from the hotel guest at the next table who quarrels with her young people as to who is more guilty, the bribe-giver or the bribe-taker, to the common laborer on the street. A well-dressed man hanging on to a strap in a car will burst out with—"I don't care a damn which side I take if I could only find out between now and Saturday which would pay best," or another will attract your attention by raising his voice with—"Lord I he paid a hundred dollars slap down to the broker just for the introduction." And again, to show you how every one is in it, a one-armed man of about fifty, who was apparently a builder or contractor, in a shabby suit of clothes incrustated in dirt, mortar, and paint, with the hand of his one arm black and grimy as if he had not washed in a week, said in enthusiastic tones to his more prosperous-looking companion, "Give me two years more—only two years, and I'll have money enough to buy up the block next you," naming a block on Market Street worth probably a hundred thousand dollars.

It is a condition of affairs difficult to write or talk of; a bit of news this week is history next; you dare not express any opinion for fear your companion may be under the ban of indictment; if he should not be, you are sure his brother or best friend is, or his sister is engaged to one who is. Your inexperienced young lawyer friend, who is in the early years of practice, trembles for fear he may have become unwittingly involved in some dishonest deal and incriminated with his more accomplished legal brother, and I can imagine that each one of us feels puzzled over the state of his own integrity. Had Lao-Tzu lived in this age, he would have had to write, "The *bad* man is the *good* man's teacher," and "The *good*

man is the material upon which the bad man works."

The most surprising factor in the situation lies in there being no unity or community in action or expression of feeling against existing evils. At dinners one may hear much high-minded talk and the expression of righteous indignation, but almost every man goes comfortably home and never says "boo" in public.

When no elections are on and nothing much doing, society at large is against those who are pronounced grafters, but at any moment this feeling may be modified or diverted by some personal or political question of expediency—expedience being the modern voluminous cloak for a multitude of transgressions. If the conditions for evil are chaotic, the conditions for good are equally chaotic, because, although all are agreed that the city must be swept clean of corruption some time, every man wants the broom so handled that it does not touch him individually nor affect his occupations. The official who is trusted by the prosecution may "side-step" at some critical moment and hold up proceedings from purely personal or partisan motives; and the moneyed criminals are putting into use every known method to side-track justice. Financial reports are made good or bad according to party cry; injurious runs are organized on offending banks; and editors are threatened with the withdrawal of advertisements or of boycott, and their private life and affairs are looked into by private detectives. The newspapers that have stood together as against Ruef and Schmitz, whatever their politics, have taken sides in personal or corporation issues, and either revile one another or impute dishonest motives to the acts of the prosecution.

In proportion as one wonders at the individual selfishness and the inertia of the masses does one wonder at the courage of the few who are working together in a supreme effort for the re-establishment of decency, law, and order, and to retrieve the city from the terrible imputation of being "a great educational center of vice." Only five or six men *do* work, while hundreds, no doubt

equally good men, look on, pick to pieces the methods pursued, criticise motives, decline to give testimony when they have it to give, and dispute over appointments when they have the opportunity to select men for office—every man wanting the office for himself, party, or faction; and when, after strenuous effort, something is accomplished by the prosecution, the newspapers and public complacently pat themselves on the shoulder with a see-what-we've-done air. The personalities of the men of the prosecution are interesting as being of that best American type, just plain men without any frills. All are young, with trustworthy faces and a good grip of the hands with dry palms; one can pretty accurately judge a man by the way he shakes hands, the size of his ears, which must not be too small, and the way he smokes his cigar.

Way back in the beginning of the determined effort for better things, Fremont Older, of the *Bulletin*, was the first man at the helm, and is yet a strong inspiring power behind the prosecuting officials. He's big personally, mentally, and physically, with a dome of a head that has plenty of room for brains—the kind of man you'd like to know better and hear talk some more.

District Attorney Langdon is a type that might step down from an old portrait; he has strong, rugged features, clean-shaven face, high forehead, much thick waving brown hair, large very blue eyes, and an unusually well formed hand with long tapering fingers. He makes a delightfully responsive companion, is full of humor, and looks one directly in the eye when speaking. Having been elected to office by the machine-grafting crowd, he has the difficult rôle of trying to amalgamate all factions and yet make good the duties of his position. Francis J. Heney, the Assistant Attorney, has a fine head, is a born fighter, with a bulldog tenacity for holding on, a man who thinks straight, and although he looks at one through his eye-glasses with very kindly eyes, he is not an easy man to get in touch with; he has a high temper that he lets go of more often than he does of responsive sympathies; and I should call him a baffling lawyer, for one never

knows what his next move will be or what it will mean. I often think that when Heney lets his temper fly it is with deliberate intention, for you never can tell what he has up his sleeve.

Both Rudolph Spreckels and Burns the detective have the square-cut faces, broad white brows, and clear bright eyes that belong to the most trustworthy characters; and, strangely enough for these hairless days, they both wear heavy brown mustaches, for which I say thank Heaven every time I see them; how men are willing to look as if cut off by the yard, the gentleman and the blackleg alike, without any distinctiveness, I never can see. Mr. Spreckels, who furnishes the money—the larger part of it—to carry on the prosecution, is a very handsome fellow, and although not a college man, is perhaps more the man of the world in cultivation and travel than the others, and no one who knows him can ever doubt but he is so true to himself that he will be true in the work he has set his hand to. If, as Governor Hughes says, "aggressive fighting for the right is the greatest sport in the world," Mr. Spreckels is having the time of his life although fighting money crimes is mighty up-hill sport, with the game ever in sight and the killing far ahead.

Everybody loves Burns, and a more undetective-like detective I never saw—even the criminals he brings to justice have an affectionate regard for him; and I should not be surprised if he is the greatest specialist on the cases. Eminent lawyers are not uncommon; but a lawyer, a manly man and a gentleman, who is an artist in detective work, is rare. He is not tall, is rather thick-set, but with great activity in all his movements, is very particularly good-looking, and has the sunniest smile in the world, as well as that elusive quality we call loveliness, and a delicious touch of Irish wit. To his profession he brings this winning personality, an untiring energy, and an unerring judgment as to when and when not to trust men.

The most interesting events of the moment are the trials, which take place in two fine old Jewish temples—Judge

Lawlor using a large beautiful building of rough brownstone with a huge central dome of Byzantine form; Judge Dunne in an older building of wood, with a façade that is a mixture of Moorish arches and corridors, and has at either end curious Tartar-like minarets with high balconies where one can almost expect to see a muezzin come out in the pinkish yellows of the sunset hour to give the Mohammedan call to prayers. This strange Old World association makes a weird contrast with the sordid, degraded testimony being given in the crowded audience-room beneath, where the Judge sits under a gold-lettered Hebrew inscription suggesting virtuous conduct. The proceedings are carried on with a stupendous amount of law and some order. The week days the court sits the doorkeeper tragically whispers to all men, "Take off your hats;" but if you stroll in on a Saturday, the same doorkeeper sternly commands all men, "Keep on your hats, keep on your hats!" Remembering that Saturday is the Jewish Sabbath, you hurriedly back out; the fleeting glimpse of the great interior filled with men with their hats on gives your Gentile mind a faint feeling that it's sacrilegious; but remembering that the Episcopal Church permits no woman to go to a service with uncovered head, yet would be scandalized did a man keep his hat on, you climb back up a hill, speculating upon the ever interchangeable problems of customs and beliefs.

There seems to be nothing unusual about Judge Dunne; he's just an honest judge; but honest jurists, like the seasons, need to have large labels, that they may be recognized. Some complain that he is not profoundly learned, but I'll warrant that if he did not know all there is in law before these trials began, he will know all there is to be known of the tricks of the trade before they end. His face reminds one of the pictures of the youthful Napoleon, with the rebellious lock of dark hair hanging over the forehead. He acts like a man who knows himself, although a bit bored by the minutiae of court proceedings; but when lawyers settle down to business he's in full command of the situation. He has an immovable composure, and makes the

ruling of the court unmistakably clear and definite in the most impassive tones; and he always wears a red necktie, which is a cheering gleam during the dull hours that lawyers waste in disputes over technicalities which seem to have to be readjusted each day. How much more convenient law would be if it were an exact science without variations!

Judge Lawlor, another honest man more experienced than Judge Dunne, is hearing the testimony in other bribery cases, and in his court you see Patrick Calhoun, the President of the United Railroads (the street-car system), a tall, handsome man of the fashionable world, with the captivating manners of the Southern gentleman. A lad with great serious eyes said to me: "You know Mr. Calhoun is a grandson of John C. Calhoun; do you think he could be dishonest?" and while I replied that I was sure Mr. Calhoun did not think himself dishonest, there flashed into my mind the daily lament of my room maid over the rich man's "wicked tempting of dem poor peoples who wants to be honest." Certain it is that no modern head of a corporation ever commits the folly of acquiring such exceeding wisdom in hairsplitting definitions that he clearly distinguishes the delicate shadings in the lines between lawful fees and unlawful bribes.

These trials are a liberal education in our much-vaunted jury system, and it seemed to me that the ideal juror could never be born, and I doubt if he could ever be made. A venire man satisfactory to both the prosecution and the defense must read and write, comprehend the significance of an oath, and be of so high a character that no bribe of money or influence can tempt him; but in all other respects he must have a mind as vacant as if he had been picked up from an idiot asylum. He shouldn't have read a newspaper for years, nor have any knowledge of, nor interest in, nor any opinion regarding the things going on around him in daily life, nor have the ghost of an idea of the duty that may lie before him—a deaf and blind semi-idiot would seem about right before selection. Immediately a juror is accepted he should have the ability to perform a Jekyll-Hyde



act and become a rare specimen in intellectual attainments; he should have a mind as absorbent of ideas as a sponge is of water, have an understanding of legal technicalities and phraseology, take a judicial, impartial view of individual statements, sift truth from untruth, separate facts, make deductions from circumstantial evidence, and while lawyers glare at him and talk over his head he should exercise the powers of repose and concentration in a strange and embarrassing environment. At the end of long weeks of unaccustomed confinement in courts and hotels, shut off from the familiar homely duties of daily life, he should have such a retentive memory and clear understanding of the testimony that he has mastered every detail and be able to give a dispassionate decision of guilty or not guilty.

The Schmitz jury, with some exceptions, was not, I believe, considered a fair illustration of the general run of jurors, and there is no doubt that the friends of the former Mayor trusted one or two of the men to make the trial end in a "hung jury." As an evidence of an unprejudiced mind, one of the jurors made the naïve remark to a reporter after the verdict was in, "We never saw a newspaper; we just had to decide for ourselves the best we could;" and another was overheard at dinner explaining to his companion juror how clever Judge Dunne was and how funny—he having mistaken the serious little Judge for the Dunne of Dooley fame.

Ruef and Schmitz, the arch grafters, are young and in many ways companionable men. Ruef, a French Jew, educated in the State University at Berkeley, is a clever lawyer, a fundamental liar, and vain, emotional, unscrupulous, and daring in all his schemes, with a thrifty respect for the almighty dollar in small or large sums. Since he confessed and seems to be in a hopeless predicament, his co-workers in successful boodling have hastened to wash themselves white in the blood of this poor scapegoat, who has been led to the sacrifice by the incomparable Burns. At the time of his confession Ruef was nervously worn, but let no one think him a coward or a crushed and broken man; on the con-

trary, he's full of vim, with his clever mind teeming with resourceful ideas as to what is best to be done for himself or the city. I am not sure but he could have helped his old friend and co-briber in his first trial better than did the half-dozen lawyers who managed the case, nor that he might not now ably help to pull the city government out of its hole of corruption. His personal vanity perks up his spirits, and he finds compensation in the title "The Napoleon of Grafters" and in being constantly before the public—"human nature do suck comfort from the most unlikely things." Ruef is in the comfortable confinement of a private house, where he says with *debonair* ease, "Come in to dinner with us some day," us being his guards, formerly eight, now six. It has been figured that he will have to live fifteen hundred years or so longer to cover the "true bills" brought against him by the Grand Jury, and one can scarcely blame him for trying to remit a few years by a sweeping confession.

Eugene Schmitz is a tall, striking figure, with the dearest black hair and beard ever seen—rather an Italian type of face, which shows no very distinctive lines of character, either good or bad. Of the two men he has been the most grossly material and cold-blooded in the use of his official position to promote corruption; and the ability to help every one make easy money and have things comfortable all around gave him a popularity that made him feel entirely secure. The thing that grinds is to think that a man with music in his soul should not be above the lowest forms of vicious villainies that destroy the ideals and the blooms in youth—a man who was not even true to his companion thieves. The familiarity with the stage in his orchestral work filled his mind with ideas of the effectiveness of dramatic scenes; and the planning of theatrical poses, as well as the sustaining encouragement given him by the heads of corporations, has helped him maintain his composure during the trials. The dramatic moments that shook "the big fellow's" self-possession were when the jury brought in the verdict of guilty, and when the spontaneous applause broke out as he received his

sentence. Supposing, as every one else did, that he was in the midst of friends, this sudden outburst of feeling was a surprise to accused, court, and spectators, and it had a wholesome influence upon the public at large. This convicted and sentenced criminal occupies a suite of three rooms at the County Jail, and in a stunning red automobile dashes to his lawyers or the courts when he is needed for the other trials—trials which creep on more slowly than time, and make one well believe that Ruef will have served his fifteen hundred years before their conclusion. Perhaps the most tragic moments are those when a word or blow would "bring out the guns;" and, in spite of the seriousness of it all, there are the comedy touches, as when the attorneys have their secret service men lined up behind them, and the knowing Burns takes in the situation that back of their own men are a lot of toughs who have their guns ready for the secret service, and are aching for the row that has not come yet, but may any day. Nothing is more impressive in these bribery cases than the way innocent men are raising heaven and earth, in law and out of it, to show how innocent they are. The most baleful influence of the Schmitz régime is shown in the lack of co-ordination in the police department, where a few faithful and efficient officers are overbalanced by the more powerful numbers of corrupt men, who use crime as a means of revenue, and act against it only in revenge, or when to so act is for the best self-interest. The walks in life where a policeman is seen are precious few and miles between.

Many of the devious ways of this town may be deep, but they are by no means carried on in darkness, but rather in the highest lights of sunshine by day and electric shine by night, and it can truly be said that everything is in plain sight and aboveboard. "Since the fire" there have been so many changes in location that mansions with Tenderloin proclivities are found beside churches and intermixed with the homes of respectability. A young girl aroused in the night by outcries and noise goes to her window and unexpectedly finds the interior of a

near-by house brilliantly illuminated, with unclothed men and women in full view of any who run, including a police man, who, poor man, was no doubt stone blind from overdoses of bribery. On Fillmore Street, a crowded thoroughfare as central as Fourteenth Street in New York, the popular slot machines in the penny arcades have, interspersed with the tempting music of graphophones, electric pianos, and harmless views, pictures of immoral acts and series of indecent scenes. The officers of the Juvenile Court report that they have seen the proprietors hold up small girls in their arms or furnish stools for them to stand on that they might look through the slots at these very pictures. Lads of fifteen have been followed from these places to worse ones, and policemen who make appointments with young school-girls are not uncommon; but what can you expect when Chief of Police Dinan says, in a published interview, that his official privilege makes him entirely free to allow whatever he pleases? Perhaps none of us would care so much what he pleases were not San Francisco the great portal through which all must pass who go to and from our new possessions. These youth-debasing forms of vice are terrifying even to one who may not be a Puritan, and one wishes there was less talk of the establishment here of a naval base, unless it should be held out as a reward of merit to come later on, when San Francisco shall have become "greater" in her influences for good. The respectable element of the people here must shoulder some of the blame for this state of disorder; they stood by at the end of an excellent civic administration and let Schmitz, an unfit man, be elected the first time; and, with their eyes and doors wide open, they let him be put into office twice again; and it's not unimaginable that it might be allowed a fourth time if the higher court should set aside the present verdict. The most serious aspect in the whole situation is the lowering of ideals and standards which is to be felt in every single department of the business life of the people.

An editor in a recent editorial complacently cheers himself with the fact

that some one has said San Francisco is not as bad as Chicago. Probably she isn't, nor worse than New York was, nor than several other places; but there is nothing to cheer one in that fact; the more wholesale corruption is, the more

shame to us all; the great solidarity in nature and peoples makes it impossible for us as a country to shirk our share in the blame in this National growth of individual and corporation criminal irresponsibility.

## FRANCE AND AMERICA AT THE HAGUE

BY ELBERT F. BALDWIN

*Staff Correspondent of The Outlook at The Hague*

LAST year the Russian Government submitted an interesting programme of subjects to be discussed by the Second Hague Conference. They were approved by the Powers. For their consideration the Conference has been divided into four Commissions, and each of these into two sub-commissions. The first Commission has to do with Arbitration, the second with Land Warfare, the third with Sea Warfare, and the fourth with Maritime Law.

The first Commission's purview covers such subjects as the recurrence of the Conferences, the real permanence to be given to the Hague Court, a general treaty of arbitration, stronger mediation provisions, and the limitation of force in collecting public debt.

The second Commission, that on Land Warfare, includes topics like the rights and duties of neutrals, their treatment by belligerents, declarations of war precedent to beginning hostilities, improvement of the laws of war as amended by the First Hague Conference and the lapsed "declarations" of that Conference, namely, prohibitions to launch projectiles and explosives from balloons, to use projectiles the only object of which is the diffusion of deleterious gases, and to use expansive bullets.

The third Commission, that on Sea Warfare, concerns itself with additions to be made to the Hague Convention (Treaty) of 1899 in adhering to the humanitarian principles promulgated by the Geneva Convention of 1864, revised in 1906, the regulations for belligerent ships in neutral ports, the bombardment

of ports and towns by a naval force, and the placing of fixed and floating mines and torpedoes.

The fourth Commission differs from the third in considering the juridical side of sea warfare—in other words, maritime law—and covers, among others, such questions as contraband of war, the effectiveness of blockade, the inviolability of private property at sea, the delay necessary to neutral ships in leaving a belligerent's ports and that necessary to belligerent vessels in leaving neutral ports, the transformation of merchant ships into war vessels, and the right to destroy neutral ships captured as prizes.

All these subjects divide themselves into two classes:

Those that prevent war.

Those that ameliorate war.

Of these two classes the first is, of course, by far the more important. As President Roosevelt says, "There is more need to get rid of the causes of war than of the implements of war." Yet the subjects of arbitration are relegated to the charge of one Commission, while those of the second and less important class, divided by the First Peace Conference between two Commissions, are by the Second Conference divided among three Commissions. In all fairness, however, one must add that among the latter may often be found many causes of war. In paying much attention to them the Conference hardly deserves the reproach that so far it has been regulating war rather than laying the foundations of peace.

Most of that foundation can be laid

by the first Commission, that on Arbitration. Its presidency is appropriately held by the same distinguished statesman, M. Léon Bourgeois, who held it in 1899. In character, attainments, and experience he well represents a nation whose motto is "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity"—certainly the indispensable spirit of peace and arbitration.

In all ages a high humanitarianism and love of freedom have marked the best Frenchmen, as, in 1776, we had cause to know. These qualities characterize the ideals and labors of the French plenipotentiaries here, MM. Bourgeois, d'Estournelles, and Renault. A review of their opinions and labors constitutes practically a review of the work of the Second Peace Conference itself, especially where that work is most vital, in the province covered by the first Commission. As regards method of expression, the efforts of the French delegation seem the most easily accomplished, for theirs is the Conference's official language. Speeches made in other languages are translated into French by the members of the Secretariat-General.

The French delegation enjoys a peculiar distinction. It is the only delegation here each of whose plenipotentiaries was a delegate to the First Peace Conference, and each of whom is a member of the Hague Court of Arbitration.

In the prosecution of a consistent international policy a country is generally helped if the initiators of that policy are its continuers. In the case of France, the work begun by her in 1899 is now being prosecuted by the same men. If the Conference contains bolder negotiators, like the Americans, it contains none keener or more experienced than the French. This is putting it strongly. I know. For though the majority of the delegates can hardly be called experts of the first rank in international law, not a few here can claim that distinction. MM. Bourgeois, d'Estournelles, and Renault have to be judged alongside Dr. Asser, of Holland, M. Beernaert, of Belgium, Dr. de Martens, of Russia, and Professor Lammasch, of Austria, all of whom were members of the First Conference. They and the French delegates

occupy similar positions of honor and authority in the present Conference to those they held in that of 1899.

As has been indicated, the most important of these positions is the presidency of the first Commission, and it is occupied by one who is a French Senator, who has been a Deputy President of the Chamber of Deputies, Minister of Public Instruction, of Justice, of the Interior, of Foreign Affairs, Premier of France indeed, and who is the head of the French delegation to the Second Hague Conference as he was to the first. Yet he is only fifty-six years old.

The quaint geography book of our childhood described the national characteristics of the French as being "a fondness for dancing and light wines." In meeting M. Bourgeois I have always been impressed with his unlikeness to those supposed typical Frenchmen. He has apparently all the seriousness of an Englishman, the sturdiness of a German, the energy of an American, added to a Frenchman's adaptability. It is difficult at first to define his nationality, so quickly does he turn from one language to another and from the instant, instinctive understanding of one man's characteristics and proclivities to an equally sympathetic understanding of another man's. To this psychologic advantage he joins the ability of a born parliamentarian in handling men. Is it surprising, then, that he is the favorite presiding officer here?

As an impressive figure, however, the first French delegate is outdistanced by the first American delegate, the Hon. Joseph H. Choate. One impresses you as being a bustling, efficient, successful, forceful man of affairs; the other, with his nearly two decades more of life, as an acuter, loftier, larger, more prophetic statesman.

Eight years ago the Commission on Arbitration brought into being those triumphs of modern civilization, international Commissions of Inquiry and Mediation and an international Court of Arbitration. Under the same skillful guidance the present Commission ought now to insure eight results:

(1) The autonomous, periodic recurrence of the Hague Conferences; in

other words, an International Parliament.

(2) The transformation in organization and procedure of the present semi-diplomatic Hague Court into an entirely judicial body.

(3) The authorization of a qualified body for the codification of international law, and, as far as possible, for the unification of all national laws.

(4) Provision for a general Treaty of Obligatory Arbitration on as many subjects as possible.

(5) The strengthening of the Commissions of Inquiry and Mediation clauses in the Hague Convention of 1899.

(6) Prohibition of the use of force in collecting public debts until the Hague Court shall have pronounced both as to the justice and as to the amount of the debt in question.

(7) A more radical *vœu*, or fervent expression of opinion, than that of 1899 regarding limitation of armament.

(8) An entirely new *vœu*, declaring that nations which go to war without first invoking the good offices of the Hague Commissions of Inquiry or Mediation or Arbitration are the enemies of mankind, and that the citizens of neutral states should be prohibited from lending money to them—a doctrine first formally brought forth in America, I believe, by Secretary Straus and vigorously espoused by Mr. Bryan.

The real work of the first Commission is done not so much by its first and second sub-commissions as by its *Comité d'Examen*, the very important executive body just organized, the American member of which, chosen on Mr. Choate's recommendation, is Dr. James Brown Scott, Solicitor of the Department of State. As in 1899, the presidency also of this special committee is held by M. Bourgeois. Baron d'Estournelles de Constant, the second French delegate, is also a member—a compliment to him, for France is the only Power to have two representatives on the *Comité*.

If all the work of the first Commission were done by such live men as are M. Bourgeois, M. d'Estournelles, and Mr. Scott, some provision might have been decided upon ere this to gratify the general hope that the Second Hague Conference

would authorize its own autonomous periodic recurrence, thus becoming a permanent body for the regular and systematic consideration of the problems arising in the development and application of international law. But practical idealists do not waste their ammunition by premature announcements if these would irritate recalcitrants who otherwise might be persuaded. The world has become restive at the apparent slowness in securing an International Parliament; it expected an immediate expression of opinion. Yet the conditions are apparently such that only by slowness and tact can the desired result be attained.

This result has long been desired, and with what ever-increasing earnestness the annals of the Interparliamentary Union show. Hardly had the First Hague Conference closed when the necessity of a second was felt. Men said, "It must come in not less than five years, if for no other reason than that the three 'Declarations' will then have lapsed." But when the fifth year came round, the Russo-Japanese War was in progress. Forty-five nations had to forego the discussion of pressing problems of peace simply because two of them were at war! Yet, as John Hay said at the time, "the fact of an existing war is no reason why nations should relax effort towards the adoption of rules of conduct which may make more remote the chances of future wars." Certainly the Interparliamentary Union of 1904 did not hesitate to request President Roosevelt to call a Second Hague Conference. He consented, and Secretary Hay sent to our representatives abroad a letter which will remain a classic of diplomacy. But in the following year, the war being ended, thanks to our President's initiative, Nicholas II., having summoned the First Conference, asked the privilege of calling the Second. Mr. Roosevelt at once stood aside, gaining more in the world's regard by that act of abnegation and courtesy than if he had definitely called the Conference. Owing to the fact that many diplomats of the Western Hemisphere, presumable nominees of their Governments to the Second Hague Conference, were engaged in '1906' at the Pan-

American Congress, the Conference did not meet until 1907. Yet if at the First Conference the nations had provided that the Second Conference should convene five years thereafter, it would have convened, war or no war. The delegates to the First Conference expected a second within five years; this is shown by the five years' tenure of life which they gave to their "Declarations."

The only formal proposition yet made for the periodic recurrence of the Conference is Dr. de Martens's plan that the members of the Hague Court should convene once a year—a kind of limited Hague Conference, as he says, "to express ideas upon the progress of international law in general." Baron d'Estournelles is much more radical. "I believe," said he to me the other day, "in the convening of a picked body of men, relieved of all other cares—men who shall give their whole time to the study of questions of common concern to all nations. And, furthermore, I believe that they should meet whenever desirable to discuss and agree upon improvements in international practices, diplomacy, and law; and, what may surprise you, that they should not always meet here at The Hague, but should meet in the various capitals of the world—that being the best way, I think, to advertise and acclimatize a Peace Conference."

On this subject both the French and American delegations have well-defined views, but are biding their time. They know that if the First Conference created an International Court, the Second should create an International Parliament.

As with this subject, so also with the next in the above list—the transformation of the Hague Court in organization and procedure—it has a specially keen advocate in Baron d'Estournelles. It is, indeed, in this province that his personality and character have made themselves historically felt. That personality and character have left a fit impress in one great word which he succeeded in having inserted in the Hague Treaty of 1899. For at The Hague then, as in his visits in America and England since, men recognized in his winsome face "the outward sign of an inward grace," the fervor of

an apostle of peace combined with infinite tact, the patient insistence of one who knows that, as Phillips Brooks used to say, "some things must be so because they ought to be so." In this spirit M. d'Estournelles has served his country in various diplomatic positions, and now serves France as Senator from his native province, the Sarthe. But he has a wider occupation in the presidency of the society founded by him and called "Conciliation Internationale"—a title surely the motto of his life. This society is spreading abroad the energies displayed by him in bringing together French and English parliamentarians, the result being the far-reaching Anglo-French agreement of 1904, ending the disputes of centuries. This agreement was due to M. d'Estournelles more than to any other one man. Paris has since seen the visits of Scandinavian, Dutch, Belgian, and other parliamentary bodies, due to the same happy inspiration and source.

But to return to the treaty of 1899 and to the so-called *Article d'Estournelles* in it. The First Conference was about to draft a provision constituting the Hague Court as a refuge to which disputing nations *might* appeal. Baron d'Estournelles succeeded in changing the sense of the word "might" to "ought." Thus the provision now reads: "The Signatory Powers consider it their *duty*, if serious dispute threatens to break out between two or more of them, to remind these latter that the Permanent Court is open to them."

By April, 1901, a sufficient number of the Signatory Powers had ratified the Hague Convention to secure the Court's establishment. It existed for a year without the submission to it of a single case. Then it was that M. d'Estournelles became a prime mover in getting the first cases before the Court. First the American and Mexican Governments—the only two American Powers which had taken part in the Congress of 1899—submitted to it the vexed question of the Pious Fund, growing out of the seizure by Mexico of a fund establishing and supporting missions in California and Lower California. Our Government selected two arbitrators from the

list of judges, and the Mexican Government two. The four chose a fifth. The decision was in our favor. About the same time the Venezuela Preferential Payment dispute broke out. It lay between three belligerent and seven pacific Powers, all having claims against the Venezuelan Government. England, Germany, and Italy had blockaded Venezuelan ports and hence demanded preferential payment. President Roosevelt advised that the dispute be considered by the Hague Tribunal, knowing that the trial of the case would establish a wider reputation for the Court. It did so, and as the decision favored the three blockading Powers, the Court secured a special respect from the very Power, Germany, which had opposed its establishment. Since then the Court has adjusted two other controversies, the Muscat Dhows and the Japanese Perpetual Lease cases. Nearly all the prominent Powers have now been participants in the cases before the Court. Thus, though its operation is only voluntary, it has become a well-recognized means of settling the disputes of nations.

The Hague Convention of 1899 authorized each Signatory Power to appoint for six years, with right of renewal, four persons to act, if called, as arbitrators in the new international tribunal. Our Government appointed Chief Justice Fuller, ex-Attorney-General Griggs, Judge George Gray, and Mr. Oscar Straus, now Secretary of Commerce. If each of the twenty-six Powers signatory to the First Conference were now represented in its full quota, the entire court would consist of over a hundred members; as it is, there are only about seventy-five ready to serve. Of that number fifteen are members of the present Conference; namely, the three French plenipotentiaries already mentioned, Sir Edward Fry and Sir Ernest Satow, of England, Count Tornielli, of Italy, M. Beernaert, of Belgium, Dr. Asser, of Holland, Herre de Hammar-skjöld, of Sweden, Professors Hagerup, of Norway, Martens, of Russia, Lammasch, of Austria, and Streit, of Greece, Samad Khan, of Persia, and last but certainly not least, Mr. Denison, representing Japan.

As the Court now stands, it is claimed that its members are influenced too much, not by the merits of the case *per se*, but by its merits as affected by the Powers. If the Court were composed of judges, pure and simple, elected for life or for a long term of years, with the obligation to accept no other position, would the Venezuela decision have favored as preferred creditors the Powers which used force? A member of the Japanese delegation raises the same question regarding the Court's adverse decision in the Perpetual Leases case. However this be, it is incontestable, as Secretary Root has said, that the Hague Court needs the substitution of judicial for a diplomatic sense of responsibility. "We need for arbitration judges who will be interested only in the question appearing on the record before them. Plainly this end is to be attained by the establishment of a court of permanent judges, who will have no other occupation and no other interest but the exercise of the judicial faculty under the sanction of that high sense of responsibility."

To attain Mr. Root's ideal, the Hague Court should be a continuing body. In the Convention of 1899, and on the visiting-cards of the members of the Court, it is called "permanent." But it is not really permanent in the largest sense of that word, for it is not a continuing body. It should be so if it is to be wholly uninfluenced, rigidly weighing each case on its merits. Moreover, only such a tribunal can guarantee judicial continuity and consistency in decisions.

In the second place, the Court should be small. A permanent continuing tribunal cannot, of course, consist of as large a number of men ready to serve if called upon as would be the case if each of the forty-five Powers represented at this Conference had one nominee apiece; besides, the latter form of representation would be unjust to the larger Powers. Our Supreme Court consists of nine members. Any number at The Hague which should be over, say, fifteen would be unwieldy. Hence, it is said, the problem arises, "How may national prejudices be reconciled with the idea of grouping?" No grouping will fully satisfy national sensitiveness. "Judges

may have to be chosen," opines one authority here, "independently of national boundaries, on a numerical basis, so long as the different systems of law and the principal languages are adequately represented."

Lastly, the Court should be inexpensive. Speaking of this feature recently, ex-Secretary of State Foster, who represents China at the Conference, said: "The objection of expense might not be weighty with the great nations, but it would press heavily against the smaller states with their limited resources. It is a matter which should commend itself to the attention of the Great Powers." "Take the Pious Fund case," commented another; "the five judges had five thousand dollars each for their pains. Now add to that the cost of counsel, clerks, stenography in two languages, typewriting, and printing. International litigation must be made cheaper. In any event, there is the inevitable and costly expense of transportation to The Hague to the smaller Latin-American states on the other side of the globe, and these are precisely the ones least able to bear it should they be parties to suits which would properly come before the Court here." It is true that, in order to try their own cases and avoid the costly transportation of lawyers and witnesses, distant nations may prefer to set up their own courts of arbitration independently of the Hague Tribunal. Indeed, this is already being done.

Speaking of The Hague as the place of establishment of the permanent Court, a distinguished diplomat remarked the other day: "The disadvantages of climate may operate against the acceptance of proffered positions as judges by some eminent men. For those to be chosen will, of course, be men of long experience, probably men advanced in years. They would hardly care to expose themselves to climatic rigors."

But, as far as possible, the present Court must constitute the basis for the transformed court. According to the Russian proposition, presented by Professor de Martens, there should be an annual meeting of the Tribunal to elect three members to constitute a permanent Court, always open to appeal until the

next year's meeting. But according to the larger American plan presented by Mr. Choate, the new Court would consist of fifteen judges, the Conference to determine the manner of their choice, but so that the different systems of law and the principal languages should be properly represented; the judges to be nominated practically for life, certainly for a long term of years or until their successors are appointed; the Court to sit every year at The Hague, it to elect its own officers and provide its own rates, save as the Conference may prescribe them; a majority vote to carry a decision and nine men to constitute a quorum; finally, that in no case is a judge to take part in the consideration or decision of a suit to which his state is one of the parties. One might add: Nor should a judge be eligible to any political office either during his tenure of office or for five years thereafter.

One or the other of these plans has secured the support of many delegations, including the German. That means a welcome change in the Fatherland's position of eight years ago, when, in order to get a Court created, an American delegate had, during the Conference, to journey to Berlin to plead with the Kaiser! But now Baron Marschall, the first German delegate, openly says: "The most important reform here is that indicated by your proposition and by Russia's, namely, to give to the Hague Court the character of a really permanent tribunal. A truly permanent Court would exercise an attraction, one might say automatic, on juridical differences of every kind. And I want to add that the German delegation is ready to use all its power in the accomplishment of this reform."

So much for organization. As to procedure, France has introduced a proposition tending towards certain modifications in present practices. Two are quite necessary. The history of the cases so far tried shows the necessity of providing a common language, since arbitrators and counsel alike have, in general, been appointed without reference to their knowledge of the languages involved. Secondly, the propriety of a member of the Hague Court appearing



as counsel for any party in a case before it has also been justly questioned. Both in the Pious Fund and in the Venezuela cases members of the Court appeared as counsel!

Hence, even if they accomplish no other results, the delegates should transform the present casual Conferences into an autonomous, periodic Parliament, and the present Court into a genuinely permanent tribunal.

What then? After international legislative and judicial departments there

logically follows an international executive department. Its elements are already in existence, affirms Baron d'Estournelles, with truth. They need only be co-ordinated. The veterans here rejoice to have lived to see the day when the Powers are joining hands in international legislation and adjudication. But shall the Powers not see another day when their military forces shall have become mere police forces controlled by an international Ministry? And then why not an International President?

The Hague.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODS

BY W. R. PEABODY

**A** VACATION in the woods promises at least two moments of perfect pleasure. The first is at the railway station when, with a cigar in his pocket and a book in his hand, a man chooses his seat in the smoking compartment of a parlor car and watches the posts of the train-shed pass slowly behind him. The second is at some frontier village when, in his flannel shirt and old gray hat, he shoves his canoe clear of the river bank or slips his foot into a snow-shoe thong and turns towards the forest. The former is the happy moment of thankfulness at leaving the familiar world of business responsibilities; the latter is the thrilling moment of anticipation at entering the unexplored world of nature. As the locomotive gathers headway he realizes that the problems of his office which had appeared so vexing were in reality but specters created by a tired brain; already they have become indistinct memories, like those incidents of unpleasant dreams which are so incomprehensible in the morning. As the last house of the frontier village disappears behind a hill, he perceives that he is now facing the great realities of life—the sky and the woods and the mountains. While he is looking his soul becomes filled with a lust for honorable conquests—conquests over rushing waters and steep hillsides and wet firewood.

To get true enjoyment out of a vaca-

tion in the woods a man must have more than a love for nature and the open; he must have a relish for uncertainty and discovery. He must belong, not to the merely migratory, but to the nomadic class of animals, which, unsatisfied by returning to their old haunts, seek each season a new range. Familiarity with a path does not make that path less beautiful, but it does make impossible the question of deepest interest which can be asked about a path—Where does this path lead? The man who really values the existence of a path is he who stumbles on it as he is pushing his way through the underbrush; the man who fully appreciates the pleasure of walking on one is he who does not know whether it will continue beyond the next turn.

I met, the other day, a friend who said to me: "When vacation comes, give me the woods. Each summer I spend a whole month at my camp in the Adirondacks."

Deluded fellow! He fancies that he appreciates the opportunities for happiness which the woods can offer; yet he assumes now that each evening, by no effort or skill of his, supper will be ready for him at sunset, and he will sleep dry. He never will know the pleasure of discovering toward the end of a lowering afternoon the perfect camping-ground, with its bubbling spring, its overhanging rock for a fireplace, its balsam thicket

for bedding, and its dead pine-stump for firewood.

"Now let it rain," you say, as, with a stick that you are putting on to the fire, you give a final blow to a tent-peg. "We are ready when the clouds are," you add, as you slide into your blanket. Then when you wake in the middle of the night, and hear the thump, thump of great drops falling on the tent fly from the overloaded branches of the spruce above, you turn over and murmur, "I am still warm and dry," and tranquilly sleep again.

"But surely you are not always able to get the better of nature," said a doubting Thomas of summer hotel habits, to whom a companion and I were relating self-satisfying reminiscences.

"No, thank Heaven, we are not," we answered.

"Do you remember that twenty-second of February back of Mount Carrigan?" said one of us to the other. "The snow was so soft that we could not get through to the cabin at the forks of the Swift River. By nightfall we were so tired that we had come to that condition of mind and body in which each almost believed that his tumbles into snow-covered bushes were due to the other man's stupidity. So with our snow-shoes we dug a hole in the snow and tumbled in. Do you remember," he went on, "that on this particular occasion of all others there were only hemlocks and yellow birches in sight? No coaxing could induce them to burn. They merely flared up in a glorious spurt of blazing bark and then sizzled out in the snow. Do you remember how the more we persevered the more numb grew our fingers, and how, finally, we agreed that in high altitudes small portions of half-cooked bacon, half-thawed bread, and half-boiled tea were more wholesome than a hearty dinner? Accordingly each man rolled up in his blanket, then each did his best to roll under the other, and, in as minute a heap as we could make of ourselves, we shivered and slept until the morning."

"But do you remember what a night it was," I broke in, "so still and clear? It was the only night when I have lain awake in the woods listening and heard abso-

lutely no sound. I felt like a child who believes that he can touch the moon, so near did it seem; and what a glorious sunrise it was through those same snow-laden, fireproof hemlocks! Yes, that was indeed a tramp—about the best we ever took together."

A source of pleasure to the wanderer in the woods not unlike that derived from interesting discoveries or successful achievements lies in the intellectual satisfaction which comes from skillful reconnoitering. Stand at the foot of a steep mountain side and mark out the possible route of ascent. "It must be across the tail of the slide," you say, "then on to that shoulder, then, bearing down under the ledges, it must lead straight up the narrow gash in the cliff to the backbone of the ridge." Or survey a stretch of whirling, sucking rapids from a vantage-point on the shore. "They can be run," you announce, "if we cling to the right bank, then, drawing the canoe across the eddy under the big boulder, make a sharp turn and a quick drive, heading her for the black tongue of water between the white cauliflowers of foam."

What is it that causes you to throw yourself on the shelf of rock at the crest of the mountain with the knowledge that life has offered you her best, or leads you, as the canoe glides into still waters, to relax your hold on the paddle and turn in your bow seat to look into the glistening eyes of your stern man? Is it the sense of victorious power which came over you as you pulled yourself clear of the chasm, or the gratifying shoot of the canoe as she slips past a jagged rock; or is it the consciousness that your judgment led you to take the proper course? It must be the latter thought fully as much as the former, for the first word of your companion is, "We hit the right way, didn't we?" And, oh! the humiliation when, too late to turn back, you find that the current was faster than you anticipated, or the water shallower. With no room to turn in the eddy, your only recourse is to strike the rock so that the thin canvas will be torn as little as possible. Sorrowfully and silently you salvage the packs from the friendly sandbar fifty feet below.

Your pride is hurt, not so much because you lacked the necessary skill in the emergency, as because your judgment of conditions was obviously at fault.

A curious characteristic which a trip in the woods shares with a journey to Europe is that the pleasantest recollections are often not of the great events of the summer, but of unanticipated incidents, the memories of a day which we thought was to be wasted. "Yes, I saw London," says a returned traveler. "It was all that I expected it to be. But you should have been with us the day when we missed the train at Dover. To kill time we went to drive, and discovered the most charming village in England. It had a real thatched-roof inn. Best of all, it was not in the guide-book."

And who would have his canoe trips carried out according to the itinerary? One of the days I remember which has made life richer opened as a morning that bade fair to spoil a vacation. Bound for a salmon river on the northern side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we had boarded the evening before a little tramp steamer at Quebec. Business had been deserted at a few hours' notice, for it was already late in the fishing season when escape from the city had become possible, and we knew that if we missed our connections we might well arrive after the salmon had ceased to take the fly. The delay of an hour at starting had seemed interminable. But that morning when we woke there was no sound of throbbing machinery or of driven water. In dismay I jumped to the porthole, only to discover that we were lying at anchor in a thick St. Lawrence fog. It was a dreary breakfast. I had just lighted a comforting pipe, however, and had begun to pace the slippery deck, when the door of the pilot-house opened and our grizzled captain, Scotch in every word and gesture, put out his head. He shot one glance at the soggy streamer to learn whether the wind had shifted, then one at the anchor chain to satisfy himself that the river current was not causing the vessel to run over her anchor, and finally one at me.

"It's a bit damp," said he. "Better coom in here where it's dry."

In I went gladly enough, into a haze

of tobacco smoke thicker than the fog outside. I could just see far enough ahead to navigate past various obstructions in the shape of cowhide boots and leather coats, and to make a berth next to a gaunt, bearded man who was puffing vigorously at an evil-smelling cigar.

"Much obliged. Rather slow progress we are making," said I.

"Morning," "B'jour," "G'day," sounded through the haze from all directions, like the deep grunts of the fog whistles that penetrated the mist outside. A moment of silence, then there came encouragingly from the captain, who was standing in the doorway:

"Where was you when that happened, Bill?"

"'Bout seventy-five mile this side of Belle Isle, as near as I could reckon," answered a voice from somewhere on my left. "The dogs were getting pretty bad; the leader was the only one who could pull his weight. Do you remember the dog with the black leg, Jean, that I bought when Thibault died down to Esquimaux Point?"

I straightened up and took out my pipe, for I was suddenly aware that when I had left the deck I had stepped into a new world—a world of ice and dog sleds, where men set traps and gather furs, where a man starts alone with his rifle, his blanket, and his dogs on a five-hundred-mile journey through the snow.

"In the night the dogs chewed off the leather hinges of the door. When I woke there was nary a one in sight. It was a good three hundred mile from there up the river, and I started off by falling through a hole in the ice that the snow had covered."

This apparently was not a tale of adventure. The speaker was talking in the half-humorous, half-indifferent voice of a man at the club who, the night before, had missed the last car to his suburban home and regards the fact that he had to walk as a joke on himself which he was in duty bound to tell. It was soon obvious that each man present had been through similar hardships, and that in this company no man would have dared, had he desired, to exaggerate his experiences.

One tale followed another, each caus-

ing a word of comment or criticism or reminiscence. So, while the fog blew heavily across our bow, at times hiding the deck watch as he stood far forward with his hand on the lanyard of the ship's bell, at times lifting enough to reveal the spars of a schooner anchored upon our port quarter, the morning slipped by and the afternoon fled after it. In the evening, as for the third time we sank back into the same seats, the captain drew from the locker a stubby black bottle.

"Once when I was at Hamilton Inlet," began some one. We were off again. Finally, after listening to the captain's version of the wreck of the Norseman, my gaunt neighbor held the bottle on its side against the lamp, shook his head sorrowfully, and "allowed it was time to turn in." Five minutes later I was alone, except for the lookout, pacing the deck through the eddying fog, and dreaming dreams. To the others it had been a day to be endured; to me it had been an experience to be treasured. For I had learned the ways of the marten and the silver fox; I had heard the names of those great lakes and rivers which lie in that mysterious region beyond "the height of land;" I had breathed the spirit of the North; and I knew that in my turn I had heard the call of the "silent places."

Once since that evening the call has sounded with the same clearness. We had been fishing a river in southern Labrador, and had paddled ashore late one afternoon at a little settlement near the coast. There we learned that the fortnightly steamer was due to stop the next day at the Hudson Bay Post sixteen miles west. A heavy southeaster had raised such a sea over the bar at the mouth of the river that no fishing-boat could live in it. The only means of communication with the post by land was the beach which swept the whole distance without a break. We were obviously in for a night tramp. After an hour of argument and persuasion, in which all the villagers were interested participants, we prevailed on the owner of the single village pony to convey our dunnage in a fish-cart. At about eight o'clock in the evening we followed him afoot.

It was the night of the full moon. The

wind, then nearly a gale, was driving an unending procession of ragged clouds across the sky, first whipping and tearing them into filmy fragments, then welding the pieces into an immense dark mass, only to rip it again into strips. Once when the sky was almost clear the moonbeams fell upon mile after mile of white, excited waves madly rushing after each other, now overtaking and grappling with one another, rising and sinking in a deadly struggle, now joining forces and seething onward, to end their race by hurling themselves headlong against the black cliff of a distant point. Above the beach, here and there crowding upon it, stood the forest—that forest which, unbroken by roads, ungashed by axes, perhaps uncrossed by trails, extended north until finally it shrank into the ground before the arctic blasts from Ungava.

The gale swept us forward at a rapid pace. The exhilaration of the night penetrated our blood. We sang at the top of our voices, jumped pools, recited battle poems, until by chance one of us, looking far ahead, saw a black form outlined against the sky. We stopped. In the half darkness it appeared to be gliding towards us. Suddenly it became the figure of an Indian striding along by the water's edge. He was moving stubbornly with his body bent against the wind, yet steadily, as one who has before him an infinitely long journey. We hailed him across the beach, but the gale swept the sound of our voices to leeward, or our figures were indistinguishable against the spruce-trees, for, without turning his head, he pressed steadily on. He probably was only some belated wanderer, who, misled by the luxuries of civilization, had outstayed the flotilla of canoes in which he came to trade at the post, and who was now following it back to the trapping grounds. But that night to us he was the spirit of the woods as silently, steadily, and patiently he strode on into his northern night.

How frequently the memories of such casual incidents recur during the busy winter months! You return from a vacation fresh with a new enthusiasm for a winter of work, filled with a determination to make the year count, eager to

face the problems from which you had so eagerly escaped. You honestly believe that your dreams of the north-land have been put away with your old clothes. But all of a sudden on some morning, when, after an easterly storm, the wind comes sparkling out of the northwest, you feel a tug at your heart-strings. As you walk the pavements to the office, the brick buildings become a misty frame for the picture of a tote road through the spruce forest. Above the underbrush on one side you can just

see the tearing, whirling river, and on the other side the perpendicular gray flank of the mountain still dripping from yesterday's storm. Above the tumult of the water you hear the morning song of a hermit thrush. Your step unconsciously lengthens into the easy stride of the trail; you lift your head to catch the first pungent whiff from the camp-fire; your grip upon your lawyer's bag changes as your fingers feel for the customary balance of an ax; and your soul goes singing off into the woods.

## PROBLEMS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE<sup>1</sup>

### THE TRUE MAN AND THE CHURCH'S VOICE

BY LAIRD WINGATE SNELL

A FREQUENT question—more or less jocular—that one hears from factory men is, "Why don't you go to the 'bosses,' the employers and capitalists? They need to be made good more than we do."

Why not, indeed, especially as the employers probably do need it the more? Well, when the earthquake has put your house out of plumb, why do you not begin setting it straight from the top? The top is most out of plumb. Why do you not doctor the withering leaves on your dying tree, instead of digging about it, watering the roots, enriching the soil?

The common man is the foundation of society, and, thank God, he is its most unspoilable element. Not only must moral reform and religious quickening begin at the root, with him, and through him spread to branches and leaves; not only is it the fact that quickening and enlightenment for the "upper" strata of society must come through the demonstration the common man will yet give of religion in its reality, morality, breadth, and power; it is also the fact that the mind of the common man is genuinely open towards truth, his nature is sound

and simple enough to receive and give growth to truth, and as for his conscience, he is but awaiting an adequate social vehicle to give it united, emphatic, resounding, reforming expression.

There is one way to reach the consciences of sinners in high places; that is to quicken and give utterance to the social conscience. Just this is the prime function of a church—the quickening and utterance of the conscience of society. But the Church to-day is playing Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out—trying to utter the social conscience, while the sound core of society, the great, sounding diapason in all social utterance—the class of sincere, clear-thinking, clean-living, simply-conscientious workmen—is outside the Church. What wonder that the Church is powerless! The unnatural divorce between the Church and the common people leaves the people with no mouthpiece, and the Church with no full-toned, true-ringing Word.

The fault must lie with the Church. Were she like her Master, she would be of the people; honest folk by right are of the Church. The Church's fault has a threefold root: untruth, caste, idolatry. She must rid herself of these or die, while a new Church grows up from the

<sup>1</sup> Under this general head are included seven brief articles by Mr. Snell, dealing with practical and personal religious problems. The present is the fourth article of the series.—THE EDITORS.

unchurched masses, broad as the true life, vital with the conscience of the common man, mighty in the spirit that knows

nor Greek nor Jew, bond nor free, black nor white, high nor low, but all one in Christ Jesus.

## THE AMERICAN COLONIES'

ONE of the most noticeable features of the recent publishing season has been the appearance of an unusual number of books dealing with American colonial history. In part, doubtless, this is due to the interest aroused in the subject by the celebration of the three hundredth anniversary of the settlement of Virginia; but in greater part it seems ascribable to and indicative of a spontaneous and increasing desire for fuller information respecting the earlier scenes of the American drama and the actors therein. Certainly the majority of the works issued during the past few months, and all of those which it is our intention to notice here, are primarily intended for solid instruction, and at the same time bear every sign of having been published to meet other than a purely scholastic demand. Take, for example, the MacLehose reprint of the writings of John Smith. In former times the redoubtable Captain's quaint narratives would have been considered of interest only to scholars, and cast in the dull and sober form deemed appropriate to historical "source books." But in the present edition we are given a work that delights the eye as well as the mind—two handsome volumes of a striking binding, capital illustrations,

clear type, and light-weight paper, volumes altogether appropriate for the library table and by their very garb inviting perusal. Exciting reading, too, they will be found by those who have not already made the acquaintance of the adventurous Smith and fared with him through his picturesque career as crusader, mariner, discoverer, explorer, and founder.

Indeed, there is only one criticism to be passed on the MacLehose reprint. Recent investigations, and particularly the labors of the late Alexander Brown, have brought to light a number of original documents largely discrediting Smith's writings—so far, at any rate, as they relate to the administration of the Virginia Company's affairs; and similarly a heated controversy has arisen with respect to the truth of the celebrated Pocahontas story and of Smith's exploits in the Turkish wars. Yet, except for the scantiest of mention in the brief introductory statement of the publishers, the reader is left absolutely in ignorance of the fact that Smith's veracity has been questioned. For this there can be no excuse. Even if it be argued—as English historians, in contradiction to their American colleagues, seem inclined to argue—that the case against Smith has not been satisfactorily proved, care should have been taken at least to indicate the points in dispute and the sources upon which the doubters rest their claims.

By a happy coincidence, however, one of these sources, and a most impressive one, is now made available by the publication of the "Court Book of the Virginia Company." To judge from Smith's narrative, the record of the Virginia Company, particularly after the Sandys Southampton administration had replaced that of Smythe, was one of gross mismanagement, if not worse, and the action of King James in revoking the Company's charter was amply warranted.

<sup>1</sup>The *Generall Historie of Virginia*, New England, and the Summer Isles. Together with *The True Travels, Adventures, and Observations, and a Sea Grammar*. By Captain John Smith, sometimes Governor in those countries and Admirall of New England. Two vols. The Macmillan Company, New York.

*The Records of the Virginia Company of London—The Court Book*, from the Manuscript in the Library of Congress. Edited with an Introduction and Bibliography by Susan Myra Kingsbury. Preface by Herbert Levi Osgood. Two vols. Government Printing House, Washington. \$4 per set.

*The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century*. By Herbert Levi Osgood. Vol. III. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3, net.

*English Colonies in America*. By J. A. Doyle. Vol. IV., *The Middle Colonies*. Vol. V., *The Colonies under the House of Hanover*. Henry Holt & Co., New York. \$3.50, net, per volume.

*Correspondence of William Pitt when Secretary of State with Colonial Governors and Military and Naval Commissioners in America*. Edited, under the Auspices of the National Society of the Colonial Dames of America, by Gertrude Selwyn Kimball. Two vols. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$6, net, per set.

But the facts, as sufficiently shown by Mr. Brown in his "The Genesis of the United States," bear out the directly opposite opinion, and reveal the Company as actually the source not only of the colony's success, but of the democratic impulse which found early fruition in the creation of the Virginia House of Burgesses, the first representative legislative body to assemble within the present limits of the United States. The story of the Company's achievements and policies is not fully told in the "Court Book," which dates only from 1619, the earlier volumes being apparently irretrievably lost. But enough is told to enable the reader to gain for himself a truer idea than Smith gives of the motives and objects of the associates in that wonderful colonizing enterprise of the seventeenth century, and the causes which ultimately led to their disruption, without, however, wrecking the noble structure they had erected on the shores of far-away America. Assistance to the proper understanding of the Company's place in American history will also be derived from the exhaustive and scholarly introductory essays contributed by Miss Kingsbury and Professor Osgood.

Professor Osgood, in fact, affords a further glimpse of the history and operations of the Virginia Company in the opening pages of the concluding volume of his "The American Colonies in the Seventeenth Century." In the preceding volumes of this work—reviewed at length in *The Outlook* for March 25, 1905—a comprehensive study was made of the institutional history of the colonies from the special standpoint of their internal development, as influenced chiefly by the novel environment in which the first settlers found themselves. Now Professor Osgood retraverses the same ground for the purpose of showing how the colonial policy of the mother country influenced their evolution. We had hoped, from the method pursued and the thoroughness displayed in the other volumes, that he would embrace the opportunity to give a systematic account of the structure and functioning of the English colonial system. But this hope has been only partially realized,

and that in a way which makes it difficult for the student to comprehend readily the nature of the machinery whereby the home authorities exercised a more or less efficient control and strove to consummate the imperial ideal of welding the colonies into a well-organized unity. On the other hand, in his treatment of this scheme of consolidation and its effects on colonial development, Professor Osgood's work will be found singularly helpful.

Here, too, is his main theme, to which he cleaves with an assiduity that gives the volume quite a different aspect from its predecessors, rendering it almost as much a political as an institutional history of the colonies. A brief statement of its contents will make this plain. After an all too short description of the "nature and organs of imperial control," Professor Osgood opens with a review of the initial step in the long-continued and never wholly successful efforts of the Stuarts to vindicate their authority in America—the revocation by James I. of the charter granted to the Virginia Company. Then follows a comprehensive survey of the way in which pressure was next applied to Massachusetts, to meet with a resistance doubly effective because, unlike the Virginia Company, the Massachusetts Company was geographically far removed from royal control, and could resort to tactics impossible in the case of the other. Leaving the Puritans, stiffened in their spirit of independence by successful opposition to the King, and sketching the beginnings of Virginia as a royal province, Professor Osgood reaches perhaps the most interesting and certainly not the least important section of this volume—the elucidation of the relations between the colonies and the mother country during the Civil War and the years precedent to the Stuart Restoration, and the development in that period of the English colonial system. Here the main features, as they appear from his pages, are the unusual freedom enjoyed by the colonists and the consequent growth of democratic ideas, the transition of control from the executive to the legislative branch of the home government, and the passage of the acts of trade of 1650 and

1651, marking the inauguration of the so-called mercantile system, which, intended as a means of conserving imperial interests, was ultimately to hasten the severance of the American colonies from the empire. The period of the Commonwealth at an end, Professor Osgood approaches the policies of the Restoration era with a concise exposition of the effect of the conquest of New Netherland and the settlement of the Carolinas in increasing Stuart anxiety to enforce royal authority and to carry out the long-pending scheme of colonial consolidation; gives an admirable account of the experiences of the royal commissioners sent out by Charles II. to complete the "reoccupation" of New Netherland and to deal with the recalcitrant New Englanders; digresses for an explanation of the early influences of the mercantile system, including a detailed narrative of the manner in which the colonists evaded its prohibitions; and recovers the chronological thread with a careful study of the Restoration history of Virginia. Thereafter his chief concern is to elaborate the methods whereby, beginning with the revocation of the Massachusetts charter, the system of royal control was extended from colony to colony, and the short-lived Dominion of New England brought into existence. The upheavals in New England and New York (which, coincident with the revolution in England, swept the Stuarts and their plans out of history) and the collapse of the proprietary government in Maryland form the subject matter of the closing chapters.

Necessarily, much is said about institutional relationships and consequences; but instead of standing out in bold relief, as in the volumes relating to internal development, this aspect of the subject is too often obscured by the mass of narrative detail which might well have been reduced to smaller compass. Such reduction, particularly in the chapters having to do with the royal commission of 1664, Bacon's and Leisler's rebellions, and the later history of Virginia, would have resulted in an access both of clearness and interest. But if, compared with its predecessors, this final installment

of Professor Osgood's work must be accounted inferior, it should nevertheless be pointed out that it is exceedingly and soundly informative. In many respects, and particularly in the chapters on the duel between the Virginia Company and James I., the colonial policy of the "interregnum," and the acts of trade, it provides the student with knowledge that he could otherwise obtain only by painful research. And it is distinctly a product of real scholarship, distinguished by a constant and conscientious weighing of authorities and a keen discrimination between the trustworthy and the unreliable. In this regard it contrasts favorably with another recently published contribution to the same subject—the concluding volumes of Mr. Doyle's "English Colonies in America."

When the opening volumes of Mr. Doyle's work appeared, more than twenty years ago, they were greeted with the warmest praise and the prediction was made that they would long remain a standard authority. To-day they are still held in the highest esteem, a sufficient illustration being the number of copies maintained on the "reserved" shelves of the Harvard Library. But their successors will hardly meet with the same favor. The qualities of keen analytical judgment, impartiality, and readableness that won the applause of the critics are still in evidence, but with them a decided inaccuracy of detail and negligence as to sources. Particularly is this true of the chapters on the history of New Netherland—which Mr. Doyle persists in calling New Netherlands—and New York. To cite a few of the more conspicuous examples, the entire introductory exposition of the sources of Holland's weakness as a North American colonizing power suffers from non-recognition of the essentially military character of the Dutch West India Company; the story of the relations between the Dutch and the Indians is distorted by undue reliance on the statements of the patroon De Vries, who is now generally regarded as somewhat of a romancer; errors of fact in detailing the later history of the colony under Stuyvesant and after the English conquest arise from similar unquestioning credence



in the historian Brodhead; and imperfect scrutiny of the sources is further apparent in the narrative of the Dutch conquest of New Sweden. As the work progresses it constantly improves, though even at its best signs of hasty writing, if nothing worse, are in evidence. Thus, in describing Penn the portrait drawn is far more flattering than the judgment rendered on his character and achievements, and a positive contradiction is found in the opinion recorded on one page that the great Quaker possessed keen insight into human nature, and on another that he could not read human nature at all. Similarly, although his own pages make the reader acquainted with a striking succession of notable historical personages, Mr. Doyle does not hesitate to deliver himself of the astonishing dictum: "In studying the history of the American colonies we are at once struck with a certain lack of biographical interest, with the absence of conspicuous figures who have towered above their fellow-men and stamped their own personal influence on the community."

Serious defects these, particularly in an age when scholarship is demanding more strictly than ever exactness of statement and accuracy of detail. Nevertheless, if betraying obvious shortcomings and falling below the standard set by the volumes of twenty years ago, "The Middle Colonies" and "The Colonies Under the House of Hanover" unquestionably possess redeeming qualities that will insure for them an interested and an edified audience. Like Professor Osgood's third volume, to put it briefly, they are infinitely more deserving of praise than of censure, and if the candid critic cannot withhold the one he should even more readily extend the other. As was said, in a general way, they are characterized by keen analytical judgment, impartiality, and readableness. The author's historical instinct, indeed, saves him from many a blunder into which one would naturally expect his faulty authorities to lead him. Thus, for all the erroneous statements in the New Netherland and New York chapters, the truth with respect to essentials is firmly grasped and the actors in the drama of long ago move across the stage each

in his proper rôle. Especially noteworthy, at this point, is the picture of crusty old Peter Stuyvesant, he of the wooden leg and attenuated temper, who yet was far and away the best of the Dutch governors and wins a generous and merited meed of praise from Mr. Doyle. And in handling fundamental questions of cause and effect in the development of the separation of the colonies, one from another and from the mother country, a saneness of vision and a soundness of judgment are unfailingly evident. On certain questions—as the relative importance of the fee and tax disputes, the paper money controversies, and the trade restrictions in engendering the animosities that culminated in the War for Independence—Mr. Doyle will not command universal agreement. But none can fail to profit from a careful study of his pages, and even those most inclined to carp at the blemishes indicated above will readily concede the success with which, viewing his work as a whole, he has breathed life and meaning into the most prosaic aspects of the historic past whereof he writes.

His last chapter carries the story of the colonies down to the close of the French and Indian War, without, however, examining that struggle from other than the standpoint of its influence on the future of the colonists, and also, apparently, without examining it in the light of the highly important documents contained in Miss Kimball's "Colonial Correspondence of William Pitt." This is another "source book" that has been printed and bound in a form calculated to make a strong appeal to a wider circle of readers than is usually gained by compilations of its kind. It contains, in all, nearly five hundred letters, of which fewer than seventy have been made public before. Over one hundred and twenty-five of the letters were written by Pitt himself, and the remainder by the various naval and military commanders and colonial governors who were associated with him, in one capacity or another, in the long and desperate struggle with France. To the student of the life and character of Pitt, no less than to the student of the French and Indian War, the letters are inval-

able. They confirm beyond question all that has hitherto been said about Pitt's capacity to take infinite pains, and to arouse enthusiasm in his subordinates. To the minutest detail, as the correspondence makes evident, he concerned himself with the preparation of the different expeditions he planned for the invasion of New France—now instructing an admiral as to how many and what ships he should take with him, and what they should carry, even to molasses and rum; now directing a general as to the disposition of his troops; now exhorting a governor to induce his colonists to raise money and men for the campaign; and now rebuking another governor for permitting traffic with the enemy by colonists who had an eye for financial profits rather than military success and prestige.

The letters of his colonial correspondents make equally interesting reading. Those written by the leaders of the land and water expeditions amount, practi-

cally, to a first-hand narrative of the French and Indian War from the moment Pitt assumed control; that is to say, at the close of 1756. The Amherst letters of 1758, for instance, are to all intents and purposes a journal of the siege of Louisbourg; while the story of Forbes's heroic march to Fort Du Quesne, of Abercromby's folly at Ticonderoga, of Wolfe's great victory at Quebec, and of the subsequent reduction of all Canada, are likewise told in official but very human communications to Pitt. Less attractive are the letters from the governors, which reveal, with the exception of Massachusetts and one or two other provinces, a lamentable lack of patriotic zeal on the part of their people, and reveal, also, a mutual jealousy between province and province that increases the marvel of the rapidity with which, only a few years afterwards, they sank all differences at sound of the guns of Lexington, and united to rid themselves of the incubus of foreign rule.

## Comment on Current Books

### *In Central Africa*

Mr. A. B. Lloyd, whose former book "Uganda to Khartoum" may be remembered, is a mission-

ary as well as an explorer, and this record<sup>1</sup> of travel through parts of Africa still not very well known is preceded by a word of introduction from the President of the British Church Missionary Society. The Uganda country now claims a church membership of twenty thousand baptized people, with a large number of native clergy and lay evangelists, and this is only one of the religious bodies now existing in Uganda, where only a few years ago, comparatively speaking, no white missionary had ever penetrated. Mr. Lloyd's journey through the Belgian territory carried him to the forest of pygmies in whom Stanley was so much interested, and he had the best of opportunities for studying and describing this strange nation of dwarfs, who have kept their identity as a race from time immemorial. In other respects the book is, as a personal narrative of experience, decidedly readable, but it has the usual fault of books of this kind in that it relates too minutely and without careful discrimination the unimportant as well as important matters.

<sup>1</sup> *In Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country.* By A. B. Lloyd. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3. net.

There are many pictures from the author's photographs which are only moderately interesting.

### *Russia and Reform*

The reader in quest of sensational information respecting the latest developments in the Russian struggle for liberty will search in vain through the pages of Mr. Bernard Pares's "Russia and Reform,"<sup>1</sup> but he who desires a sober, calm, fair-minded narrative and interpretation will not be disappointed. The work is in reality encyclopædic. Beginning with a rather impressionistic but distinctly readable sketch of the rise and advance of Russia from the earliest times, Mr. Pares, with the emancipation of the serfs, enters into a detailed study which is really worthy of comparison with Mackenzie Wallace's great book. Like Wallace, Mr. Pares evidently knows his Russia thoroughly, and his Russian in every walk of life. The geographical and economic aspects of the country, the governmental system, the educational facilities, the home life of the noble and the peasant, the literature that has been produced and the men who have produced it—all this and much more is expounded by

<sup>1</sup> *Russia and Reform.* By Bernard Pares, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$3. net.

him in a way that is equally interesting and authoritative. In his pages bureaucrat, soldier, priest, policeman, peasant—almost every type of Russian—speak directly to the reader through transcripts of personal interviews. More especially is Mr. Pares concerned to lay a solid foundation for the belief which is the main thesis of his work—that Russia will eventually obtain constitutional government through the efforts not of the revolutionary but of the reform party, and that “so far from being weakened, she will be better able to take her natural part in the common affairs of Europe.” That Russia is essentially a “great” country—great in her people as in her territory—is emphatically his conviction, and in support of it he advances some considerations which will be new to most readers, despite the many volumes that have already been written on the subject. This it is, together with the splendidly optimistic note sounded throughout, that gives “Russia and Reform” its real excuse for existence; and that induces us to call it to the attention of our readers, although we feel that in some matters, particularly with respect to prison methods, Mr. Pares takes an over-rosy view. His book, it might be added, carries the narrative of the reform movement to so recent an event as the dissolution of the first Duma.

**A Book on Banking**

A capital idea underlies Mr. Walter Henry Hull's “Practical Problems in Banking and Currency,”<sup>1</sup> a compilation of more than sixty papers by experts on financial questions. “A few months ago,” explains Mr. Hull, “the editor had occasion to investigate several addresses delivered by prominent bankers and economists, and as an outgrowth of this study he decided to compile a number of the more important and valuable of these into book form, believing such a work to be a significant addition to banking literature. He was further encouraged in this work by the assurance of both bankers and educators that such a compilation would be welcomed as a reference book in connection with studies in banking and currency.” This, in fact, is the great merit of the undertaking, for it brings together a mass of valuable information not usually dealt with—or, at any rate, not dealt with in detail—in the standard text-books. This information, moreover, is of the most recent experience and practice, all of the addresses utilized having been delivered since the beginning of the century. In subject they range from the most urgent and warmly debated questions—

such as the problem of providing a more elastic currency, and that of establishing a branch bank system—to questions of everyday administration and routine, and taken together form a most comprehensive symposium. It is worth observing, too, that, although prepared for delivery to advanced students, so to speak—members of the different banking associations of the country—they are, as a rule, couched in such simple and direct language as to be intelligible to the veriest tyro. With respect to the more important topics, the editor has wisely included addresses from bankers and economists representing all shades of opinion, and thus the reader is enabled to gain a broad view of the proposed reforms. The question of currency reform, for example, is discussed by such authorities as Leslie M. Shaw, Lyman J. Gage, William B. Ridgely, A. B. Hepburn, Charles G. Dawes, James H. Eckles, Ellis H. Roberts, Horace White, Frederick A. Cleveland, and several others; and that of branch banking by Horace White, James B. Forgan, William A. Nash, and Henry W. Yates. The student, in fine, will derive from this work a thorough understanding of the present banking and currency systems of the United States—their operation, merits, and defects. It may also be read with profit by all interested in social as well as financial and economic betterment; for, as Mr. Phillips points out in his inspiring introduction, “the social problem cannot be divided from the economic; and the banker, the merchant, the manufacturer, and the agent of transportation must unite to create and maintain that reasonable distribution of opportunity, of advantage, and of profit, which alone can forestall an adjustment that left to itself must needs assume the character of a revolution.”

**A College Memorial** When the College of the City of New York was about to move to its new and superbly situated home on St. Nicholas Heights, the alumni resolved to prepare and publish a memorial volume to record the life and history of the old city college. The work has been done, and notably well done, by a committee of which Mr. P. J. Mosenthal was the chairman, and under his editorship, assisted by Dr. C. F. Horne, the present volume<sup>1</sup> was prepared. A beautiful photograph of the new building serves as frontispiece, and the other illustration is abundant and clear. The different periods of the College's history and notable administrations of its affairs are

<sup>1</sup> *Practical Problems in Banking and Currency.* Edited by Walter Henry Hull. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50, net.

<sup>1</sup> *The City College: Memories of Sixty Years.* Edited for the Associate Alumni of the College of the City of New York by Philip J. Mosenthal, M. S., and Charles F. Horne, Ph. D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$3, net.

treated in many chapters by graduates specially well acquainted with the several subjects, while others contribute chapters on such topics as "The College in the Civil War," "College Journalism," and "The Fraternities." The President of the College, Dr. Finley, contributes a description of the aims and scope of "The College of the Present."

**The Aryan Peoples** The subject of these volumes<sup>1</sup> is a race-epic—the migrations from its home land, the institutions, the achievements, the physical and spiritual traits, the successive homes, the language, literature, and religion of the masterful, many-branching Aryan race, Hindus, Persians, Græco-Latins, Celts, Slavs, Norsemen, English. The author is a Californian, and a scholar, as his philological attainments show. As an army surgeon in the far West he knows frontier life. With generations of frontier blood in his veins, he has felt "the call of the wild," and has gathered lore from nature as well as from libraries. His style is animated and energetic; he is philosophic, discursive, poetic; he is quick to trace analogies and mark contrasts, fond of generalization, and prone to turn history into prophecy. The total impression of his work is realistic and picturesque. Whatever errors are inseparable from a cyclopædic sweep of history and thought—*e. g.*, his finding the germ of the Papacy in the *episcopos* of Pauline Christianity—will be forgiven for the interest of his epic story. While this is no less in his account of the Old World Aryans, it is to the story of the New World Aryans that we, their descendants, are naturally attracted, to their winning of the land, and to the augury it gives of their future. Here the struggle of Aryan with Aryan, the Teuton with the Latin, is graphically sketched, the flying wedge with which the Teuton broke the Latin barrier into the heart of the continent, and how it was "the Teutonic wife," the family migration, that won. Interesting glimpses of recent but forgotten history occur, *e. g.*, the building of the Great National Road between 1811 and 1836 from the Potomac to Illinois, and the swarms that traveled it. "The typical American," says the author, comes of this breed; from this breed the distinctively American literature is to come; "the Atlantic slope is too near Europe." However this may be, inter-State free trade in thoughts as well as things may be trusted as a general solvent of variety. Looking forward, we learn that history will repeat itself. The "earth-hunger" which

has been eminently characteristic of the Aryan race will seek satisfaction in the New World as formerly in the Old World. The Teutonic Englishman of America will press southward, not with lust of conquest but with superior economic power, into the temperate uplands of Mexico, and the Mexicanized Latin will retire before him into the warmer regions of the coast. In these also the American negro will find his ultimate abode, and thus our most vexing race problem will be solved. In regarding the black race as in its autumnal period, the yellow race as hopelessly decadent, and even Japan's future as precarious, the author certainly is off the line of facts. His national and international forecasts, with one prominent exception, are the least satisfactory portion of his work. The ultimate federation of all English-speaking peoples which he anticipates is the thought of many. That things seem slowly tending that way is auspicious for the peace of the world.

#### **The First Gospel**

The best type of Oxford scholarship is exhibited in this work,<sup>2</sup> conservative, but strongly modified by modern learning. The preferred reading given to chapter i. 16 is that of the Sinaitic Syrian version: "Joseph, to whom was espoused Mary a virgin, begat Jesus, who is called Christ." But a critical note maintains that "legal parentage, not paternity," was the writer's meaning. The commentator's purpose throughout the work is mainly limited to bringing out what the evangelist intended to express. This, he justly holds, requires one to approach the Gospel from the Jewish-Oriental view of life. He is versed in the results of literary criticism, and, while finding in the record a truthful portrait of a historical life, does not come to it as an exact representation of the Master's sayings and words. A final Greek text of the Gospels is not yet obtained. The Palestinian origin of the First Gospel has long been apparent. The work of an unknown compiler soon before or after A.D. 70, and largely based on Matthew's original Hebrew work, or a translation of it, "it enables us to reconstruct in some measure the theology of the Jewish-Christian Church in the middle of the first century A.D.," with its deficient appreciation of the Master's breadth and freedom. In the present work the needs of the student are the object of main regard, rather than those of the preacher or of the general reader unacquainted with the Greek Testament. The sources from which the text is drawn are indicated by

<sup>1</sup> *Race Life of the Aryan Peoples*. By Joseph P. Widney. In 2 vols. Funk & Wagnalls Company, New York. Per set, \$4.

<sup>2</sup> *A Critical and Exegetical Commentary of the Gospel According to St. Matthew*. By Willoughby C. Allen, M.A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3, net.

marginal letters. The interesting opinion is ventured that the description of the Last Judgment (chapter xxv. 31-46) is "a Christian homily based, no doubt, upon reminiscence of words of Christ."

### *Slavery in Cuba*

This first portion of the author's exposition of his subject covers the three and a half centuries from the beginning of the Spanish occupation to 1868, the close of the period of prosperity. The opposition of the Spanish government to the slave trade, and likewise the institution of slavery, tended to build up the over-centralized, absolutist régime of which Cubans complained. Nearly a century ago the gradual abolition of slavery was proposed in the Spanish Cortés. The mercantile interests of Havana, aided by American and British capital, nevertheless secured by clandestine methods practically free trade in slaves till about the time of our Civil War. The result of that struggle dealt the death-blow to slavery in Cuba. Professor Aimes's work<sup>1</sup> is based largely on the study of state documents and official reports. He goes into the economic, political, and social bearings of his subject, and throws light on the present problems of Cuba. His conclusion that the moral evils of slavery would have been lessened and the interests of humanity promoted by a continuance of the open slave trade is hard to understand.

### *Another Champlain Reprint*

A reprint of Champlain's own story<sup>2</sup> of his travels and explorations properly finds place in the Jameson series of "Original Narratives of Early American History," by reason of the fact that, although Champlain's labors on this continent were largely confined to Canada, he was the first explorer of New England to give a clear and connected account of its shores; and, in addition, his incursions into the Iroquois country resulted in the amassing of information of great value to the student of the history of the United States. This information, together with that relating to New England, is contained in the "Voyages" of 1613 and the "Voyages et Découvertes" of 1619, and to these narratives the present reprint is limited, the version followed being that of the translation prepared by Dr. C. P. Otis for the Prince Society's edition. The reader is thus assured of a satisfactory rendering of the original, and his understanding of the text is further facilitated by the excellent annotation of the

present editor, Mr. W. L. Grant, a member of the historical department of Oxford University. Not only has Mr. Grant been careful to give numerous geographical and other explanatory notes, but he has also exercised the critic's function, pointing out, as occasion arises, statements which subsequent inquiry has shown to be erroneous. In this respect the reprint is well adapted to the use of both the special student and the general reader of history. From the standpoint of the latter, however, it is to be regretted that Mr. Grant has not seen fit to write a more detailed biographical introduction than the bald and rather arid account of Champlain's life and labors with which he prefaces his editorial utterances.

### *Critical Psychology*

In this volume<sup>3</sup> Professor Mitchell, of the University of Adelaide, Australia, formerly of Edinburgh, takes up the student of psychology at the end of his text-book, to secure by a general discussion a better understanding of the problems it presents. The aim of this discussion is to clarify thought by careful discriminations, exposing ambiguities and correcting errors, with intentness on intellectual honesty in ascertaining the causes and the functions of experience—the main concern of psychology. In the main issue between the spiritual and the mechanical view of mind as related to brain Professor Mitchell stands squarely on the former: "The inference is never from what the brain can do to what the mind can be and do, but always, first, the opposite." An adequate review of his work needs far more space than is here available. It may be characterized as a stimulating and serviceable guide-book in psychology, devoted to elaborate and searching criticism for the benefit of readers who are not in a hurry to run while reading.

### *A German Commentary*

This bulky commentary, of more than six hundred pages, on Romans,<sup>4</sup> follows the exegetical and doctrinal method, setting forth that book as a carefully planned statement of the theology and ethics of the Apostle Paul. Although the author refers now and then to the work of the radical and liberal schools of thought, his results show the influences of the conservative and older expositors only. Built upon the works of such men as Meyer, Weiss, and Zahn, the book is scholarly and well written, although belated in method and scope.

<sup>1</sup> A History of Slavery in Cuba, 1511 to 1868. By Hubert H. S. Aimes, Ph.D. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.50 net.

<sup>2</sup> Voyages of Samuel de Champlain, 1604-1618. Edited by W. L. Grant, M. A. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$3. net.

<sup>3</sup> Structure and Growth of the Mind. By W. Mitchell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00 net.

<sup>4</sup> Kommentar über den Brief Pauli an die Römer. Von G. Säckharth, Professor am Concordia-Seminar zu St. Louis. Concordia Publishing House, St. Louis, Mo.

# Letters to The Outlook

## PROHIBITION IN MAINE

I wish, on behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, to make a statement bearing upon the status of the temperance question in Maine. In doing this I must beg to differ with the views expressed in *The Outlook* of August 10.

My home always has been in Maine. I have many times been over the State, and claim to know the conditions and to be in some degree capable of comparing them with conditions in the other States, all of which I have visited and in all of which I have studied the effects of the various laws enacted to apply to the liquor traffic. It is true that prohibition in Maine "is still an issue," and it always will be an issue as long as there are men in Maine who desire to sell liquor for profit and those who wish to get it easily for beverage purposes. The sale of liquor is not "free" in Maine. There is no city in Maine where the sale of liquor is as free as in license States. No man has the free right to sell liquor in any part of Maine. No man who sells liquor in Maine is even free enough to advertise his business. There is not an open saloon in Maine. There are illegal liquor-selling places where search and seizure are liable to be made at any time, but the liquor trade has no freedom in Maine such as it enjoys in license States; it is under the ban of law by the vote of the people of Maine in the proportion of three or prohibition to one against it. To claim that the illegal liquor-sellers of Maine have power enough to "develop among the people of the State a disregard for all law" is to place a lower estimate upon the intelligence of the Maine men and women than their record will justify. To be sure, the attempt to enforce the prohibitory law "has been almost continuously resisted," and by whom? First and foremost by the lawless elements of society; for a business which causes three-fourths of all the crime in our land is likely to receive the support of the criminal element. Ninety-five per cent. of the clergymen of Maine, and the foremost statesmen of Maine, including all of Maine's present United States Senators and Representatives, are opposed to the license system and are upholders of Maine's prohibitory law.

Georgia has, indeed, adopted prohibition after trying all forms of license. The law is considered by expert temperance people to be one of the best prohibitory laws ever formulated. Under the law a physician may legally prescribe alcohol as a medicine, and

the law provides for the filling of this prescription; it also provides for the sale of alcohol for scientific purposes. In Georgia local option has proved a stepping-stone to State prohibition, and the people of Georgia have nobly stepped up.

The temperance people of Georgia are rejoicing, and the liquor fraternity of the country is more perplexed than ever, and well it may be. Total abstinence and prohibition, the two oars of the temperance reform movement, are keeping stroke together, and the shore of National prohibition is all the time becoming less distant.

LILLIAN M. N. STEVENS,  
Pres't National Woman's Christian  
Temperance Union.

[See Mr. McKelway's article elsewhere, and our comment.—THE EDITORS.]

## THE RAILWAY AND THE STATE

In your article on "The Railway and the State," in the August 10 number, the closing paragraph justifies some comment. You advise interested observers of the rapidly developing situation to remember: "First, that the several States have no power to control inter-State commerce." In theory and law this is undoubtedly true, at least by the process of exclusion, inasmuch as the control of inter-State commerce inheres in the Congress. But as a matter of practical fact it is not true. Witness the prevailing disarrangement of established inter-State passenger fares brought about by the individual action of States. The State of Missouri or of Iowa, through the freight schedules promulgated by their Legislatures or State Commissions, can (and in many instances they do) absolutely determine the measure of the inter-State rates on traffic to and from the Missouri River cities and the country beyond. Should the roads from northern Texas to New Orleans undertake to correct a proved inequitable adjustment in the rate to that port on a given commodity as contrasted with the rate to Galveston, for example, the Texas Railroad Commission has the power, and would undoubtedly exercise it if the traffic were of considerable importance, to nullify the benefit of the alteration of the rate to New Orleans by immediately ordering a corresponding change in the rate to Galveston. Again, you declare that "those States will promote both justice and prosperity which endeavor to harmonize their control of transportation within their boundaries with the control exercised over

inter-State commerce by the Federal Government." It is possible that Massachusetts and New York have some regard to that ideal harmony, but the very animus of legislative enactment by the States in general with respect to transportation charges is selfish interest. Their purpose is to promote the commercial success and prosperity of their own citizens, and the tariffs which they enforce upon the railways are designed to that end. Usually very low rates from distributing centers are the method chosen to make it less advantageous for the inter-State competitor to distribute in the same territory. Under existing conditions Federal control of inter-State commerce, as governed by rates of transportation, falls very far short of an actual and complete power.

C. N. OSGOOD.

Washington, D. C.

[By "power" we meant, of course, legal or Constitutional power. The situation described in this letter is what has given force and reason to the policy of increasing the efficiency of Federal control of inter-State commerce.—THE EDITORS.]

### THE SOLDIER AND THE OFFICER

Referring to the article by Captain Dana T. Merrill, entitled "Desertion a Disease," published in *The Outlook* for August 3, 1907, he states: "Discontent causes desertion in practically all cases in some form or another, and much of this arises from outside the service, and comes from conditions which cannot be remedied by the military authorities; and there is no more fertile source of this discontent than the view-point of the civilian toward the soldier."

I would suggest that the attitude of the civilian toward the soldier is largely determined by two conditions:

First—The soldier's conduct.

Second—The attitude of the commissioned officer toward the soldier, as established by army custom.

I agree that, generally speaking, the soldier's conduct is superior to that of the average civilian of his equal in education, and I believe the attitude of the civilian toward him is favorable in accordance with such superior conduct, except in cases where his social status is in question.

The custom in the army of establishing an impassable social gulf between the commissioned officer and the soldier affects the soldier socially in civil life. No social organi-

zation of civilians in democratic America places itself below the social standing of the commissioned officer; hence the custom of the army tends to place the soldier in a class below all civil social organizations.

Later in the article Captain Merrill states: "His uniform should be one to be proud of, and not an object of scorn and derision, and not a badge of baseness and servility to be patronized as the lowest of public servants."

Is not the attitude of the commissioned officer toward the soldier similar to that of the master toward his servant? This latter statement suggests a social problem in civil life. Unfortunately, stigma attaches to service, in that he who serves is placed in a social class below him who is served.

San Francisco.

R. B. D.

### ANCIENT INCUBATORS

In your number of June 15 I read an article by the Spectator in which he mentioned raising chickens by incubators as a twentieth-century method. A few days later, in reading Rollin's *Ancient History*, I came across the following in Volume I, page 153:

Their relatives inform us that the Egyptians set eggs in ovens, which are heated to such a temperature, and with such just proportion to the natural warmth of the hen, that the chickens produced by these means are as strong as those hatched in the natural way. The season of the year proper for this operation is from the end of December to the end of April, the heat in Egypt being too violent in the other months.

During these four months upwards of three hundred thousand eggs are laid in these ovens, which, though they are not all successful, nevertheless produce vast numbers of fowls at an easy rate.

The art lies in giving the ovens a due degree of heat, which must not exceed a fixed proportion. About ten days are bestowed in heating these ovens, and very near as much time in hatching the eggs. It is very entertaining, say these travelers, to observe the hatching of these chickens, some of which show at first nothing but their heads, others but half their bodies, and others again come quite out of the egg. These last, the moment they are hatched, make their way over the unhatched eggs and form a diverting spectacle.

I thought that some of the readers of *The Outlook* might be interested to know that this artificial method of hatching eggs dated back to early Egypt. Charles Rollin was born in Paris, France, in 1661, and wrote his history between 1730 and 1738, and although he is not considered absolutely accurate in his statements, it is interesting to know that incubators of some form were known in his time, if not earlier.

KATE DODGE.

Wenham, Massachusetts.

# Index to Volume Eighty-six of The Outlook

May 4 to August 31, 1907 (Four Months)

## EDITORIAL:

Editorial articles (as distinct from paragraphs) are indicated by an asterisk before title or folio.]

	PAGE
Abbott, Mrs. Lyman.....	716
bruzzi, Duke of the, Petty Thieving from.....	262
ked, Rev. C. F.....	48
labama, Child Labor in.....	939
liens. Protection to.....	266
merican Society of International Law. The.....	3
narchist, A Corporate.....	351
unt Patience.....	716
ustria. Democracy in.....	272
ach for To-Day.....	276
allowing, Army.....	714
aptist Convention, Northern.....	227
elast Riots.....	846
elgium, A Crisis in.....	10
ilf-Board Advertising.....	493
ind, Academic Education for the.....	938
bookless Homes.....	139
oston's Gas.....	577
rahmo-Somaj, The.....	356
Bramble, The Rule of the.....	140
rayton, "Boss".....	620
rugex Exposition, The.....	803
ryan Programme, The.....	934
uccaneering, A Tale of Modern.....	7
ucket-Shops: A Mean Form of Fraud.....	268
alvin's Quadracentennial.....	12
anada.....	
Hydro-Electric Power Commission.....	838*
Postal Discrimination.....	128
Transportation Lines, Projected.....	356
asablanca, The Bombardment of.....	799
entral American Quarrels.....	940
harities and Correction, National Conference.....	533
hicago's New Charter.....	269
hicago's Plans for Improvement.....	534
hild Labor.....	939
hina, Military.....	229
hina, The American Court for.....	133
hina's Indemnity.....	439
Christ, The Divinity of.....	317
Church Militant, The.....	359
hurch Union, A Proposed.....	448
hurchill, Winston.....	305
olby, Everett.....	305
ollege Boat Races.....	488
ollege Events.....	353, 445
College, The: Two Points of View.....	493
olleges, Taxation of.....	90
olonial Conference, The.....	8
ongregationalists, The, and Church Union.....	448
onsolidated Gas Co. of N. Y. City, The.....	7
Cooper, James Fenimore ("The First American Teller of Tales").....	807
Czar's Coup d'Etat, The.....	450
Des Moines Plan of City Government, The.....	708
Drama Once More, The.....	451
Education: Credit for Quality.....	761
Educational Interchange, An.....	763
Educational Progress, 1906-7.....	627
Egypt, A Discovery in.....	712
Employers' Responsibility.....	352
England.....	
*America and.....	358
Colonial Conference, The.....	8
Declaration Against Obstruction, A.....	48
Educational Reform, An.....	755
Irish Councils Bill, The.....	229, 312
Irish Land Bill, The.....	83
Labor Party, Growth of the.....	802
Lords, The Movement Against the.....	800
Mark Twain.....	489, 578
*Mikado, The.....	49
Tariff, No Protective.....	84
University Reform.....	710
*Eternity Under the Aspect of.....	630
Ethical Culture Movement, The.....	132
European Alliances, New.....	442
*Experience, A Chapter of.....	317
*Faith and Fear.....	544
Farrar, Judge E. H., on the Railways and the Government.....	85

## EDITORIAL.—Continued.

	PAGE
Federal Government and State Co-operation.....	620
*Federation of the World, The.....	137
Finland, Woman Suffrage in.....	272
Florida Railway that Goes to Sea, A.....	11
Folk, Governor.....	308
Foraker, Senator.....	*847
*Forest Policy, The National.....	716
Formosa, The Opium Monopoly in.....	625
Fourth of July Casualties.....	354
France.....	
American Trade.....	271
Clemenceau Sustained.....	491
Morocco.....	799
Wine-Growers' Troubles, The.....	311, 348, 441
*Franchises, Should They be Capitalized?.....	313
*Frankly Questioned, Frankly Answered.....	51, 95
Garfield, Harry A.....	580
Gas Company, The Consolidated.....	7
Gas, in Boston, 577; in Pennsylvania.....	444
Georgia (Battle-ship) Disaster, The.....	623
Georgia, Prohibition in.....	757
Germany and American Trade.....	47
Glenn, Governor, and the Railways.....	705*, 758, 795
Golden Fleece, Order of the.....	803
Grafter, The Hunting of the.....	799
Greek Protest, A.....	711
Grosscup, Judge, on Church Spoliation.....	92
Hague Conference, The.....	440, 490, 756
Hampton Institute, 44; Negro Conference, The.....	797
Harkness, Professor Albert.....	270
Harvard University.....	487
Harvests, The.....	527
Haywood Trial, The.....	1, 303, 350, 537, 715, *762
*Heaven on Earth.....	454
Heroism, Peaceful.....	129
Home Work for the Sick.....	92
*How Do We Know?.....	806
Hudson Bay Route, The.....	10
Hudson Celebration, The.....	313
Hughes, Governor, and Supt. Kelsey, 41; the Recount Bill, 350, 443; the Railway Rate Bill, *357; the Legislature.....	484, 707
Huysmans, J. K.....	134
Hyde, Dr. W. De W.....	131
Ian MacLaren.....	81
Immigrants and Extortionate Railway Fare.....	443
*Immortality, Dynamic.....	586
*Immortality, The Practice of.....	19
India, Unrest in.....	46
Industrial Legislation.....	224
*Industrial Mediævalism.....	542
Industrial War.....	88
Initiative on Trial in Oregon, The.....	844
*Insurance, The Savings Plan.....	582
Intercollegiate Civic League, The.....	447
*International Faults.....	312
Irish Affairs.....	*3, 229, 312
Jamestown Exposition, The.....	*13, 43, 130
Japan and America.....	*230, 345, 536, 572*
Japan and Korea.....	626, 709
Japan and Russia, Treaty Between.....	755
Japan and the World's Student Christian Federation.....	136
Jaxon, Honoré, and the Moyer-Haywood Trial.....	2
Jeane's Fund, The.....	6, 355
Joachim, Joseph.....	847
*Judaism, Reformed.....	232
*June 22: A Transformation.....	358
Kansas City Water Transportation.....	581
Kindergarten Gathering in N. Y. City, A Great.....	45
Kneisel Quartette, The.....	45
Knox, Senator, and the Constitution.....	483
Korea and Japan.....	626, 709
Kuroki, General.....	133
Labor Shortage, A.....	842*
Lake Placid Conference on Home Economics.....	580
Lamplighters' Strike in New York City.....	5
Longshoremen's Strike in New York City.....	88
Lottery, The.....	307
Louisville Election Contest, The.....	306
McKinley, Mrs.....	251
*Many Minds, One Heart.....	233
Mark Twain in England.....	489, 578





## CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.—Continued.

	PAGE
Hampton Institute:	
I.—Learning by Undoing T. E. Richards, Jr.	669
II.—The Evolution of a Hopeless Case.	
Charles B. Randall	672
III.—Indian Traditions.....James Green	676
Harvard-Yale Races, The.....R. A. Derby	81
Haywood Trial, The.....Lake Grant	355
Heir of the Minnesingers, An.....H. Schaffner	687
Hero, The Revolt of a.....Elliott Flower	467
Imagination in Natural History.....John Burroughs	457
Jamestown Settlement, The, and its Fruit,	
Civil Liberty.....T. N. Page	59
Japanese in the San Francisco Schools, The.	
George Kennan	246
Japanese, More Things.....Observer	29
Japanese, The Attacks on.....40	
Japanese, The, in America.....John Ford	160
Judiciary, Executive Intimidation of the.	
F. M. Davenport	553
Keller's (Helen) Life.....E. E. Hale	379
Labor and the Lady: A Story of Southern Cal-	
ifornia.....Frederic Johnston	514
Labor Problem, The, and the Average Citizen	
J. T. Lincoln	411
Labrador Dolls, The.....32	
Law, Criminal, American Discontent with.	
George W. Alger	321
Lodge, Sir Oliver.....E. D. Shields	908
Mahler, Gustav.....Daniel G. Mason	891
Man Under the Yoke, The.....N. V. Lindsay	243
Martin, Dr. W. A. P.....Albert Porter	884
Mary and Her Character.....Mary B. Wood	694
Mayo, Drs. C. H. and W. J.....W. T. Grenfell	404
Men on the Docks, The.....Ernest Poole	142
Mines, Floating, in Naval Warfare.....Stanley Washburn	281
Music, An Autocrat in.....D. G. Mason	871
Negro Education, A Southern View. Percy Leroy	731
New England of South America, The.	
J. G. Van Marter	410
New York, Seeing, in a Horse-Car. A. B. Reeve	331
Northwest, The Great.....J. F. Carr	363
Northwest and the Railways.....J. F. Carr	829
Peace, The Next Step for.	
Theodore Roosevelt, Andrew Carnegie,	
Barnon d'Estournelles de Constant, Edward	
Everett Hale, Lyman Abbott.....145	
Poetry:	
Again.....John Hutchins	293
Baltimore, Lost.....Edward L. White	880
Canada, In.....Mary D. Parkinson	105
City in Summer, The.....Maud S. Beeson	594
Company of the Faithful.....Priscilla Leonard	680
Day in the Open, A.....L. M. Montgomery	203
Day's Work Done, The.....Martha Young	686
Fishing.....A. L. Donaldson	403
Freedom.....L. P. Hill	63
Free-Foot.....Aldis Dunbar	657
Miniver Cheever.....E. A. Robinson	921
Peace, The Fight of.....James Oppenheim	883
Sovereign, The.....Shepherd Knapp	893
There is a Garden in My Heart.....Meribah Abbott	168
Police, The New York.....L. B. Stowe	21
Problems of Every-Day Life.....L. W. Snell:	
Man, The True, and Religion, 779; Christ,	
816; Sects, 833; The Church's Voice.....966	
Prohibition in Georgia.....A. J. McKelway	947
Public Service Commissions, The.....863	
Quarrel, The.....Elizabeth S. Oliver	736
Quite So.....T. B. Aldrich	923
Railway Employees' Organizations, D. L. Case	503
Railway Problem, The, from a Commissioner's	
Point of View.....Borden D. Whiting	589
Reception in America, My.....Fu Chi Hao, M. A.	770
Rice, George Staples.....R. W. Bruere	191
Roosevelt, President, as a Nature Lover	
Observer.....John Burroughs	542
Runaway, A Placid.....Elizabeth Woodbridge	160
Russia's First Step Towards Freedom.....Nicolas Shishkoff	64
San Francisco's Ferment.....Kew	950
School and College in Brazil and Argentina.	
Sylvester Baxter	780
Sermons, Summer Vesper. Lyman Abbott:	
Accepted Time, The.....706	
Law of Liberty, The.....728	
Self-Sacrifice, The Joy of.....510	
Victory, The Real.....698	
Watch.....555	

## CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES.—Continued.

	PAGE
Shadow of Good Things to Come.....Zona Gale	817
South, The, and Education.....Lyman Abbott	634
Sower, The.....Alice Brown	202
Stories, Selected. With Introductions by	
H. W. Mabie:	
Dr. Marigold's Prescriptions.....Chas. Dickens	205
Colonel Cliphsham's Calendar.....E. E. Hale	425
Ethan Brand.....Nathaniel Hawthorne	695
Quite So.....T. B. Aldrich	923
University in Public Life, A.....William Hard	641
"Washington, Intrigue at".....729	
West at Home, The.....C. M. Harger:	
I.—In the Country.....32	
II.—In the Town.....70	
III.—The Western Spirit.....106	
Wilderness, Good Housekeeping in the.	
Florence S. Gleeson	195
Wisconsin State University.....William Hard	689
Wise, Dr. Stephen S.....889	
Woods, The Spirit of the.....W. R. Peabody	952

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS:

(The titles of many minor books, new editions, etc., are omitted.)

Abelard and Heloise (Torrence).....	453
America's Insular Possessions (Forbes-Lind-	
say).....	429
American History, Bird's-Eye View of (Prince)	
American Nation, The: Outcome of the Civil	
War (Hosmer).....	302
Architecture, A History of (Sturgis).....36	
Arthur of the English Poets, The (Maynadier)	
Aryan Peoples, The (Winney).....	923
Baccalaureate Addresses (Hadley).....77	
Banking and Currency (Hull).....972	
Beaconsfield, Lord, and Other Tory Memories	
(Kebbel).....	746
Benjamin, Judah P. (Butler).....888	
Bible, Our Misunderstood (Trumbull).....341	
Biblical Dogmatics (Terry).....837	
Biography, Studies in (Walpole).....335	
Birds Every Child Should Know (Neltje Blan-	
chan).....	37
Birth of the Nation, The—Jamestown, 1609	
(Pryor).....	77
Brownings, The (Zampini-Salazar).....525	
Babel, Light on the Old Testament from (Clay)	
Budget in the American Commonwealth, The	
(Agger).....	612
Cambridge Modern History: The Restoration	
Camping and Woodcraft, Book of (Kephart)...	38
Canada (Campbell).....525	
Catholic Encyclopedia, The.....287	
Censorship of the Church of Rome (Putnam)...	520
Champlain, Samuel de, Voyages of (Grant).....924	
Chancellorsville Campaign, The (Richardson)	
China, The Uplift of (Smith).....792	
Christian Theology and Social Progress (Bus-	
sell).....	610
Christian Theology in Outline (Brown).....505	
Christianisme et Civilisation (Bonet-Maury)...	745
Christianity and its Bible (Waring).....799	
Church, Freedom in the (Allen).....299	
City College, The (Mosenthal and Horne).....922	
Clark, Robert, of the Punjab (Clark).....745	
Classroom Management (Bagley).....834	
Colonies, The American (Osgood).....907	
Colonies, English, in America (Doyle).....967	
Congregationalism, English, History of (Dale)	
Cook, Captain James (Kitson).....791	
Creed of a Layman, The (Harrison).....523	
Cuba, Slavery in (Aimes).....924	
Dante and His Italy (Ragg).....614	
Democracy, Efficient (Allen).....429	
Desert and the Town (Bell).....75	
Douglass, Frederick (Washington).....77	
Dublin, The Story of (Chart).....921	
Dwarf Land and Cannibal Country, In (Lloyd)	
East, The Truce in the (Putnam-Weale).....436	
Edinburgh under Sir Walter Scott (Fyfe).....526	
England and the English (Hueffer).....246	
England, Political History of, From the Access-	
sion of James to the Restoration (Montague)	
English Literature, The Making of (Craw-	
shaw).....	508
Engravers, The Old (Salaman).....745	
Escorial, The (Calvert).....526	
Europe, The Whirlpool of (Cokhoun).....611	
Events Man, The (Barry).....257	
Experiment in Perfection, An (Barton).....339	
Far East, Signs and Portents in the (Cote)...	416

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.—Continued.

PAGE

Fiction:

Ackroyd of the Faculty (Ray).....	117
Alice-for-Short (De Morgan).....	475
Aunt Jane of Kentucky (Hall).....	117
Beatrix of Clare (Scott).....	833
Bird of Time, The (Woodrow).....	258
Carmichael (North).....	476
Castle of Doubt, The (Whitson).....	477
Catherine of Calais (De La Pasture).....	476
Cave Man, The (Corbin).....	256
Confessions of a Daddy, The (Butler).....	477
Country House, The (Galsworthy).....	254
Davenant (Kinross).....	116
Diary of Delia, The (Watanna).....	477
Disciple of a Saint, The (Sudder).....	117
Family Secrets (Washburne).....	255
Felicity (Laughlin).....	115
Fraulein Schmidt and Mr. Anstruther.....	610
Ghetto Comedies (Zangwill).....	256
Giant's Strength, The (King).....	118
Golden Hawk, The (Rickert).....	255
Growth (Todd).....	117
He Knew Lincoln (Tarbell).....	256
His Courtship (Martin).....	256
Invader, The (Woods).....	339
Isle of Dreams, The (Kelly).....	340
Jenifer (Thurston).....	477
Jerry Junior (Webster).....	833
John Kendry's Idea (Fernald).....	255
Madame de Treymes (Wharton).....	339
Master of Stair, The (Bowen).....	476
Militants, The (Andrews).....	254
Mother (Maxim Gorky).....	116
Mystics, The (Thurston).....	115
New Chronicles of Rebecca (Riggs).....	477
Nimrod's Wife (Seton).....	832
Old Country, The (Newbolt).....	475
Partners of Providence (Stewart).....	117
Penalty, The (Begbie).....	255
Perfect Tribute, The (Andrews).....	340
Phantom Wires (Stringer).....	118
Pickwick Ladle, The (Moody).....	476
Princess and the Ploughman, The (Kingsley).....	340
Short Cruises (Jacobs).....	254
Silent Door, The (Wilkinson).....	609
Sinner, The (Fogazzaro).....	256
Story of the Amulet, The (Nesbit).....	833
Stumbling-Block, A (Forman).....	339
Through the Eye of the Needle (Howells).....	833
Timman (Tom Gallon).....	832
Traitor, The (Dixon).....	833
Trimmed Lamp, The (Henry).....	256
Truth About the Case, The (Goron).....	475
Turgeneff, Ivan, The Novels and Stories of.....	256
Veiled Lady, The (Smith).....	254
Victor of Salamis, A (Davis).....	118
Whirlwind, The (Phillipotts).....	118
White Cat, The (Burgess).....	792
Windfall, The (Charles Egbert Craddock).....	613
Fiction, History in (Baker).....	562
Florentine Galleries, A Guide to (Cruttwell).....	119
Fox, Charles James: A Commentary (Landon).....	349
Garden and Its Accessories, The (Underwood).....	118
Garden, The Month by Month (Sedgwick).....	341
Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic.....	438
(Trevelyan).....	522
Germany, The Industrial Progress of (Howard).....	453
Gibbons, Lettre Ouverte à S. E. Le Cardinal.....	294
(Sabatier).....	837
Goddess of Reason, The (Johnston).....	747
Godkin, E. L., Life and Letters of (Ogden).....	300
Gospels, The Human Element in the (Salmon).....	478
Growth and Education (Tyler).....	298
Hague Ordinances, As The (Russian Prisoner's.....	744
Wife).....	301
Hamlet's Mystery, The Heart of (Werder).....	617
Haunters of the Silences, The (Roberts).....	831
Hebrew Literature of Wisdom, The (Gening).....	252
Henrietta, Madame, Daughter of Charles I. and.....	119
Duchess of Orleans (Ady).....	258
Holy Scripture, Expositions of (MacLaren).....	742
Humanism, Studies in (Schiller).....	507
Imperial Outposts (Murray).....	478
Industrial America (Laughlin).....	744
Inquisition in Spain, A History of the (Lea).....	742
Ireland (Mathew).....	507
Ireland, The Outlook in (Earl of Dunraven).....	478
Italian Lakes (McCracken).....	744
Jamestown, Round About (Davis).....	478

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.—Continued.

Japan, The Future of (Watson).....	475
Japanese Morality (Scherer).....	117
Judaism, The Reform Movement in (Phillips).....	833
Justice, The Culture of (Du Bois).....	258
Kingdom of Man, The (Lanckester).....	476
Lespinasse, Julie de (De Ségur).....	477
Life, The Nature and Origin of (Le Dantec).....	476
Luke the Physician (Harnack).....	256
Magellan, Ferdinand (Ober).....	477
Matthew, St., The Gospel According to (Allen).....	254
Mayflower and Her Log, The (Ames).....	116
Mind, Structure and Growth of the (Mitchell).....	477
Moltke in His Home (Dressler).....	117
Moslem Sisters, Our (Van Sommer and Zemer).....	255
Municipal Ownership, The Dangers of (Forrest).....	115
Nature's Own Gardens (Clarke).....	610
Navigating the Air.....	256
Nemesis of Nations, The (Paterson).....	118
Netherlands, Rise and Decline of the (Barber).....	255
New Harmony Movement, The (Lockwood).....	117
New Theology, The (Campbell).....	256
Old Testament, The (Cornhill).....	340
Orient, The Spirit of the (Knox).....	477
Painting, Modern, The History of (Muther).....	340
Painting, The History of (Muther).....	477
Pater, Walter, The Life of (Wright).....	833
Paul, Saint, The Gospel According to (L. Bosc).....	255
Paul the Mystic (Campbell).....	339
Peking, Indiscreet Letters from (Weale).....	476
Philosophy, Persistent Problems of (Calkins).....	254
Pictures, Studies in (Dyke).....	116
Pioneer Reminiscences of Puget Sound (Moser).....	115
Pitt, William, Correspondence of (Kimball).....	477
Plymouth Church, Sixty Years with (Griswold).....	832
Port Royal, The Story of (Romanes).....	475
Pottery, Tin-Enamelled (Barber).....	117
Pragmatism (James).....	255
Proportional Representation (Commons).....	340
Pyrenees, The (Baring-Gould).....	118
Railroads, The Working of the (McPherson).....	476
Readings, Responsive.....	340
Reformation, A History of the (Lindsay).....	254
Religious Belief, The Psychology of (Fratt).....	609
Religious Value of the Old Testament, The.....	256
(Vernon).....	833
Return to the Land, The (Meline).....	339
Rome, The Greatness and Decline of (Ferreiro).....	833
Rousseau, J. J. (MacDonald).....	832
Russia and Reform (Pares).....	833
Russian Decembrists, The (Schultze).....	256
Sabbath and Sunday, The Scientific Basis of.....	475
(Floody).....	256
Sappho and Phaon (Mackaye).....	254
Savage Europe, Through (De Windt).....	254
Savonarola (Crawford).....	118
Sea, The, Our Heritage (Bullen).....	118
Shakspeare, The Critics versus (Smith).....	792
Short-Story, The (Albright).....	613
Social Gospel, Essays on the (Harnack and.....	562
Hermann).....	119
Social Progress, Contrasts in (Tenney).....	349
Spanish Explorers in the Southern United.....	118
States (Jameson).....	341
Spiritualism, The Physical Phenomena of (Car.....	438
rington).....	522
Steps of Life, The (Hilly).....	453
Stoic Creed, The (Davidson).....	294
Studies in Seven Arts (Symons).....	837
Suez, East of (Pennfield).....	747
Talleyrand (McCabe).....	300
Tariff and the Trusts, The (Pierce).....	478
Thames, The Historic (Helloc).....	298
Theology, New England, Genetic History of.....	744
the (Foster).....	301
Three Vagabonds in Friesland (Tomalin).....	617
Under the Sun (Landon).....	831
United States, History of the (Rhodes).....	252
Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound (Meany).....	119
Vesputci, Amerigo (Ober).....	258
Virginia Company of London, Records of the.....	742
(Kingsbury).....	507
Virginia, New England, etc., The General.....	478
History of (Captain John Smith).....	744
Voltaire, The Friends of (Tallentyre).....	742
Western Civilization, The Development of.....	507
(Forrest).....	478
Worry (Saleeby).....	744

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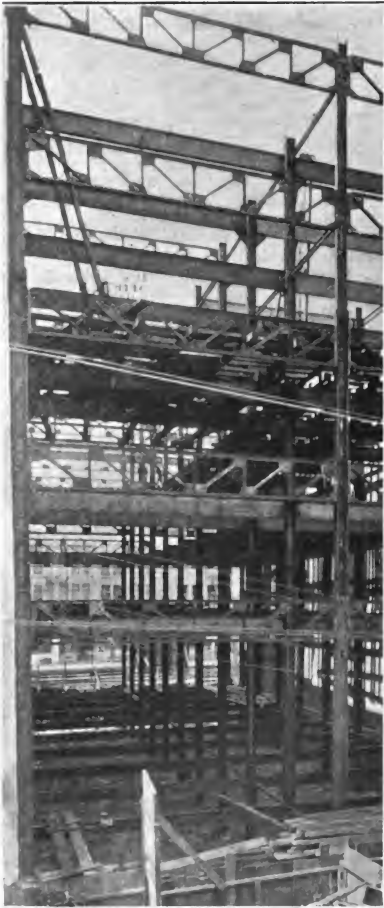
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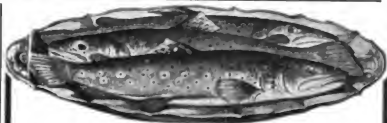
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# The Outlook

Volume 86

Saturday, August 31, 1907

Number 18

## CONTENTS

<i>The President at Provincetown.....</i>	931	<i>State Prohibition in Georgia and the South</i>	947
<i>Mr. Taft's Platform.....</i>	932	<i>By A. J. McKelway</i>	
<i>A Constructive Policy.....</i>	933	<i>San Francisco's Ferment.....</i>	950
<i>The Pennsylvania Capitol Report.....</i>	934	<i>By Kew</i>	
<i>A Standard Oil Defense.....</i>	936	<i>France and America at The Hague.....</i>	956
<i>A Counter-Attack on the Administration</i>	937	<i>By Elbert F. Baldwin</i>	
<i>The Strength of the American Navy....</i>	937	<i>The Spirit of the Woods.....</i>	962
<i>Academic Education for the Blind.....</i>	938	<i>By W. R. Peabody</i>	
<i>Child Labor in Alabama....</i>	939	<i>Problems of Every-Day Life: The True</i>	
<i>Central American Quarrels.....</i>	939	<i>Man and the Church's Voice.....</i>	966
<i>The President and American Prosperity</i>	941	<i>By Laird W. Snell</i>	
<i>The South and Liquor-Selling.....</i>	943	<i>The American Colonies.....</i>	967
<i>The Spectator .....</i>	944	<i>Comment on Current Books.....</i>	971
		<i>Letters to The Outlook.....</i>	975
		<i>Index to Volume 86.....</i>	977

Published by the Outlook Company, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York. Chicago Office, Marquette Building.

The subscription price of The Outlook is Three Dollars a year, payable in advance. Ten cents a copy.

Postage is prepaid by the publishers for all subscriptions in the United States. Hawaiian Islands, Philippine Islands, Guam, Porto Rico, Tutuila (Samoa), Shanghai, Canal Zone, Cuba, and Mexico. For Canada \$1.20 should be added for postage, and for all other countries in the Postal Union \$1.50 should be added for postage.

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**MOTHER'S HELPER.** Young mother in suburban town 18 miles from New York desires young girl of education and good breeding to become member of family and assist in care of two babies aged 2½ years and 6 months. Opportunity to obtain agreeable home and self-development in return for conscientious service. Some experience with babies preferable but not indispensable. Wages according to ability, with increase whenever deserved. Address, stating particulars, "Lawyer," P. O. Box 822, N. Y. City.

**WANTED**—Experienced nurse or nursery-governess, French Protestant or German speaking, French preferred, and two little girls 3½ and 1½ years old, in Englewood, New Jersey, 7,265, Outlook.

**WANTED**—Woman for work, small family four, suburban home, no laundry; or woman with half-grown daughter, laundry and assist children. Good home night party. 7,271, Outlook.

**WANTED**—As housekeeper in a private family, a lady of education and experience, between 30 and 40, energetic and in good health, with highest references. Address, giving full particulars, 7,264, Outlook.

**YOUNG WOMAN** (preferably German) as mother's helper or nursery governess for one child, six years. Winters New York City. Mrs. P. D. Kerrison, Wonalacott, Carroll County, New Hampshire.

**WANTED**, about September 1, two competent women, one as cook and laundress, the other waitress and chambermaid, in family of three. Address Miss Lathrop, 185 Mill St., Springfield, Mass.

**WANTED**—Thoroughly experienced mother's helper or governess with kindergarten training. Answer Box 128, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania.

**WANTED**—Mother's helper. Address, with references, J. G. M., Walden Place, Montreal, N. J.

**WANTED**—A refined young woman with a cheerful disposition to make her home with a lady in Germantown, Philadelphia, as companion. Address 7,211, Outlook.

**FAMILIES**, institutions, schools, and hotels in need of housekeepers, matrons, mother's helpers, companions, etc., address Miss Richards, 121 Angel St., Providence, R. I.

### Teachers and Governesses

**WANTED**—Governess, German or French woman, thoroughly well educated and competent to teach boys to fourteen, to go to small town in Southwest. Will be treated as member of family. Must have references. Four children, oldest nine. Address, stating salary, Governess, 233 So. 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa. Will arrange interview on return from abroad, about Sept. 27.

**WANTED**—An American Protestant gentleman as governess for two boys of nine and five years of age. Home Overbrook, Pa. Address Mrs. N. Y. Worrall, Crestmont Inn, Eagles Mere, Pa.

**TEACHER** wanted for conversational French and elementary Latin, in private family in N. Y. country village, for five months from October 1st. Address, with statement of experience, etc., and references, 7,227, Outlook.

**WANTED**—An experienced teacher as governess for two boys. Country home near Cleveland. Best references required. Mrs. John E. Newell, West Mentor, Ohio.

**TEACHER**, Parisienne, German required. Private school, vicinity New York. Resident teacher, violin, piano, \$75. Dietitian, \$75. Governess-companion. Exceptional opportunities for other high-class positions. The Hopkins' Educational Agency, 1 Union Square, N. Y.

**WIDE AWAKE** and progressive teachers wanted immediately for desirable positions. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

## HELP WANTED

### Teachers and Governesses

**TEACHERS**—We put our successful record of 20 years back of you. Let us place you, We are today, The New Century Teachers' Bureau, 1420 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Business Situations

**LADY** (trained nurse) having had years of experience in San Francisco in both hospital and church instruction, desires a position of trust and responsibility in the East. Would go into work for convalescents. Highest testimonials. Address Mrs. A. M. Fox, 90 Union Avenue, Montreal, Canada.

**WELL** educated, proficient stenographer desires position as secretary. 7,299, Outlook.

**LIBRARIAN** of four years' experience, Vassar graduate, desires a position as private secretary. Understands typewriting and stenography. Country preferred. References, 7,257, Outlook.

**AN** able woman physician who has had much experience both in hospital practice and teaching would like a position in a woman's college or girls' school. Address Doctor, 7,210, Outlook.

**WANTED**—A position as corresponding secretary by the hour or morning. 7,263, Outlook.

### Companions and Domestic Helpers

**REFINED** young woman desires position as companion. Experience, willing to travel. Highest references. 7,304, Outlook.

**A** woman (40) would go Middle or Southwest; experienced housekeeper, sewing, or attendant; pleasant home considered more than high wages. Address Box 115, Barre, Mass.

**REFINED**, middle-aged lady would like to pack trunks for parties traveling, or act as companion to lady, preferably out West. No objections to traveling. References exchanged. Address 374, Outlook.

**BY** a young lady, a Virginian, a position as companion or mother's helper. References, 7,303, Outlook.

**BY** English Canadian lady of experience, position of visiting housekeeper, chaperon, or companion. References exchanged. 7,302, Outlook.

**TRAINED** nurse, nerve specialist, desires opportunity to travel with patient. 7,276, Outlook.

**POSITION** wanted as matron, housekeeper, supervisor, institution, school. 7,273, Outlook.

**YOUNG** woman wishes position Sept., nurse, attendant, companion; experienced. References, 7,261, Outlook.

**POSITION** as managing housekeeper in a nice household by a refined American woman of large experience and first-class references, or as useful companion to a lady only. Mrs. Grant, 50 Thurston St., Somerville, Mass.

**TWO** competent women want position as CARETAKERS for country place during winter; capable caring for horse, cow, etc. Good reference. Blanche Fowler, Twilight Rest, Haines Falls, N. Y.

**WELL** English woman as companion for elderly or lonely person; musician and reader. 7,274, Outlook.

**POSITION** to direct household in widower's family, by a lady of culture and refinement, middle age, thoroughly qualified. References, 7,267, Outlook.

**WANTED**—By refined lady, position as companion to one who must live out-of-door life. Comprehensive knowledge of growing girls. 7,285, Outlook.

**MIDDLE**-aged widow wishes position as companion, housekeeper, or seamstress. Best of references furnished. 7,227, Outlook.

**HOUSEKEEPER**.—An experienced housekeeper, competent to take entire charge of a household of any size, is open for engagement and can furnish the best of references. 7,214, Outlook.

**WANTED**—Position as managing housekeeper by experienced lady under middle age; educated, cultured, refined, healthy. Educational institution preferred. Near or south of Philadelphia. Personal interview. References. 7,276, Outlook.

**TWO** graduate nurses desire position to travel with patients after Jan. 1st. References exchanged. Address 7,164, Outlook.

## SITUATIONS WANTED

### Teachers and Governesses

**POSITION** visiting governess or teacher school or family. English in all branches French, German, music. 7,288, Outlook.

**WANTED**, by piano teacher of experience (lady seeking partial rest) position as tutor or in return for room and board in a family—country or small town. 7,275, Outlook.

**WANTED**.—Experienced teacher, drafts, and painting, studied in our best art school abroad, will visit pupils in their home or visit private school. New York. References, 7,289, Outlook.

**CULTURED**, refined woman desires position as governess or companion. Expected to teach English, French, history, literature. The Hathaway Teachers' Agency, Bennington, Vermont.

**DOCTOR OF PHILOSOPHY**, experienced, desires position to teach in private school. Address Educator, 7,284, Outlook.

**WANTED**—Position as teacher, reader or visiting. Higher English, modern languages, and music, or lady superintendent or chaperon. Address 7,266, Outlook.

**THE SUMMER TUTORING SCHOOL** on LONG ISLAND AND ELSEWHERE furnishes expert tutors, wherever desired. 9 years' successful record in college preparation. Southampton, N. Y.

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**PROTECT YOUR IDEAS.** Money a small invention. Send for "Inventor's Primer." Consultation free, and good case taken on contingent fee plan if preferred. MILBURN STEVENS & CO., 891 14th St., Washington, D. C. Established 1864.

**NEW YORK** Law Society, 50 Broadway, New York. Gives advice, protects interests. Action brought any location. Collections. Business, family, estate difficulties, injuries, etc. Write.

## MISCELLANEOUS

**YOUNG** man desires assistance in shape of a home, or otherwise, while attending college. 7,278, Outlook.

**FOUR** cylinder motor car at your price. Owing to death of my husband will sell at a sacrifice. Best American make, 35-40 horsepower, running absolutely new, made in 25 miles. Make a cash offer. Address Mrs. Williamson, 376, Outlook.

**REFINED** home with conscientious people for invalid lady wanted; near New York preferable. Lady not confined to room, needs watchful care. Particulars of surroundings and references necessary. 7,289, Outlook.

"Good King Wenceslaus." Christmas page for children, 25 cts. Carols, 10 cts. postpaid. K. McDowell Kice, Worthington, Mass.

**HOUSEHOLD EXPENSE BOOK**, 40 cents, on approval. Am. School Home Economics, Chicago.

**WANTED**—Addressing of envelopes at home, by the thousand. 7,284, Outlook.

**A** clergyman desires to recommend a safe home school for motherless girls. Moderate price. Painsstaking, individual care; excellent education. Within easy reach of New York City. Address 7,222, Outlook.

**THREE** generous scholarships in one of the best New England schools are offered to bright ambitious girls wishing to prepare for college. Address 7,222, Outlook.

**SCHOOL** for TRAINED ATTENDANTS, 45 Centre Street, Orange, New Jersey. Superintendent, Miss Louie. Five months' course. Fee \$100, including tuition, board, lodging, uniforms, and books. For further information apply to school.

**CONSUMPTION** need not be considered hopeless. "Throw physic to the dogs." Health restored and disease prevented. See for treatise on consumption, chronic catarrh and other wasting diseases. It teaches you to cure yourself with pure olive oil, fresh air and sunshine. Los Angeles Olive Groves Ass'n, 363 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

**YOUNG** girl wishing to attend school or otherwise in Washington, D. C., will receive the best of care as chaperone in cultivated home, located in the fashionable Northwest. The advantages of Washington without the disadvantages of a boarding school. References exchanged. 7,247, Outlook.



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